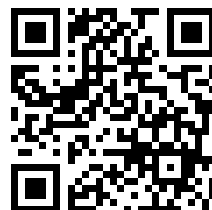


---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google<sup>TM</sup> books

<https://books.google.com>







2101 e 44

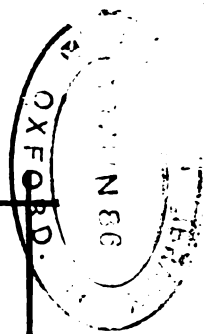
2106 e:  $\frac{220}{1}$







# MARTIN LUTHER, THE REFORMER OF GERMANY.



# MARTIN LUTHER,

## THE REFORMER OF GERMANY.

---

### I.

#### LUTHER'S CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOLDAYS.

MARTIN LUTHER was born in Eisleben on the 10th day of November, 1483, exactly four hundred years ago. On the following day he was baptized in St. Peter's Church in Eisleben, and he received the name Martin, because born on the eve of St. Martin of Tours. The surname Luther, which is the same as Lothar or Lothaire, signifies "one who has honour in the host." Emperors and princes had borne the name, and admirers of the Reformer have found in it an evidence that he came originally of a noble stock. He himself made no such claim. "I am a peasant's son," he said; "my father, grandfather, and all my ancestors were simple peasants." He was never ashamed of his peasant ancestry, and to his familiarity with the life of the German people he owed not a little of his influence as a preacher and writer. His father, John Luther, was a miner, and came from the village of Mohra, near Eisenach, in Thuringia. His mother, Margaret Lindemann, was a native of Neustadt, in the Bishopric of Würzburg. They were industrious, God-fearing people. John or Hans Luther was an upright and unusually intelligent man. Although a simple miner, he was fond of books, and had the reverence for learning which is often found in the better class of the German peasantry. Hans and his wife were both strict disciplinarians, and young Martin was treated with such severity at home that he lived in constant dread of punishment. In after-days he spoke with disapproval of the severe treatment he experienced in his youth; but he cordially acknowledged that his parents acted with a good intention, and were misled by the false educational maxims of the time. He retained for

them through life a very warm affection, and when he drew up a marriage service for the Protestants of Germany, he preserved their humble names in the formula: "Hans, wilt thou take Gretha?"

Not long after the birth of their first-born, Luther's parents removed from Eisleben to Mansfeld, and in Mansfeld the future Reformer received his earliest impressions of life. He was sent to school, and was instructed in the usual elements of education. He was taught the catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. He was also instructed in the Latin grammar. But the discipline of the school knew no mercy, and there, as well as at home, he lived in fear of the rod. No marvel that one brought up in such a fashion found it hard to believe in a loving Ruler of the Universe, when he saw all who bore rule upon earth so terrible to those under them. We know little of Luther's religious feelings during boyhood. The processions of the Church made an impression upon his imaginative temperament, and he would sometimes listen to the sermons which were preached in the great church of the town, which was named after St. George, the Dragon-slayer. But he does not seem to have heard much fitted to draw his heart to God; for, speaking of the preachers to whom he listened in his youth, he once said that they preached the fire of hell rather than the tidings of great joy, and transformed the Saviour into a terrible judge, who would condemn men according to their deserts.

When Martin was fourteen years of age he was sent to Magdeburg to attend school. Afterwards he went to Eisenach for the same purpose, for Hans Luther's circumstances had improved, and he was resolved that his son should be a scholar. But the boy's life in Eisenach was one of

hardship. He often sang on the streets begging bread for the love of God. His sweet singing attracted the notice of a benevolent matron, named Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, and she received him under her roof. Luther remembered with gratitude the kindness of this lady, "the pious Shunamite;" and he never forgot his hard experiences as a poor scholar in Eisenach. "Do not despise," he once said, "the boys who try to earn bread by chanting before your door, 'Bread for the love of God' (*Panem propter Deum*). I have done the same." His admission into the household of the Cottas, who were one of the first families in Eisenach, was the one bright episode in Luther's boyhood.

## II.

### LUTHER A STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ERFURT.

In the summer of the year 1501 Luther entered the University of Erfurt. Erfurt was at the time famous throughout Germany as a school of learning. In the academic atmosphere his intellectual ambitions were awakened, and he applied himself to study with great earnestness. The new learning and the old learning flourished side by side; there were distinguished representatives of the new learning in Erfurt, and Luther learned to read the great Roman classics, and all his life he cherished a love for his Latin books. He also studied the philosophy of the schoolmen under distinguished masters. Of this philosophy, and the theology connected with it, he became in after-years a passionate opponent; but he never regretted that he made a thorough study of it, for had he been less learned in scholastic lore than he was, his protests against it might have been regarded as the jealousy of an ignorant man of the learning which he does not possess. Luther became well known in the University as a student of fine genius, from whom great things were anticipated. In the year 1502 he took the first academical degree, that of Bachelor

of Philosophy. Luther was popular among his fellow-students as a jovial companion and a lover of song and music. His morals were pure; but he was a stranger to religious peace. Often would he say to himself, "When wilt thou become religious, and gain the favour of God?" but he was never able to convince himself that he enjoyed the Divine favour. The sudden death of a friend brought his uneasy thoughts to a crisis, and the young Bachelor of Philosophy, who was destined by his father for the profession of law, resolved to abandon the world and enter the cloister. He invited his friends to a simple feast; the evening was spent in merry talk, in music and song; and at the close he told his astonished friends of his resolve. He then bade them farewell, and taking two books, a Virgil and a Plautus, with him, he went through the silent streets and knocked for admission at the gate of the Augustinian monastery.

## III.

### LUTHER IN THE MONASTERY.

Luther was received with great satisfaction by the Augustines. They were pleased to see a distinguished member of the University join their order, but they were determined to make him feel that he was now a monk, and must not expect to be treated as a privileged person. He had to sweep rooms and perform other menial services, and he was sent through the streets with a sack on his back to beg for the monastery. Luther bore all these indignities with meekness and even with gladness. They were part of the discipline which would gain for him God's favour. But he remained a stranger to the peace of soul which he had expected to find within the cloister walls. It was a cruel disappointment. He had turned his back upon the pleasures and honours of the world, and had taken his place among holy monks, and he still found himself a sinful man, whom the very thought of God filled with terror. His endeavours

to crucify the flesh by fastings and vigils only increased his misery, for they brought on bodily illness. On one occasion he was found in his cell in a state of unconsciousness, from which he only awoke at the sound of the music which he loved. He would probably have fallen a victim to religious madness, had not comforters come to him. The first of his comforters was an aged monk whose name is unknown. Perceiving that Luther was in trouble about his sins, he repeated to him the words of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." When Luther replied that he so believed in the forgiveness of sins, the monk replied, "You must believe not only in the forgiveness of the sins of David and of Peter, for this creed the devils believe. It is the command of God that we should believe that our sins are forgiven."

The second comforter who came to Luther was Staupitz, the vicar-general of the Augustines in Germany. He became interested in the distracted young brother Augustine, as Luther was now called, for he had changed his name on entering the monastery. He perceived that his fears arose from false views of the character of God, and he gave him wise and cheerful counsels. "Oh, my friend," he said to him, "I have vowed to the holy God more than a thousand times that I would live a holy life, and never have I kept my vows. I now make no more vows, for I know well I shall not keep them. If God will not be merciful to me for Christ's sake, and grant me a happy death when I leave this world, I cannot, with all my vows and good works, stand before Him. I must perish." And again he said to him: "Why do you distress yourself with speculations and high thoughts? Look to the wounds of Jesus Christ, to the blood which He has shed for you; it is there you will see the mercy of God. Instead of torturing yourself for your faults, cast yourself into the arms of the Redeemer. Do not shrink from Him; God is not against you—it is you who are averse from God." Luther listened

with trembling joy to the words of Staupitz. He also read constantly a small Latin Bible which the monks had given to him; and by degrees the gentle peace from heaven took possession of his soul. The words of Scripture, which had first seemed big with terror, now turned to him their hopeful sides; they came skipping to him, he said, like friends.

The words which the Apostle quotes, "The just shall live by faith," robbed the awful word righteousness of its terror.

#### IV.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF  
WITTENBERG.

We pass over an interval of about seven years. Luther is still an Augustinian monk, and wears the dress of his order, but he is no longer a mendicant on the streets of Erfurt, but a doctor of theology, a distinguished professor at the University of Wittenberg, whose fame drew students to the University. It was as an expounder of Scripture that Luther was famous as a professor. He lectured to his students on the books of the Bible, specially on the Psalms and on the Epistle to the Romans. The Epistle to the Romans had long fascinated him, but at first it was with the fascination of terror: the words of the Apostle, that the righteousness of God is revealed from heaven, seemed unspeakably awful. But with the help of St. Augustine he came to a different conclusion regarding the meaning of the Apostle. This righteousness or justice of God was not, he thought, to be regarded as His punitive justice, but that righteousness which justifies the sinner. The discovery filled his heart with joy, and he seemed to pass out of the darkness and misery of hell through the opening portals of Paradise. On several occasions in after life did the words of the Apostle bring sudden light to Luther's soul when he was in spiritual perplexity. "The just shall live by faith," became indeed, the maxim of his life.

The secret of Luther's eminence as

an expounder of Scripture lay in the deep fund of spiritual experience which he possessed. He knew what spiritual perplexity was, he had made his way painfully into light, and he had experienced the power of Scripture to bring comfort to a doubting spirit. "As they listened to him," says one who heard him, "men felt that after a dark night a new light had arisen on Scripture doctrine. He pointed out the difference between Law and Gospel, and drew the hearts of men to the Son of God."

Luther was at first very unwilling to preach, but having been persuaded to begin, he preached continually in the churches of Wittenberg, and the people flocked to hear him, for he was one of the most interesting as well as most impressive of preachers.

## V.

## LUTHER OPPOSES THE SALE OF INDULGENCES.

Luther was still an obedient son of the Church of Rome. He had himself visited Rome on the business of his order, and he knew that there were great practical abuses in the Romish Church, and he was well aware that Romish theologians had little love for the theology of free grace which was dear to him. But he hoped that all abuses, practical and doctrinal, would be reformed by means of the preaching of the Gospel, and he had a profound reverence for the city which was the centre of Christendom, and for the Head of Christendom, the Roman Pontiff. He was forced into an attitude of opposition to Rome against his will. It was indeed impossible that the new religious life of Germany should acquiesce in the rule of a Church which had lost even a sense of decorum in matters the most sacred. The occupant of the Papal chair was Leo X., a cultivated, good-humoured pagan of the famous house of the Medici. He was anxious to obtain money to continue the building of the great cathedral of St. Peter, which had been commenced by Julius II. He ordered a general sale of indulgences. In Germany, Albert, the

young Bishop of Mainz, had charge of the traffic in certain German provinces; and one of his agents, Tetzel, a Dominican monk, came to Juterbogk, a place near Wittenberg. The Bull of the Pope conferred upon Tetzel the amplest powers of absolving from sin, and Tetzel, who was a shameless mountebank, carried out his mission with extravagant effrontery, and offered forgiveness of sins, in the widest sense of the word, to all who were willing to give him coin in return for it. Luther heard of the proceedings of Tetzel with amazement and indignation. Pardon of sin was in his view the most solemn and precious of the gifts of heaven, and he regarded a right apprehension of it as a free gift of God as the only satisfactory foundation of the religious life in man. To sell it like wares at a fair was a sin alike against God and against man. When people came to him in the confessional in Wittenberg and presented the indulgences of Tetzel, he refused to give heed to the paper, and refused absolution to all who would not promise amendment of life. He preached against the traffic, and told his hearers that God required no penalty or satisfaction from man, who is simply exhorted in the Gospel to repent, to bear the cross of Christ, and to do good works. He then took a more decided step. On the day of All Saints, 31st October, 1517, the people who went to service found a document affixed to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg which contained ninety-five theses or propositions against indulgences. They had been placed there by Luther.

In the theses, Luther condemned in the strongest terms the misleading words of the preacher of the indulgences. He did not deny that the Pope possessed a distributive pardoning power, which was a declaration of the pardon of God, but he added with emphasis that the true treasure of the Church was the Holy Gospel of the glory and grace of God. While there was no denial of the Pope's authority in the theses, it was not

difficult to read between the lines that the writer was pained and surprised by the conduct of the head of the Church. He said that the shameless preaching of indulgences made it difficult to defend the dignity and honour of the Pope when such things were done in his name. The theses of Luther ran through all Christendom, we are told, as if angels themselves had been the messengers who carried them. The long unuttered protest of the conscience of Germany against Rome found expression in the theses of the bold monk of Wittenberg. Applause came from most unexpected quarters. The Emperor Maximilian read them, and expressed his approval; and even Leo himself, with genuine Medician tolerance, said that brother Martin Luther was a man of fine genius. But Leo and his advisers soon became aware that a severe blow had been struck at the traffic in indulgences, and that the authority of the Pope over Germany was in danger. Attempts were made to silence Luther. He was summoned to meet Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg, and a retraction of the theses was demanded of him. On his refusal, more subtle means were adopted. Charles of Miltiz, himself a Saxon, was sent to Germany by the Pope as the bearer of the gift of the golden rose to the Elector of Saxony. He had a meeting with Luther, and endeavoured to convince him that the proceedings of Tetzel were disapproved of by the Pope, who was full of anxiety to reform the Church. Tetzel was disgraced; Luther then consented to write a submissive letter to the Pope. But the controversy did not cease; even if Luther had desired it, it was not possible. After much hesitation, Rome resolved to issue a bull of excommunication against the German heretic; but while the bull was on its way to Germany, Luther issued his famous "Appeal to his Imperial Majesty and the Christian nobles of the German nation concerning the reformation of Christianity." In this appeal he strove to awake the lay mind of Germany to the

consciousness that laymen, as well as priests, had all the privileges and responsibilities of Christian men. They were all kings and priests, he said, although it was fitting that none should take upon himself to exercise the office of the priesthood without the consent of the community. He spoke with greater severity than formerly of the Pope, who called himself the vicar of Christ; but instead of imitating the lowliness of his Master, surrounded himself with a splendour which rivalled that of emperors and kings. He concluded by advising the Germans to drive the Pope's legates out of Germany, lest Papal tyranny should do there what it had already done in Italy. Another book followed from Luther's pen on "The Babylonish Captivity of the Church." In this book he inveighs against the tyranny exercised by the Papacy over the human conscience. Christian people, he said, had been carried captive to Babylon, and had been stripped of what belonged to them in virtue of their baptism! The bull condemning Luther was entrusted to John Eck, the chancellor of the University of Ingoldstadt. But the instrument, once so terrible to the highest as well as the lowest, had lost its power. It was received with ridicule; in some places its publication was forcibly prevented. Luther declared his intention to disregard it, and to appeal to a General Council of the Church. On the 10th of December, 1520, he caused a placard to be placed on the walls of the University, in which he invited the professors and students to repair next morning at nine o'clock to the east gate of the city. A crowd assembled at the spot, where they found a fire already kindled. Luther appeared, and after casting the Papal decretals and other writings into the fire, he committed to the flames the bull against himself.

## VI.

LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET OF WORMS.

The young Emperor Charles V. was concerned about the religious troubles

which had arisen in Germany. The Pope desired him to employ his power, and as a faithful son of the Church to silence the heretical monk. But Luther had won the hearts of the German people, and was protected by his prince, the Elector of Saxony; and Charles was not disposed to increase the number of his enemies. At length it was agreed that Luther should be summoned to appear before the Imperial Diet which was to be held in Worms. On the 24th day of March, 1521, the summons was put into his hand in Wittenberg by an imperial herald. A safe-conduct was granted to him.

He received the summons with quiet courage. He bade a cheerful farewell to his friends, and exhorted them to stand fast in the truth he had taught them, should he not return. Melancthon wished to accompany him, but Luther would not permit it, as he looked to him to carry on his work should he perish. As he passed through the cities of Germany crowds thronged forth to see the bold monk who had defied Rome. In Erfurt, where he had formerly been a monk, he preached to the people in a simple earnest fashion, making no reference to himself and his own danger. When he drew near Worms, he received many friendly hints that the safe-conduct would not be respected, and that he should not appear before the Diet. Spalatin, the chaplain and confidential adviser of the Elector of Saxony, sent him a message to abstain from entering Worms. He replied in the famous words, "Go tell your master that should there be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it." He entered Worms on the 14th of April, riding in an open waggon and in monk's dress. He was accompanied by the imperial herald, and a number of friends who rode beside, to show their sympathy, and perhaps to afford him protection if needful. He descended at the house of the Knights of St. John, where a lodging had been provided for him. His arrival caused great excite-

ment in Worms. The Romish party were vexed at his appearance; they had hoped that he would remain away through fear, and that the Diet would condemn him in his absence. His friends, though pleased by his courage, trembled for his safety. On the 17th of April he received a summons to appear before the Diet at four o'clock that day. He spent the morning at the bedside of a sick friend, to whom he gave the sacrament. When the appointed hour drew near he went towards the Episcopal Palace, where the Emperor and the grandees of the empire were sitting; but the crowd in the streets was so great that he was obliged to pass through a garden to reach the door. He had to wait some time, as the Diet was engaged with other matters. During the interval, according to an old tradition, one of the most famous captains of the age, George von Freundsberg, placed his hand on his shoulder and said, "Poor monk! poor monk! you are to hazard a more perilous march to-day than I or any other captain ever did. But if your cause is right, and you are sure of it, go on in God's name, and be of good comfort. God will not forsake you." Other words of comfort were whispered in his ear by the rough knights among whom he stood, for they were much touched by the pathetic loneliness of his position. At six o'clock he was ushered into the presence of the august assembly. John Eck, the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, as spokesman of the Diet, asked him whether certain books, whose titles were read in his hearing, were written by him, and whether he was willing to retract what he had written. Luther replied to the first question by a simple affirmative; he desired time to prepare his answer to the second question. After some hesitation, the delay of a day was granted. Luther's enemies were jubilant, as they regarded his request for delay as a sign of indecision, and they hoped that the long-demanded retraction would be made on the morrow.

When the hour arrived, Luther was

again summoned into the presence of the Diet, and required to give his answer. He then quietly but firmly declined to retract anything he had written, but admitted that he had sometimes spoken with an unbecoming violence. "I admit," he said, "that I have often been more rough and violent than religion and my gown warrant. I do not give myself out for a saint. It is not my life and conduct that I am discussing before you, but the doctrine of Jesus Christ." He concluded by expressing his willingness to retract any portions of his writings which could be shown to contradict Holy Scripture. Eck again rose and said that Luther had introduced questions which could not be considered by the Diet. What had been decided by Church councils could not be treated as doubtful, and Luther must say in a word whether he would retract or not. Luther's spirit was roused, and he replied, with a touch of that humour which never deserted him, "Since your Imperial Majesty and your highnesses ask for a short and simple answer, you shall have one without teeth or horns. Unless convinced by Holy Scripture or by clear reasons from other sources, I cannot retract. To councils or to the Pope I cannot defer, for they have often erred. My conscience is a prisoner to God's Word. God help me! Amen!" Eck again rose to speak, and was about to begin a discussion on the authority of councils, but the young Emperor had heard enough, and gave a sign that the matter was at an end. It was at this juncture that Luther uttered the memorable words, "I cannot do otherwise. Here I stand; God help me! Amen!" Various attempts were made by means of private interviews to persuade Luther to retreat from the position he had taken up; but they proved futile. The Emperor, a gloomy young despot, was not favourably impressed by Luther's words, but he was not destitute of sentiments of honour, and he firmly refused to infringe the safe-conduct which he had granted, although he was strongly

urged to commit Luther to a dungeon. On the 21st of April, the Reformer left Worms with an imperial safe-conduct for his return to Wittenberg. On the 26th of May an imperial decree was issued against him and all his adherents.

Luther had now ventured to disobey and even to defy the two most holy and august authorities upon earth. The Pope sat in the chair of St. Peter, and was looked upon as the earthly representative of the Lord of Heaven. To disobey him was to disobey Christ. The claim of the Emperor to obedience was scarcely less sacred. He was the representative of the Holy Roman Empire, and to him Christ had committed the sword, that he might command the obedience of men to the decrees of Holy Church. But a new world of thought had been opened to mankind through the knowledge of Holy Scripture and the revival of letters. Modern theology, modern philosophy, modern science, and ideas of equality and freedom, all the humane aspirations of the modern world, were already struggling for expression in the hearts of men. But how were they to find expression so long as two awful voices kept repeating, "Thou shalt not think except as the Pope decrees, nor act except as the Emperor commands"? Luther by refusing to obey those voices opened the great drama of modern history. It was the apparent victory of the weak over the strong; but with Luther there was also strength. He was strong through his faith in a living God. This was not only the source of his own personal courage, it was the secret of his great power as a religious leader. He broke the spell of the potent names of Pope and Emperor by invoking a higher name. It was his positive religious convictions rather than his scorn of error and folly that enabled him to overcome Rome. There had been many before him who denounced the errors and abuses of the Church of Rome. Men listened to them with pleasure and with approval, but such appeals could not induce them to leave



the shelter of a Church which, with all its faults, seemed the safest refuge earth had to offer for sinful men. Luther succeeded where others had failed, because he did not content himself with destroying the earthly sanctuary, but pointed them to another and better sanctuary, where sinful men could find rest in the joyful confidence of God's love.

## VII.

### LUTHER ON THE WARTBURG.

Luther left Worms with the intention of returning to Wittenberg, but his friends there looked for his coming in vain. They feared that he had fallen a victim to the malice of his enemies, and a feeling of deep indignation was aroused against his supposed murderers. But he was in safe and kindly keeping. His prince, the Elector of Saxony, who was proud of the courage he had shown before the Diet, caused him to be seized in a forest near to Eisenach, and he was conducted to the old castle of the Wartburg, which had been the great meeting-place of the mediæval minstrels, and the home of Elizabeth of Hungary. He was detained there in honourable and gentle captivity. In order the better to conceal him from his enemies, he wore the dress of a knight, and went by the name of "Knight George." At first he enjoyed the quiet of the place. He dated his letters when he wrote to friends, "From Patmos," "From the Region of the Air," or "From the Region of the Birds." He endeavoured to accommodate himself to the ways of the place, and even joined in the hunt. He was not altogether successful in his efforts to pass as a knight. On one occasion he saved the life of a young hare in an unsportsmanlike fashion, and concealed it in the sleeve of his coat. The hounds found it nevertheless, and killed it by biting through the cloth. Luther made a parable out of the incident, and compared the fate of the hunted animals to men who were pursued by Satan and the Pope. He felt little admiration for the chase after such harmless creatures.

He would have liked it better, he said, had it been a chase after bears and wolves.

He soon settled down to his books. He opened a correspondence with his friends, who were delighted to learn that their "Elias" was not lost to them as they had feared. He wrote much, and his writings were sent to Wittenberg, where they were printed, and eagerly read in all parts of Germany. But he fretted under the forced separation from his friends, and his work; and he suffered much from his constitutional despondency, which was aggravated by bad health. He was assailed by spiritual temptations; but the well-known story that the devil appeared to him in a bodily form, and that he threw his inkstand at him, is a late legend, wholly unworthy of credit.

## VIII.

### LUTHER RETURNS TO WITTENBERG.

After a stay of about a year on the Wartburg, Luther returned to Wittenberg. He left his place of security secretly and without the permission of the Elector. He knew that he incurred personal risk, for he was under the ban of the empire, but he was convinced from the letters he received that his presence was urgently needed in Wittenberg. During his absence some ardent spirits, headed by Carlstadt, had abolished the mass with riot and disorder, and were endeavouring to force the Reformed faith and worship upon all their fellow-citizens. Prophets had come forward who claimed to have special revelations from God, despised all human learning, and even spoke lightly of Holy Scripture as no longer sufficient for the new era of the Holy Ghost. Melancthon was perplexed, and so was the good Elector, who said that as a layman he would not venture to decide on such matters, but if the prophets came from God, he would rather descend from his throne than oppose them. The whole city was in an uproar, and a reign of fanaticism and of anarchy seemed imminent. Luther appeared in his pulpit

on the 9th of March, 1522; the people knew of his arrival, and the church was filled to overflowing. He began by praising the zeal of his hearers, but he told them that love was needful in Christians as well as faith. He blamed the violence which had been used against the mass and its adherents, and he reminded his hearers of the conduct of St. Paul in Athens, who did not overturn the idolatrous altars, but preached a word that took possession of men's hearts, and in time the altars fell. It was their business to preach and to confess the truth, but not to put constraint upon others; if compulsion were used, the only result would be pretence and hypocrisy; for men would through fear profess what they did not believe. For a whole week he preached in this fashion, until he became master of the storm. He made short work of the pretensions of the prophets, who left the city in disgust.

Luther's conduct at this juncture is a striking example of the wisdom and moderation which he possessed, and which his impetuous language sometimes obscured. He understood better than any of the Reformers the spiritual character of Christianity. He perceived that the mission of the Christian teacher was to persuade men, and that full toleration must be exercised towards those whose minds were as yet unconvinced. He had, moreover, strong conservative instincts, and great respect for civil government as an ordinance of God. This led him to oppose the great social revolution which broke out later, and which led to wars between the peasants and the lords in various parts of Germany. The peasants had been for a period cruelly oppressed by the lords. Many rights which originally belonged to them had been gradually filched away; but the memory of their lost rights remained. The words of Luther, and of others regarding the rights of Christian men, fanned the smouldering flame of discontent, and the peasants presented to the lords a series of demands in which spiritual and civil grievances were curiously blended. They

demanded a free gospel, and leave to choose their own pastors; liberty to fish in the rivers, to hunt, and to cut firewood in the forests. They hoped much from Luther, who had spoken with such boldness against ecclesiastical tyranny. He was deeply moved by their wrongs, and when they rose in revolt he issued an address to the princes and nobles, in which he said that they had none but themselves to thank for the revolt of the peasants, for they had driven them mad by their oppressions. But he denied that the peasants had any right to raise the standard of war in the name of Christianity. However just might be their demands, it was their duty as Christians to suffer wrong rather than to avenge themselves. Christians, he said, do not fight with swords andarquebusses, but with the cross and patience, as did their captain, Christ. Luther has been blamed for the small sympathy he showed to those who were seeking to recover their natural rights from their oppressors; but he acted wisely in refusing to sanction the inscription of the evangelical name upon a banner of war. The religious wars which followed the Reformation—in which half the benefits of the Reformation were lost—show the wisdom of Luther's decision. The Protestant hero, with the sword in the one hand and the Bible in the other, is as truly an offender against the law of Christ as the Romish bigot, with his supplications for victories and his *Te Deums* over massacres.

Luther departed from his own excellent principles at a later period in the peasant war, when, roused to anger by the excesses committed by the peasants, he counselled the lords to shoot them like mad dogs. To fight with the cross and patience, and not with the sword, is as much incumbent upon oppressive lords as upon oppressed peasants.

## IX.

### LABOURS FOR CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

The disturbances which had arisen in Wittenberg and elsewhere compelled the

Elector and the Reformers to lay down rules for the guidance of the Church in its new circumstances. A visitation of the Church throughout the Electorate was commanded, and Melancthon drew up a series of instructions for the guidance of the ministers. Luther also in a more informal way, and more by way of advice than of command, published directions regarding the public worship. In these advices he gave the first place to the preaching of the Word of God. The one thing needful, he said, is that Mary sit at the feet of Jesus, and daily hear His word. But other parts of the Divine service were not neglected. He wrote a book in Latin called "The Form of the Mass," intended for the use of the clergy. He retained the word "Mass" notwithstanding some remonstrances, as it did not contain in it the idea of sacrifice, and was from long use familiar to the people. He also retained the Latin service of the Romish Church in an altered and shortened form. But he counselled that the Scripture lessons should be read in German, and that some German hymns should be sung besides the Latin hymns of the ancient service. He found great difficulty in obtaining German hymns worthy of being used in Divine worship. But in the year 1524 a collection appeared of those which were in use in the churches of Wittenberg. The best of them were by Luther himself; and he continued to write hymns for his dear Germans all his life. His hymns are still sung in the German churches. They are eminently characteristic—bold and rugged, like battle-songs, but full of kindling emotion, and joyful trust in God. He also wrote a catechism for the young, which was published with rude illustrations, to make it more attractive. The better instruction of the young was a subject in which he took much interest. With the dissolution of the monasteries many schools ceased to exist, and he saw with grief the great neglect of the education of the young. He published an appeal to the burgo-masters and town councillors of the

cities in German lands, in which he urgently requested money for the great cause of education. Money had been spent, he said, with no sparing hand on indulgences, masses, and pilgrimages; surely it ought now to be spent upon the better object of the education of children. "If a man gives a gulden for a war against the Turks, is it too much to expect that he should give a hundred to train a child to Christian manhood?"

Luther's ideas regarding education were enlightened and liberal. He wished to see literature and the languages studied—especially those languages in which the Holy Scripture was written. These, he said, were the scabbard in which the sword of the Spirit rests, the shrine that contains the precious jewels of the faith. He warned the Germans that if they lost the languages, and relapsed into their former ignorance, they might readily come again under the dominion of the Pope. He was anxious to see public libraries established, which should contain not only the writings of the Fathers of the Church, but those of the heathen orators and poets, for they also made known the wonderful works of God. Luther was no less a friend of the fine arts. He gave to music the highest place next to theology, and it was the delight and solace of his life. He was the friend of painters and of poets, and eagerly read whatever poetry appeared in the German language. His love for letters and art softened his naturally rugged character, and it prevented him from going to those fanatical extremes which are the special danger of uneducated men when they set about the reformation of abuses in Church or State.

## X.

### TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

In his retreat on the Wartburg Luther began a German translation of the New Testament. On his return to Wittenberg he continued the work

with the assistance of Melancthon, whose Greek scholarship was greatly superior to his own. More than one German translation of the Bible was already in existence, but these translations had been made, not from the original Hebrew and Greek, but from the Latin Vulgate, and were in many places inaccurate. The style in which they were written was stiff and formal, and unsuited to the common people. Luther set himself to produce a translation in a clear and homely style which the people would read with pleasure. But he saw that it was needful, in translating the Bible, to avoid all expressions which had mean and undignified associations. It was not always easy, especially as the German language had not developed all its resources, to avoid both extremes, and to light upon expressions which were neither learned nor vulgar. Often he would seek for hours for the fitting word, and not always with complete success. Infinite care was bestowed upon matters that appear of subordinate importance. Spalatin, who was a courtier and judge of jewels, was consulted about the naming of the precious stones which are mentioned in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. Foreign scholars were consulted regarding the coins mentioned in the New Testament, that they might receive fitting names. Melancthon desired to introduce a Roman chart of Palestine. His idea was not carried out for some reason, but the proposal shows that he was aware of the close relation in which the Land stands to the Book. The work was completed in the autumn of 1522, and issued from a printer's shop in Wittenberg. The first copy was sent to the Wartburg as a gift to the kind knight who had been Luther's host during his stay there. The name of the translator did not stand on the title-page, and Luther would have gladly sent it forth with no words but its own. But the misunderstanding which had been caused by the words of others made it needful for

him to say something by way of preface to guide the simple. In his general preface he defines the Gospel as a joyful proclamation regarding the true David, who contended with sin, death, and devil, and came forth victor from the conflict. He warns his readers against converting the Gospel into a "law-book," and Christ into a "Moses." In estimating the value of the different books of the Bible, he judged them by a very subjective standard; and set small store by those books in which he did not find plainly written the doctrine which he most loved. The touchstone, he said, by which to try a book was its relation to Christ. What did not teach Christ was not to be reckoned apostolic, even if written by St. Peter or St. Paul. But a book that preaches Christ is to be reckoned apostolic, even although Judas or Pilate was the writer. His favourite books were St. Paul's Epistles, especially those to the Romans, Galatians, and Ephesians, and the Gospel of St. John, which he named the "Tender Gospel," "chiefest among all, and greatly to be preferred to the other three."

The translation of the New Testament was followed by a translation of the Old Testament. The Bible of "Dr. Martin Luther," as they call it, is still the Bible of the German people. It is one of the very best translations of the Bible in any tongue—a translation in which the spirit of the original is admirably preserved. Its publication forms a great epoch in the development of the German language, as well as in religious history; and its continued use has preserved to the German people many beautiful and expressive words which would otherwise have been lost.

## XI.

### LUTHER'S MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE.

In the month of July 1525 Luther married Catherine von Bora, a nun who had fled from the convent and sought refuge in Wittenberg. The marriage created a great sensation. His enemies

rejoiced in what they regarded as his shame, and some of his friends were dubious of the wisdom of the step, for as a monk Luther had taken vows of celibacy. He had already declared all such vows as vain, and the monks had left the Augustinian monastery, in which he was living alone. The marriage proved a most happy one. His wife and he were most warmly attached, and she seems to have played her not very easy part with prudence and good sense. She was a person of some force of character, who ruled in her own sphere at home with authority. Luther playfully termed her "My Lord Catherine." Children came to gladden the home with their games and songs: three boys and two girls were born. One of the boys was named Paul, after the Reformer's favourite Apostle. Luther was a most affectionate "house-father." Child-life interested him greatly, as it always interests the man of genius. He often saw in it a parable of the life of faith. The naturalness, the trust, and the humility of children were beautiful to him because they were of the kingdom of heaven. God, he said, looked with joy upon the life of children. On one occasion he watched the faces of his children as they stood around a table gazing at a plate of cherries, of which they hoped presently to partake. "They are a picture," said Luther, "of those who are rejoicing in hope (Rom. xii. 12). Would that we could all look forward to the Day of Judgment with the same joyful hope!" The joy of his children sometimes formed a painful contrast to the gloom which clouded his own spirit. He once said when in such a mood, "Would I had died in childhood! I would willingly forego all the honour I have gained or am likely to gain in this world!" Two orphan nieces resided in his house, and an old aunt named Lene, who was a valued inmate, specially beloved by the children. She died in Luther's house, and he went to her bedside and comforted her with the words, "Like a child in its cradle shalt

thou go to sleep in the faith of our dear Lord Christ, and on the morning dawn thou shalt wake again unto life eternal." She answered, "Ah, yes!" Luther then asked if she was troubled by fears. On her replying in the negative, he said, "This is not death, but sleep." Many friends came to Luther's home. His friendships recall those of St. Paul. Never was there a more generous friend. Especially did he love "our Philip," as he called Melancthon, whom he was never tired of praising. It was at the evening meal that his friends gathered round him, and though he often came to the table sad, when he began to talk the sadness vanished, and he became the life of the company. He was the prince of talkers. His conversation ranged over every subject of human interest, and his genius and humour made every subject fresh and amusing. But there was serious purpose in his most mirthful talk; and those who came to his table never left it without having heard some gracious religious counsels. It was not always easy to provide for the large household with its many guests. Although frugal in his own habits, Luther was lavish with his money when appealed to for help. His wife did not quite approve of his generosity, and sometimes blamed him for not taking advantage of his friendship with his prince to enrich himself. But Luther felt that it was better that he should remain a poor man, and he never grieved over his poverty. He once said to his children as he gave them his evening blessing, "Gulden I cannot leave you, but I leave you a rich God."

Luther had a great love for the beauties of nature, and sought under the free sky refreshment for body and mind. He spent much time in his garden, for he had a great delight in flowers. He once said, taking a rose in his hand, "If a man could make a rose, he would deserve to receive the kingdom of heaven as his reward." He was fond too of watching the bees, and their delicate and orderly ways filled him with admiration. The beauties

of nature seldom failed to excite his devout affections. "If God," he once said, "has made the transitory earthly kingdom so beautiful, with what beauty will He clothe His eternal kingdom!"

## XII.

### LUTHER AND THE EVANGELICAL CAUSE IN GERMANY.

During the whole of his life, Luther was the guiding spirit of the evangelical cause in Germany. But his position as a man under the ban of the empire kept him away from most of the memorable public scenes. He was not present at the Diet of Spire, which met in 1526, over which Ferdinand, brother of Charles V., presided. But he was present in spirit. His writings were sold in the streets when the Diet was going on, and his words inspired the chief actors on the side of the Reformed faith. It was no longer a cause represented by a solitary monk. The Elector John of Saxony, who had succeeded his brother, Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, and other German princes, made such a bold confession of the evangelical faith, that Ferdinand hesitated to carry out his brother's instructions, and to condemn all those who were not willing to submit to the Edict of Worms. In the meantime the Emperor had a quarrel with the Pope, and by his directions the Diet consented to grant temporary toleration to the professors of the evangelical faith. A second Diet was held in Spire in 1529, at which a decree was issued which deprived the professors of the Reformed faith of a large portion of the privileges which had been granted to them at the former Diet. It was on this occasion that the adherents of the Reformation made the famous protest which gained for them the name of Protestants.

It was expected that war would break out between the partisans of the Emperor and the Protestants. Philip of Hesse was anxious, in view of such a war, to cement an alliance between the Protestants of Germany and the Swiss; but

Luther was suspicious of political combinations; and he regarded the Swiss with dislike, as he and Zwingli had a controversy regarding the Lord's Supper. At the beginning, Luther was disposed to regard the Lord's Supper as a mere symbolical act, which was the view of Zwingli; but he abandoned his earlier opinions, and adopted the view that in the Holy Supper the body of Christ is present "in, with, and under the bread and wine." Luther was persuaded by Philip of Hesse to meet a deputation of the Swiss theologians. They met in October 1526 at Marburg, in the castle of the Landgrave, who was present at the "Colloquy." Luther was in no compromising mood. At the commencement of the discussion he took a piece of chalk and wrote upon the velvet cover of the table the words, "*Hoc est corpus meum*" ("This is my body"). In the discussion that followed he was rude and violent to Zwingli, who adhered to his own view with a cold determination. At the end of the discussion, Zwingli offered the right hand of fellowship; but Luther refused the offered hand, saying that he was of another spirit, and that he could not recognise him as a member of Christ's Church. It seemed as if the fresh schism was to divide the infant Church; but at the earnest entreaties of the Landgrave the disputants consented to put on paper a confession of their respective faiths. It then appeared that they were so much at one on all other points that the folly of schism became apparent. They parted good friends, after having placed it on record, that although agreed on other points, they differed on the question of the Lord's Supper.

## XIII.

### THE DIET OF AUGSBURG.

Luther was not present at the famous Diet of Augsburg. His prince, the Elector of Saxony, left him in the castle of Coburg, that he might be at no great distance from a conflict where his counsels were likely to be required. The

Emperor came to Augsburg on the 15th of June, 1530, and negotiations began between the contending parties. There was a desire on both sides to arrive at a peaceable settlement. Melancthon was the leading Protestant theologian, and he wrote the famous Confession of Augsburg. The document was sent to Coburg before it was presented, and Luther was requested to make what changes he thought fit. He returned it with approval, but made no changes, saying that changes from his pen would hardly suit the document, as he was not able to go so gently as Philip. The Confession of Augsburg is one of the most beautiful of the Reformed confessions. It was written in the interests of peace, and the writer was careful to say as little as possible to offend the Romish party. During the Diet, Melancthon made immense efforts to bring about a friendly settlement. He offered to make concessions which offended some of the German princes, and especially the Swiss, who complained that he was "walking backwards like a crab." He was willing to acknowledge the existing episcopate on condition that the preaching of the Gospel was left free. He even offered to acknowledge the authority of the Pope. Tidings were brought to Luther of all that took place at Augsburg. "Forests of letters" came to him, and he wrote incessantly to Melancthon and to other friends. He saw that Melancthon was attempting the impossible, and was amused by his offer to acknowledge the Pope. He wrote to him that he knew that he was fearless about himself, but he gently blamed his over solicitude about the future of the Church. "I am of good courage," he wrote, "about the cause, because I am certain it is the right cause, and the cause of Christ and of God. If we fall, Christ falls with us. I would rather fall with Christ than stand with the Emperor." His own mood at this time is best shown by the hymn which he wrote, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott* ("A safe stronghold our God is still"),

which has been called "The Marseillaise of the Reformation." In one verse he sings — we quote Thomas Carlyle's version—

"With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we downriden;  
But for us fights the proper Man  
Whom God Himself has bidden."

Notwithstanding all the efforts of Melancthon, which were honestly seconded by not a few of the Romish party, the negotiations came to an end without a satisfactory settlement. The Protestant princes left the city to prepare for war, and the Emperor followed, meditating the same course. But the danger to which the Empire was exposed from an invasion of the Turks compelled him to grant peace to the Protestants; and in the year 1532, "The Religious Peace" was concluded at Nurnberg.

#### XIV.

##### DECLINING YEARS AND DEATH.

During the rest of Luther's life the sword hung over the Protestants of Germany. The Emperor was intent on putting down the new doctrine by the sword, but the dangers which menaced the empire compelled him to exercise a reluctant toleration. Luther would have heeded little the external dangers, but he was deeply grieved by the evils which made their appearance in the evangelical churches. Political intrigue took the place of trust in God, and some of those who bore the evangelical name brought discredit upon it. Philip of Hesse, the most gifted of the princes on the Protestant side, and a professed believer in the Reformed faith, brought dishonour upon the cause by the irregularities of his private life, which ended in a second marriage while his wife still lived. Luther and Melancthon have been much blamed for the part they took in this matter. They endeavoured by every argument in their power to dissuade Philip from the step he

meditated; but they at length gave a reluctant sanction, on the ground that it was a lesser evil than a life of open immorality.

Luther continued to labour till the end in the cause of evangelical truth. Tongue and pen were never idle. But despondency clouded his declining days. He had hoped that the preaching of the Gospel would work marvels in Germany, and he thought that Isaiah was looking forward to the sixteenth century when he spoke of the blossoming wilderness. But in his later years he mourned over the disappointment of these hopes. His desponding utterances, however, must not be taken too seriously. Luther was a man of an impatient spirit, and often said more than he meant. He was suffering from bad health, and from the reaction consequent upon a life of constant toil and excitement. It has often been the fate of those great spirits who have conceived great plans for the benefit of mankind, and who have been filled with great hopes, to mourn in their latter days over failure, and the disappointment of their hopes.

Luther often longed for release. In the last sermon which he preached in Wittenberg he said to his hearers that they were not to pray for his recovery if they heard that he was sick, for he was tired of the world, and the world was tired of him. He did not die in Wittenberg, but in Eisleben, his birthplace, whither he had gone to reconcile the counts of Mansfield, who were at variance. Soon after he arrived he was taken ill, and it was evident that he was dying. He perceived his condition, and said that he felt sure he would remain in Eisleben, where he was born and baptized.

A little before his death those standing by his bed heard him repeating in Latin the words of his favourite Gospel: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). His death took place on the 18th of February

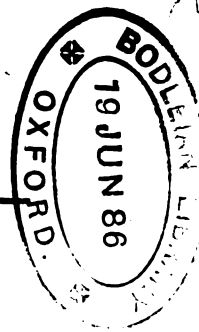
1546. His body was taken to Wittenberg. He was buried in St. Andrew's Church. Several of his friends spoke at his grave. Melancthon delivered a Latin oration, in which he showed, that he fully understood the greatness of the man whose familiar friend he had been for so many years. He claimed for him a place beside Isaiah, John the Baptist, Paul, and Augustine. This was no verdict of partial friendship. Luther was quite the greatest man of the modern Church. Whether we estimate him by the work he accomplished while he lived, or by the influence he has exercised on after-times, we shall look in vain for another such religious leader in the centuries which have elapsed since his death.

To the German people Luther is dear, not only as a Christian Reformer, but as one of the noblest specimens of German manhood. Strong and tender, devout and humorous, imaginative and profound—all that is best in the German character, is to be found in Luther. He is none the less a true German that his language is sometimes violent and even coarse. He sometimes spoke in a manner which even the licence of the times cannot excuse. For this reason he has always been a somewhat distasteful character to those whose minds have been formed solely by classical literature, and who worship the stately social traditions which Europe inherited from the Roman Empire. To them Luther is an "inspired barbarian," as Shakespeare was to the great critic of the eighteenth century. But his occasional offences against some wholesome social conventions cannot invalidate Luther's claim to be reckoned among the very foremost men of European history. In the Christian Church he is held in honour as the man who again brought to light the Apostolic faith, and taught it with such exceeding clearness, with such inner sympathy, that it is difficult to realise, as we read his writings, that it is not a contemporary of St. Paul who writes in this Pauline fashion.

JOHN GIBB.



JOHN CALVIN,  
THE REFORMER OF GENEVA.



# JOHN CALVIN,

## THE REFORMER OF GENEVA:

### I.

#### CALVIN'S YOUTH AND STUDIES.

GOD, in His providence, makes the circumstances and the early training of great and good men a discipline and preparation for their life-work. It was signally so in the case of Calvin. Born at Noyon, in Picardy, on the 10th of July, 1509, the son of a man who held respectable official positions, John Calvin enjoyed in his youth every advantage which could train, sharpen, and perfect his extraordinary intellect. He was brought up and educated with the sons of the noble family of the Mommors. Being intended by his father for the Church, probably because the clerical profession promised a safe and rapid path to eminence and wealth, he enjoyed from the age of twelve years the revenues of some small ecclesiastical benefices, by which he was supported during the period of his education. This arrangement was in accordance with the easy and corrupt customs of the times. Calvin's educational opportunities were the best the age afforded. When fourteen he was sent to Paris, where he attended the Collège de la Marche, and studied under Cordier, a distinguished scholar of the day. Little did the professor think that the timid boy, who excelled all his fellow-students, would one day become his own religious guide! Thence he removed to the Collège Montaigu, where he studied philosophy as well as the languages, and where he made remarkable progress. Calvin's father, proud of the youth's abilities, and anticipating for him a brilliant career, determined that he should abandon theology, and devote himself to the law. Accordingly he gave himself to legal studies, first at the University of Orleans, under Pierre de l'Etoile, and then at the University

of Bourges, under the learned Italian, Alciati. At Orleans he so distinguished himself, that he was sometimes, though still a student, called upon to lecture, and was admitted to his doctor's degree without payment of the usual fees. At Bourges, under the influence and tuition of Wolmar, he learned Greek; and, having already been introduced by his relative Olivetan to the Holy Scriptures, he studied the New Testament in the original language. His habits of study were early formed, and retained through life. He ate sparingly and seldom, studied until midnight, and commenced the day at five by a review of the acquisitions of the previous evening. He thus became a most accomplished Latin scholar; and wrote in a Latin style which has always been admired. He gained also a good knowledge of Greek, and was well acquainted with Hebrew according to the standard of his time, and sufficiently to expound the Scriptures of the Old Testament.

A spiritual education was proceeding at the same time, though we are not so well acquainted with its stages and incidents. Whilst John Calvin was pursuing his studies at the great Universities of France, the Reformed doctrines were making rapid and amazing progress among Frenchmen of all classes, especially among the scholarly and the intelligent, and among those in every rank of life who were offended and disgusted with the formalities and corruptions of Romanism. The Reformation had begun in 1517, and was speedily introduced into France and Switzerland. It cannot be doubted that at the time when the German Reformers agreed upon the Confession of Augsburg, in 1530, Calvin was not only studying the Scriptures for himself, but was observ-

ing the effect of the new doctrines upon individuals and societies in the great cities of France. Ladies of the Royal Family received the truths of the Gospel. Learned men, as Le Fevre, studied and wrote upon the evangelical faith. For several years Protestant books had been circulated, Protestant congregations had assembled, Protestant pastors had preached, Protestant martyrs had died in the towns and villages of France. These simple, Bible-loving Christians were at that time known as Lutherans. Their morals and religious practices were doubtless observed with care and interest by the open-minded young scholar then pursuing his studies and his literary projects in the French metropolis. Little could it have been suspected that, after the lapse of years, those who in France should profess these evangelical doctrines should come to be known, no longer as Lutherans, but as Calvinists!

In the summer of 1531, the young scholar settled in the metropolis of France. Here he met with old friends, who received him with cordiality, and here he formed many new friendships among the learned and the thoughtful. But his natural temperament was that of the recluse, and he prized the liberty and the leisure of his private life in Paris, as affording him opportunity for study and for composition. At this time he had not adopted the principles of the Reformation. His work was mainly literary; and the fruit of it appeared in 1532 in his first book, a Commentary upon Seneca's treatise on Clemency. It is evident from this publication, regarding the success of which the young author was naturally anxious, that his Latin style was formed, that his scholarship was ripe and acute, and that he was already in the habit of expressing himself with boldness upon the political questions of his time.

## II.

### HIS CONVERSION AND ITS FIRST-FRUIITS.

With regard to Calvin's conversion to the evangelical faith and his adoption of

the Reformation principles, we know but little. It appears that several means were used by the God of grace to bring this remarkable nature under the power of the Gospel; but that the change itself was sudden. Three several causes may be recognised: the study of the Scriptures; the influence of personal friends who were living in fellowship with Christ; and the spectacle of the piety, devotion, and steadfastness under persecution of many members of the Reformed community at Paris. Calvin was accustomed to allude to the life and testimony of one De la Forge, as having exercised great influence over his mind.

It was no easy step this which Calvin took in going over to the ranks of the Lutherans. He had long been a student and a lover of Holy Writ, and he had recently seen clearly enough the many corruptions of the Church. But to lament the faults of the Church was one thing, to break with it was another. And we know from himself that Calvin was in his youth warmly attached to the Roman communion, and that he was naturally and by education an upholder of authority, and indisposed to cast off accustomed restraints. But events had convinced him that no reform of the Church could come from within. At the same time his mind, enlightened by the Word and the Spirit of God, was dissatisfied with a religion consisting largely in outward observances. He had found no real rest for his conscience in following the customary religious practices. And he came to find this rest in the Gospel of Christ, especially as a revelation of Divine mercy to himself personally. His conversion was rapid and thorough; old things passed away, and all things became new.

The light that Heaven had kindled in the young scholar's heart soon shone forth. He associated with the Lutherans of Paris, and expounded in their assemblies the Word of God, which was to them so new and so precious. He has recorded that, within a year of his conversion, many persons of their own accord

came to him for religious instruction and advice. Tradition has it that it was Calvin's custom to close his expositions and addresses with the appeal: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" But the young convert, filled with holy confidence in the truth, sought to diffuse it from a more prominent position, and over a wider range. He was on terms of intimacy with Nicolas Cop, a distinguished physician, who, being in 1533 rector of the University of Paris, was expected to deliver, according to custom, a public discourse. The friends thought this a great opportunity for the utterance of sentiments very near to their hearts; and accordingly Calvin prepared the discourse, which advocated Church reform, and a return to Scriptural standards. The hope was that the king and men in high station might be favourably inclined to the Gospel. The boldness of this step created surprise and indignation in the minds of the leading men in Church and State. Calvin was suspected of being the author of the manifesto, and search was made for him. He fled for his life—according to report—in disguise. Thus early was he brought face to face with the dangers involved in a bold fidelity to Scriptural truth. From this time Calvin was regarded as a leading champion of the Reformation in France.

Calvin certainly seemed physically and constitutionally very unfitted for the work to which he was being called. Slight of figure, with sharp features and a dark complexion, he bore manifest traces of ill-health, aggravated by severe study and ascetic habits. Shy and retiring by nature, and disposed to shrink from publicity and from peril, he had much to overcome in his own temperament before he could occupy with ease and confidence the eminent positions for which Providence intended him. But he had a keen, restless, logical, imperious intellect. And he had a soul on fire with love to Christ and to Christ's Gospel. His badge was aptly chosen: it was a hand holding out a burning heart!

### III.

#### CALVIN'S "INSTITUTES."

The next few years of Calvin's life were years of wandering to and fro. We cannot always with certainty follow his footsteps.

After some misadventures and perils, he found a temporary home at Basle, which was at that time the Athens of Switzerland—the home of literature and of learned men. Here he enjoyed the friendship of Grynæus, and of the learned Capito, who encouraged him to carry forward the study of Hebrew, which was very useful to him when he came to write his commentaries upon the books of the Old Testament. Here, too, he had opportunities of consulting with Cop and Coraull concerning the religious state of France, ever to him a matter of the dearest concern.

The first work which proceeded from Calvin's pen after his conversion was in opposition to the tenets of certain heretics, who taught that the soul, after death, sleeps until the judgment. In the same year in which this treatise appeared, in 1534, Calvin revised Olivetan's translation of the Bible into French, and thus assisted in the spread of the pure Word of God among those who spoke his mother-tongue.

It was in the year 1536 that Calvin published the great work, which is one of the landmarks of the history of Christian doctrine. The "Institutes of the Christian Religion" constitute a cyclopædia of Scriptural theology, which cannot be said even now to have been superseded. The author was only about twenty-six years of age. In the first edition of this work he laid down doctrines which substantially he retained to the close of his life. The small octavo grew in successive editions into the great folio published by Stephens in 1559.

The occasion of the composition of this greatest literary and theological outgrowth of the Reformation deserves attention. The principles of which Luther was the exponent had made,

and were now making, great progress in various parts of France. There seemed some prospect of that country becoming the seat of the Reformation; from among the nobility, the scholars, the industrial classes, there arose many, who not merely protested against the errors of Rome, but studied the Scriptures, and cultivated and commended a life of personal fellowship with Christ. But the King of France, the ambitious and pleasure-loving Francis I., having no care for religion, allowed himself to be guided in his political actions by those who ministered to his vanity, and permitted the leaders in Church and State to carry out whatever policy commended itself to their own selfishness. In order to give to the monarch and to the world some colourable pretext for a policy of repression and persecution, the enemies of the Gospel professed that the Reformers were fanatics, who held principles inconsistent with the stability of thrones, the order of society, and the continuance of religion. It was a calumny, but it served a purpose.

Calvin knew full well how base and groundless were the charges brought against his coreligionists; he knew how blameless was the life, how pure the faith, how beneficial the influence of the students of Scripture, the friends of Christ. And he himself has informed us that it was in order to clear the Reformers and their adherents from calumnious aspersions, in order to convince, if it might be, even the king himself, that the Lutherans were sound Christians and loyal subjects, that he undertook to write a compendium of the doctrines they believed. In his famous dedication to Francis, Calvin took a bold stand, affirmed the truth of the Reformed doctrines, denied their novelty, and supplicated the favour of the monarch towards those who, as he contended, deserved not persecution but protection.

The work<sup>1</sup> was translated into all the

languages of Europe, and even into Arabic. It has been praised not only by Protestants, but by Romanists, who have not been able to withhold their tribute of admiration from the ability it displays. To the Evangelicals it became the banner, around which all gathered. The Sorbonne paid the book the compliment of ordering that it should be burnt! The chief end for which it was written was certainly attained; apart from any controversial influence it led multitudes of truth-seeking souls into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ.

#### IV.

##### CALVIN'S FIRST MINISTRY AT GENEVA.

Calvin's connection with Geneva came about in a very singular way. Nothing could have been more unexpected or unsought. After finally settling his affairs in his native town, he was on his way to some spot where he might enjoy leisure and liberty for the literary work which was so congenial to him. In order to avoid the eastern borders of France, which were at that time occupied by contending armies, he entered Switzerland. He came to Geneva, intending merely to rest in the city that night, and to proceed next morning upon his journey. But here God laid His hand upon His servant, and bade him stay.

Four years before this time the vehement and fearless Farel had entered Geneva—Farel, "the scourge of the priests," the most powerful and successful evangelist that French Protestantism had produced. In conjunction with efficient colleagues, this devoted man had preached the Gospel, had disputed with and vanquished adversaries, and had secured the establishment of the Reformation in Geneva in 1535. But the city, always noted for the independence, restlessness, and factiousness of its inhabitants, was in a most distracted state. There was a band of decided and resolute Reformers; but there were many Catholics who only nominally accepted the Reformation; whilst the

<sup>1</sup> The "Institutes" themselves contain what is still regarded as the best and fullest system of "Calvinistic" theology.

bulk of the people, glad to rid themselves of the domination of the priests, were, nevertheless, far from willing to submit themselves to the restraints of an evangelical Church.

Farel knew not how to contend with the difficulties of his position. Bold as he was, he had not the skill and tact necessary for the emergency. It was at this conjuncture that Calvin visited Geneva, and was recognised. Farel was informed of the presence in the city of the young French scholar, sought an interview with him, and, after much importunity, prevailed upon him to become a resident in the city, which was to owe much of its renown to his name. After a brief visit to Basle, Calvin took up his abode in Geneva as a fellow-worker with the elder Reformer, and the revered pastor of the city.

Calvin's first work at Geneva was the exposition of the Scriptures, in which he always excelled; but he soon proceeded to a more general ministry. He preached and participated in the work of his senior colleague. A grant was made by the Council for his maintenance, and he rapidly rose to a prominent and influential position in Geneva. His controversial abilities were soon called into exercise; first at Lausanne, where he took part in a discussion with Romanists, and spoke with convincing power; and in the following year in a theological debate with Caroli, a vain and insincere preacher, who was so foolish as to accuse the Genevese ministers of heresy upon the doctrine of the Trinity. Calvin had no difficulty in vindicating the orthodoxy of himself and his colleagues, and in confuting the absurd calumnies of his adversary.

But the young theologian was doing even better work than this. He induced Farel to write a Confession of Faith for the Genevan Church, whilst he himself very appropriately composed a catechism of Christian doctrine.

Yet Calvin and his colleagues, Farel and Viret, were well aware that the soundest preaching and teaching, if alone,

were insufficient. Their aim was to make of Geneva a true theocracy, to bring the whole population of the city under those laws of individual and social life which are laid down in the New Testament as Divinely authoritative in the Christian congregation. Such a scheme would have been manifestly impracticable in a nation; but in a city of 20,000 people it was thought that an endeavour might be made to carry it into practical operation.

Measures were taken to promote education among the youth of the city; Saumier, a friend of Calvin, was installed as school-rector. Marriage customs were reformed; psalmody was encouraged; vice was restrained. For a while the prospect was cheering. False teachers and troublers of the Church were put down by the force of Calvin's irresistible argument. The experiment, a new one in the world's history, attracted attention, and at the end of 1537 visitors came even as far as from England to see Farel and Calvin, and to observe for themselves the working of the theocracy.

Calvin and his coadjutors resolved to attempt the thorough reform of manners and morals in Geneva, by means—as was professed in a letter to Bullinger of Zurich—of the revival of apostolic discipline. Against many of the regulations and institutions introduced by the Reformers not a word can be said. But few, if any, would now defend their great instrument of reform, as applied by civil authority: the test of participation in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. A monthly observance of the Sacrament was appointed, and citizens, who were deemed by the Church authorities unworthy, by reason of an immoral or irreligious life, were excluded from the Table—in fact, were excommunicated. Not only so, in July 1537, the whole population of the city took an oath in the cathedral of St. Peter's, binding them to accept the new order of things!

But it was not long before a reaction set in. The community had too recently emerged from ignorance, superstition,

and the toleration of immorality, for measures so stringent as were now advocated, to be peaceably endured. The demands of the preachers, and the rigidity of their moral code, awakened discontent among even Farel's friends and adherents. The displeasure of the Genevese was not unnaturally aggravated by the fact, that the prominent Reformers were exiled Frenchmen; and the natives resented the alternative imposed upon them by foreigners—either to conform to the new regulations, or to quit the city of their birth.

The party opposed to the pastors were named the Libertines, and were ever insisting that the city had, by submitting to Farel and Calvin, parted with its ancient liberties. They so wrought upon the minds of the citizens that the tide was completely turned against the preachers, and at the elections of February 1538, the Libertines gained a majority, and held the power in their hands. As disorder and debauchery increased, and as the magistrates did not vigorously repress these evils, the pastors preached against the Government. The blind and fervid Corault refused to be silenced, and was imprisoned, and when released was banished. At such times of popular excitement, some comparatively unimportant matter becomes a party symbol. It so happened that the Bernese had retained some Catholic observances which the more uncompromising Genevese had rejected; such was the use of unleavened bread in the Lord's Supper. The Libertines demanded that at the approaching Sacrament the Bernese rite should be observed. And not content with this demand, the more violent members of the party publicly parodied the facts and ordinances of the Gospel.

On the other hand, the ministers would not accept anything less than the power of excommunicating the unworthy. The strife ran high. The authorities forbade the pulpits to the ministers if they refused to administer the Sacrament. Nevertheless, on Easter

Day, 1538, Farel and Calvin preached, amidst much disturbance, and explained the grounds upon which they would not administer the Supper. The Council would not be defied, and at once passed a decree of banishment against the disobedient and independent ministers. The sentence was calmly received. Calvin remarked: "Had we been serving men, our reward would indeed have been poor. But we serve a great Master, who, far from failing to recompense His servants, pays them what He does not owe them!"

## V.

### CALVIN AT STRASBURG.

God, however, soon made a way for His banished ones. Corault was summoned to the ministry at Orbe, where he soon finished his earthly course; Farel accepted the pastorate of Neuchâtel; and Calvin took up his abode at Strasburg, there to carry on a multiform ministry for Christ. Strasburg under Bucer was termed "the new Jerusalem of Protestantism." Accessible alike from France, Germany, and Switzerland, this city was the home of refugees and confessors from various lands.

There can be no doubt that Calvin's hope was to find in this city a quiet refuge where he might carry on what he evidently deemed his own peculiar work—the vocation of the scholar and theologian. But he was persuaded by Bucer to become the pastor of the French congregation in the city. St. Nicholas' Church was assigned to him, and here, free from the party differences which had hampered him at Geneva, he established a congregation with a regular Presbyterian order and discipline, which became the admiration and the envy of the Germans. In addition, Calvin was appointed lecturer at the Academy; and studious and pious youths, and even learned men, came from France to enjoy the privilege of attending his prelections.

At this period Calvin's relations to the

outer world became more pronounced and important. The political history of this period is very complicated; but it may be remarked that it was a period very critical in the annals of Protestantism. It is evident that Calvin, and many beside Calvin, cherished the hope that the downfall of Rome might be near, and that Scriptural truth and simplicity might be upon the eve of triumph. Hence there was an anxiety for the hearty union of all who accepted the principles of the Reformation, and an anxiety that the influence of the Lutheran princes might be exerted with wisdom and decision.

It was a period of conferences and diets; and Calvin, as a representative of Strasburg, attended conferences held at Frankfort, Hagenau, Worms, and Ratisbon. On some occasions he took a prominent and distinguished part in discussing questions of doctrine, so that he became known among the Protestant party as "the theologian." He formed an acquaintance with Melancthon, who was the one among the Protestant theologians most nearly upon his own level of learning and ability. He used his influence to promote purity of faith and unity of action among the Evangelical party. He sought to reconcile the German and the Swiss churches, who were divided chiefly by their different views of the Lord's Supper; and to this end he used his personal influence with Bucer upon the one hand, and with Bullinger upon the other, but without much effect.

At Ratisbon Calvin found himself very much out of sympathy with the German theologians upon this question of the Real Presence, and thought that there was too much literalism in their theology, and too much Judaism in their worship. Add to this conviction the pain occasioned to him by the want of zeal which he remarked in his German brethren, and his ignorance of their language, and it is not difficult to understand that his visit and his intercourse with them were on the whole a disappointment.

Calvin's life at Strasburg was one of

poverty. The maintenance provided for him was very small. His friend Du Tillet, who had conformed to Rome, generously offered him money, and suggested that his troublous life might be an indication of Divine displeasure, and a hint to return to the Church he had quitted. He neither admitted the reasoning, nor accepted the assistance.

It seems somewhat strange that Calvin should have selected this period for marriage. His references in correspondence to his marriage reveal a somewhat calculating, yet by no means selfish or sordid spirit. In Idalette von Buren, a widow, Calvin found an amiable, faithful, and helpful wife. They lived in happiness, broken by the ill-health of both, and by the death of their only child; and upon his wife's death, in 1549, Calvin was evidently very deeply affected. The circumstances of the married pair were, when at Strasburg, very narrow, sometimes occasioning anxiety; yet they seem never to have actually wanted, and never to have withheld the hospitality it was their pleasure to offer to friends and disciples.

## VI.

### THE RETURN TO GENEVA.

An event now occurred which contributed to turn the tide of feeling at Geneva in favour of Calvin. Encouraged by the attitude of the Genevese, the Church of Rome resolved to make an effort to recover their lost allegiance and affection. In the name of that Church Cardinal Sadolet accordingly wrote a letter to the citizens of the revolted city, urging them to return to the communion they had forsaken, and setting forth reasons why they should forsake their "heresy" and "schism," and throw themselves again into the arms of the Church. No one at Geneva seemed to be able to deal with it, and Calvin came forward, as the champion at the same time of Geneva and of the Reformation. He wrote an Epistle to Sadolet, demolishing the claims of Rome, and vindicating Scrip-



tural truth, and the purity and liberty of the Reformed churches, as founded not upon human authority, but upon the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The intellectual and controversial ability of Calvin's refutation of the Cardinal doubtless made a profound impression at Geneva, as well as throughout Europe; but at Geneva it could not but be felt that, in the circumstances, the act of the banished theologian was an act of generosity and almost of magnanimity.

The city was, indeed, at this period in an unsatisfactory and perilous condition. There seems to have been no hand strong enough to rule, and disorders and factions increased, and threatened the public safety. The Bernese ministers, who had been procured upon the banishment of Farel and Calvin, were so dissatisfied with the state of things that they quitted the city, and the pastors who remained did not command the respect due to the representatives of religion.

At the same time, the party which had effected Calvin's banishment was overtaken by disaster, and lost its pre-dominance in the city. Of the four syndics who had secured his condemnation, two were banished for treason, one was beheaded for murder, and the fourth lost his life by an accident, in endeavouring to escape from justice.

One only remedy offered itself for the disorder which was taking possession of the body politic. Calvin must be recalled! The general sentiment and desire expressed itself thus: "We want Calvin, the learned and pious man of God, for our minister!" In October 1540 a formal and urgent invitation was addressed by the Government to the great Reformer, entreating him to return, and occupy his former position, and promising him all honour and authority.

Calvin shrank from compliance, but yielding at last to the representations of his friends, after receiving a second invitation he consented.

On the 13th of September, 1541, he

entered Geneva, at the age of thirty-two, with accumulated knowledge, wisdom, and experience, to undertake the great practical work of his holy, labourious, and devoted life.

He returned amidst manifestations of popular rejoicing. It was a momentous decision; and the history, not of the little Republic alone, but of a great part of Europe, has been affected by the consequences resulting from it.

## VII

### THE REFORMATION OF RELIGION AND MORALS AT GENEVA

In order to carry out the purpose for which he had returned to Geneva, Calvin requested that a commission might be appointed to draw up a code of "ordinances," according to which the ecclesiastical affairs of the State might thenceforth be regulated. This was done, and the work was promptly proceeded with, so that the ordinances were in their final form accepted by the General Council on the second day of the year 1542. From this date the Presbyterian form of Church government was established at Geneva.

Calvin now entered upon a work which took him ten years to accomplish. His great aim was to establish the Church at Geneva upon what he deemed the principles of the New Testament. In carrying out this plan he had to encounter, not only the opposition of the secret adherents of the Papacy, but the coldness of some of his colleagues, and (what was more formidable still) the hostility of the lawless, the vicious, and self-indulgent, that is, the hostility of sinful human nature. On the other hand, his own vigorous and determined character, the circumstances of his recall, the support of a body of devoted and trusty friends, and perhaps above all the position and constitution of the little State, enabled him to bring his experiment to a happy issue.

That Calvin had learned during his

exile from Geneva some of the "sweet uses of adversity," seems very evident. His tone and language were more conciliatory than formerly. Still he retained, not only his strong convictions, but his iron resolution. He had, in labour and in controversy, one advantage, he knew what he was aiming at, and he was prepared to strive, to suffer, and to wait, in order to attain it.

The party opposed to the strong measures of Calvin and the Government, which acted so largely under his influence, the Libertines, believed themselves to be contending for the liberty of their native State. They regarded the French pastors who had the control of the city as foreigners, and resented their interference. This became more and more their feeling as multitudes of Protestants from other lands resorted to their city and received the rights of citizenship. They also disliked, and as far as possible resisted, the rigid enactments which were made for the preservation of order, the elevation of the standard of morality, and the repression of vice. It is recorded that on one occasion a foreign Protestant was expressing his warm admiration of the liberty enjoyed by the Genevese, when a woman of the lower order, hearing his exclamations of delight, replied in sarcastic tones: "Liberty! you call it; formerly we were obliged to go to mass, and now we are obliged to go to sermon!"

### VIII.

#### THEOLOGY OF CALVIN.

Amongst the theologians who were raised up by Divine Providence in the sixteenth century to expound the great doctrines of the Christian faith, and to defend them against the corruptions by which human error had for centuries overlaid them, John Calvin was the foremost in Biblical learning, and in controversial skill and power. The errors against which he, in common with all the Reformers, especially witnessed, arose from the elevation of human works and supposed

merits into a position which Divine grace and mercy alone can justly occupy. The system of Romanism was, in brief, a system which taught that salvation was secured by the efforts, gifts, services, and self-sacrifice of sinful men. The main principle of Calvin's theology was, in contradiction to this, that salvation is the free gift of God, bestowed upon the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. To Calvin, the thought of God's sovereign mercy was so predominant as to colour the whole of his doctrinal system. He was the most strenuous upholder of the doctrine of Predestination, a doctrine which refers the origin of all good in the human soul to the counsels of Divine wisdom, and which to Calvin was for this reason especially sacred and precious. In several controversies he maintained the sovereignty of God against the advocates of the Roman creed and practices, and in those controversies he was signally victorious. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that Calvin's predestination was not fatalism. He upheld the doctrine of justification by faith, and ever believed and taught that the free forgiveness and acceptance of the Divine Ruler are the assured portion of every child of Adam who repents and sincerely receives the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

### IX.

#### CALVIN'S CHURCH PRINCIPLES.

The views of Calvin upon the Church were embodied in words in his "Institutes," and in facts—so far as was found practicable—in the State of Geneva. His cardinal principle was one which is held to the present day by all thorough Protestants: that visible Churches are only the integument of the true and invisible Church—which is constituted by the presence and operation of the Spirit of God.

The second principle seems to have been, that every effort should be made to secure that the visible Church shall, as far as human means can avail, correspond

with the spiritual fellowship known to God Himself.

And the third principle, that the State has no right to interfere with the spiritual action, especially with the discipline, of the Church. Yet his principle was not carried out in Geneva with any consistency. The State did substantially appoint the ministers of religion, whom it also paid from its own resources. And since the lay element in the Consistory was appointed by the Council, the ordinary government of the Church was obviously under the control of the State.

Calvin was himself favourable to the aristocratical form of government. He sanctioned the arrangements which gave power to the Council of State—probably with a clear recognition of the fact that in that Council his own recommendations and influence were usually predominant.

Calvin held in principle the equality of all pastors. Yet he was the permanent president of the company of pastors. Nor was he insensible to the difficulty of carrying out his Church principles in a great State; he seems to have approved, not of course of the Catholic Prelacy, but of a modified Episcopacy, in such kingdoms as Poland and England. Beside pastors or preachers, the system of Calvin recognised as Church officers, teachers and ruling elders, who were united in the spiritual government of the congregation, and deacons. The chief occupation of the last order was the relief of the poor. The Church system of Geneva became the model, more or less copied in France, Holland, and Scotland, the countries where Protestantism assumed the Presbyterian form.

## X.

### CALVIN'S CONTROVERSIES WITH ROME.

In the 16th century it was impossible to be neutral in the great struggle, of which Europe was then the battle-field, between the Papacy and the Reformation. Calvin was a general in the ranks of the Reformers. Both as a theologian and

as an ecclesiastical organiser, he was supreme. The learned editors of the "*Corpus Reformatorum*" have testified that "Calvin is by right the chief and *antesignanus* (or military leader) of theologians."

Both in his "*Institutes*," and in his many Commentaries upon Scripture, Calvin took every opportunity of attacking the errors of the Church of Rome, especially the doctrine of salvation by works and merit, as opposed to the Gospel doctrine of salvation by grace through faith.

One of the most controverted questions among the theologians of the 16th century related to the significance of the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper. The Church of Rome had made what was called the Sacrifice of the Mass, offered by the priesthood, the central part of Catholic worship, and around this perversion gathered most of the errors and corrupt practices which disfigured that Church, and which gave occasion to the Religious Reformation. As is well known, Luther, the German champion of the Reformed cause, whilst he rejected the sacrificial meaning attached to the Lord's Supper, retained a belief in the real presence in the elements of the body and blood of the Lord Jesus. The Swiss Reformers were more sweeping in their rejection of Papal superstition. They taught that the elements were merely signs and memorials. Calvin took a middle course between the Lutheran and Zwinglian view, and taught that the worthy communicant receives the body and blood of Christ, not in a corporal and carnal manner, but by faith. His doctrine has been generally received by the Reformed churches.

## XI.

### SERVETUS.

Michael Servetus was a Spaniard, born in 1509, the same year in which Calvin first saw the light. He was educated in a Dominican monastery, and when a boy entered the service of Quintana, the

Confessor of Charles V., in which capacity he saw something of the great world, in both Church and State. He studied the law, but early gave his mind to the study of theology—study of the Scriptures and the writings of the fathers. Partly by his independent studies, and partly by reading the early Reformation literature, he was led to dissent from the Roman Church. After visiting Italy, and studying in France, Servetus settled at Basle. Here he published a work, upon what he called the errors of the Trinitarians, in which he expressly denied the deity of Christ, and referred to the triune God in terms of contempt and ridicule. He proclaimed himself as the founder of a new system, which should supersede Catholicism and Protestantism alike!

He resided for a time in Germany, but found no more favour with the Reformed party there than in Switzerland. He then went to France, studied medicine at Paris, became distinguished as a physician, and both lectured and wrote upon the healing art.

In the early days of his enlightenment, Calvin had challenged Servetus to meet him, and to discuss questions upon which they differed; but the Spaniard, though he accepted the challenge, never appeared to answer to it. Many years afterwards Servetus sought opportunities of discussion with Calvin. Calvin's distrust of his opponent's character was confirmed by the correspondence which took place.

The book in which Servetus embodied his matured convictions, was ambitiously denominated "The Restoration of Christianity." It was printed, anonymously and secretly, at Vienne, in 1553, when the author was living in that city, in the household of the archbishop, a cultivator and patron of learning and science. Although precautions were taken against the discovery of the authorship of this book, it nevertheless proved the occasion of Servetus's condemnation and death. By a singular train of circumstances, the authorities of the Roman Church at Vienne came to know of the existence

of the book, and to suspect Villanueva (as Servetus called himself, after the place of his birth), of its authorship. Before the Inquisition Servetus failed to display either manly dignity or Christian courage, but basely denied the authorship of the work in question. When confronted with proofs of heresy in his own handwriting, he first professed that these were opinions he had long ago abandoned, but finally denied that he, Villanueva, was Servetus, declaring himself to have been, by reason of personal resemblance, mistaken for the Spaniard of that name!

The toils were now closing around him, and his only hope of eluding the sentence of inexorable judges lay in escape. He made his way by the garden out of the prison and fled. The trial was, however, continued in his absence, and as the result Servetus was condemned by the tribunal, and was sentenced to death for heresy. His effigy was hanged on the gallows, and then burnt, on the 17th of June, 1553. With amazing infatuation Servetus, after wandering for about a month in France, went to Geneva. He had been a month in Geneva when he was arrested in the name of the Council, and thrown into prison. This was done at the instance of Calvin, whose secretary became the accuser or prosecutor. The only alternative now before Servetus was—recantation or death!

The doctrines, for holding which Servetus was tried and condemned, were doctrines regarded with abomination by both Catholics and Protestants. At the root of his system was Pantheism—a philosophical principle which accounts God the substance of all things that are, and represents all creation as the manifestation rather than the work of God. The denial of the doctrine of the Trinity was accompanied by an acknowledgment of a certain distinction in the Godhead, and Servetus professed that his offensive language with reference to the Trinity was intended to apply only to the Tritheism with which he charged many orthodox theologians. His Anabaptism

was also regarded as a very heinous error and offence.

The controversy was henceforth one between these two able and learned men; and whoever follows its course must be convinced that the advantage lay with Calvin, who had more learning, more argumentative power, and more self-possession and moderation than his opponent. What Servetus lacked in reason he made up in abuse. His denunciations of the Reformer were due, partly to personal hatred, and partly, in all likelihood, to the instigations of the Libertine party, who at this time possessed a majority in the Two Hundred, and who hoped to make use of Servetus in their design of overthrowing the authority of Calvin in the city. It should, however, be observed, that Servetus was well aware that he had more prospect of deliverance from the Council at Geneva than from the Church of Rome; for when the superintendent of the Palace of Justice at Vienne came to ask that the heretic might be delivered up to the authorities from whose custody he had escaped, in order that the sentence passed upon him as a heretic might be carried out, Servetus, being permitted to choose to which tribunal he would submit, preferred the jurisdiction of the Council at Geneva.

The Genevese Tribunal, regarding the case of Servetus as one which concerned the Protestant States of Switzerland generally, consulted the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of Berne, Basle, Zurich, and Schaffhausen, furnishing them with a statement of Servetus's errors, and asking their opinion. The authorities of Geneva evidently wished, in the sight of Protestant and Catholic Europe, to purge themselves of any suspicion of complicity with monstrous heresy; and at the same time to deliver the community from what they regarded as a pest, which, if unheeded and unchecked, might contaminate and ruin civil society. All the bodies consulted declared against the heretic, and in more or less explicit language, advised that he

should be put to death. For not only the laws and practices of the Empire, but the Swiss Confessions themselves, treated heresy as treason, punishable by the flames. The lesser Council—the Genevese executive—was unanimous in its voice and sentence. Calvin and his brother ministers petitioned the Council to substitute the sword for the stake, but in vain.

The tidings that he was to be put to death were received by the unhappy prisoner with cries of distress and anguish. A final interview took place between Servetus and Calvin, in which the latter disavowed any personal enmity, but failed to elicit from his adversary anything like a recantation. Farel also reasoned with the unhappy prisoner, but to no purpose. When the fatal morning came, Servetus was led before the Council, and the sentence was read. The condemned earnestly begged that he might be put to death with the sword, and Farel joined in the entreaty, but the Council was inflexible. He was led forth to death, calling, indeed, upon Jesus for mercy—but addressing Him, as was noticed by the theologians, not as the eternal Son of God, but as the Son of the eternal God. At a spot two miles from the city, known as Champel, a spot overlooking the course of the turbid Arve, Servetus was bound to the stake, with his book hung round his neck. At noon, on the 27th of October, 1553, this unhappy victim perished amidst the flames.

It has generally, and justly, been considered that the death of Servetus was the darkest blot on the memory of Calvin. Allowance has not always been made for the temper and the habits of the generation in which this event occurred. The Protestants did not ask for toleration because their views differed from those current and established; they asked for inquiry and acceptance because they believed themselves to hold the truth. All parties agreed that religious error deserved, not only reprobation, but civil punishment.

The death of Servetus, said Coleridge, was "not Calvin's guilt especially, but the common opprobrium of all European Christendom." Felice, the historian of French Protestantism, has expressed the same conviction in parallel language: "It is not Calvin who set up the stake of Michael Servetus; it is the whole 16th century."

## XII.

### CALVIN'S COMMENTARIES.

The Reformation was based upon a return to the acknowledgment of the supreme authority of Scripture. It was natural, therefore, that the exposition of the Books of the Bible should be one of the foremost and most congenial tasks undertaken by the reforming theologians. It is well known that Luther's Commentaries were among his most fruitful contributions to the cause of Evangelical Religion. Melancthon's learning and exegetical skill cast valuable light, especially upon difficult passages of Holy Writ. Bucer's works were voluminous, and were deemed especially adapted to learned students of the Word. But Calvin felt that there was room, that there was need for such Commentaries as he pre-eminently possessed the gifts to write. He was not only learned, he was wonderfully industrious; he was endowed with clear insight and sound judgment; and he knew how to apply Scripture to the necessities of the human mind and the human life. Hence his Commentaries, especially those on the Epistles of Paul and on the Psalms, retain to this day a position all their own. He published that upon the Romans during his exile, and the rest, year after year, during his astonishing labours when at the head of the Church of Geneva. Thus the whole of the New Testament, except the Revelation, and of the Old Testament the Pentateuch, Joshua, and all the Prophets, have been expounded for the benefit of the Christian world by this devoted and scholarly servant of the Church.

## XIII.

### CALVIN'S INFLUENCE THROUGHOUT EUROPE.

The reputation of Calvin, and the renown of the experiment which he was carrying out at Geneva, brought many foreigners to the city as visitors and temporary sojourners. Italian and English congregations were set up for the use of refugees.

Among the distinguished foreigners who were drawn to Geneva by the fame of Calvin, and of his great work in that city, not the least illustrious was the Scottish Reformer, John Knox. The language of Knox's eulogium of Geneva has often been quoted: it sounds extravagant, yet there must have been foundation in fact for an encomium so remarkable. The Scot pronounces Geneva "the most perfect school of Christ that ever was in the earth since the days of the Apostles. In other places," he proceeds, "I confess Christ to be truly preached, but manners and religion to be so sincerely reformed, I have not yet seen in any other place beside."

The Reformer's influence throughout Europe was extended by correspondence with the chief promoters of the Reformation in all lands. He used every endeavour to mitigate the severity with which the Protestants of his native land were treated by the Government at the instigation of the Papal authorities. Now, he writes to the Queen of Navarre, entreating her intercession on behalf of his persecuted brethren. Again, he writes to the Swiss States, urging them to employ their good offices on behalf of the oppressed Waldensians. Yet again, he sends letters of brotherly encouragement and sympathy to the Protestant prisoners at Lyons, who were about to seal their testimony with their blood. He keeps up a correspondence with England, writing now to the young King Edward, again to Somerset, and anon to Cranmer, counselling the authorities in Church and State concerning the best methods of promoting the reformation of religion in the land.

## XIV.

## CALVIN'S BODILY SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

Calvin's labours appear all the more prodigious when we remember that his physical frame was feeble, and that his always delicate health was often interrupted by illness and by severe suffering. He worked almost incessantly. Rest and recreation were all but unknown to this untiring toiler. "Would you," said he, in answer to a remonstrance upon his too laborious habits, "Would you that the Lord should find me idle when He comes?"

In the year 1562, Calvin's health began to fail, but for two years his indomitable spirit sustained him in zealous and incessant labours. There is an affecting dignity in Beza's record of the closing days of his master's life. Amidst his great sufferings and feebleness he found his consolation in the Holy Scriptures and in ejaculatory prayer. In his will, made in the prospect of death, he records his gratitude for his enlightenment and salvation, and for the privilege accorded to him of proclaiming and extending the Gospel; he confesses his infirmities, and casts himself for mercy upon his Redeemer. The little property of which he dies possessed, he divides amongst his relatives. The trifling amount of 225 dollars was all he had to dispose of! Ten crowns he bequeaths to the college, and ten to the purse for the poor.

The decline of Calvin's strength was gradual, and for many weeks before his death there was no prospect or hope of his recovery. He was thus able to take a final leave of his associates, and to make needful provision for the carrying on of his great work. On the 27th of March he was carried to the Council Chamber, and in his usual business-like way proposed a new rector for the school. He then took off his skull-cap, and formally thanked the Senate for their kindness and consideration towards himself; adding, amidst the tears of the

assembly, "This is the last time that I shall stand here." A few weeks later he received the syndics and senators at his own house. He prayed with them, shook hands with every one, received the assurance of their affection and gratitude; and they saw him no more.

His parting with his brethren in the ministry was not less affecting. His old friend and fellow-labourer, Farel, who was now seventy-five years of age, although entreated by Calvin to spare himself, travelled from Neuchâtel to see him—only a few days before the end came.

About a week before his death, when a customary gathering of the ministers was due, the Reformer would have them assemble in his own house. He was carried from his bed to the room where the usual meal was served; he greeted the brethren, prayed with them, joined in conversation, and even took some food. But he was taken from the table to his bed, which he never left again. On the 27th of May, 1564, he breathed his last.

Mourning was general throughout the city, of which he was both the ruler and the ornament; all classes united in the lamentations, for all felt the loss which Geneva experienced in Calvin's death. As he himself had desired, the funeral was simple, and not even a monument was raised to mark the spot where the dust of the great Reformer was laid!

## XV.

THE CHARACTER AND REPUTATION OF  
CALVIN.

It has sometimes been represented that Calvin was a man of hard, cold, unemotional character, who was incapable of feeling or of inspiring love. He was certainly not impulsive or warm in natural temperament; and he was a man with whom settled principle always predominated over emotion. But he was not incapable of sentiment and sympathy. He was evidently—to judge from

his letters—deeply affected by the death of his brother-reformers, Capito and Leo Juda. Expressions of tender sympathy towards his friends in affliction are not infrequent in his correspondence. And although he has been accused of a want of family tenderness and warmth, there appears no justification for such a charge, except it be that in recording the death of his child he does so without any lively expression of emotion. That he severely felt the death of his wife cannot be questioned; it has even been suggested that from the date of that event a sadder and severer tone characterised his life and work. On the other hand, he rejoiced with those who were in joy; and he displayed a lively interest in the marriage of any of his friends, and especially in that of his colleague in the ministry, the pastor Viret.

The literary and theological reputation of this great man has suffered no eclipse by the lapse of three centuries. Friend and foe have acknowledged his greatness. He is admitted to have been one of the chief authors and great masters of the French language, and of its proper style. Bossuet's parallel between Luther and Calvin is well known, and signally just.

Renan, no partial critic, has pronounced John Calvin "the most Christian man of his time." So much for his character. As to his practical power, the Genevese Gaberel, says: "Zwingle, Farel, Viret were the conquerors of the Reformation; Calvin was its legislator;" and again, "Geneva free, Geneva powerful, Geneva respected, Geneva Christian—such is the work of Calvin! And what remains of his work? Three hundred years of peace and prosperity." As a theologian, the estimate of Dr. W. L. Alexander, a most competent judge, concerning him, is, "Calvin stands on an eminence which only Augustine has surpassed, whilst in his skill as an ex-

positor of the Scripture, and his terse and elegant style, he possessed advantages to which Augustine was a stranger."

It was through the residence and the labours of Calvin that Geneva came to occupy so proud a place among the cities of Europe. It has even been called "the Protestant Rome." "In order," says the French historian Mignet, "that French Protestantism should have a character and doctrine, it needed a city to serve as a centre, and a chief to become its organiser. That city was Geneva, and that chief was Calvin." The Reformer was not unaware of the importance thus attaching to himself and to the home of his adoption. He had even to check the enthusiasm of his admirers: "They wanted," says he, "to make an idol of me, and of Geneva a Jerusalem."

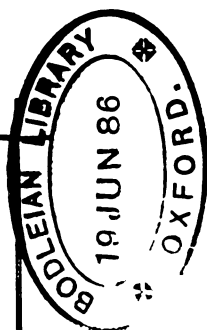
With respect to Calvin's influence upon the future of the evangelical churches of his native land, no authority could be quoted more conclusive than that of Felice, who writes: "Calvin was the guide of the French Reformers, their counsellor, the soul of their first synods; and the immense authority he exercised over them was so well recognised, that the name of Calvinists was given to them about the middle of the sixteenth century."

Principal Tulloch has summed up his estimate of the man in these words: "A great, intense, and energetic character, who, more than any other of that great age, has left his impress upon the history of Protestantism." And the great French statesman and historian, Guizot, has left on record this deliberate judgment of the great Genevese: "Calvin is great by reason of his marvellous powers, his lasting labours, and the moral height and purity of his motives." "Earnest in faith, pure in motive, austere in his life, and mighty in his works, Calvin is one of those who deserve their great fame."

J. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A.



WILLIAM FAREL,  
THE EVANGELIST OF FRENCH SWITZERLAND.



# WILLIAM FAREL,

## THE EVANGELIST OF FRENCH SWITZERLAND.

---

### I.

#### FAREL'S EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION.

WILLIAM FAREL was born in the year 1489, at Gap, in Dauphiny. It has sometimes been said that he sprang from a noble family, but of this there is no evidence; his father seems to have been a husbandman. The Farel's were superstitiously attached to the old religion; and it is recorded as a proof of this that the young William was taken upon a pilgrimage some twenty miles from his home to see a famous cross, in which was infixed a small crucifix, said to be made of the wood of the true cross from Calvary, and reputed to work notable miracles. "My father and mother," wrote Farel, in later years, "doubted nothing;" and for himself he confesses that in his youth he had been "more popish than the popes themselves."

The Farel's wished their son William to follow the profession of arms, but yielded to his wish to become a scholar. When the ardent youth went to study at the University of Paris, he little thought that he was there to be trained for highest service as a soldier of the cross. But so it was, and the man by whose influence Farel was led to the study of Scripture, and to an understanding of the spiritual nature of true religion, deserves our attention.

This was Peter Le Fevre, who has been well designated a "Reformer before the Reformation." Born in 1445, at Etaples, from which town he took a sort of cognomen, he early devoted himself to study. In 1493 he became a professor in the University of Paris. He had travelled much, and read much, and was a learned, many-sided man. Le Fevre was one of the modern school, the school of enlightenment and mental freedom. Not only so; he was a diligent student

of the Scriptures, and in 1512 published a commentary upon the Epistles of St. Paul.

It was in 1510 that Farel went to Paris, and it was not long before the ardent youth from Dauphiny made the acquaintance, and came under the influence of the ripe Christian scholar. It is recorded that Farel watched Le Fevre at his devotions, and was impressed by the obvious fervour of the professor's piety. Le Fevre had not broken with the Church; indeed, at this time Luther was unknown, and the highest hope and aim of those who were offended with the corruptions of Popery in doctrine and in practice, was the reformation of such abuses from within. Farel was peculiarly devout, and even superstitious; he confessed that he carried in his heart so many intercessors and gods, that it served for a perfect register of the saints! In all this he was sincere, and the sincere devoutness of the venerated theologian of the Sorbonne impressed and attracted him.

Le Fevre admitted the young Dauphinese to his acquaintance and intimacy, and soon became his chief friend and counsellor. A new bias was given to Farel's studies. In addition to philosophy and classics, he now studied Hebrew, and became a diligent reader of the Holy Scriptures.

Farel, when a student, passed through many conflicts of mind before he reached certainty and peace in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His Roman Catholic friends, anxious to enlist him on the side of the established faith and practices, endeavoured to counteract doubt by rousing zeal, and by appealing to the religious imagination.

But whilst some influences drew him towards Rome, other and more powerful influences led him in an opposite direction. Le Fevre taught his youthful

disciple the vanity of "works" as a means of salvation, the uselessness of prayer to the saints, and other new doctrines, which afterwards came to be known as Lutheran or Reformed, and above all encouraged him to search the Scriptures, and to form an independent judgment upon the utterances of the sacred oracles. On the one hand Farel read the history of the Papacy, and the writings of the doctors of the Church; on the other he studied the Word of God. And he gradually came to see that many of the doctrines and usages of the Roman Communion had no support in the New Testament. Thus, about the year 1520, when he was about thirty years of age, Farel not only lost sympathy with the Church of his fathers, but became in his own mind what we should call a Protestant. He was not, however, a disciple of either Luther or Zwingli; but came, as did the other French Reformers, his contemporaries, to similar conclusions by independent methods. He was, doubtless, a sincerely religious man before this time, but he thus became an enlightened, Scriptural, and Evangelical Christian.

## II.

### THE COMMENCEMENT OF FAREL'S LABOURS FOR CHRIST.

At this time there was a little fellowship of reforming and Bible-loving Christians in the metropolis of France, including several young students and scholars devoted to the religion of the New Testament. Round Le Fevre there gathered Farel, who in 1517 had been appointed to a professorship in the College of Cardinal le Moine, Briçonnet—soon afterwards Bishop of Meaux—Arnault, and Roussel. The reforming party was supported and befriended by Margaret of Valois, sister to the King, a woman of enlightenment and devoutness, who often protected the Lutherans when persecuted by the Romanist party. Le Fevre had bright expectations regarding the immediate future of Christendom;

he one day said to Farel: "My dear William, God will renew the face of the earth; and you will see it!" It was known to the Roman hierarchy and their officers that Le Fevre was inclined towards a thorough Reformation, and Beda, the most prominent and fanatical instrument of Papal persecution, attacked the aged servant of God, who was, however, rescued by the King himself.

A very singular episode in the history of the French Reformers now presents itself to our view. Briçonnet, who but a few years before had been a companion of Le Fevre and his disciples, became Bishop of Meaux. He was a spiritually-minded and upright, though somewhat timid, character, anxious for the spread of Scriptural truth through his diocese; and invited those of his pious friends at Paris, who were disposed to do so, to come to Meaux, and make that city a centre of evangelistic and reforming operations. Accordingly Le Fevre and most of his party left Paris, where they were the objects of suspicion and hostile designs, and repaired to Meaux. A remarkable spectacle is this: a Romanist bishop calling his friends, known to be tainted with Lutheranism, to assist him in spreading the Gospel, and promoting purity of life as well as of doctrine, throughout his diocese! Le Fevre devoted himself to the work of translating the New Testament and the Psalms into French, and Farel commenced his evangelistic labours. But zealous monks sought to put a stop to proceedings so subversive of Papal authority and practices as those of Briçonnet. The timid prelate hesitated between his convictions and his fears and interests; but before long the threats of the monks produced the desired effect. The work of reformation was checked, and in April 1523 Farel was forbidden to preach and teach.

## III.

### FAREL AT BASLE.

It was by the determined opposition of the Roman Catholic leaders in France

that some of her noblest sons were driven from French soil when Reformed opinions were gaining ground among the learned and the pious, just as it was by the same means that in a subsequent generation the country was intellectually and religiously impoverished by the expulsion of the Huguenots. What, however, was, in both instances, loss to France, proved gain to other lands. Farel and Calvin were two of the noblest Frenchmen of the sixteenth century; both were thrust out of their native land by the spirit of intolerance; but they became to French Switzerland the heralds of truth and the ministers of life. Driven by the hatred of the enemy, and by the weakness of his friend, from Meaux, Farel visited his native place, where he was the means of converting to the Gospel his four brothers, who became faithful witnesses for Christ. But the reception he met with was on the whole adverse, and he was, like his great master, thrust forth from his native village. Finding his movements restrained, and his work hindered in his native land, the ardent and daring Farel looked abroad for wider scope. Accompanied by Anemond, a noble, and a convert of his own, he found his way to Switzerland in 1524. Here he was warmly received by the chief Reformers, Zwingle at Zurich, Haller at Berne, and Ecolampadius at Basle.

Basle was at this period a favourite sojourning and meeting place for prominent men of the Reformed party. The French refugees formed a society and a Church among themselves. Here gathered around Ecolampadius such men as Farel, Anemond, and Toussaint, who not only assisted and encouraged one another in the study of Scripture, and in a spiritual life, but diffused throughout the community a knowledge of pure Christianity. At this time Erasmus also was at Basle. The Dutch scholar was wont to find fault with the Frenchmen, because they always had upon their lips the precious and sacred names of the Saviour and of the Spirit,

and such naturally familiar terms as "the Gospel" and "faith." It was natural that Erasmus should criticise the merits of Le Fevre's translation of the New Testament, and equally natural that the zealous Farel should defend his master's work.

Farel was one of those strongly marked and passionate characters who, as they pass through life, attract to them warm friends, and, on the other hand, awaken antipathies and hostilities. What could be more cordial, and at the same time more truly Christian, than this language addressed to his friend by the gentle Ecolampadius? "My dear Farel, I hope the Lord will render our friendship immortal; and if we cannot live together here below, our reunion will only be the more happy near Christ." Calvin, by no means of a demonstrative nature, called Farel, "My best and sweetest brother!" (*Optime et dulcissime frater.*) On the other hand, an aversion, not difficult to explain, sprang up between the cold, cautious, time-serving and selfish Erasmus and the impulsive, outspoken Frenchman. Encouraged by Ecolampadius, the French refugee publicly put forward thirteen articles, in which the Christian rule of life was expounded, and the Romish dogmas of justification by works, and of the sacrifice of the Mass, were assailed. These articles the priests of the city were challenged to impugn, and Farel professed himself ready to defend them against all comers. Fearful of the consequences of a public discussion, the University forbade its members to take part in such exercises. But the Government insisted that Farel should carry out his intention; and accordingly he did so, both exposing the errors and corruptions of the Papacy, and publishing the great doctrines of Divine grace and of justification by faith. Although there was no opposition, Farel's expositions created a favourable impression in the minds of many, and (what was better) made some true disciples. Ecolampadius was so pleased with his friend's performance that he wrote an

account of the whole affair to Luther, saying also that, in his judgment, Farel was a match for the whole Sorbonne ! This happened in February 1524. But his very success made the Reformer enemies. Influenced by his opponents, the Council required him at once to leave the city. This he did at Eastertide, though not without protest and remonstrance.

#### IV.

##### FAREL'S FIRST MINISTRY AT MONTBÉLIARD.

Upon leaving Basle, Farel set out for Wittenberg, to make the acquaintance of Luther; but it does not appear that he ever reached that city. He stopped short at Strasburg, where he was kindly received by Bucer and Capito, and where he met a little band of French Lutherans, exiled from their native land. Among these were his old master, Le Fevre, and his old fellow-student, Roussel. Strasburg was already one of the centres of the Reformation, and was destined to afford refuge and shelter to many faithful sons of unbelieving France.

Farel first entered upon a regular ministry of the Word at Montbéliard. It was Ecolampadius who encouraged his friend to preach, and who urged him to undertake this spiritual service. Farel had not been ordained, and there seems no proof that he at any time received a regular ordination to the ministerial office. But the success he met with soon made it manifest that God was with him. It was in July 1524 that Farel began his work in this town, and he addressed himself to it with all the ardour of his soul. His zeal, indeed, outran his discretion, and whilst we must admire his fervour and fearlessness, we cannot approve all the measures he employed, or admit their expediency. On one occasion, meeting a procession of priests and superstitious adherents, and observing an image of St. Anthony carried by one of the priests, the impetuous Farel rushed forward, snatched the image from the hands of the man who bore it, and flung the idol—as it

seemed to him—into the river which they were crossing. When a relic-monger came to the town, the zealous evangelist not only exposed the folly of honouring relics, but used his influence with the Count to prevent a traffic which he justly deemed unholy and misleading. His zeal was so extreme that his friend Ecolampadius felt constrained to counsel him to moderation and mildness. Still, notwithstanding the hatred and virulent opposition of the priesthood, Farel held on his way, and met with great success. It is upon record that one of the officials of the Roman Catholic Church of the town was so convinced by the reasonings of the Reformer that, instead of opposing him, he publicly at the altar acknowledged that Farel's representations were Scriptural and true.

After about a year's labour at Montbéliard Farel returned to Strasburg in September 1525, and there helped Bucer and Capito in the publication of their theological works, and preached to the French refugees who abounded in the hospitable city. But Farel's was a restless nature, and we find him at this period visiting successively Mulhouse, Basle, and Berne.

Now that we have accompanied Farel to the beginning of his regular evangelistic ministry, it may be well to glance at his qualifications for a life of labour, self-denial, and persecution.

Farel was a man whose individuality impressed all who came into contact with him. His appearance was not pleasing or attractive; he was small of stature, of mean aspect, with a noticeable red beard. Yet that slight frame was nimble and wiry, capable of enduring labour, hardship, blows, and wounds. His voice was singularly powerful, and, when he began to speak, his lively manner, his pathetic gestures, his vehement earnestness, secured immediate attention. A glowing imagination found expression in striking figures and eloquent language. His appeals were often couched in homely vigorous words. His power of persuasion often melted

the hearts of his enemies into contrition. At the same time, when persuasion failed, he was not backward in employing invective and threatening. Calvin himself, a man not easily to be affected by any appeal to the feelings, confesses in one of his letters to Farel: "Your thunders of eloquence have vehemently disturbed me." "That which formed the basis of his character," says one of his biographers, "was *la furia francese* (the French impetuosity); fifty years of labour could not chill his burning zeal; and to this impetuous ardour he joined an indomitable obstinacy." "He had need," says another, "rather of the curb than of the spur." His zeal and passionate determination to do the work of God have impressed all students of his romantic life. Mignet has criticised him by observing that his courage was that of a soldier rather than of a commander; and it is true that spiritual chivalry was more conspicuous in his ministry than was the skill of the tactician. Thus he has been termed by Michelet, "the Bayard of the battles of God;" and an American writer has designated him "the Elijah of the Alps." His seal bore for its appropriate badge a sword in the midst of the flames, and a no less appropriate motto: *Quid volo nisi ut ardeat?* i.e. What would I but that it were already kindled?

## V.

### FAREL BECOMES THE EVANGELIST OF FRENCH SWITZERLAND.

The great crisis in Farel's life occurred in the year 1526. The King of France had returned from his captivity, and with his return the position of the reforming party was somewhat improved. Berquin was saved. Le Fevre and Roussel were recalled from Strasburg to France. At this conjuncture Toussaint and Roussel were naturally anxious to have the benefit of the presence and co-operation of Farel in the work they hoped to do for their native land. But their application came too late, for

Farel had already accepted an invitation from Haller, and from the Bernese Protestants, to undertake a work of evangelisation in French Switzerland. Accordingly in the autumn of this year commenced the missionary life of this true successor of the Apostles, a life of labours, adventures, dangers, vicissitudes, disappointments, and triumphs. His mission was to the French-speaking population between the Juras and the Alps; he visited the towns by the lakes of Geneva, of Neuchâtel, and of Bienne, the villages in all the many valleys running among these hills of Western Switzerland.

Farel first repaired to Aigle, a small town some ten miles east from Villeneuve where the Rhone enters the lake of Geneva. Here he passed under the name of Ursinus, with an implied reference to the city which protected and commissioned him; Ursus being the Latin for "a bear," the symbol of the State of Berne. He began to work as a school-master, thinking this the least obtrusive and most hopeful way of doing good. But he took every opportunity of spreading the simple truths of the Gospel, and consequently before long aroused the hatred and opposition of the priests and monks, who saw that "their craft was in danger," from the diffusion of evangelical principles. It is on record that, during Farel's stay at Aigle, a mendicant friar, who came to the neighbourhood to beg some choice wine for his convent, naturally took the opportunity to denounce the Reformer and his doctrine. In the church of Villeneuve he warned his hearers that all who listened to Farel's teaching would be consigned to perdition. The bold Reformer brought him to book for this statement, and, despising all the friar's abuse and threatenings, required him to prove his statement. The poor monk, being quite unable to conduct a controversy, acted on the principle that "discretion is the better part of valour," and beat a hasty retreat, leaving Farel master of the field.

Berne was the premier city of this part of Switzerland, and had recently acquired dominion over large districts, whilst her position as a military power gave her great influence with allies and with neighbours. Now Berne was favourable to Protestantism. In January 1528 a great disputation was held at Berne, in which Farel took a prominent part, overcoming in argument 300 priests, who opposed him. As a result, that city, as well as many other dependent upon it, declared fully and finally for Protestantism. And from that time Farel was licensed to preach the Word of God throughout the jurisdiction of Berne, and was recommended to the allies of that canton as under Bernese protection. So that thenceforth Farel became formally, what he had already been virtually, the spiritual messenger of the most powerful of the Swiss states; a relation which, doubtless, gave much weight to his office.

Although appointed minister of Aigle, Farel could not rest satisfied with a field of labour so circumscribed. During his pastorate there he made many evangelistic excursions. And when, in June 1529, the lords of Berne authorised him, in terms already mentioned, to preach wherever their authority was acknowledged, he felt this to be a call to a more discursive ministry. He in the first place went to Morat, which he made his headquarters for a season. The vastness of the work which was going forward wherever the Gospel was proclaimed, grew before his mind as his own labours were directed to a wider field. At this time accordingly he was led to apply to his friends at Strasburg for devoted and faithful preachers of the Word of Christ. About the same period he composed, and issued in the form of a pastoral letter, an address to all the "lords, people, and pastors," urging them to a religious life.

Orbe was another sphere of labour where Farel encountered much opposition, at the same time that he met with much encouragement. Often, in follow-

ing the footsteps of this devoted evangelist, is the student of his life reminded of those words of St. Paul: "A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." At Orbe the Reformer opposed the open sale of indulgences, which was carried on by a friar, whom Farel tried to shame out of a proceeding so nefarious, and so encouraging to sin. The opposition that in consequence was directed against himself was most fierce. Here, as at many places, women were the foremost—no doubt hounded on by selfish priests—to raise a clamour against the messenger of good tidings, whom they so utterly misrepresented or misunderstood. It was at Orbe that all the idle boys of the parish were concealed in the church until the moment when Farel commenced to preach, upon which the mischievous troop sprang upon their feet, and shouted so that they drowned the preacher's voice with their discordant din! Nothing daunted by the clamour of men, women, or boys, Farel held on his course, preached Christ, showed the mischief of confession, the vanity of trust in the saints, and the unscriptural character of the whole Romish system.

Writing to Zwingle from Orbe in 1531, he used language from which we see that his labours had met, after much delay and disappointment, with an abundant blessing. "O, how great," says he, "is the harvest! I cannot express the ardour with which the people desire the Gospel. I shed tears when I see the small number of workers." It was at Orbe, too, that Farel made one of his most important converts. Viret was a native of that town, where he was born in 1511. When studying at the University of Paris he had learned something of the Gospel. But it was whilst listening to Farel's preaching in his native town that his mind was opened to receive Christ and His salvation. His gentle nature welcomed the congenial truth, and under its influence was strengthened and sanctified. Viret was encouraged to preach his first sermon in May 1531, and from

that time remained on the most intimate terms with his master, whose colleague he became, and with whom he worked at Geneva, as, indeed, he afterwards worked in the same city with Calvin himself. It was at Orbe, too, that Farel seems first to have celebrated the Lord's Supper with his converts. The occasion must have been very touching, when the warm-hearted evangelist gathered his children in the faith around him, that (at their own earnest request) they might celebrate their Redeemer's dying love. He preached an appropriate sermon, and then offered prayer. He then asked the question, Do you forgive one another all wrongs? Are you living in Christian charity? They all answered, Yes! Farel then gave to each communicant bread in memory of Christ's body, and afterwards wine in the cup, signifying Christ's blood. What a contrast this simple, reasonable, and edifying service must have afforded to the pompous and superstitious ceremonial of the Romish mass!

Sometimes, as at St. Blaise, Farel was even threatened with the gallows; sometimes, as at Granson, he was assaulted, beaten to the earth, thrust into prison; sometimes he was insulted and covered with ashes and mud. Yet even in places which had so received him it happened again and again that he "lived down" the opposition and enmity, and actually saw churches founded and flourishing upon the very scenes of his sufferings and indignities.

It must be admitted that the language of Farel was most outspoken and unsparing. This is given as a specimen of his appeals to the people: "Christians! withdraw from the Pope, who puts insupportable burdens upon your backs, which he himself touches not with his finger. Come to Him, who has taken every burden, and placed it upon His own shoulders! Put no confidence in priests—in Rome, but trust only in Jesus!"

And if his words were vehement, his actions was sometimes violent. At

Tavanne, while the priest was actually saying mass, Farel, entering the church, began to preach, and so roused the people with his denunciations of superstition, that they arose as one man, overthrew the altar, tore down the images, and chased the priest from the scene of his ministrations! It is impossible to approve conduct like this; but it should, in explanation, be remembered that the people had long been held in bondage to superstition and idolatry, and that in the first moments of conscious and happy enlightenment and liberty, it was natural that they should be carried away by the vehemence of their joy.

## VI.

### FAREL, THE FOUNDER OF THE REFORMED CHURCH AT NEUCHÂTEL.

The beginning of the year 1530 found Farel at Neuchâtel. Previous visits to this city had not been fruitful of results; but this attempt, though made under the greatest difficulties, was very successful. Neuchâtel and Friburg had upheld the Catholic party in its opposition to Berne and to the Reformation. Multitudes assembled in the streets and other public places to listen to the vehement addresses of the famous French orator, whom no hostility could daunt. The hatred of the priesthood displayed itself in the most violent opposition and persecution.

The Council of Berne, hearing of the persecution of their authorised emissary, made representations which gained a more favourable hearing for the evangelists. Urged by his adherents, Farel at length preached in the cathedral—one of the grandest and most sacred homes of Roman Catholicism in Switzerland—naturally to the chagrin of the canons and priests, who saw the power slipping from their grasp.

On October the 23rd, 1530, the conflict between the two parties was brought to a climax; a vote of the citizens was taken, which resulted in a large majority for the Reformed cause. And from this



day the city and canton, which had been for several years the leader of the opposition to Protestantism, became its warm and faithful supporter. The reaction, as often happens, was sudden, and in some respects violent. In the fury of iconoclasm, excited by Farel's denunciations, the free men, escaped from the bondage of superstition, turned against all the symbols of their former state of slavery; the altars were overthrown; the images of saints, by which the building was decorated, were plucked from their niches, the noses were cut off, and the eyes were pierced, as in contempt of their worthlessness and powerlessness; and the multitude, in their revulsion from the absurdity of their former creed, actually took the wafers—in spite of their so-called consecration—and ate them as common bread. Whilst these proceedings horrified and disgusted many of the clergy, others came under the convincing power of the truth, shared the popular sentiment, and accepted the principles of the Reformation.<sup>1</sup>

Many were the labours undertaken and the dangers braved by this devoted missionary in his evangelistic tours in the neighbourhood of Neuchâtel. A striking incident is recorded, showing the impulsive vehemence with which Farel and his companions were wont to prosecute their mission. When in the course of his journeys, Farel visited the town of Valengin, he was accompanied by a young Dauphinese, named Boyce, who seems to have shared to the full in the enthusiasm of his master. They were in the church, and were spectators of the Romish service of the mass. Boyce's indignation was excited by what he deemed a display of superstitious ignorance; he ran towards the priest, who was in the act of saying mass, tore the "host" from his hand, and addressed the assembled people upon their folly, saying: "People! your God is not between the hands of a man, as the priests

have induced you to believe. It is on high, in heaven, that the incorruptible majesty of Christ rests in the glory of God the Father!" A tumult arose; the Reformers were attacked and wounded; and Farel's blood bespattered the walls of the church. The bigotted countess, who was mistress of the place, gave orders that the Reformers should be thrown into the river—orders which would have been executed had it not been for the timely interposition of some citizens of Neuchâtel. As it was, Farel was brutally dragged into a roadside chapel, where, at the foot of an image of the Virgin Mary, he was commanded to abjure the doctrines he had advanced. In reply he quoted the injunctions of Scripture against worshipping graven images, and the direction to worship God alone. It is interesting to observe that, in June 1531, Valengin abolished the service of the mass, and established Evangelical Christianity.

A striking witness to the efficient and zealous labours of Farel remains in the church at Serrieres, which bears this interesting inscription: "In 1529, the 14th of December, in this sacred place, Farel, the blessed Reformer of our country, began to preach the Gospel. With attentive auditors he peopled this building. May his ardent zeal, all-powerful over human hearts, revive in his successors!"

Between the Christians of the Piedmontese valleys, who had long retained the truth, and the Swiss, who had just recovered it, friendly relations naturally grew up. In compliance with a deputation from the valleys, Farel, accompanied by Saumier, in August 1532, paid a visit to Chaufourans, to attend a conference of Vaudois. Consultation took place as to the best means of preserving and of diffusing the blessings of pure Christianity. Farel showed his wisdom in the counsels he gave; he went to the very foundations of the religious life of a community, in recommending the study of the Scriptures and the religious education of the young as the best means of securing

<sup>1</sup> It may be stated that on May the 4th, 1876, a monument to Farel was publicly unveiled in the city of Neuchâtel.

the end they had in view. He exhorted them to establish and maintain schools in the valleys, and to secure a good translation of the Bible in the French language for the use of their congregations. He recommended to them the young Frenchmen, Olivetan, as both translator and schoolmaster.

## VII.

### FAREL INTRODUCES THE REFORMATION INTO GENEVA.

When Farel returned from the valleys, he found Geneva in a politico-religious crisis. A year before he had directed his attention to that city, and had written to Zwingle that according to report there were many at Geneva who desired instruction in the doctrines of pure Christianity. Toussaint had been urged to visit the city, but had declined. The population was independent and turbulent; many had lost all faith in Rome, whilst in its stead they had found no religion except the gospel of political enfranchisement. The circumstances of the city attracted the enterprising and adventurous spirit of Farel, and he resolved to commit himself to the care and protection of God, and himself to make an effort to evangelise Geneva.

There is extant a very curious account of the introduction of the Reformation at Geneva, written by a nun of the Convent of St. Claire, named Jussié. She calls the movement "the rise of Calvinism," and writes with a bitter animus against the Reformers. In her work we read: "In the month of October 1532 came to Geneva a caitiff preacher, named Master William (i.e. Farel), a native of Gap, in Dauphiny. The day after his coming he began to preach secretly in a room of his lodging; and a great number of people came to hear him, who were informed of his coming, and infected with his heresy." Saumier came with his friend and chief; and they found Olivetan already in the city.

The Genevese who came to the inn, the "Tour perce," where the evangelists

took up their quarters, comprised some of the choicest spirits in the community. Their minds were opening to the truth; they were already champions of liberty—"Huguenots," or confederates, as they came to be called; and they were willing enough to receive the doctrine that the Scriptures are above the Pope. At a second meeting Farel entered upon the spiritual aspect of his mission, exposed the superstitions of popery, and explained the Scriptural doctrine of salvation by grace through faith in Christ. When these interviews became known, a tumult arose in the city; many women, set on by the priests, and believing the Church to be in danger, filled the city with clamour. Farel was summoned before the Council, who asked him if he were willing to dispute with the priests regarding the new doctrines? To which he replied that he was, and that he was willing to suffer death if unable to prove his teaching to be Scriptural. Brought next before the court of the bishop's vicar, the faithful evangelist was treated with contumely and abuse, was upbraided with assuming to preach without ecclesiastical warrant, and in secular garments. His reply was that he had come to preach the truth, and that his ministry only troubled those who had introduced human inventions into the Church of Christ. Amidst the insults of the priests and their adherents, Farel bore himself with dignity. When an attendant fired a gun at him, which fortunately went off without doing harm, the intrepid confessor turned coolly to him and said, "Your firing frightens me not!" Far from being impressed by the bearing of this noble man, the rabble shouted that he was sent by the devil; some kicked, others struck him; and a cry arose on all sides, "Away with him? Fling him into the Rhone!" The anger of the priests was thoroughly aroused, and one exclaimed that Farel had blasphemed, and that it was better for one to die than for the nation to perish. "Speak," responded the fearless champion of truth, "speak not the words of Caiaphas, but the words of

God!" A man like this was not to be tolerated; Farel was sentenced to leave Geneva in a few hours. A priest, thinking that murder was a shorter way to end the intruder's power for mischief, drew his weapon, and was about to strike; but one of the syndics, observing him, seized the would-be assassin's hand, and saved the life of the intrepid witness to the truth. Accompanied by some of their friends and protectors, the evangelists were taken in a boat across the lake and landing, proceeded to Orbe.

Hastening to Yvonand, on the southern shore of the lake of Neuchâtel, Farel called a conference of his fellow-labourers and friends to take measures for the spread of the Gospel. He induced Froment, the minister of the place, to repair to Geneva and carry on the work so violently interrupted.

At the end of 1533, at the petition of some of the inhabitants of the city, and under the express protection of Berne, Farel revisited Geneva. Finding the soil better prepared than before, he laboured both privately and publicly with great success. The Romanists were no longer able to employ the tactics of violence, and engaged a Dominican friar, a doctor of the Sorbonne, to defend the old Religion, and to preach against heresy, and against the work of Berne. It was a time of great excitement: Furbity was preaching against the Reformation, Farel was preaching against the errors and abuses of the Church of Rome. To bring matters to a crisis it was determined to hold a public disputation. To give the matter importance, Berne sent an embassy to witness the discussion. The subject in dispute was, the right of the Church to lay down as ordinances, doctrines and observances not enjoined in the Bible. The monk complained that Farel rather preached than disputed, a complaint in which there was some justice, for Farel was more of an orator than a logician or theologian. However, the Reformer maintained the lordship of Christ over His Church with such power and success, that Furbity was

compelled to confess that he could not, upon grounds of Scripture, refute his opponent's theses, or substantiate his own.

From this time the work went forward with great rapidity. By permission of the magistrates, Farel began to preach in the church by the river-bank. Aided by Viret and Froment, he laboured among all classes, and taught publicly and privately. The power of the truth proved irresistible. A bare-footed friar preached against the Reformation; but Farel opposed and confuted him. Barnard, a disciple of Farel, disputed with Caroli and Chappuis.

Farel was now known as "the Scourge of the priests;" in fact, they would no longer dispute with him. The number of adherents to the Reformed cause grew day by day. The people would have Farel preach in the Madeleine, that "huge old Gothic church, with its Carolingian tower, whose foundation dates from the 11th century." The terrified priests fled, leaving their church to the Reformer! On the 29th of March, Farel undertook to maintain certain evangelical theses, and 6000 persons assembled to hear him; yet, to the indignation of the people, no priests appeared to defend their faith!

The decisive moment had now come. The people insisted upon Farel occupying the pulpit of St. Peter's, the cathedral, whose three old towers have for centuries looked down upon the city, and which has been the scene of so many memorable events. The Council of 200 came together to hear the Reformer, who chose for his subject, "Christ purifying the Temple," and whose discourse produced an immense impression. From this time the Reformation was established in Geneva. The majority of the Council adhered to Farel and to the Reformed cause. It was in August 1535 that this great change was effected, by the blessing of God upon His own Word. Idolatry was overthrown, deceptions were unmasked, errors were exposed, and the headship of Christ over His Church was acknowledged. The

priests, monks, and nuns quitted the city; the bishopric was removed, and the rupture of Geneva with Rome was complete and final.

The services in the churches were restored to New Testament simplicity and spirituality. The mass was abolished, and ordinary bread was used at the Lord's Supper. The last of the images were removed from the churches. And on the 21st of May, 1536, at the instance of Farel, now the religious leader of Geneva, the citizens assembled at St. Peter's, and took an oath of fidelity to the Gospel.

Success occasioned the greatest difficulty. The demand of the people for the Word of God could not be satisfied. Farel was mighty in the work of preaching; but he needed a colleague of more commanding intellect, and of more administrative ability, and the Divine Head of the Church sent the man whom Farel needed, to guide the Genevan Church through its early difficulties. That man was JOHN CALVIN.

### VIII.

#### FAREL AND CALVIN AT GENEVA.

Calvin was already known, both to the Reformers and to their opponents, by his great work, "The Institutes of the Christian Religion," which he had recently given to the world. He had found the condition of France such that it was hopeless for him to seek in his native land a sphere of labour, or even a retreat for study. His intention was to devote his energies to Biblical interpretation and to theology, and thus to render to the Reformed cause the highest service within his power. After finally settling his family affairs, he was on his way to Basle, and passed through Geneva. This was in August 1536, a date memorable in the history of the Church of Christ. Calvin was recognised, and the news of his passing through the city was taken to Farel, who, with his usual impetuosity, came to the conclusion that here was the man he needed, and that by

all means his services must be secured. He sought out his young countryman, and besought his help. In vain did Calvin answer that he was only remaining one night in the city, that he was on his way to a place of retirement, that he was convinced that he was intended to serve God by a life devoted to literature. Farel would take no denial, and went so far as to invoke imprecations upon his head should he persist in refusal. Timid and averse from public life, Calvin was, nevertheless, overborne by the remonstrances and urgent appeals of the elder Reformer, and consented, after paying a short visit, to which he was engaged, to settle at Geneva as Farel's colleague. Thus commenced a friendship, which lasted until it was closed upon earth by the death of Calvin. Throughout that period Calvin's influence upon Farel was predominant, not only (as might be supposed) in matters of theology, but also in the practical affairs of the Church.

For two years Farel and Calvin worked together for the spread of the Gospel, the reform of morals, and the consolidation of the Church, in the city of Geneva.

In the autumn of this same year, the two Genevese ministers attended a conference at Lausanne, in which they disputed successfully with the supporters of the Papacy. The issue of this conference was the adhesion of this important city to the cause of the Reformation.

The work which Farel and Calvin had before them at Geneva was no trifling work. They had an intelligent, but, to a large extent, ignorant population to instruct. They had to be on their watch against the efforts of the Romanists on the one hand, who were ready to take advantage of any opportunity that might occur for the reintroduction of the old faith; whilst, on the other hand, they had need to be constantly on their guard against false teachers who arose in the midst of newly-formed Protestant communities, and who often found the atmosphere of newly-found liberty fa-

avourable to the promulgation of novel and extravagant doctrines. And they had to strive against a tendency, always powerful at Geneva, to indulgence in licence of manners and in profligacy. It had been well foretold, by one who knew the Genevese full well, that they had been dissatisfied with the licentious priests, because they had been too like themselves; but that they would be equally discontented with the ministers, who were usually rigid and austere, because they would be found too unlike themselves. Events proved the justice of this forecast. It was not in the teaching of the truth that the offence of the Gospel lay; it was in the inculcation of pure and honourable morals, which to the Reformers was a great part of religion.

For a time all seemed to proceed at Geneva as the zealous Reformers desired. A confession of faith was drawn up, which was cordially accepted by the Council; a catechism was prepared for the use of the young; public teaching and preaching were maintained, and were well attended by the citizens. Education was promoted, marriage customs were reformed, the amusements of the people were regulated. On July the 29th, 1537, occurred one of the most remarkable events recorded in the history of any nation. At the instance of Farel and Calvin, and by command of the Government, the people of the city, high and low, old and young, assembled in the cathedral, and solemnly, and with appeal to Heaven, gave their adhesion to the Reformed faith. Although some objected to this proceeding, either as an infraction of religious liberty, or as the imposition of a moral yoke they could not bear, it is evident that the people as a whole acted sincerely and heartily in this singular confession. It is impossible to defend the imposition of such an oath by any human authority, and impossible to do other than blame the bigotry of the Genevan Government, which proposed to the citizens the religious oath in question, with the one only alternative of banishment from the city!

Farel and Calvin were bent upon the establishment in Geneva of a Church approaching the purity, which in the New Testament is enjoined upon Christian societies. Accordingly, they were not satisfied to teach; they felt it incumbent upon them to maintain discipline, and they regarded the Lord's Supper as an ordinance to be observed only by the holy and upright. But these restrictions were unpopular; and at the next election the Libertine party—the opponents of Farel—came into power.

The conflict was a somewhat complicated one. The Council resolved that the Lord's Supper should be celebrated according to the usage of Berne, i.e. with unleavened bread, a practice which the Reformers regarded as savouring of Judaism. But this was a minor matter. What Farel and Calvin held to most tenaciously was the necessity of forbidding the openly vicious and profane to partake of the Lord's Supper.

## IX.

### THE EXPULSION OF FAREL AND CALVIN FROM GENEVA.

As Easter day, 1538, approached, it was seriously considered by the ministers whether they could profitably observe the usual Communion Service. There was great excitement and mutual distrust throughout the city. If the Supper was celebrated a scene of confusion and disorder was not improbable. Their decision was to omit the customary observance. To render their position still more delicate, it had been resolved by the Council that if the ministers would not celebrate the Sacrament, they should not be allowed to preach. But these were fearless men. They consulted their own judgment and conscience. And their resolve was, that they *would not* administer the Supper, and that they *would* preach!

Rightly or wrongly, the preachers carried out their resolution. On Easter morning Farel appeared in the pulpit of St. Gervais. The church was crowded with

partisans and opponents in a state of extreme excitement. It was one of the grandest moments in Farel's adventurous life; and though he can scarcely be justified for braving the authorities, and taking possession of the church—which was not his, but theirs—still, when there he did his duty right manfully. His animated eloquence, his thundering voice, his well-known character as an earnest and faithful preacher of truth and righteousness, secured him then, as always, a hearing. But when he boldly asserted that the Supper would not be celebrated, when he denounced the disorders, the profligacy, the factions of the citizens, the hatred of his enemies broke every restraint, and expressed itself in their indignant cries. It was a tempestuous scene; but the preacher weathered the storm; he finished his discourse, and under the protection of his friends withdrew in safety.

Calvin was allowed to preach in the morning at St. Peter's without interference; but in the evening, at the church of St. Francis, a disturbance broke out, and swords were drawn by the rival parties in the congregation; but happily no blood was shed.

Without delay the Government took action. Making no reference to the most important matter in dispute—the moral state of Geneva, and the protest against prevalent vice and disorder involved in withholding the Sacrament—the Council proceeded to consider the disobedience of the ministers, in refusing to use the unleavened bread as at Berne, and in preaching when they had been forbidden to do so by the civil power. There was no hesitation; sentence was passed dismissing the ministers, and banishing them from the city within three days. The sentence was received with calmness and dignity. Farel simply answered: "Well and good; it is well; it is from God."

## X.

### FAREL SETTLES AT NEUCHÂTEL.

A few months after quitting Geneva, Farel was invited by the Council and

the Church of Neuchâtel to return to that city. It seems that at this time Farel was discouraged, and was disposed to retire from the ministry, and give himself to studious pursuits. But a deputation, composed of two counsellors and two presbyters, came to Basle, and urged upon the Reformer the claims of Neuchâtel. "Come," said they, "and complete the building of which you laid the foundation." He still hesitated; but the advice of his friends, Viret and Haller, and other prominent supporters of the Reformed cause, induced him to consent. Taught by experience, however, he stipulated for the exercise in the Christian community of the discipline enjoined in New Testament Scripture.

Farel was resolved, not only to preach the Gospel with fidelity, but to make every effort to raise the moral condition of the community. Some of the prominent citizens were openly addicted to vice and lawlessness, and could not tolerate either rebuke or restraint. Farel was determined to use the privilege of church-fellowship as a fulcrum to raise the tone of public morality. As throughout his life, he had here—as men of his temperament usually have—both warm friends and resolute enemies. It would seem that a majority of the citizens were upon his side, that the neighbouring congregations sympathised with his aims, and that (which at that time was a very important point) he enjoyed, generally speaking, the confidence and the support of the authorities of Berne. At one time, indeed, matters went so hard with him that he was threatened with dismissal from the city in two months. He was not to be deterred by such a threat from doing what he believed to be his duty. And his determined, independent, and fearless attitude, his reliance upon the authority of Christ alone—with the manifested confidence and attachment of the true Christians of the city and neighbourhood—overcame the difficulties of his position. The edict of banishment was revoked, and Farel

was suffered to remain and to labour in the city.

## XI.

### THE FELLOWSHIP BETWEEN FAREL AND CALVIN.

Geneva and Neuchâtel were not so far removed from each other as to hinder Calvin and Farel from frequent intercourse. Each entered into the circumstances, the ministerial labours and difficulties especially, of the other. Occasional visits maintained the warmth of their friendship. And when they could not meet, they corresponded. Many of Calvin's letters to Farel are still extant, and afford us our surest data for judging the character of both.

In 1553 Calvin's position at Geneva, whither he had returned in 1541, was most critical; the Libertine party were striving to undermine his position, and to procure his banishment. They were at the same time espousing the cause of Servetus, purely from political motives, because they saw that Calvin was bent upon his condemnation, and that his release and vindication would be a blow to the Reformer. At this crisis, the faithful Farel came to the aid of his friend; he visited Geneva, and preached in the churches of the city. In one of his sermons he boldly attacked the Libertines, charging them with Atheism—whether speculative or practical it is not easy to decide. An outcry was raised against him, which, after his return to his own city, was so strong against him, that the Genevese Council summoned him to answer the accusations of the Libertines. Upon his appearance in Geneva some of the Libertines insulted him, and threatened to throw him into the Rhone! "Just so," replied Farel, "just so did the priests and Papists clamour twenty years ago!" The citizens had not, however, forgotten Farel's services or sufferings. They rallied round him, and supported him when he appeared before the Council. It was affirmed that no head of a family had taken part in the charges against Farel, and that he was

esteemed by the citizens a good and true servant of God. "Whereupon it was ordered," such is the record of the register of the company of pastors, "that the said Master Farel should be acknowledged a true pastor, as he had ever been;" and it was declared that he had faithfully preached and discharged his office.

It was in this same year that Farel lent his aid and countenance to Calvin in the proceedings against the heretic, Servetus. He appears to have been as uncompromising in the matter as Calvin himself. "As for me," he writes, in language which gives us an insight into his passionate and unbending nature, "as for me, I have always declared that I was ready to die if I had taught that which was contrary to sound doctrine, adding that I should be worthy of the most fearful torments if I turned aside any one from the faith of Christ. I cannot, therefore, apply a different rule to others." Servetus held very similar language; he was content to die, he said, if he did not succeed in confounding Calvin; and asked that, if confounded, Calvin should be put to death.

This was the spirit of the 16th century. So far as it was a spirit of earnest belief and devotion to what was deemed the cause of God, it was good. But the great error underlying it was the presumption that there is some infallible human tribunal to which to appeal. In the absence of such a tribunal, the principle amounts to the victory of the strong and the persecution of the weak. Farel attended Servetus during his last hours, and was with him at the stake.

Calvin, though the younger of the two friends, was the first to go home to rest. When his end was approaching he sent a letter to Farel, who immediately made a journey to Geneva, to see and converse with his old friend before he should be taken from him. As they conversed of the past, what memories did they revive of ancient labours, hardships, conflicts, and victories! Farel loved and honoured his friend, and, after his decease, wrote

with sincere affection: "O, that I could die for him! What a beautiful course has he happily ended!"

## XII.

### THE LAST YEARS OF FAREL.

Farel's life had been one of labour and activity, and of constant journeying and frequent hardships; in fact, he was the St. Paul of the Reformation. During many years he had no certain dwelling-place, and wandered—indeed, was often driven—from place to place. But as he was approaching old age, he married Marie Torel, the daughter of a widow who resided at Neufchâtel, a Protestant refugee from Rouen. The marriage was a happy one.

The indefatigable nature of Farel urged him, even to the close of his life, to incessant labours in the cause of true religion. Though Neufchâtel was his headquarters, he made frequent excursions to other places to proclaim the Gospel. Among the cities in which Farel took a deep interest, a foremost place must be assigned to Metz. On one occasion he met with a hostile reception, which has been commemorated as one of his remarkable adventures. The province was strongly Romish, and it was against the advice of friends that Farel visited it. He entered one of the churches in company with his friends; but as soon as he began to preach the church bells were rung by order of the clergy, that the preacher's voice might be drowned in the din. Farel was brought before the magistrates, and asked upon what authority he had dared to occupy the pulpit. His answer was—By the authority of Christ, and at the invitation of members of His Church! No wonder that on the next day he had 3000 hearers. The chief magistrate of the city would have willingly assigned a church for Farel's use; but the authorities were for the most part opposed to him, and the citizens were forbidden to attend his preaching.

When he was seventy-three years old he visited his native Dauphiny, and preached the Gospel to a generation which could have had no recollection of his early days. At Gap he was persecuted by the fanatical Papists of the town. The vice-bailiff, a very zealous Romanist, gave orders that the "heresiarch" should be arrested. The official, accompanied by officers of justice, repaired to the building where the Reformer was discoursing, forced open the doors, and found a crowd of people eagerly listening to the preacher. The officers seized Farel, dragged him away, and confined him in a dark dungeon. But there were many friends of the Reformed doctrine in the place, who planned and accomplished Farel's release. He was let down from the ramparts in a basket, and made his escape!

In the year 1565 he once again visited Metz, a city dear to him on account of former trials and former successes. He preached with all the fire of youth. The journey was fatiguing, and the toil, for a man of his age, severe. He returned, ill and feeble, to his home at Neufchâtel. It was clear that the end was approaching. His friends and scholars sought him daily. His chamber, it was said, became a temple, and his couch a pulpit. He remained firm, fearless, faithful to the last. On the 13th of September, at the age of seventy-six, William Farel departed this life, to join his friends, his fellow-labourers, and above all, his Saviour, in the life of immortality.

The Reformation produced many men more able and many more learned than Farel, but none more devoted, none more laborious, none more eloquent. No Reformer toiled or suffered more for the cause of true religion and pure morals than did the great evangelist of French Switzerland. To this his works remain to testify, even to this day!

J. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A.



PHILIP MELANCHTHON,  
THE PRECEPTOR OF GERMANY.



# PHILIP MELANCHTHON

## THE PRECEPTOR OF GERMANY.

### I.

#### EARLY DAYS AT BRETTEEN.

AMONG the hills which skirt the valley of the Rhine, some twenty miles south from Heidelberg, and not far from the line of railway leading by Carlsruhe and Strasburg to Basle, there is a quiet little town. Comparatively few tourists will think BRETTEEN so interesting as many of its more famous neighbours; but its inhabitants can point out one of their oldest houses, which they think, and with justice, quite as worthy of note as many a castle of the Fatherland. It is the birthplace of Philip Melanchthon.

Four hundred years ago one of the leading men in Bretten, and its chief magistrate, was Hans Reuter, whose daughter Barbara married, in 1493, George Schwarzerd, of Heidelberg, the Duke's Armourer. She was fortunate in her husband, and the Mayor in his son-in-law. Stout and straightforward, sensible and devout, able to wear and handle his weapons as well as to forge them, George was a fine embodiment of the old German manhood. Four years after his marriage their eldest child was born, and in little Philip—who made his appearance at one o'clock on the 16th of February, 1497—"God blessed this pious and worthy man with the gift of a son, whom, not only one but many lands, nay, the whole of Christendom, rejoiced in afterwards, and no doubt will rejoice in to the world's end."

Philip was the first of a little flock who came afterwards to keep the house-mother busy, and to gladden the good Armourer's heart; and when it was thought right to get a Latin tutor—for the town schoolmaster had fallen ill—Philip found his brother George, four years younger than himself, and his

uncle, John Reuter, not much older, ready to begin along with him. The lads had one of the kindest of teachers in John Unger, but also a strict and faithful one; and if a sound grammatical account could not be given, morning by morning, of the twenty lines of Latin set for them the evening before, the lads were sure to repent their negligence. It was hard now and then, but all came of hearty affection, and good planning; for the elder folk were fully agreed that the Armourer's eldest son was showing gifts well worthy of the most careful training they could give. Nobody rejoiced in the lad more than Grandfather Reuter. On Sundays, when Philip sang in the church choir, with the missal he had given him, the old man's eyes were often on the bright young face; and when a student from one of the Universities, out on a walking tour, spent a night in the Mayor's house, nothing delighted him more than to set his clever grandson to argue with the stranger, and win, as he was always expected to do, the intellectual battle. Nor, in his own way, did the Master love him less, or fail in any degree in winning his affection. Many years afterwards, when he had become the foremost scholar of Germany, Philip delighted to think of the old days in Bretten, and of the faithful friend to whom he owed so much. "I had a Master, an excellent grammarian he was; he died some two years ago, a faithful preacher of the Gospel, and a sufferer for its sake. He taught me grammar with careful thoroughness. He would not allow me to avoid any difficulty; as often as I blundered he made me sorry for it, and yet with kindly good sense in all his corrections. Thus painstakingly he made me a grammarian. He was one of the best of men; he loved me as if I had been his son, and I returned his affection."

I hope we shall meet, and before long, in the life eternal."

But the good Mayor was getting frail ; and the boys must have noticed that for a long time their father was looking spent and ill. There were fears that he had suffered from drinking the water of a well supposed to be poisoned ; but certainly, for now four years, and though in life's prime, the Armourer was steadily sinking. First the grandfather died ; and Philip saw, for the first time, the tremendous realities of death. And hardly was the funeral over, than the children, now six in all, were gathered into their father's room to take their last look of him, and to hear his farewell. But the brave and gentle soul knew well in whom he had believed. "Three things I shall leave my children," he said ; "they are members of the true Christian Church ; they are one in Christ, and at peace with one another ; and they are heirs of eternal life." And then he turned to his eldest boy, now ten years old, and commended Philip to God. "I have seen many changes in the country ; and there are greater changes at hand. I pray God to help you through them all. I charge you, my son, to fear God, and live righteously." And while Philip's heart sank within him, and the little people wondered and wept, they were drawn gently away. It was better they should not see the end ; so the elder ones were sent to Spire ; and there two days afterwards the boys heard of their father's death.

## II.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL AT PFORZHEIM— REUCHLIN.

It was Philip's first sorrow, and the beginning of change. He soon heard it was arranged that John Reuter, with George and himself, were to go to school at Pforzheim, a few miles off ; and Bretten was now so altered, that he must have been more than willing to leave. Their new home lay in a valley, near the Black Forest ; it was the grandmother's native place ; and now she took the boys to

her own house, while they attended school. The winter was wearing away, spring was coming in the Rhineland once more, and the young scholars, in the full swing of new work, would half forget the depressions of the past. They were again fortunate in their teacher. George Simler, then principal of the Pforzheim Gymnasium, was a good scholar ; he knew Greek and Hebrew, as well as Latin, and though such rare qualifications could be exercised but little among the pupils generally, he was delighted to form a special class for his more promising pupils, and with them share the delights and difficulties of the new learning. It was easy to see that one, at least, of the new boys from Bretten would be an eager and a capable student ; and Philip found in Simler at once a helpful tutor and a hearty friend.

But the Pforzheim period was important in connection with an influence of a more decisive kind. Occasionally there used to drop in on a visit an elderly gentleman, from Würtemberg ; and Philip could not but specially notice the stranger when he learned he was their grandmother's brother, and—what was still more interesting—the famous Doctor Reuchlin. This was precisely the man whom, of all others, every young scholar, who had come to understand what real learning was, must have been anxious to meet. And though he was too young to understand the character and importance of Reuchlin's learning and work, there was more than enough about the man to fascinate the boy, and Philip drew to the great Hebraist with natural enthusiasm. He understood enough to know that he was pre-eminently skilled in the language which opens the door of all sacred learning—without which the Old Testament must ever have remained practically a sealed book, and the Gospel itself only have been partially comprehended. Everything, at once of wonder and admiration, threw a halo round the stranger ; for all the better-informed scholars recognised him as one of the chief defenders of "the good studies"—the new learning and liberty of thought

—against the old and outworn routine, at once so terribly difficult for young minds, and so hopelessly dry and insipid as intellectual nourishment.

During these very years the strife between Reuchlin and the monks was deepening; he was himself, to the extent of his own powers, the Luther of an intellectual Reformation preceding the greater. Everywhere it was such men as he who, in virtue of their sound sense, declared that the Bible must be studied openly and thoroughly in the original languages, to whom the lovers of truth and liberty turned as to their natural leaders. Only a few years before (1506) he had published his Hebrew Grammar, and so put into the hands of Christian scholars the key to unlock the long concealed treasures of Biblical learning. Much of all this, and more of the personal detail which so charms the imagination, must have been known to Philip; and it is easy to understand the interest with which he would regard his great relative.

Such an interest could hardly be one-sided; and Reuchlin was soon strongly attracted to Philip. It was his habit, when he came to Pforzheim, to talk over with Simler the affairs of the school, and the qualities of the lads who were giving evidence of ability; and now he was delighted to hear that his own young kinsman promised to be one of the most brilliant of them all. Very soon they became fast friends. Reuchlin gave Philip copies of his own books, foretold his future eminence, and stimulated the already ardent youth to a resolute pursuit of the highest kind of learning. It was usual in these days for scholars to assume names in which the ruder German reappeared in classical dress, and it had a certain fitness about it, that when the Armourer's eldest son received so distinct an impulse to his future work, he should, from a great Christian scholar, receive his new name: that his surname, which means "black earth," should be translated into Greek, and Philip Schwarzerd of Bretten, should henceforth be Philip Melanchthon.

### III.

#### STUDENT LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.

Under such influences, and deep in study, the summer and winter of 1508 wore past; but when the autumn of next year was tinting the Rhine forests with crimson and gold, Philip was in Heidelberg. The choice of this University may have been decided by circumstances of kinship, for it was the Armourer's town; and in the house under the Castle Hill, Claus Schwarzerd lived, in the old days, when his two sons, Hans and George, were lads. But in other and more material respects the selection of Heidelberg was less happy. The men who had once given the College its reputation, were gone, and the healthier and happier methods of the new times were practically unknown. All that Philip seemed to have gained, when three years later he left it, was "a smattering of physical science and scraps of dialectic;" and to the students, who were content to take things as they found them, and fancy every innovation dangerous, it was astounding to meet a lad of thirteen who could both read and write Greek, and to whom the hardest of hard work was at once a passion and a pride. But if the academic studies did not much advance his intellectual life, there was compensation of another kind. The house in which these years were spent—that of Pallas Spangel—was a delightful home; and there was a group of friends who could not easily be forgotten. And then there were those wooded glens, mile upon mile, fit haunt for studious walks or vigorous excursions; and this sea of hills; and, awakening and nursing historic memories, the famous Neckar itself; while seated on its rocky throne the vast Castle commanded and surveyed it all. A home at once so charming, and in many respects so genial, might have detained Philip longer; but, after taking his Bachelor's degree, when he applied for the Master's, and was refused on the score of extreme youth, he suffered the slight to decide

him on removal, and in September 1512 entered the University of Tübingen

#### IV.

##### TÜBINGEN—LITERARY WORK.

It was a great change, and the precursor of greater close at hand. A boy in years, but in ardour and development already approaching maturity, Philip found himself on the threshold of a new world. Between Heidelberg and Tübingen there was this difference, that while in his former home the old order ruled, in the latter it was changing and giving way to the new. A spirit of reform was in the very air. And though the cities were not far distant, and the same river laved them both, Tübingen lay across an intellectual border which separated two worlds. Here Philip found again as Professor his old friend of Pforzheim, George Simler. Here also, witty and versatile, lover at once of the old literature of Greece, and the new liberties of Germany, was Henry Bebel; here were Von der Stade, and Stoffler, and Brassican—names now half forgotten, but full in those days of personal power and fame. And better still, from Tübingen it is only ten miles to Stuttgart, and there, in Reuchlin's house, Philip found a second home. The war with the monkish defenders of the old ignorance was deepening, and Reuchlin himself was hardly more eager than his brilliant kinsman, who soon, in a quiet but effective fashion, took part in the fray. It was in the house at Stuttgart that he first saw some of the most eminent leaders of the great war of intellectual liberty—Francis von Sickingen, and that errant, but genuine child of genius, Count Ulrich von Hutten. Always keen and devoted, what wonder that under such influences Philip's abilities were developed, and his industry, if possible, intensified. There was hardly anything he did not study. Greek was sure of a first place; but Hebrew and Latin shared in his linguistic love; and to these wide spheres of culture he added philosophy, rhetoric, logic, mathematics,

theology, and law; while he knew Galen—Handbook of the Medical Students—almost by heart. Nor did he confine himself to the work of storing up knowledge; the instinct and capabilities of authorship began to stir him; and during the six years which he spent at Tübingen he published his first books. Not far from the University, Thomas Anshelm's printing and publishing office was a meeting-place for the riper scholars; Philip was soon engaged in literary work, and proof sheets of new books shared his attention with the pages of the old. He edited—proof of his wide information—the Universal History of Naclerus, prefaced a collection of the correspondence of Reuchlin, and in connection with some congenial friends, formed the plan of re-editing Aristotle, and expounding afresh the great Philosopher. Philip had taken his degree of M.A. in 1514, and the year after, in his commentary on *Thessalonians*, Erasmus had pointed out the rising scholar: "What promise there is in this young man—this boy! His attainments in both literatures are equally valuable. What ingenuity and acumen, what purity of language, what beauty of expression, what a memory for the most unfamiliar things, what a wide extent of reading!"

#### V.

##### PROFESSOR AT WITTENBERG.

There was but one step more to be taken, before Philip found the scene of the work of his life. One day, towards the close of April 1518, Reuchlin had a letter put into his hand from Duke Frederick of Saxony, asking his advice about a Professor of Greek for the University of Wittenberg. There was no room for doubt, nor need of delay, and the old scholar at once wrote to the Duke, assuring him that the best man out of sight was a relative of his own—then one of the most brilliant men in Tübingen—young Philip Melanchthon of Bretten; and he wrote at the same time to Philip himself. Duke Frederick had too much confidence in Reuchlin to

hesitate; a note from Tübingen made it clear that no opposition would be raised there, and in a short time all was settled. Full of affection, and expressing his blended love and hope in an old Testament quotation, Reuchlin bade his young kinsman Godspeed: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and thy father's house, into a land that I will shew thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee; and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing."

And so, with mingled memories behind him, and hope before, and in his own heart faith in his father's God, the Professor-elect set forth on his journey. It was in the end of August 1518. The way lay through Augsburg, Nuremberg, Leipzig, and on the night of August 24th Philip halted with his party at Düben, a few miles from his destination. His heart must have been beating more quickly; and not a few hearts in the city itself were full of expectant concern. The next day, at one o'clock, they rode into Wittenberg.

A few days were occupied in preliminary arrangements; and on the 29th the Hall was crowded to hear the new Professor. In one respect it was a great disappointment. Slim and youthful in appearance, shy and hesitating, and so little, that beside a man of middle size he looked like a boy, there were great fears at first sight that no great accession had been made to the University's strength. But within an hour all was changed. Melanchthon's opening lecture in Wittenberg deserves emphasis, for it is one of the notable events in the spiritual and intellectual history of Europe. In terse and unusually graceful Latin, and with an eloquent intensity of feeling, he sketched the story of the decline of literature and learning, and indicated the causes of their fall. And then he pointed to a better way, and foretold a happier time. The dead compilations of a dark age could never be springs of life; they must be abandoned, and the noble minds of old—the classics of Rome, and especially of Greece—must be studied

with devotion at once sensible and hearty. Homer and Aristotle and Plato, Virgil and Horace, models at once of pure style, and masters in intellect, must speak again to the new days, in their own tongues. And specially sacred learning must be reformed. The genuine and literal sense of the Bible must be had at all costs, for it is when it is fairly understood that its Divine majesty will best appear. But above all, it must be understood, that the soul and centre of theology is Christ. "The odour of the sweet spices of the Master are sweeter than all the fragrance of human learning. When the Spirit guides us, and the mind is enriched with true culture, we may enter into the Hall of Divine wisdom. And when the spirit is brought to the original source of truth we begin to taste the sweetness of Christ; His law becomes full of light, and we are charmed with the taste of the wisdom of Heaven."

When he sat down, one of the most enthusiastic listeners, seemingly the most enthusiastic of them all—was the greatest man present—Luther himself. As the clear voice from period to period indicated the method of intellectual and spiritual regeneration, the Reformer applauded with all his heart. He had found a new ally in his mighty work, equal, he could easily believe, to Erasmus himself. Every day he came to know him better, his admiration increased, and in characteristic phrase he said that his new friend was half divine. But Luther was not alone in recognising the merits of Melanchthon. His classroom was crowded; students could be seen standing on the windows; and, "like an overflowing river," crowds of young men from every part of Europe poured into Wittenberg, that they might hear the famous Professor. It was a time of revolution; and sanguine men hoped that secular and sacred learning, filled with light so self-evidencing, and informed by a spirit so pure, would soon enter on a new and victorious career.

Meantime the busiest of all the busy men was Philip himself. Ostensibly a

Professor of Greek, he gradually came to teach almost everything. He found the various departments of literary study ill-equipped, as well as uninspired; and he set himself to provide for his numerous students manuals, which should, in lucid yet accurate form, put into their hands the key of knowledge. "Philip is teaching Hebrew," said Luther, in a letter of the following January; "his diligence and devotion to duty are really excessive; he never rests." During these days he was lecturing on Homer, on Romans, and on John. The marvellous epic of Greece, so rich in every power to allure, unfolded once more its pictured page; and when the mind had enough of Greek and of the gods, it was refreshing to change the theme and visit with the Beloved Disciple the source of purer oracles. Who would not wish to see the class-room in the University as it was in those famous days, when, with a heart yet unsaddened, and a spirit keen as a falcon's eye, the brilliant scholar surveyed all his intellectual empire, and expatiated on its glory and its charm?

But strong as were the influences of pure learning, Melanchthon was coming under the power of higher interests. Always devout, his study of the New Testament in Greek had intensified his convictions; and especially his intimacy with Luther had widened and confirmed his better views. It can hardly be doubted that, much as the Reformer felt the attractions of the fine character of his younger friend, Philip was even more impressed by him. Too strong to think of common difficulties, too fervent and fiery to suffer common chills, the force of Luther's spirit lay, nevertheless, in his godliness; and it became clearer and clearer to Philip that the noblest of all the sciences, and the very heart and crown of all true life, lay in the knowledge of Jesus, and the winning of the world for Him. If with an ardour, almost too excessive, he had sought in the fields of literature for the mind's good and rest, he was now perceiving a richer store, set deeper in the

pleasant land—like some old castle half hid in bowery glades—and discovering that the heart and mind find in the theology of the cross something which science can never give. But at the same time, and better than perhaps any of his contemporaries, he knew that true literature and true theology were closely united, and that each could be separated from the other only with mutual loss. And Melanchthon loved both; and while his life was hid with Christ in God, he could never tire telling his students that God had given them all things in ancient and modern culture, responsibly to use, and enthusiastically to enjoy.

## VI.

### MELANCHTHON AS REFORMER BESIDE LUTHER.

These tendencies to a more spiritual and theological life were evidenced in connection with Luther's active controversies with the Papacy, now deepening and darkening every day. When the Reformer went, in the June of 1519, to Leipzig, and for nearly three weeks, along with his colleagues, debated with Dr. Eck, Melanchthon was little more than a listener; but few listened to more purpose, or with more profound concern for the great issues involved. And when Eck thought it safe contemptuously to slight "the Grammarian," as on one occasion he did, a pungent pamphlet, soon after the Diet, showed him that the new Professor understood liberty and theology quite as well as Greek, and that the enemies of Luther had now to reckon with a new and formidable foe. From these days, indeed, Melanchthon took his stand quietly and firmly at Luther's side. When the Reformed doctrines were severely condemned in an Anathema from the theologians of Paris, an answer of crushing force was given by Philip; and when in 1521 Luther left for Worms, well knowing he might never return, it was to Melanchthon he left the perilous work which needed all his own resolu-



tion. "If I do not come back, and my enemies murder me, I conjure you, my dear brother, not to cease to teach and stand by the truth. Work meantime for me too, because I cannot be here; you can do it better than I can. What matter what comes of me, if you are left!"

The words seem ominous, for, though Luther's life was safe, he was carried off to the Wartburg the very next month, while for some time all traces of him disappeared, and for nearly a year the active Reformation virtually lost its leader. The task laid on Melanchthon was terrible, for, as if taking advantage of Luther's absence, the monks of his own order broke out in popular tumult, and a swarm of enthusiasts seriously complicated every effort at sound reform. To bridle such fanatics, as coarse as they were shallow, and intolerant as they were ill-informed, was work from which the gentler scholar shrank; and when suddenly in the following spring Luther appeared again in Wittenberg, issued two of his noblest letters to the German nobility and people, and, in a voice of thunder, rebuked and quelled the popular tempest, no one was more relieved than Melanchthon. In the meantime, however, in spite of the troubles of the times, he had found time to issue the early edition of his Theological Common Places, a work of incalculable importance for the interests of the Reformation, and which, in its later form, Luther characteristically praised as worthy to be bound up with the Bible itself.

## VII.

### HOME LIFE AT WITTENBERG.

The immediate strain was over, and Melanchthon was able, with a greatly lightened heart, to return to his work, and—a new source of pleasure—to the quieter enjoyment of his home. For, in 1520, the Professor had married a wife; and, in the following year, a "pretty little daughter," as Luther describes

Philip's firstborn, had begun to share his affections. The shy scholar was at first half inclined to apologise for his yielding to household fascinations and demands; but there was no gentler husband, or more tender friend; and one of the happiest, if one of the busiest houses in Wittenberg, was that in which Catherine Crapp had taken up her abode with Philip Melanchthon.

It may be a convenient opportunity to pay an imaginary visit, and attempt to realise something of the Professor's daily life. And it is only in imagination most of us could accompany him in his labours, for they begin, summer and winter, at three, often at two, in the morning. At this early hour his faithful servant has knocked at his master's door; and soon, lamp in hand, Philip has entered the room which, in the old gabled house in the College Street at Wittenberg, is still shown to strangers. With devotion as methodical as it is sincere, he first engages in prayer, using a brief form of his own; then he turns to the Bible for a morning portion, and lastly glances at the church calendar, that he may notice the name of the saint to whom the day is dedicated, and, recalling his character and history, thus realise something of the communion of saints. And then in the deep arch of the middle window where his table stands he takes his seat, and opens the letters of the day. A few hours, and a slight breakfast, bring the first Lecture; each day there are three or four; and each has its own accompaniment of friendly talks with students, and consultations with more or less intimate or distinguished friends. Besides the regular routine of lecturing, there are always special engagements—meetings of the Council, deliberations with officials; and the courteous attention to strangers, no one was more ready to pay than Melanchthon. At length the evening comes, with its supper-hour, and comparative relaxation. Seldom can Philip and Catherine dine alone; there are always visitors, for his hospitality is



almost prodigal, and his growing repute brings many an admiring guest. "Yesterday," he wrote once in a letter to a friend, "there were twelve languages spoken at table." The Professor himself does not eat much; too delicate in health to indulge in many of the ordinary dishes, he often contents himself with a little soup and fish and a glass of kindly Rhenish wine—but he is a most genial host, and loves an hour of free and pleasant conversation. After this he escapes to his "little church," where, in later days, with his children and with Catherine, his gentle spirit shows itself at its best. Child-like himself, his love for children is genuine and deep, and never was he more effectually comforted than when, one weary day, little Annie crept on his knee, and with her pinafore wiped away the tears she noticed in her father's eyes. But "the children's hour" is always short; it is already the little people's bed-time, and the busy day is almost over. By nine o'clock the Professor himself has gone, for to-morrow he must rise as early and be as busy as to-day has been; and nothing but regularity and proper rest can save him from breaking down, and preserve to the Church the faithful scholar, who assuredly less than most men lived for himself, but ever for Him who loved him, and gave Himself for him.

### VIII.

#### VISITATION OF CHURCHES: EDUCATION: GROWTH OF THE REFORMATION.

In the meantime work seemed to grow only more pressing, and engagements more numerous and anxious. When, after a short holiday, during which he again visited the haunts of his early days, Philip returned to Wittenberg, he found troubles thickening round the Reformation. New and dangerous perversions of evangelical truth were being taught, and in the hands of vehement and able advocates were growing popular; while, first at a distance, and then nearer and more ominously clear, grew and

gathered the thunder of civil war. Whenever in book or pamphlet the truth had to be defended, Melanchthon's pen was sure to be claimed for the task; but while it was easy to refute the crude opinions of the leaders in the Peasants' War, it must have been deeply painful for him to seem to bear any part in crushing a revolt, which, though marked by outrage and excess, was, nevertheless, no ignoble strife for the people's freedom. More congenial, though equally depressing work, engaged him in the reconstruction of schools or gymnasias, and the visitation of churches, which, with sound sense and energy, the evangelical leaders were urging forward within their territories. Few things could be more disheartening to the devout Professor than the evidences of ignorance and immorality which everywhere met him; but seldom, perhaps, did he labour more successfully. In the "Common Places" he had expounded, in his own admirable manner, and for educated minds, the leading facts of Christian truth; he had now to set forth the decency and the order which befitted the practical life and the worship of God; and scarcely less important than his Body of Divinity is his Book of Instructions for the Churches and Pastors of Germany. Under care so able and so genial many of the High Schools and Universities were restored to vigorous activity, and the earlier academic life of Eisleben and Leipzig, Würtemberg and Berlin was nursed by the skill of Melanchthon. No wonder that distant seats of learning envied Wittenberg its gifted scholar, or that he himself to his many cares had those added which arose from the reception of invitations to settle elsewhere not lightly to be set aside, in one case from the King of France, and in another from our own Henry the Eighth of England, who held out the inducements, and signed the letter with his own royal hand.

But the tasks which absorbed him most were those in connection with the frequent Diets and Conferences, through

which, by attempts to win recognition for evangelical truth, the Reformation was slowly shaping itself and working its way. At Spires, in 1529, the Papal majority was so strong that the outvoted Lutherans could only lodge a protest and withdraw; but the chivalrous act, which won for them the famous name of PROTESTANTS, developed at the same time their own spirit of energetic independence. Next year, at the Diet of Augsburg, the opposing parties again met, and both sides learned, for the first time, in something of its own purpose and compass, the Reformed policy, as it was set forth and illustrated by Melanchthon's hand in the celebrated "Confession." And if this Conference, like the former, seemed to close disastrously for the friends of Luther, it only gave occasion for the Convention at Smalkald, where a new engagement was entered into, and received the adherence of the chiefs of evangelical freedom. One thing, even more grave than external opposition, remained to be overcome—the internal disunion among the Reformed, based mainly on differing views about the Lord's Supper; and in the "Wittenberg Concord," this was in the meantime practically removed. Thus gaining at once organic unity and spiritual force, the Reformation advanced—disciplined by its disasters, freed from dangerous alliances, and inspired by the lofty and unconquerable spirit of devotion, in which all its real victories have since then been won.

## IX.

### THE DIET AND THE CONFESSION OF AUGSBURG.

In all these passages of conflict and effort Melanchthon bore his own part; but in none more distinctively than in the case of the Diet of Augsburg. Seldom has an assembly been held with more of the pomp and circumstance of ecclesiastical war. The accounts given by those who saw the thronged and excited city, as troop after troop poured into it, still glow with colour, and beat

with life. We seem to see the Emperor on his white horse, the scarlet and yellow of the splendid uniforms, the stately German and Spanish nobles, the blaze of silken banners, the gleaming steel of the soldiery; and hear, as if that distant day were our own again, the voice of trumpets and the roll of a hundred drums. In the midst of it all, the man, whose fine intellect was moulding the future of Protestantism, spent every available hour in silence and with God. His task was to revise and perfect the "Confession;" and his friend Camerarius often saw him bending over its pages absorbed in devotion, and bathed in tears. In a few days this manifesto of the Reformed party was read. The courtyard, as well as the Royal Chapel itself, was thronged; but as, in his sonorous voice, and for two hours, Chancellor Bruck recited sentence by sentence in German, the hushed and listening crowd did not lose a word. It made a profound impression. When Dr. Eck said that he could refute the new doctrines from the writings of the fathers, but not from the Bible, Duke William of Bavaria, a Catholic, replied: "I see, sir, the Lutherans are *in* the Scriptures; we are *near* them." The "Confession" had not merely the substance of Gospel truth, but the charm of its lofty spirit. "In looking at it, we seem to be standing on the borders of a limpid lake, the wild tumult of whose late storm-tossed waters has subsided, and in which the sun, once more issuing from the clouds, is mirrored, though the agitated waves are not entirely at rest."<sup>1</sup>

The Confession of Augsburg, in substance largely Luther's, in form and spirit all Melanchthon's own, is one of the most notable documents of the Reformation. It contains the distinctive teaching of the Lutheran Church on such subjects as the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Confession, etc., and enters largely into the various perversions of truth and abuses which had sprung up. On the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith and in its conceptions of the Church,

<sup>1</sup> Hagenbach, *Hist. Ref.* II., 122.

it is at one with the teaching of the Reformed Church generally. It is evident that Melanchthon was anxious to show the harmony of the so-called new teaching with that of the Scriptures and the universal Christian Church. The complete corruption of human nature is clearly stated. The will is shown to be free to the extent of enabling a man to discharge the ordinary duties of "civil" righteousness, but powerless, without Divine aid, to do what is righteous in the sight of God. Justification is, according to it, by faith; good works are entirely without merit, but are always brought forth when true faith exists.

Through the whole of this document there breathes a very evident spirit of apology and conciliation. It is a calm and dignified remonstrance. So evident to his own clear mind, the truth should be equally evident, he is convinced, to others. It is thus the Scriptures and the true Catholic Church have ever taught; the abuses against which the Protestants argued are the work of evil doers: and those who would remove them have been grossly maligned. Happy it would have been for Europe had Melanchthon's higher spirit and calmer counsels prevailed.

## X.

### OVERWORK AND ILLNESS: SORROW AT HOME.

In a few weeks all was over, and with hearty thankfulness Melanchthon was among his books again; but, like the studious scholar whose calm a hundred public engagements interrupt, he was never long undisturbed. There were again Conferences in Worms and Regensburg; he must go on pressing business to Cologne and Hagenau; work so important could bear neither excuse nor delay, and no one could do it but Philip. And so he was one of the most driven and hurried of men, and like such men he was sure to break down. In the summer of the year 1540, when the bigamy of Philip of Hesse gave such

scandal to every friend of the Reformation, the misery of it seemed to conspire with other troubles to crush Melanchthon to the earth. One day in July Luther received a message that Philip was dying; and when he found his poor friend at Weimar, the report seemed too true. With a death-like face, pulseless, and voiceless, there lay the little scholar, killed surely by work and worry at last. But the sight seemed to rouse Luther to almost superhuman energy. He turned his back on the people, and prayed with intense earnestness; he clasped Philip's hand, and told him he must not die; and, as if sharing the exuberant life of his friend, the dying man revived. Often had he been ill, but never so ill before, and never was he so ill again till the last sickness brought him to the health of Heaven.

But it was not personal delicacy, nor hard work alone. Like every householder, he knew the keenness of the sorrow which plants its bitterness amidst the tender enjoyments of the home. Melanchthon had much happiness in his children; but in more than one instance the delight was turned into pain. In 1527 a little son had been born, and soon George became his father's darling; but two years later, on an August day, he died. "There was nothing in this world dearer to me than that boy; he was giving promise of no common abilities." Another son, Philip, grew to manhood; but, without individuality and easily led astray, he gave his father as much care as comfort. Of his two daughters, Margaret became the wife of the medical man, Peucer, and found her husband at once affectionate and able; but Anna, the eldest-born, was unhappy in her marriage; and when in 1547 she died, and her children were gathered back again—an almost orphaned little flock—to Wittenberg, it was a painful close of a life which, with enough of sorrow, had ended, perhaps fortunately, so soon.

## XI.

## LUTHER'S DEATH.

There was yet another item in the catalogue of trials through which Philip was learning the wisdom of the cross. So early as 1536 Conrad Cordatus, a vigorous but unstable mind, had vehemently attacked the teaching of Melanchthon, and pointed out how dangerously different it was from what seemed to him the sounder theology of Luther. And though the unhappy charge was easily answered, it left a residuum of mischief. Philip himself, with his sensitive nature, was for a while wretched. "I am like Prometheus," he writes to a friend, "chained here to a rock with a vulture preying on me." Even with Luther himself, it could not be concealed, there was not, for a time, all the genial frankness as of old. In truth, the strong, jovial man—now breaking down and altered—was no longer his former self, and for a miserable period the shadow of a passing cloud fell between the friends. But it was only for a time. Melanchthon could talk in a melancholy hour of his thoughts of leaving Wittenberg for ever; but when some incident for a few days separated the faithful colleagues, the old quenchless affection asserted itself, and when, in 1546, Luther died, there was no heartier mourner nor more wisely appreciative friend than Melanchthon, who, as his most intimate colleague as well as Germany's foremost scholar, pronounced the funeral oration.

Seldom has there been a sadder ceremony; and when Philip left the church, where the grave hid the heroic face from his eyes, and that night tried to anticipate the future, it may well have been with a sinking heart. From east and west there were heard the ominous sounds of war. Theological conflicts had at length passed, as they were sure to do, into political strife. In the November of the year in which Luther died, the Rector of the University of Wittenberg announced that it was dis-

solved; the town was full of the tumult of students hurrying their departure, and of military men taking their place. Melanchthon found a home at Zerbst, where, during the winter, and amid many interruptions, he found some time for studious labour. By the April of next year Protestantism seemed politically crushed; one of its chiefs, the Elector Frederick, had been defeated near Mühlberg, and Philip of Hesse, the "Great-heart," and Melanchthon's warm friend, had surrendered to the Emperor. Dissensions were arising among the Reformed themselves. Everywhere the political, and even the religious horizon, was gloomy. And he who rose to meet every storm, and with unconquerable spirit battled with the roughest foes—the great valorous, exultant hero of earlier days—lay cold in the vaults of St. Andrew's. What wonder that his gentle friend, alone, and in days so dark, felt that, like Jeremiah, he could weep day and night. Yet, even in such straits, he had long ago learned to work and pray; and, with his quiet resolution, he was as busy as ever. "It is the way with me," he said; "trouble drives me to prayer, and in prayer the trouble passes into peace."

Henceforth, Philip's life assumed a perceptibly graver tone. Conference succeeded Conference, as in the earlier years, and in them all he bore his part as of old. Readers in our own days glance at the story of these ecclesiastical Diets with languid interest. It is only a few who are concerned—and perhaps still fewer who are wisely instructed by the story of the debates which, three hundred years ago or more, in Augsburg and Leipzig and Regensburg, filled many a good man's mind with anxiety, and exercised his best intellectual force. But it would be a great mistake to imagine the ancient controversies useless, or fancy that the volcanoes now extinct thundered and flamed in vain. We may, indeed, see, as they could not, and with more accurate measure, the relative propor-

tions of the various parts of truth. In three centuries we may have learned to reserve for the great and vital things in Religion the greater attention, and treat with a slighter and more tolerant care the matters of secondary importance. And there can scarcely be higher praise given to Melanchthon than to say that he, with large and elevated vision, saw this at the time. He was increasingly taunted with his having made concessions, and failing in firmness and resolve. The sensitive and conscientious man winced under the ungenerous imputation, but he knew how to reply. "What have I conceded?" he repeatedly in substance said. "When have I declined to be firm? Is it in reference to anything God has clearly ordered, or when anything known to be His will was involved? Have I ever abandoned anything He has given us to defend? Let us be resolute about the essential things—about those things in reference to which Christ has spoken clearly; the others are matter for tolerance and Christian charity."

## XII.

### THE LEIPZIG INTERIM.

Nothing during those later days gave Melanchthon deeper anxiety, or better illustrated at once his weakness and his strength, than the circumstances connected with the Leipzig "Interim" of 1548. In the December of that year, Duke Maurice of Saxony had ordered the preparation of a statement in reference specially to matters affecting worship, and which might form a basis of agreement, until a General Council met, between the Romish and Reformed parties. The Formula was drawn up by several theologians, among whom was Melanchthon. It is a document dealing, not so much with matters of faith, as with the circumstances and forms of Divine service and daily life; and there can be no doubt that it is anything but a worthy expression of sound and healthy Protestantism. If, on the one hand, no

essential truth is yielded, there are certainly concessions which were at once uselessly and unfortunately made. It did not satisfy Melanchthon himself; but, with characteristic tolerance and love of peace, he gave it his adhesion. We can scarcely wonder that his position caused mingled pain and anger. It was not merely on the part of second-rate men. Brenz, who had himself shrunk from no peril, and was at that moment in exile, rebuked his chief. Calvin was at once grieved and dissatisfied. Nor was it only that there was a grave expression of feeling at the time; the "Interim" may be said to mark the period from which a serious schism began to exist in the Lutheran Church, and to embitter, till its end, the years of Melanchthon's life.

But the noble spirit, which had already embodied the Gospel in the distinctive Confession of Lutheranism, never shone more serenely than now. Great enough to blame himself, he was equal to the task of bearing the reproach of others, even when deserved. He knew his better mind; and never was this gifted theologian greater than when he exemplified in his own person, not for the first time, the rare virtue of humility. The leading opponent in the long controversy which ever waxed or waned till the close, was a pupil of his own, whom, with customary prodigality of friendship, he had materially served. Flacius Illyricus was an able man; but he had not learned from Philip the best of all his wisdom—the spirit of Christian breadth and gentle charity. It was vexatious to be schooled by a former student, and scolded by a younger and infinitely inferior man; but the Professor proved himself able to teach even this difficult art of bearing, and hoping, and enduring all things. Few letters written to an opponent have ever been more worthy of the Christian gentleman and scholar than those written by Philip explanatory of his conduct in the case of the Leipzig "Interim." Had later theological controversialists learned from Melanchthon the

example of tempered wisdom, the gain of his imperfect leadership would have immensely outbalanced its loss.

On the other hand, and as the years went on, there were delightful compensations. People began to recollect that when Melanchthon was most worried and blamed, splendid offers were made to him to go to England; but that as chief of his party he had entertained no thought of deserting the place of duty and of danger. They reflected that the man many could accuse of weakness was regarded by their enemies as immovably firm, and that a hundred times he had been the boast and the bulwark of orthodoxy. They began to believe that, if without the power of impetuous assault, which was Luther's gift, he possessed abilities of which even his great friend was destitute, and that the quiet endurance of a cross fire was almost as heroic as a brilliant charge. And so, though no longer the chief in a perfectly united host, his position was secure. Secure, indeed, he could not but be, who, by all who truly knew him, was so beloved. "Dear Philip," wrote the Landgrave of Hesse, in 1555, "there are people whose delight it is to asperse your name. We regard them not, however, being assured that you well know how to act at all times in a manner justifiable before God, and profitable for the Christian Church. . . . Many things are done by godly and wise men which are condemned by the world and by gross-minded men, who obstinately persist in their own opinions without assigning any reason for them; but God knows the hearts. Moreover, sensible and pious men will understand that there are matters in which we should act as occasion requires, provided we transgress not the commands of God. May God long preserve you in health, for the benefit of the community and of the Church." It was only an expression of the deep and general assurance; and if the controversies of Flacius and Osiander darkened Melanchthon's later years, and even prove his weakness,

they have furnished occasion for throwing into light one of the fairest sides of a character of unequalled charm.

### XIII.

#### SHADOWS OF THE LAST DAYS.

Before the forest is actually bare, leaf after leaf must fall in sorrowful succession, and Melanchthon's own departure was at once heralded and saddened by the removal of friend after friend. Many of his co-partners in the long spiritual war had gone, and men of other faces, often of other minds, were taking their places—losses both by absence and presence—which, with his keen susceptibility, he deeply felt. But the blow to have fullest effect must fall on the tenderest place. At the beginning of October 1557, Melanchthon was in Heidelberg, where the Elector Palatine wished him to direct the useful project of converting a convent into a school. It was an unusually enjoyable time. His brother George was there; there also were his daughter Magdalene, and her husband, Dr. Caspar Peucer, while, as if to complete the circle, Camerarius, the most intimate of his many friends, arrived unexpectedly one evening from Tübingen. The old city was full of memories, for Philip's own life was rich in recollections, and these were the streets where, in bygone days, his father and his grandfather, in the antique house just under the hill, watched the scenery of a life which had passed away. The following morning Camerarius took his friend for a walk in the Castle Gardens, and, at last, came to explain the cause of his sudden arrival the night before. His words were ominously grave and gentle, and in a moment the message was told. After Philip had left his wife at Wittenberg she had become ill, the attack was sudden and severe, the symptoms grew alarming, and—his looks told the rest. For a moment the stunned and bereaved man could not utter a word; and when he spoke, his words did little more than prophesy his own

departure. "Soon I shall see her again, and be with her."

He was not mistaken; although his sense of failing strength may have forecast a briefer interval. Two more winters had to be crowded with busy work, and then he would find release. The record of these years seems like a repetition of others, for even in a life so illustrious, there was a monotony in those recurring engagements which drive past the scholar's flying days. There were controversial tracts to write; books to be hurried forward to the press; prefaces for the works of friends; long and important letters requiring laborious replies; visits to places more or less distant, and formidable to a delicate man from vexations undreamt of by the luxurious travellers of our century; while from day to day, with unbroken routine, the students assembled for the lecture, and the visitors sat down round the Professor's table. It was a busy life, and, had Philip been stronger, the incessant occupations would have been a blessing; but the staying power of constitutional strength was giving way. In the April of 1558 he wrote to a friend: "I am so overwhelmed with work that I am every day expecting to break down and die."

And it was not hypochondria. A few days before, one of Calvin's correspondents gave a distressing account of his friend: "What with age and toil, the fulsome praise of some, and the foolish blame of others, Philip is so crushed, that there is hardly a spark left of his usual sprightliness. Ever since he left Worms his health has been so uncertain and so feeble that he cannot be expected to survive long." The immediate prostration happily did not continue; and in the following summer there was a pleasant interruption of the Professor's toil, for Anna, his granddaughter, was married, and in the ensuing October her sister Catherine followed her example. The young brides, ever since their mother's early death, had been members of the Wittenberg household. It was rapidly lessening, and soon its head was to be taken away.

#### XIV.

##### MELANCHTHON'S WORK AND PLACE.

In truth his work was done, and seldom has a work, so notable crowned and completed a life. Even in our own days the extent and value of Melanchthon's services claim hearty admiration. His writings—at length worthily edited in the twenty-eight quartos of the *Corpus Reformatorum*—touch almost everything a Christian scholar may usefully know. Biblical study comes naturally first, and Melanchthon's Commentaries remain to our own time fine specimens of the juster method of studying the Bible, while their charm of style and evidences of rich and extensive scholarship fascinate every congenial mind. The *Loci Communes* (Common Places), contain masterly discussions of questions of the highest interest. Scarcely less valuable in the cause of general education are the various Treatises, mostly prepared in connection with his visitation of schools and churches, which strengthen Philip's claim to the title of the Preceptor of Germany; while his elucidations of classical authors, leaving untouched scarcely a great name of antiquity, indicate how variously and how deeply his mind had been enriched. His Letters alone fill ten quarto volumes, and form a body of reading at once illustrative of his time, and instructive to taste and heart: and finally the Academic Addresses, which we confess have always seemed specially fascinating, and which deal in his own fine manner with almost every aspect of learning, complete a catalogue at once impossible to equal and difficult to estimate too highly.

Better, however, than any of his books was assuredly Melanchthon himself. To call him a theologian is perhaps unfair; he shrank from the very Professorship which he so honoured, and ever showed himself rather a Christian Humanist among professed divines than one of a Theological College. A school

theologian happily he never was. He has exemplified, as no one else, the ripe scholar who knew that in Christ are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and who, Mary-like, ever sat at his Master's feet. In an age which produced Erasmus and Budæus, he was supremely learned; but he never misunderstood the function of secular learning, nor failed to exhibit its fine culture in combination with devout piety, and far-sighted and liberal policy. Often misunderstood and censured, both in his own age and ours, he is certain of a final recognition not unworthy of his pre-eminent gifts; and it may be safely said that whatever tribute may be rendered to him elsewhere, England—whose Reformers honoured and consulted him—will show herself peculiarly unappreciative if she ever fail to recognise the quality of Melanchthon.

## XV.

### THE END.

On the 30th of March, 1560, Melanchthon went to Leipzig to attend the annual theological examination. On the homeward journey he caught cold, and fever and prostration set in. But nothing could keep the faithful teacher from his work. "I shall just lecture half an hour, and then I shall have the bath." A second class assembled at nine, and again he was in his chair, and spoke with animation on the redeeming work of our Lord. A few days later—it was Good Friday—he lectured before the congregation on Isaiah liii., and seemed inspired by the associations and services of Easter. That evening, to his great joy, Camerarius came, and the friends spent some days together for the last time. As the days passed Melanchthon seemed to grow stronger; on the 18th of April he rose at four, and every hour was fully employed. But he had the "secret token" that the King had sent for His servant. A little travelling bed was at his wish brought into his study, and

there, within sight of his books, he laid himself wearily down. He would use the little bed again, he said; he was going a long journey. The 19th of April broke on a home and city, moved with no common sorrow; it was now too clear that the gentle and noble soul was passing away. The students thronged all approaches to the house; the ministers and professors were in constant attendance on their stricken chief. Paul Eber read beside the little bed many passages from the Psalms, Isaiah, and John. During the afternoon the restlessness of some hours previous subsided. When Dr. Peucer asked if he needed anything, he whispered: "Nothing—except Heaven." It was now six in the evening. Professor Windsheim, seeing the end close at hand, uttered the great words, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, Thou true and faithful God?" and then stooped and asked the dying man if he heard. All in the room could hear his distinct "Yes" in reply. It was the last word.

The next morning Cranach drew the outlines of the noble head. So many thronged to see the body that the room was thrown open. Many kissed the brow, or pressed the wasted hand. Even the children were brought that they might look at him as he lay. They must be able to tell in after days that they had seen Philip Melanchthon.

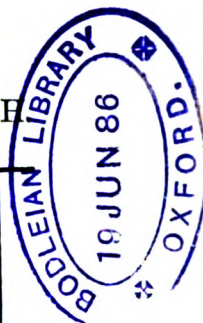
As the news spread, strangers from every part of Germany poured into the city of the dead. At length, on April 24th, a vast crowd moved slowly down the long street to the church. Never, but once, had there been in Wittenberg such a funeral. They laid the coffin beside that of Luther, close to the great door on which he had nailed the theses. Surely if on any spot in Europe the heart may justly be moved, it is in the presence of that ancient portal—visible monument still of the Reformation, and Guardian of the common tomb of Luther and Melanchthon.

GEORGE WILSON, M.A., F.L.S.



ROBERT ROLLOCK,

FIRST PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH



# ROBERT ROLLOCK

## FIRST PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

### I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

ROBERT ROLLOCK was one of the few Scotchmen in the latter half of the sixteenth century who ran some risk of the woe of those of whom all men speak well. The history of that troubled and tangled time contains hardly a bitter word against him. No public man of his day had so many wreaths laid on his tomb, in the shape of poetical tributes, by which his learned friends sought to embalm his memory. He was a thorough son of the Scotch Reformation; an ardent supporter of the theology and policy of John Knox; not less cordially attached to the views of Andrew Melville, the great Reformer of education; most devout, humble, and amiable in his personal character, and full of the desire to consecrate all his gifts and learning to the service of Christ. The peculiarity of his temperament was his meek and quiet spirit, a feature in which he bore a strong resemblance to a more distinguished countryman, one of his successors as Principal of the College of Edinburgh—Robert Leighton, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow. Devoted to his duties, discharging them with most laborious diligence, and showing a very kindly interest in his students; shunning the more aggressive and controversial departments of public work, but always ready for such service as he thought he could render, Rollock gained a remarkable place in public esteem. The latest historian of the University of Edinburgh, Sir Alexander Grant, bears a very cordial testimony to his "zeal and wisdom" and the "beauty of his character."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The Story of the University of Edinburgh during its First Three Hundred Years." By Sir A. Grant, Bart., 2 vols. London, 1884. To this book we owe many particulars in the following

### II.

#### ROLLOCK'S BIRTH AND TRAINING.

Robert Rollock was the second son of David Rollock, laird of Powis, a property in the neighbourhood of Stirling, where he was born in the year 1555. His mother's name was Mary Livingstone, a connection of the noble and distinguished family of Livingstone. He was a boy of four when John Knox returned permanently to Scotland, and his childhood was spent in the midst of the stirring events that attended the establishment of the Reformation. He was six when Mary Stuart landed at Leith in her nineteenth year, already a widow, but with a charm of beauty and manner that seemed fitted to win all hearts; six years after occurred the murder of Darnley, the Queen's marriage to Bothwell, and the resignation of the crown in favour of her infant son. When Rollock was five, the first General Assembly of the Reformed Church was held at Edinburgh; a few years afterwards the Reformed Church was formally established. Two names—those of the Queen and John Knox—must have rung familiarly in his ears during his earlier boyhood, for Stirling was not only a royal residence, but an important ecclesiastical centre. The conflict between the old Church and the new, waged with such ardour in those times, was fitted to stir any one's spirit; and young Rollock doubtless shared in the general excitement and invigoration of soul natural to the time.

In his case the enthusiasm of youth first took the form of a great desire for

sketch. We have drawn much likewise from the biographical notice by Henry Charteris, the successor of Rollock, and other materials furnished in Dr. Gunn's "Works of Rollock," forming two volumes of the Wodrow Society publications.

learning. His father was bent on giving him a liberal education; and the high talents which the boy evinced from the very first, answering as they did to the father's wish, led him to send him to Stirling, where he was educated under the charge of Thomas Buchanan, nephew of the celebrated George Buchanan. In 1571 Thomas Buchanan became Master of the High School of Stirling, where his uncle was residing. He was a man of great learning, and of high reputation as a teacher; for young Rollock he had a great affection; this his pupil reciprocated, and he showed it by dedicating to him one of his books.<sup>1</sup> Poor though Rollock was during his Edinburgh life—at a later period so poor that to show hospitality must have cost him a struggle—he would never allow Buchanan to stay in any other house than his on his visits to the capital.

After Rollock had made sufficient progress in the classics his father sent him to St. Andrew's, to commence a course of philosophy. He joined the college of St. Salvator, apparently in 1574, being then about his nineteenth year. For those times this was a somewhat advanced age for a young man to enter college; but he would be all the better fitted to appreciate the instruction he was to receive, and to make an independent use of it, both then and afterwards.

### III.

#### UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREW'S IN ROLLOCK'S TIME.

St. Andrew's had the honour of possessing the first University in Scotland. Founded in 1411 by Bishop Wardlaw, the University was organised on the

<sup>1</sup> In this dedication he speaks of Buchanan as having been more like a father to him than an ordinary teacher, and as having infused into his mind not only the seeds of liberal studies, but also those of true and solid piety. He wishes this to be known, so that if his Commentary (on 1 Thessalonians) should prove beneficial to any, they might understand that it was in a large degree due to his instructor.

medieval plan, and formed a little kingdom or republic, with its own privileges, government, and laws. No such institution as a university could have been set up in those days without the authority of the Pope, and it is remarkable that the papal bulls which established the Universities of St. Andrew's and Glasgow were both issued by schismatical Popes, at times when the claims of rival Popes were dividing Christendom. The Pope whom Bishop Wardlaw recognised was Benedict XIII., whose claims were upheld only by Spain and Scotland.

In the course of time three separate colleges arose in St. Andrew's—that of St. Salvator in 1459, that of St. Leonard in 1512, and that of St. Mary in 1537. Under the Church the work of instruction seems to have gone on in a somewhat chequered way, being crippled greatly by the want of funds. Rich though the ecclesiastical establishments of Scotland were, it was but dribblets of wealth for the most part that were turned into university channels. In Glasgow, and in Aberdeen likewise, universities were founded before the Reformation, but all had a struggling and uncomfortable existence. At the Reformation "the University of St. Andrew had lasted one hundred and fifty years, and had done a great deal towards the education of the country, a very large proportion of the eminent men of Scotland having been its *alumni*. After the first flush of its opening the numbers attendant at it soon fell off, and especially after the foundation of a second university at Glasgow. It is thought that less than two hundred students attended it during the first half of the sixteenth century, and still fewer previously. In fact, but for the foundation of the colleges, which provided adequate stipends for professors and maintenance for altogether sixty poor scholars, it seems as if the university must have dwindled away."<sup>2</sup>

The Reformation made a great change

<sup>2</sup> Grant's "University of Edinburgh," vol. i., pp. 18, 19.

in the university system of Scotland. It discouraged the idea of "privileged institutions," the members of which were on a different footing from the rest of the people, and it stimulated the *teaching* function, aiming at due arrangements for systematic instruction in all the branches of every faculty. Under the arrangements proposed in the "First Book of Discipline," St. Andrew's was to be the only complete university in the kingdom. Arrangements were made for the three colleges, in accordance with which St. Salvator's was to provide instruction in "philosophy and medicine." The course of "philosophy" was to occupy three years: the first to be devoted to logic, the second to mathematics, and the third to natural philosophy. A modification of this plan was proposed by George Buchanan, but, owing to the troubled nature of the times, neither the one plan nor the other was carried fully into effect.

Rollock passed through the course of instruction at St. Salvator's with distinction, and at the end of his curriculum became one of the "regents" or teachers, first as a substitute for another, and afterwards on his own account. Particular mention is made by his biographers of the earnest Christian spirit in which he taught. "He so instilled into the minds of the young," says Charteris, "piety in conjunction with instructions in philosophy that he acquired great praise, and his reputation began to be extended."

#### IV.

##### ANDREW MELVILLE'S REVIVAL OF SCHOLARSHIP.

In 1574 an event occurred that had a bright and memorable influence on the universities of Scotland and the cause of learning generally. This was the return of the celebrated Andrew Melville to Scotland, and the commencement of his work as Principal of the University of Glasgow. Andrew Melville, youngest

son of Richard Melville of Baldovv, near Montrose, had studied at St. Andrew's just ten years before Rollock, and, on completing his course there, had gone to the Continent to advance his education. In the University of Paris, the University of Poitiers, and the Academy of Geneva, he had been partly a learner, but chiefly a teacher; and when he returned to his native country, in 1574, the extent of his scholarship was almost boundless. Some idea of the man may be gathered from a statement made in an autobiography by his nephew, James Melville, of what his uncle set himself to do in the then languishing University of Glasgow. "He set himself wholly to teach things not heard of in this country before, wherein he laboured exceeding diligently, as his delight was solely therein. So, falling to work, with a small number of capable hearers, such as might be instructors to others afterwards, he taught them Greek grammar: the Dialectic of Ramus; the Rhetoric of Talmus, with the practice thereof in Greek and Latin authors: namely, Homer, Hesiod, Phocylides, Theognides, Pythagorus, Isocrates, Pindar, Virgil, Horace, Theocritus, etc. From that he entered on the mathematics, and taught the Elements of Euclid; the Arithmetic and Geometry of Ramus, the Geography of Dionysius, the Tables of Hunter, the Astrology of Aratus. From that to the moral philosophy—he taught the Ethics of Aristotle, the Offices of Cicero, Aristotle de Virtutibus, Cicero's Paradoxes and Tusculans, Aristotle's Politics, and certain of Plato's Dialogues. From that to natural philosophy—he treated the books of the Physics, De Ortu, De Cælo, etc.; also of Plato and Fernelius. With this he joined history, with the two lights thereof, chronology and chirography [supposed to be chorography=geography] out of Sleidan, Menartnes or Melancthon. And all this over and above his own ordinary profession, the holy tongues and theology; he taught the Hebrew Grammar, first shortly, and then more accurately;

hereafter the Chaldaic and Syriac dialects, with the practice thereof in the Psalms and works of Solomon, David, Ezra, and the Epistle to the Galatians. He passed through the whole common-places of theology very exactly and accurately; also through all the Old and New Testament—and all this in the space of six years. His learning and pains were much admired, so that the name of that college within two years was noble throughout all the land, and in other countries also.”<sup>1</sup>

“The course,” says Sir A. Grant, “was full of the fresh breath of the Renaissance. On the one hand there was the groundwork of a thorough appreciation of classical antiquity; on the other hand there was somewhat of the modern spirit of the revolt against scholasticism. Under Melville, for the first time at any Scottish university, the Greek authors were studied in their original language. Again, we find in Melville’s course a mixture of the study of Aristotle with the revolt against him, as exemplified in the writings of Ramus and Talæus.” Meanwhile he “lost no opportunity of conferring with kindred spirits, among the more learned of the Reformers, upon the theory of university education, with a view to improving the existing universities of the country.”

In 1580, by authority of the General Assembly, who seem to have regarded the University of St. Andrew’s as the most important in the country, Melville was translated from Glasgow to St. Andrew’s. Personally Melville disliked the change, which introduced him, as he had expected, to many troubles. But the same reviving breath which had come with him to Glasgow was carried to St. Andrew’s. A new enthusiasm was given to the studies of the place. As head of St. Mary’s College, it was chiefly divinity that Melville taught, but the influence of his fresh and powerful mind in other directions was distinctly felt; and on one occasion, when he set forth

certain errors of Aristotle, his brother professors, who were far from appreciating him, raised a hue and cry that a venerable name had been falsely and indecently traduced, and that those of them who had held by Aristotle had been exposed to scorn.

There were some, however, who welcomed the advent of Melville to St. Andrew’s, and among them was Rollock, the young regent of St. Salvator’s. The two men, though of very different temperaments, were so like one another in their religious character, in their theological and ecclesiastical views, and in their interest in learning and in the universities, that they could not fail to prove congenial spirits. For three years Rollock was alongside of Melville, stimulated by his enthusiasm, edified by his devout and earnest spirit, instructed by his lessons, and familiarised with his methods of communicating knowledge. Melville had brought his nephew, James Melville, with him from Glasgow. The teaching of Hebrew was intrusted to him, and in his diary the young regent refers with much appreciation to his having had Robert Rollock as one of his pupils. “Then [1580] I had the honour of Him to whom all honour appertains, to be the teacher of Mr. Robert Rollock, of most worthy memory, the Hebrew tongue, who resorted ordinarily to my lessons and chamber to that effect.”

It was not merely on educational matters, however, that Andrew Melville made his influence felt at St. Andrew’s. He was jealous of the liberties of the Church, and watched eagerly the endeavours that were made by the Court to curtail them. When Melville was Moderator of the General Assembly that met at St. Andrew’s in 1582, Rollock would see him taking up that resolute attitude of opposition to the King’s endeavour to unite the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions in his own person, which afterwards led him, on a memorable occasion, to tell the King plainly that there were two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland.

<sup>1</sup> “James Melville’s Autobiography,” pp. 49, 50. Wodrow Society.

## V.

## INSTITUTION OF A COLLEGE AT EDINBURGH.

The time had now come for the young regent of St. Salvator's to be transferred to another sphere. It is singular that till 1583 Edinburgh had not only no university and no college, but hardly even a satisfactory High School. It could only have been the ceaseless troubles of the times, and the difficulty of getting hold of the public money, that hindered the institution of suitable establishments for education in the capital in accordance with the plan in the "First Book of Discipline," which had required that there should be a college in every notable town. It was now ten years since the death of Knox; but so long as twenty-two years before (1561) the Town Council had begun to make efforts for the establishment and endowment of a seat of learning. In these efforts they had not been successful; and it was only when the ministers of Edinburgh, headed by a man of unusual intelligence and vigour, set themselves to the work, that the obstacles were overcome and the enterprise commenced.

The man to whom, more than any other, the College of Edinburgh owes its existence was James Lawson, the successor of John Knox as minister of Edinburgh. He was, says Sir A. Grant, "a man of culture and experience, as well as of piety and earnestness." He had been a fellow-student of Andrew Melville in St. Mary's College. In the matriculation list of the year when they entered, there is a red line under the name of Lawson, which the late Principal Lee believed to have been the doing of Melville, indicating the high rank in which he placed him. Thereafter he was Sub-Principal at Aberdeen. "Lawson," says M'Crie, "had been selected from all his brethren by Knox, to whom 'he owed even his own self besides,' as the individual best qualified to succeed him in the charge of the church of Edinburgh; and his conduct in that im-

portant station, and during the most difficult times, proved that choice had been made with our Reformer's usual sagacity. He was pious, learned, eloquent, modest, zealous, prudent."<sup>1</sup> James Melville says that "for gifts and estimation he was chief among the ministry of Scotland," and that he never heard him preach but he melted his heart with tears.

In his zeal for learning, Lawson first pressed successfully on the Town Council to erect a new building for the High School. Next he and others urged them to take steps for the erection of a university, and for this end the Council obtained a Royal Charter in 1582, and in 1583 proceeded to put in order certain lands and houses which they had purchased in the "Kirk of Field"—the site of the present University buildings.

It is interesting to remark how warmly the ministers of the Reformed Church entered into plans for the higher education. No doubt they aimed, in the first place, at the training of the ministry, who were no longer to depend for their credit among the people on any supernatural powers supposed to be conferred on them at ordination. In the Protestant ministry the chief qualifications sought for were faith in the Word of God and power to proclaim it suitably to the people. Next it was desired that they should be well versed in the culture of the time, both that their mental powers might thus be enlarged and strengthened, and that their legitimate influence for good might be increased. But the Reformation and the revival of learning were connected by closer bonds, for both were the offspring of light, and both created the desire for more light. Theology and law were the only faculties connected with professions that could be said as yet to exist. Medicine had hardly begun to be thought of. It is remarkable that at the first start of the College of Edinburgh there was no provision for the teaching of medicine. It was not for a hundred and two years that (in

<sup>1</sup> "Life of Melville."

1685) Sir Robert Sibbald was elected first Professor of Physic, and convenient rooms appointed for him in the College, wherein he was to teach the art of medicine.

It may be stated that the first buildings set apart for the College of Edinburgh were somewhat rude and unsightly. Three hundred years ago the town consisted of little more than a narrow strip of houses running from the Castle to Holyrood, embracing the High Street and the Canongate, with the adjacent courts and closes on either side, of which some portions, more picturesque than wholesome, still remain. The Cowgate was the limit of the city on the south. To the south of the Cowgate, but enclosed in a wall built after the battle of Flodden, were three ecclesiastical establishments—that of the Greyfriars on the west, that of the Blackfriars on the east, and between them, where the present University buildings stand, the collegiate church of St. Mary-in-the-Fields, commonly called “Kirk of Field.” The last-named establishment had suffered much from English raids, especially in 1544 and 1547; and in 1555 the Provost of the establishment feued a portion of the ground to the Duke of Chatelherault (Earl of Arran), who built on it a house, called Hamilton House. When the Town Council came to make arrangements for the College this house was acquired. A sort of wing, consisting of fourteen apartments for the use of students, was added to it. The apartments of Hamilton House were formed into class-rooms, with a hall of tolerable size; and in these buildings, with many tokens of ruin and desolation around, the work of the College of Edinburgh was begun. A “college” it ought in strictness to be called, for as yet it was not a university.

## VI.

### ROLLOCK CALLED TO ORGANISE THE COLLEGE.

When the earlier Scotch colleges were formed, it had been necessary to look for teachers to foreign seats of learning and

to place over them men who had gained distinction as scholars abroad. Now, however, thanks to St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, a home-bred learning, by no means despicable, had sprung up. To preside over the new institution in Edinburgh a scholar was selected who had never set foot beyond his native soil. Rollock, now a regent in St. Salvator's, was well known to Lawson, who believed him—both as a scholar, a godly man, and one capable of organising—to be thoroughly competent to take charge of the new undertaking. Lawson was held in such esteem by the Town Council that it was not difficult for him to persuade them to offer the appointment to Rollock.<sup>1</sup> Two of the principal inhabitants of the town were accordingly sent to St. Andrew's to confer with him on the subject. Rollock, who seemed to be conscious of his native power as a teacher, agreed without difficulty to their proposal.

On his arrival at Edinburgh, at an interview with the Council, matters were arranged between them; and on the 1st of October, 1583, being then twenty-eight years of age, he entered on his duties by delivering a brilliant address in presence of a crowded audience of men of all ranks. The Council seem to have thought that they ought to act cautiously in this appointment. Accordingly it was at first an appointment only for one year, and Rollock was to be simply regent of the College, but necessarily its head, since no provision was then made for any assistant. The salary allowed

<sup>1</sup> Professor Masson, addressing the Edinburgh graduates in 1883, and referring to the first Principal of the University, expressed the opinion that the magistrates might have done better had they intrusted the work to Napier of Merchiston, the most distinguished Scotchman of the age in point of intellect. Napier had certainly the higher intellectual gifts, while in religious character and views he bore a strong resemblance to Rollock; but Napier was neither a teacher nor an organiser; he was a reclusive student, so solitary in his habits as to be suspected of cultivating the “black-art;” being thus conspicuous for the want of the very qualities that enabled Rollock to achieve such success.

him was but forty pounds Scots, with a fee of forty shillings for every student from the town, and three pounds or more for every one from beyond; board also and lodging were to be provided; and it was stipulated that if this allowance were found to be insufficient it would be supplemented, provided the augmentation did not exceed the sum of forty marks. For the first year there was no library connected with the College; but in 1584 a small collection of books on divinity and law, which Mr. Clement Little had given to the town for the use of the ministers, was transferred to the charge of Mr. Rollock, and became the nucleus of the library of the University.

When the College was opened, between eighty and ninety young men came forward for admission, but at a Latin examination a considerable number of these were found wanting. It was arranged that a tutorial class should be formed for the latter, with a view to their becoming qualified for admission to the College next year. That class was intrusted to Mr. Duncan Nairn, a graduate of Glasgow, highly qualified. Between fifty and sixty students began the proper curriculum of the College under Rollock. It had been the intention that the institution should be a *collegium* in the strict sense, the students and others living together; but the number of chambers was not sufficient for the students; and as to a common table, no allusion occurs to anything of the kind: the "town's-bairns" would of course feed in their fathers' houses; but such of the students as lived in the College had to provide their own meals; and no doubt their scanty supplies might have justified the Edinburgh Reviewer's humorous translation of *tenui avenâ*—for many did literally cultivate literature "on a little oatmeal."

After trial of the first year, Rollock was very cordially continued in his office of regent until his first class of students had graduated. According to the custom of the time, each regent carried his class through the whole curriculum of arts.

Thus, in the second year of the College, a new regent had to be appointed for those who entered then; the third year was blank, in consequence of a visitation of the plague, which scattered the inhabitants and delayed the first graduation; subsequent years were provided for in like manner. The number who graduated under Rollock in 1587 (his first class) was 48, but usually the classes were smaller, numbering about 30. In February 1585–86 he had been appointed Principal; and in 1587, instead of returning to recommence instruction with the class of entrants, he was appointed Professor of Divinity, and a new regent was nominated in his room.

## VII.

### ROLLOCK'S PLAN OF INSTRUCTION.

The session of college in those days began in the beginning of October, and went on to the end of August. The first year of the course was taken up chiefly with instruction in Latin and Greek, and in the latter part of it they went through the Dialectics of Ramus, the students being thoroughly drilled in all. The second year, after revisal of last year's work, was given to rhetoric, according to the works of Taleus and others, and to a thorough study of the Organon of Aristotle. A system of arithmetic was embraced in this year. In the third year Hebrew grammar was prescribed, the anatomy of the human body was taught, and further exercises took place in rhetoric and Aristotle. The fourth year was devoted to astronomy, natural philosophy, geography, and kindred topics. "Disputations" on the various subjects were introduced early in the course, and became very frequent towards its close. Sir Alexander Grant has indicated as the more original features of this course of instruction: (1) Its making Greek an indispensable part of university study; (2) its requiring more attention to purity of style both in Greek and Latin; and (3) its modernising tendency, in the admission of the works of Ramus



and Talens, and the study of cosmography and anatomy.

Rollock, however, was very far from regarding it as the main business of a university to make good scholars. To purify and elevate the character of the young men, and encourage them to devote their lives to the service of God and the good of their country was the chief aim of all his labours. For this end, he took the greatest pains with their religious instruction, and he carried on the whole work of the College in a religious spirit. Charteris, his biographer, and successor as Principal, says of him: "He so blended with severity and mildness the first principles of religion that their young and tender minds imbibed imperceptibly at his hands the enlivening dews of piety. For this purpose, on each Saturday, after having exercised his students till noon in disputations, in the afternoon he read aloud Beza's 'Questiones,' of which besides he published a short analysis to assist the memory of the students. And on Sundays, from seven in the morning till half-past eight, when they went to hear sermon, he exercised them regularly in this work; and when they had returned from the afternoon discourse, after they had rehearsed the sermons which they had heard in church, he demanded the proofs. Then he diligently trained them in the Catechism of the Palatinate (Heidelberg Catechism), and explained with great clearness selected texts of Scripture, adding an accurate analysis, in order that they might with the utmost ease attain to a knowledge of the meaning of the Holy Spirit. In short, he omitted nothing that could impress the youthful mind with the knowledge and the fear of God. These labours of his were crowned by God with abundant success."

Before conferring the degree of Master of Arts on his class he gave them a very solemn admonition, in which he reminded them of all the care and anxiety with which he had sought their good, the seriousness with which he had prepared

their minds for the life that is future and eternal, and how he had exhorted them to direct to that life all the thoughts of this perishing existence, all their studies, even those that were but literary, and all their actions; how seriously he had endeavoured that each day they might be more and more possessed by some apprehension of that life, that, allured by the foretaste of its bliss, they might long the more for its fulness of joy and imperishable glory. He commended to them, however, the arts, sciences, and occupations of this life, and urged them to enter at once on some fixed line of life, praiseworthy and honourable, in which they might serve either the Church or the State; but so as to bear in mind Paul's counsel that, as the time is short, we should "use the world as not abusing it," by which the apostle allows attention to be given to the things of this life, but only in the spirit of those whose "conversation is in heaven." He protested that he had always regarded with detestation that atheistical set of men who thought only of themselves, and not of God; to such men even the good things of this life would ultimately prove to be not blessings but curses. He ended his address with earnest exhortations to piety, purity of life, and continuance in that true and pure religion in which they had been brought up.

It has sometimes been said against Rollock that he was first a divine and then a scholar. His heart burned with the desire which should undoubtedly animate the Christian minister to turn men to God, and only in subordination to that primary aim did he devote himself to the humanities. He would have been more fit for his work as the founder of a University, it has been said, if he had been more occupied with philosophy and literature, and had aimed only at developing these on their own proper lines, and inspiring the students with interest in them. He would have laid the foundations of the University on a broader and healthier

basis, and cleared the minds of his students more effectually from those religious prejudices and conventionalities which interfere with the search for truth and wisdom. For our part we must take the opposite view, and regard as Rollock's true distinction what has thus been put as a disparagement. If religion were simply a department of knowledge, like medicine or law, it might be quite right to protest against its stretching itself into other departments, and to quote the saying, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" But religion in human life is like conscience in the soul,—it must be either overseer and universal controller or nothing. To give religion merely "a department," is like the concession of those who would have acknowledged God as God of Judaea, but not as Lord of the whole earth. Our relation to the infinite God, "of whom and by whom and to whom are all things," if it means anything, demands for Him our continual recognition. How can we be obstructing the search for truth by paying honour to the God of truth? How can the mind be dwarfed or perverted by familiarity with the Unseen and Eternal? A well-ordered mind will derive a high stimulus to study from the thought that the more it knows, the more service will it be able to render to Him from whom it derives all its blessings in this life, and all its hope for that which is to come. On the other hand, in those who labour merely for the cultivation of the humanities, whatever success they may have in their particular department, and however they may inspire others with love for the study, we often observe a great want of proportion between the earnestness of their labour and the insignificance of the results that come out of it all.

When Rollock became Principal, it was his habit, says Charteris, "frequently to visit each class, to examine into the industry of each individual, and his progress in his studies; if any disputes or disturbances had arisen, quickly and prudently to settle them; to arouse all

to a persevering discharge of duty, and daily to assemble the whole College in the hall, and in fervour to conduct the public devotions." Once a week he assembled the whole students, and from some text of Scripture earnestly counselled them to follow the ways of holiness. When faults had been committed, he gently reminded them of the anger of God and the grace of the Gospel, and brought them to a far better frame of mind than rougher methods could have effected. His Christian gentleness was so powerful that the wildest youths could not but love him, and were usually led away from their evil ways. The College became more settled, and increased in purity of tone, attention to study, and completeness of system.

### VIII.

#### ROLLOCK AS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.

"After he had dismissed his class of philosophy," says Charteris, "and given himself up to theology, I can scarcely describe the assiduity, the watchfulness, the laboriousness with which he set about training in divinity such of his former pupils as had applied their minds to the study of the sacred writings. Sometimes he dictated a logical analysis of the epistles of Paul, or the other books of the sacred Scriptures; sometimes he handled commonplaces; sometimes he examined into the points of controversy with popery; and in these pursuits he suffered no part of the day to pass unemployed. He varied his industrious labours with frequent exhortations, in which he stirred up the students to holiness and faithfulness in the discharge of those ministerial labours for which he was preparing them. First of all, he demanded of them not to obtrude themselves on that work while their knowledge was crude and undigested. He earnestly commended zeal, but zeal tempered with prudence, urging that men are nowhere more liable to error than in the matter of zeal, which some measured

by their own headlong passions, others, following the temper of the times, by the thoughtless opinions of a fanatical rabble; that indeed genuine zeal is to be fostered in the Church, as the fire sent down from heaven, which it is most important ever to keep alive in God's house, but that they should reject adulterated zeal, as fire derived from a source other than heavenly. Again he entreated them, with gravest pertinacity, not to seek their own private ends under the pretext of religion, and not to hunt after a character for candour by blaming and cavilling at others; he besought them to do nothing with a view to secure the good opinion of men, but all things to secure the approbation of their own consciences. God blessed these unwearied efforts and these boundless labours, to such a degree that in a few years he sent forth into the office of the ministry very many in whom the living image of his own holiness and learning shone forth conspicuous."

A student of Rollock's, John Row, afterwards minister of Carnock, and author of a valuable History of the Church of Scotland, has given us a pleasing account of his method of practical teaching. Mr. Rollock took Row, when a student, to wait on himself, and study with him. Having been intimate with his father's family at St. Andrew's, he was very kind to him, and made much of him. On Saturday afternoons the two used to walk out to the fields, carrying a book with them to read or study. Rollock used to tell Row what his text was to be next day, and how he proposed to treat it, and then would ask, "Mr. John, does that doctrine rise clearly from my text? Is this application suitable to the doctrine and adapted to the people?" "All this and occurrences of the same kind, as they argued much humility and condescending self-denial in the learned, pious, and prudent man, famous Mr. Rollock, so did it show very much kindness in him and care of his servant, using him rather as a comrade and intimate friend than a servant."

## IX.

## ROLLOCK AS A PREACHER.

The activity of Rollock's nature and the yearning of his heart for the higher good of his townsmen led him, amid all his other labours, to enter on a new and somewhat extraordinary undertaking. It was the practice for many of the people to assemble early on Sunday mornings in one of the churches, called the New Church. How this came about we are not told; all that we know is that the pious heart of Rollock was concerned to see them idle while they might be listening to the Word of God. With great self-denying zeal he began to preach to them—the hour of service being seven in the morning—a thing that had never been done in Edinburgh before. Rollock seemed to have no other thought than that of occupying usefully a portion of time liable to be thrown away. But his brethren and fellow-citizens were so impressed with his gifts, and so full of admiration for the man, that they persuaded him to undertake the pastoral office; and at length Rollock gave his consent. His preaching was attended with a remarkable degree of spiritual power and impressiveness, and the most learned and cultivated class were as much impressed as the ignorant. Their minds were illuminated as with a heavenly light, and their feelings wonderfully stirred up—the result of the clear and practical way in which the preacher presented the truth, and of the deep sympathetic action of his own heart, moved by the Spirit of God, in unison with the truths which he proclaimed.

The late Dr. W. M. Gunn, editor of the edition of Rollock's works published by the Wodrow Society, draws a pleasant picture of one of these morning services in the New Church, where Rollock preached. We have space only for the substance of it. Let us in imagination transport ourselves to the New Church on some Sabbath morning in 1596. We enter with a great company of worthy burgesses and

thronging students, mingled even with judges and barons of the land. The preacher is a man of peace; some think him not loud enough in his denunciations and too yielding in his temper, but all are sensible of the holiness of his life, the purity of his doctrines, and the genuine worth of his preaching. Although only in his forty-second year, he is evidently worn out with labour. He looks on his audience with the kindest affection, and with gentle voice gives out as his text John iii. 6: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." He indicates clearly the occasion and purpose of the words, and proceeds to dwell on the nature of the new birth. Original sin cleaves to us all; as we sometimes see that fire is so hidden in a grate under the ashes as to make us think there is none; yet drop into it a few grains of powder, and it bursts into a flame. Or, if you have toothache, it may seem all well; but, touch the tooth with vinegar, you find clear evidence that the pain is there still. So conscience sometimes seems to be still and even to be dead; and an adulterer will sit unmoved before a preacher, planning some new guilty indulgence at the very time when the preacher is denouncing God's judgment against the adulterer. This is the climax of human corruption. This is that which is born of the flesh. He proceeds to regeneration. None but God's Spirit can effect it, and the Christian ministry has been ordained that God through it may effect this wonderful change. Faith, beholding Christ, is the means of the change. "Brethren," says the warm-hearted preacher, in conclusion, "this is my exhortation to all, both great and small (I except none, from the King to the beggar): strive, as ye are instruments of generation, to be instruments of regeneration, that your children may be taken out of nature and planted in grace, and so be made members of the mystical body of Jesus Christ. Strive to bring them up in the knowledge of Christ, that so ye may be free of that heavy judgment

which remaineth for all such as neglect their duty towards their children, and that ye may see God's blessing upon your children here, and may have hope of that eternal life and glory hereafter which the Lord hath promised to His own in Christ Jesus."

It is interesting to bear in mind that in miscellaneous audiences the preaching of Rollock and other preachers of this age was in the Scotch dialect. There must have been a fascinating quaintness and force about it, though the smile with which we now read such passages as the following, hardly allows us to appreciate it. "I say mair [more] to you: the mair ane [a] man has of natural wit [ability] of judgment, the mair he pride him in his wit, and clap his awin heid [own head], and think he has ane wise pow [head]; the mair he count of his awin wisdom, the mair schell this wisdom of the Gospel be foolishness to him; and even the wisest of the world counts the Gospel the greatest foolishness. I had rather tak in hand to teich ane idiote the Gospel, and cause him to conceive it, gif God would give me grace, nor to tak ane heich-heided chielde [high-headed fellow] that is puffed up with the pride of nature, to ding in him [drive into him] ane word of it."

The following passage indicates the way in which the preachers of the time used to set forth the logic of the Gospel, and offer freely the blessed pardon which it brings.

"The fairest and sweetest thing in the world is to feel the mercy of God. But herein there is great hardness and difficulty. It is not so easily attained to as men commonly think; for His mercy is compassed about with His justice and with His wrath against sinners as with a wall of fire; and he who will come to grace, he must come through a consuming fire; and when he presseth to come near, the fire of God's wrath will hold him off, and will strike out and burn up the impenitent sinner, as fire doth the stubble; so it is a harder

thing than many think it to be to win God's mercy. And how shall this be remedied? By what means shall we get through this wall of fire? Truly he who would mean to pass through fire had need to be well armed; the man who presseth to approach near to that inviolable Majesty which can abide no sort of uncleanness, and would draw near to the throne of grace, must be well armed against the justice and wrath of God which debarreth sinners. Surely there is none armour in the world that can preserve us from that raging and consuming fire of the justice and wrath of God, but only the righteousness and satisfaction of Jesus Christ. . . . After this faith in the death and blood of Christ thou comest to the throne of grace, thou shalt hear the sweetest and most comparable voice that ever was; that is: 'All thy sins are forgiven thee in that blood.' Therefore . . . make thee for it with all thy main to get a grip of Christ, as ever thou wouldest be saved."

## X.

## ROLLOCK AS AN AUTHOR.

Rollock published several works during his lifetime, and more were given to the world after his death. They were of two kinds—theological treatises, and commentaries or exegetical lectures on various books and portions of Scripture. The most important of his theological treatises is one on Effectual Calling. To this are to be added a treatise on God's Covenant and on the Sacraments; a brief treatise on Providence, a treatise on Justification, and one on Excommunication. His logical "Analysis of the Epistle to the Romans" was intended for students; his other expository works are on select Psalms, on Daniel, on the Gospel according to John, on Ephesians, Galatians, Colossians, Thessalonians, and Hebrews.

These writings of his were held in the greatest esteem by his countrymen in his own time, and were much thought of on the Continent. Beza wrote of

them in terms of enthusiastic delight, as an incomparable treasure, for which he could not but give his hearty thanks to God. They are marked by all the qualities of an able, earnest, evangelical expounder. None of them, however, has attained to permanent fame. The dress is so peculiar, so characteristic of the country and the age, and so far removed from the style of the present day, as to account readily for the want of permanent popularity. Rollock, however, was one of those great and powerful writers who moulded the minds of the devout in his lifetime, and sowed, especially in the Scottish mind, the seeds of evangelical truth, which have born rich harvests since. In the open condition of men's minds in that stirring time, it was of incalculable moment that, to shape and settle their faith, there were men who commanded the confidence of the country and held views so clear, so scriptural, and so wholesome as Rollock's.

## XI.

ROLLOCK AS CHURCHMAN AND MODERATOR  
OF ASSEMBLY.

The last few years of Rollock's life were years of public conflict and difficulty. The young King was beginning to work out his plans for gathering into his own hands the whole power, both of Church and State. His leniency to certain of his nobles who were believed to have been privy to a plot, encouraged by the King of Spain, for overturning the Protestant cause, excited much dissatisfaction and suspicion among his Protestant subjects. With the people of Edinburgh he had a deadly quarrel, retiring on frivolous pretexts to Linlithgow, and vowing on Edinburgh the most deadly vengeance. The mild temper and sweet reasonableness of Rollock caused him to be employed on embassies of conciliation to the excited monarch: an impression was undoubtedly made on his majesty. It was thought, however, by the most resolute of the

ministers, that Rollock had conceded too much. On another occasion Rollock did undoubtedly act strangely, as a member of a Commission for visiting the University of St. Andrew's—pleasing the King by finding that doctors and professors of theology were not entitled to a seat in church courts—an expedient for getting rid of Andrew Melville. Rollock, in fact, declared by this that he himself had no right to a seat in church courts, and it was partly to remedy this that he accepted the office of a minister of Edinburgh.

In 1597 the King summoned a meeting of the General Assembly at Dundee, choosing that place because the ministers of the north, who were more favourable to his cause than those of the south, would be better able to attend. Andrew Melville was forcibly prevented from attending this Assembly. Rollock was Moderator, but the proceedings were conducted under the inspiration of the King, who was personally present. The Assembly passed off smoothly, but the breach was not really healed.

Rollock seems to have been better pleased with the result than Andrew Melville and his friends. Personally Rollock had a liking for the King; he admired his learning and his interest in the Church, and really believed that, if he were not too keenly opposed, he would turn out a blessing to the country. Even on his death-bed Rollock expressed himself to this effect; and he firmly maintained that, notwithstanding the charge that had been brought against himself, his conscience acquitted him of having done anything wrong in the affairs of the Church. Like Leighton, two generations afterwards, Rollock seems to have thought that, by yielding this and that little point to please the King, his countenance would be secured for all that was most essential for the welfare of the Church; whereas the mass of his fellow-countrymen thought that it was not for little points that either James or his successor chose to contend, but for such jurisdiction

both in Church and State as would entirely paralyse all opposition to their wishes.

## XII.

### ROLLOCK'S DEATH-BED.

Rollock's health had never been very robust; he had been subject to cruel attacks of a very painful disease; and from the date of the Dundee Assembly, the attacks became more severe, and his health feebler. In the end of the following year (1598) he was confined to the house, and latterly to bed. When it became apparent that his end was approaching, he fell into a state of ecstatic joy. The apprehension of the blessed change awaiting him in the immediate future was overwhelming. His colleagues in the College and in the Church could hardly enter into his feelings, overcome as they were by the thought of so useful a man being removed before he had reached the meridian of his life. On his death-bed he was visited by many of the most distinguished persons in the country. To two ministers, Galloway and Lindsay, he declared his strong affection for the King, urging them to go to him and exhort him to be steadfast in his religion, and to speak and think of the ministers of the Gospel with the respect due to their office. When the ministers of Edinburgh came to him, after dwelling on the solace under his bodily ailments which he found in Christ, he very earnestly commended the College to their care, the welfare of which had been his chief concern ever since he came to Edinburgh. Then he urged them to discharge the duty they owed to their King, reminded them of the services which he had already rendered to the cause of religion, and expressed his belief that gentleness would prevail with him far more than severity.

On the evening of the same day death seemed near, and the dying man poured out his soul in words that appeared to be inspired by the Spirit of God. The

doctor thought him too weak to bear any remedy, and had to leave him as he was in the grip of his fell disease. He broke into a vein of most earnest devotion. First he besought God to be propitiated for his sins by the sacrifice of Christ alone, compared to which all other ground of trust was worthless. Then he prayed that God would be pleased to give him a gentle and happy death; that, covered in Christ's bosom by the wings of mercy, he might enjoy the sight of God's countenance, for which he panted with unceasing desire. He took the bystanders by the hand one by one, and blessed them with mingled gentleness and seriousness, intermingling exhortations suited to their several callings. During the night he rested better than he had expected, and his life was still prolonged for a few days.

On the following day the magistrates of the city and several of the judges came to visit him. He told them that, to all appearance, the day had come for which he had often thirsted; his task of life was done. This would leave the College without a head, and his wife, about to become a mother for the first time after thirteen years of wedded life, quite destitute of the means of living. As for the College, they could not do better than appoint as his successor, Henry Charteris, one of the regents, who was imbued with his spirit, and for ten years had taught philosophy with high distinction. As for his wife, they had shown her much kindness while he was living, and they would not forsake her after he died. He exhorted the regents to be faithful in their duty, and to receive his successor with all respect. And then the feeling that was uppermost in his soul broke out as before: "Come, Lord Jesus, break the cord of this frail life; hasten, Lord, and do not tarry; conduct me to that glory which I have only seen as through a glass darkly."

Another visitor was the President of the Court of Session, who was also Lord Provost of the city. Again the College

rose to his thoughts, and he besought him to let it have in him a father and a patron. Able as he was, from his exalted rank and office, to confer great benefit on the Church, he exhorted him not to withhold his services, but bend all his energies to her good. "May you obtain salvation in Christ; all earthly things are fleeting, and will soon have passed away. May God pour out on your wife and all your family the richest treasures of His grace!"

He died on the 9th of February, 1598 [1599], having just completed his forty-third year. "I should hardly be believed," says Henry Charteris, "if I were to tell what weeping and lamentation were caused throughout the whole community by the news of his death. The Council, the College, the citizens, the common people, seemed all to mourn as for a domestic bereavement. His funeral was attended by a greater multitude than Edinburgh had been accustomed to see on former occasions; crowds of all ranks, high and low, male and female, old and young, came together to testify their regard." Rollock was a man of average height, fair and ruddy in complexion, his hair was reddish, and he had a face at once kindly and serious in expression.

Few men have completed so great a work at so early an age. Called when a mere stripling to an undertaking that only men of high rank and great resources had hitherto attempted in Scotland, he did not shrink, but at once bent himself to his task. Convinced that a high standard of attainment was better for the College than a multitude of students, he instituted at the beginning that entrance examination for which, after three hundred years, enlightened men are again contending, though the effect was to keep back a large number of those whose fees would have added to his very scanty living. When the plague invaded Edinburgh and scattered the inhabitants, he calmly waited till it should pass away, to resume his work. Amid the political

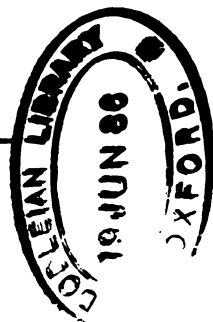
distractions of the times he went patiently on. Whatever other labours he undertook, he took care that they should not hinder what he felt to be his first duty, his work for the College. At every step of his progress he earnestly asked the guidance of God, fearing to do anything which He might not be expected to establish and to bless. Firmly, wisely, piously, he laid the foundations of an institution which has prospered for three hundred years, and has done a work and acquired a fame for

which the country may well be grateful. The memory of such a man deserves to be cherished by every professor, *alumnus*, and student of the University. Nor should it ever be forgotten that the qualities that enabled him to achieve success were derived from that faith in Christ which, while it brought peace and life to himself, inspired him with love for his fellows, and taught him, in season and out of season, to labour for their good.

W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.



JOHN WYCLIFFE,  
THE FIRST OF ENGLISH REFORMERS.



# JOHN WYCLIFFE,

## THE FIRST OF ENGLISH REFORMERS.

### I.

#### BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

THE village of Wycliffe ("water-cliff"), on the northern boundary of Yorkshire, in the fair valley of the Tees, between Barnard Castle and Old Richmond, had since the Norman Conquest given its name to the family that inhabited its Manor-house. From this family sprung John of Wycliffe, or JOHN WYCLIFFE, born, it is said, at Spresswell, a neighbouring hamlet which has long disappeared, its site being occupied by ploughed fields. The year of his birth is uncertain; but he must have been at least sixty years old when he died in 1384. The date, therefore, generally assigned is 1324; it was probably a few years earlier.

Nothing whatever is known of Wycliffe's parentage or early training. Near Rokeby, two or three miles higher up the valley, was the Abbey of Egglestone, where it is probable that he received the rudiments of instruction. At the age of fifteen or sixteen he proceeded to Oxford, nor do we find that he ever revisited his native village. In all his voluminous writings no autobiographical details have been discovered, nor had his many antagonists a single tale to tell, whether true or false, of his private life. As a student and a recluse he pursued his quiet way, and it is not until the year 1366, when he was more than forty years of age, that he comes fully into view, as the deepest thinker, the profoundest theologian, and perhaps the bravest spirit of his generation.

It was a memorable era for England and for Europe. The life of Wycliffe included the long and eventful reign of Edward the Third (1327-1377), in which, more than in any preceding age, the English nation became consolidated into unity and power. The Parliament, which

was now definitely divided into Lords and Commons, proved itself the true protector of the national interests and honour. The feudal system was gradually decaying; there were stirrings of life and thought among the masses, which were yet to lead to disastrous conflicts before the establishment of popular rights and individual freedom. A national literature began to be developed, although it was a hundred years before the invention of printing. Sir John Mandeville, "the father of English prose," wrote his *Travels* in 1356, and Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," published his earliest poems about ten years later. The English language was ordered by a statute of 1362 to be employed in the pleadings of the courts of law "because the French tongue is much unknown." In the rivalry of nations, England had never been so formidable. Cressy had been won in 1346, Poitiers ten years afterwards. A little later, at the celebration of King Edward's fiftieth birthday, three kings offered their homage at his court—John of France, still in honourable captivity; David Bruce of Scotland, pleading for a mitigation of the terms on which he had been restored to his throne; and the King of Cyprus, to invoke the aid of England against Saracen aggression. It is no wonder that national pride rose high, and that a spirit of resistance was aroused against that spiritual power which still claimed to control the mind and conscience of the people. The seat of the Papacy was now at Avignon. That the Pope should be under the protection of France was bitterly distasteful to England; and the prodigal expenditure of the Papal court in its new home imposed intolerable burdens upon the community. An impatience under oppression thus combined with the growth of popular intelligence,

and with the advance of the spirit of freedom, to seek a new and better order of things. And in the cloisters of studious Oxford at length the voice was heard, which gave utterance to this demand in tones which united a profound philosophy with homeliest practical wisdom; enforcing the appeal from first to last by the teachings of the Word of God.

The particulars of Wycliffe's first years at Oxford are uncertain. His early biographers say, but apparently without authority, that he was entered as a commoner at Queen's College, then newly founded by Robert Eggesfield, one of the chaplains of Queen Philippa, in honour of whom the College had received its name. The statement derives some likelihood from the fact that the founder was a native of Cumberland, and that the College was specially intended for students from the northern counties. With regard to Wycliffe's later residence at Queen's there is no question; and yet, that this was originally his College must at least be regarded as doubtful. In 1356 we find him a Fellow of Merton College, a foundation already made famous by the erudition of Duns Scotus and William of Ockham, the renowned schoolmen, but still more by the theological teachings of Thomas Bradwardine, the great antagonist of mediæval Pelagianism; a man whose profound and Scriptural discussions of the highest themes may well have influenced a mind like Wycliffe's. Bradwardine had died in 1349, only a few weeks after his appointment to the See of Canterbury; it is not certain that he and Wycliffe ever actually met, but the College must have been still filled with its illustrious teacher's memory and fame. The fellowship which Wycliffe held sufficiently proves his proficiency in study, and his attainments and powers were so transcendent as to have drawn from one of his bitterest opponents (Knighton, Canon of Leicester), the acknowledgment that "as a doctor in theology Wycliffe was the most emi-

nent in those days; in philosophy second to none; and in scholastic learning incomparable. He made it his great aim, with the subtilty of his learning, and by the profundity of his own genius, to surpass the genius of other men—and," Knighton bitterly adds, "to vary from their opinions."

## II.

### OXFORD DISTINCTIONS.

In 1360 or 1361 Wycliffe was elected Warden or Master of Balliol College (then called simply Balliol Hall), founded in the preceding century by the Balliols of Barnard Castle, near to Wycliffe's birthplace. He was now in priest's orders, and was soon afterwards presented to the rectory of Fillingham in Lincolnshire. He resigned the Mastership of the College, after a brief tenure; but his home was often at Oxford, where we find him occupying rooms in Queen's College at intervals during many succeeding years; having exchanged Fillingham for Ludgershall, in Buckinghamshire, to be nearer the University.

One interesting question in regard to Wycliffe's Oxford life is hardly yet settled. At Canterbury Hall (now absorbed in Christ Church), founded by Archbishop Islip, with the view of including both monks and secular or parochial clergy, one John Wicelyve was appointed Warden in 1365, his monkish predecessor, Woodhall, having been dispossessed. The Archbishop's successor, Simon Langham, however, two years later, brought back the monkish régime, removing Wicelyve and his secular brethren. An appeal to the Pope ensued, which was decided in favour of the monks, after long delay, in 1370. Was this Warden of Canterbury the same with John Wycliffe the Reformer? Till within the last forty or fifty years there was no doubt on the subject; the two were unhesitatingly identified. But modern research has brought to light a John de Whyteclye, or Whytecliff, who was at Oxford at the

same time, and whom Archbishop Islip is known to have patronised, presenting him to the vicarage of Mayfield. It is possible that this Whyteliff was the Warden of Canterbury Hall, and even the Fellow of Merton. In that case the only College records of the great Reformer would be in connection with Balliol and Queen's. The question has been discussed on both sides with signal ability, and the balance of opinion may now be said to be against the Vicar of Mayfield's wardenship. Without much hesitation, therefore, we hold that John Wycliffe was, as represented by his earliest biographers, successively Fellow of Merton, Master of Balliol, Warden of Canterbury Hall, and on his ejection thence, a constant tenant at Queen's.

His doctor's degree was now taken, and his fame established as a profound and original teacher, while still he was distinguished as a fervent preacher of the Gospel. It was the custom, in the days of the schoolmen, for the admiring disciples of great teachers to apply to each some distinguishing epithet, by which many have become known to after ages. Thus one was "the Subtle," another "the Irrefragable" Doctor, a third was "the Profound," a fourth "the Angelic," and so on. The Oxford epithet for Wycliffe was *Doctor Evangelicus*, "the Evangelical Doctor," a title which tells us much, when we view it in connection with his writings. His Latin treatises are, even beyond the ordinary measure of scholastic subtlety, filled with minute distinctions, and while logical and profound, are not unfrequently harsh and obscure. But his English writings show that on all matters of morals and practice he could express himself with nervous directness, so as to reach the ear and heart of the people. By the multitude, as well as in the schools, his power was confessed; and because he proved himself as much at home in the pulpit as in the instructor's chair, because, moreover, his constant appeal in both was to the simple teaching of the

Divine Word, he received this high title of evangelical; in this distinction also the greatest of the schoolmen, as he was the last.

### III.

#### THE PAPAL TRIBUTE QUESTION.

The year 1366 was a memorable one in the history of England. A hundred and fifty years before, John, the most ignoble of her monarchs, had pledged himself to hold the realm in vassalage to the Popedom, in token of which the tribute of a thousand marks yearly was to be paid to Rome. The amount was large—equal to £12,000 of our money—and the principle involved was yet more momentous. From the year 1213, when the compact was made, the money had been paid irregularly, according to the disposition of the monarch, the character of the reigning Pope, or the importance of conciliating his favour. But thirty-three years had now passed since the last payment. The war with France had disinclined the English sovereign to recognise the claims of a line of French Popes; and the victors of Cressy and Poitiers would hardly be disposed to transmit their humble subsidy to Avignon. But peace had now been concluded; the needs of the Papacy became more pressing, and the ill-advised Pope, Urban the Fifth, took occasion to demand the tribute, with the accumulated arrears, from Edward the Third. The question was taken into serious consideration by the King's Council. Wycliffe, who had been nominated one of the royal Chaplains some time previously, was present, and in a tractate afterwards written, records the discussion, in what has been termed the first existing report of a parliamentary debate, although the sentiments are no doubt coloured by the writer's own mind. Seven barons delivered their opinions. The first appealed to force, pure and simple. "Our ancestors won this realm and held it against all foes by the sword. Let the Pope come and take his tribute by force, if he can; I

am ready to stand up and resist him." The second reasoned from the nature of true spiritual lordship. "It has nothing to do with feudal supremacy. Christ refused all secular authority; the foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests, but He had not where to lay His head. Let us bid the Pope to follow his Master, and steadfastly oppose his claims to civil power." The third appealed to the conditions of such a subsidy, for service done. "The Pope calls himself Servant of the servants of the Most High; but what is his service to this realm? Not spiritual edification, but the absorption of our treasure to enrich himself and his court, while he shows favour and counsel to our enemies." The fourth reasoned from the idea of suzerainty. "The Church estates amount to one-third of this realm; the Pope for these estates is the King's vassal, and ought to do homage to *him*." The fifth argued that "to demand money as the price of John's absolution was flagrant simony, to grant it, therefore, was an irreligious act, especially at the cost of the poor of the realm." The sixth boldly denounced the bargain as infamous. "If the kingdom were the Pope's, what right had he to alienate it, and that for not a fifth part of the value? Moreover, Christ alone is Suzerain: the Pope, being fallible, may be in mortal sin. Like the kings of old, let Edward hold the realm immediately of Christ." The last took his stand upon the incompetence of John to surrender the realm. "He could not grant it away in his folly; the whole transaction was null and void." These opinions are worth recording, as showing the spirit of Englishmen at that era, before a doubt of Romish *doctrines* had entered the popular mind. The barons refused the demand, and joined by the Commons, declared unanimously that "neither King John, nor any other sovereign, had power thus to subject the realm of England, without consent of Parliament; that such consent had not been obtained; and that, passing over other difficulties,

the whole transaction on the part of the King was a violation of the oath which he had taken on receiving his crown." The Parliament further resolved, that "should the Pope commence his threatened process against the King of England as his vassal, all possible aid should be rendered, that such usurpation might be effectually resisted."

This bold stand was decisive; and from that time no demand was ever made again by the Pope for tribute from the realm of England. There can be no doubt that Wycliffe's conduct in this discussion subjected him ever afterwards to the animosity of the Papal See. But on the other hand, he could not but commend himself to the favour of the English court and people. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the third son of the King, was especially attracted to him, and became his active patron, as was shown in the next transaction in which Wycliffe took a conspicuous share.

#### IV.

##### MISSION TO BRUGES.

The controversy between England and the Papacy was now removed to somewhat different ground; and the influence of Lancaster is distinctly traceable in the efforts made during the last years of Edward the Third to limit the functions and curtail the power of the clergy. Wycliffe was on the side of the Prince. The man of thought and the man of action, the politician and the divine, thus combined their influence; but, as they approached the question from different sides, a time came, as we shall see, when, of necessity, they parted company. For the present they were at one in resisting ecclesiastical encroachment. A great and growing abuse was the intrusion of the clergy into all high offices of State. The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, the Keeper of the Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Master of the Rolls, were all Church dignitaries. "One priest was Treasurer for Ireland, and

another for the Marshes of Calais, and while the parson of Oundle is employed as surveyor of the King's buildings, the parson of Harwich is called to the superintendence of the royal wardrobe." Against all this Wycliffe uttered an energetic protest. "Neither prelates," he writes, "nor doctors, priests, nor deacons should hold secular offices; that is, those of Chancery, Treasury, Privy Seal, and other such secular offices in the Exchequer; neither be stewards of lands, nor stewards of the hall, nor clerks of the kitchen, nor clerks of accounts; neither be occupied in any secular office in lords' courts, more especially while secular men are sufficient to do such offices." Parliament took up the question with some effect. William of Wykeham, the celebrated Bishop of Winchester, resigned the Chancellorship, and the ecclesiastical holders of other offices were removed.

This was in 1371. The success of their protest seems to have encouraged the defenders of secular rights to make a firmer stand on other points in which Parliament and the Papacy had long been at issue. Nearly thirty years previously, Pope Clement the Fourth had claimed the right to appoint "by provision" two of his cardinals to the two next vacancies in the English Church which should amount to the annual value of two thousand marks. This was an extreme case; but the complaint was general that foreigners were intruded into English benefices, men who neither resided on their livings, nor understood the language of the people. On all these appointments the Papal Court levied large sums; and in one way or another the treasures of the kingdom were passing to Avignon, to an amount far beyond that of the royal revenue. Attempts, only partly successful, had been made to correct this evil. In 1350, the statute of Provisors had denied the claim of the Pope to dispose of English benefices, and in 1353 the statute of *Præmunire* had vindicated the right of the State to prohibit the admission or execution of

Papal bulls or briefs within the realm. But these laws were to a certain extent inoperative; and complaints were made by the English clergy as well as by the laity, that the interferences and exactions had become more oppressive than ever. A commission was therefore appointed, in 1373, to lay the complaint of the English King, Parliament, and Realm before Pope Gregory the Eleventh. They demanded that "the Pontiff should desist in future from the reservation of benefices in the Anglican Church, that the clergy should henceforth freely enjoy their election to episcopal dignities, and that in the case of electing a bishop, it should be enough that his appointment should be confirmed by his metropolitan, as was the ancient custom."

Fair promises were made by the Pope, but the Parliament was still unsatisfied, and in the year following another commission was appointed, in which Gilbert, the Bishop of Bangor, held the first place, and John Wycliffe the second. The commission proceeded to Bruges, chief city of Flanders, and seat of the Dukes of Burgundy. Here the Ambassadors of Edward the Third, with John of Gaunt at their head, were already negotiating a peace with France. Many of the highest rank from the two countries had assembled in the stately city; the Papal Court was represented by some of its chief dignitaries. No details of the negotiations have come down to us. The only practical result was in a series of Papal letters addressed to the King of England a year afterwards, yielding some points in regard to the appointment of particular incumbents, but abating no essential claim. Wycliffe himself had returned from Bruges after two months' stay, having gained two advantages at least. On the one hand he had attained a surer place in the favour of Lancaster, who now, in the declining health of his elder brother the Black Prince, and the growing feebleness of the King, had become the most powerful man in England. But what was far more important to his

future work, he had penetrated more deeply than ever into the secret of the Papacy. He had conferred with its foremost representatives, had studied their arguments and their policy. Far more accurately and certainly than in his quiet life at Oxford, he could estimate the character and pretensions of the power that claimed to hold Christendom in subjection. As the visit of Luther to Rome, nearly a century and a half later prepared the way for the Reformation, so did Wycliffe learn at Bruges that in the Pope were the marks of Antichrist.

## V.

## THE CONVOCATION AT ST. PAUL'S.

Soon after his return from Bruges, Wycliffe was presented by the King to the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester, and afterwards to the rectory of Lutterworth, where his last days were spent. With indefatigable activity, he still lectured, preached, and wrote, both in his parish and at Oxford. His teachings became bolder in their protest against prevailing corruptions; and with his passion for reaching to the roots of things, he strove ever to give his practical conclusions a scientific foundation.

From the time of his receiving his doctor's degree, writes a contemporary opponent, he "began to scatter forth his blasphemies." His celebrated doctrine on "Dominion founded in Grace" was now formulated and maintained. The only source of rightful authority is in God Himself; and he delegates it to His ministers on earth on condition of obedience to His commandments. To adopt the language of feudalism, God was the "Suzerain," men held their several stations and offices "in fief," obedience to His commandments being the "tenure," and mortal sin invalidating the right to rule. Was the Pope then the Vicar of the Most High? Assuredly; and so also was the temporal sovereign, each in his own sphere. Nay, further, every Christian man still held of God, not, indeed, "in

chief," but with a right of direct appeal to Him. On the one hand, therefore, the assertion of ecclesiastical supremacy was shown to be baseless, and on the other the right of the individual conscience was vindicated. Dimly, yet essentially, we have here the great principle of the Reformation; though as yet Wycliffe had not followed his theory to its ultimate consequences.

But the metaphysics of Oxford were taking a very practical shape in the hands of "the Good Parliament"—the session, as we should say—of 1376. Dr. Lechler, Wycliffe's biographer, thinks from internal evidence that the Reformer was himself a member of this Parliament, and that the outburst of national feeling to which it gave utterance was mainly prompted by him. Be this as it may, such a voice had never before proceeded from the representatives of the people. They represent to the King that the realm is impoverished by Papal exactions. The sums paid to the Pope for ecclesiastical offices amount to five times as much as the whole produce of the taxes which the King receives! The unworthy are promoted, the dissolute and ignorant obtaining livings of a thousand marks annual value, while a learned and pious doctor must content himself with one of twenty marks. Foreigners and enemies of the country are inducted to English benefices of which they know nothing. Cardinals are made deans and archdeacons, and the revenues of their preferments are transmitted abroad. The Papal collector, who is also receiver of the Peter's Pence, has an office in London "like the custom house of a prince," from which he sends to the Pope about twenty thousand marks a year. First-fruits of newly-conferred livings are now levied by this official. Worse still, the Pope receives the first year's revenue of every bishop whom he appoints, and, therefore, when a see falls vacant, he translates three or four other bishops, that he may have the first-fruits of several at once. He is actually raising subsidies from the English clergy to

ransom soldiers who have been taken prisoners in the French wars. But "God entrusted His flock to the Holy Father to feed, and not to fleece."

To these and many similar representations, the aged and failing King replied evasively. Nothing, in fact, was done by way of relief. But the ecclesiastical authorities perceived the true source of the danger that threatened them, and at the beginning of 1377 the Convocation of Canterbury summoned Wycliffe to appear before them at St. Paul's. The charges made against him are not specified; we can only judge of them by subsequent accusations. John of Gaunt resolved to accompany the Reformer.

The day was the 19th February, 1377, the place the Ladye Chapel of the Cathedral. The Archbishop, Simon Sudbury, was seated in the chair, with Courtenay, Bishop of London, a scion of the noble house of Devon, beside him, and the rest of the bishops on either hand. Many of the English nobility were there also, to witness the examination of the renowned Oxford Doctor. A great crowd surrounded the entrance of the Chapel. Wycliffe was escorted by the Duke of Lancaster and by Lord Henry Percy, Grand Marshal of England. A small band of armed men followed; and it is remarkable that there were among the attendants of the Reformer five friars of the mendicant order, summoned by the Duke, their chief patron, to assist in the defence of Wycliffe. As they approached the place of meeting, his friends bid him be of good cheer. "Dread not the bishops," they exclaimed, "for they are all unlearned in respect of you!"

The Lord Marshal found it a difficult matter to secure an entrance into the chapel, and when he with his retinue emerged from the eager, pushing crowd, Bishop Courtenay angrily exclaimed: "Lord Percy, if I had known beforehand what masteries you would have kept in the Church, I would have stopped you out from coming hither." John of Gaunt

fiercely replied: "He shall keep such masteries here, though you say Nay!"

Wycliffe was now standing calmly before his episcopal judges, the angry lords, his attendants, beside him. The Reformer's last and best biographer here takes occasion to sketch his portrait—"a tall thin figure, covered with a long light gown of black colour, with a girdle about his body; the head, adorned with a full, flowing beard, exhibiting features keen and sharply cut; the eye clear and penetrating; the lips firmly closed in token of resolution—the whole man wearing an aspect of lofty earnestness, and replete with dignity and character."<sup>1</sup>

What words he would have spoken we cannot tell, but he was still silent. For now an unseemly brawl broke out in the assembly. Percy turned to Wycliffe and bade him be seated. "For," said he, "you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat." The bishop rudely interposed: "It is unmeet that one cited before his ordinary should sit down during his answer. He must and shall stand." Lancaster rejoined: "The Lord Percy's motion for Wycliffe is but reasonable. And as for you, my lord bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelacy in England." The bishop scornfully retorted: "Do your worst, sir," while Lancaster, hurried forward by his rage, continued: "Thou bearest thyself so brag upon thy family, who shall not be able to help thee; they shall have enough to do to help themselves." By this time the prelate had recovered his self-possession, and rejoined: "My confidence is not in my family, nor in any man else, but only God, in whom I trust, by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth." Lancaster made no reply, but turning away, muttered: "Rather than I will take these words at his hands, I will pluck the bishop by the hair out of the church." The words

<sup>1</sup> Lechler, Lorimer's trans. i. 256.



were overheard by the crowd, and roused them to violent anger, Courtenay being popular with the citizens. The duke and his companions were violently menaced, and the assembly broke up in a riot. All this occurred before nine o'clock in the morning. An attempt in Parliament the same day to humble the municipality of London led to a more serious renewal of the tumult. The mansions of the obnoxious noblemen were attacked; and a priest was killed in the fray.

So unexpectedly and unsatisfactorily did this procedure terminate, Wycliffe neither heard of what he was accused, nor had the opportunity of declaring himself. He retired peacefully to his work at Lutterworth and Oxford, and awaited the next attack, which was not long in coming—this time from Rome itself.

## VI.

### THE CITATION TO LAMBETH.

The year 1377 appeared an auspicious one for the Papacy. The "Seventy Years' Captivity," as the period of residence at Avignon was termed, was now over, and on the 17th of January Gregory the Eleventh made his solemn entry into Rome. It would seem that the English bishops seized the earliest opportunity of representing to the Pope the tenets, real or supposed, of the man whom they now regarded as their formidable enemy; and the result was the issue on the 22nd of May following of a series of Papal Bulls, in which we find for the first time what were the grounds of accusation against Wycliffe, and may thus learn from his enemies how far he had advanced in the path of reformation. The bulls are five in number, three addressed to the prelates, one to the University of Oxford, and one to the King himself. The bishops are directed to ascertain by private enquiry whether certain doctrines, set forth in nineteen Articles, are really taught by Wycliffe; if so, to cause warning of their erroneousness and danger to be conveyed to the

highest personages of the realm. Wycliffe himself is to be imprisoned pending further instructions from the Pope, or should he escape by flight, to be solemnly cited before the Papal tribunal.

When the bulls reached England, Edward the Third was a dying man. On the 21st of June he breathed his last. Without royal sanction it was impossible to proceed, and the spirit of the new reign was as yet uncertain. Richard the Second, son of the Black Prince, was still a boy of twelve, under his widowed mother's guardianship. The designs of the bold and crafty Duke of Lancaster were uncertain, as well as the amount of popular support which any rising on his behalf would command. Another French war seemed imminent; the resources of the kingdom were heavily burdened. The only pressing ecclesiastical question was that of revenue, the diversion of which into foreign channels was still a grievance indignantly felt. One of the first questions accordingly submitted to Parliament was "whether the kingdom of England, in case of need, for the purposes of self-defence, is not competent in law to restrain the treasure of the land from being carried off to foreign parts; although the Pope should demand this export of gold in virtue of the obedience due to him, and under the threat of Church censures." To this question, by command of the young King and his Council, Wycliffe drew up a detailed, argumentative answer—a very marvel among State papers! That such treasure may be lawfully retained for the uses of the kingdom is argued from the principles of natural reason, from the teachings of Scripture, and from the law of conscience; the conclusion being sustained by reference to the evils that would follow another course. With regard to the mischief that might ensue from resistance to the Papal demands, and especially to the possibility that the Pope might lay the realm under an interdict, Wycliffe reasons, not without a touch of sarcasm, that "the Holy Father would not thus

treat his children, especially considering the piety of England"—but if he should, "it is one comfort that such censures carry no divine authority, and another, that God does not desert those who trust in Him, and who, keeping His law, fear God rather than men."

But Parliament was prorogued without decisive action being taken, and in December the Pope's mandate was presented to the University of Oxford, with a schedule of the nineteen dangerous opinions. The University demanded time for consideration; to the honour of Oxford, its authorities were unwilling to surrender their foremost teacher even to the Pope, and when at length the rescript was received with courtesy and apparent deference, no action followed.

The prelates were more compliant; and in the following April (1378), a Synod was convened in the Archbishop's chapel at Lambeth, before which Wycliffe was summoned to answer for himself in the presence of the Papal delegates. He produced a long apologetic document, moderately written, subtle and scholastic in its reasonings. He vindicates his true meaning in the passages inculcated, which had been often strangely perverted, and sets forth his views in a manner which is interesting to us as showing the extreme point to which, as a Reformer, he had as yet attained. The nineteen articles, from beginning to end, deal with such topics as ecclesiastical dominion and property, the right of "binding and loosing" as inherent in the Church, the nature and limits of excommunication. "It is not possible," says Wycliffe, "for any man to be excommunicated unless he be excommunicated first and principally by himself." "It is not Church censure," says the bold Reformer, "but sin that hurts a man." "Neither the Pope nor any other Christian can *absolutely* bind or loose, but only as he obeys the law of Christ." "It seems to me that he who usurps to himself this power must be the Man of Sin!" These were bold words. Nor was the final proposition of

the nineteen the least unpalatable, that "an ecclesiastic or churchman, even the Pope of Rome, may lawfully be corrected for the benefit of the Church, and be accused by the clergy as well as by the laity." For, says Wycliffe, "the Church is above the Pontiff." "If the whole College of Cardinals is remiss in correcting him for the necessary welfare of the Church, it is evident that the rest of the body, which may chance to be chiefly made up of the laity, may medicinally reprove him, and induce him to live a better life."

The Duke of Lancaster and the Lord Percy were no longer at hand to befriend Wycliffe. But their place was better supplied by a throng of eager citizens, who now supported him for his doctrine's sake, as they had formerly opposed him because of his associates. They cried out menacingly: "The Pope's briefs shall have no effect in England without the King's consent." "Every man is master in his own house!" A tumult was threatened, when Sir Henry Clifford, an officer in the Court of the Queen mother, entering the chapel, demanded, in the name of his mistress, that the Synod should pronounce no final judgment in the case. The Archbishop was fain to content himself with commanding Wycliffe to cease from preaching or teaching the obnoxious doctrines. On the Reformer himself none dared to lay hands, and he calmly retired. A contemporary chronicler, an enemy of Wycliffe, scornfully writes of the prelates assembled that "their speech became soft as oil, and with such fear were they struck, that they seemed to be as a man that hearoth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs."

## VII.

### LAST DAYS AT OXFORD.

About the time of the stormy Lambeth Synod, a yet more tumultuous conclave was assembling in Rome. Gregory the Eleventh was dead, and the meeting of the cardinals to elect his successor

was invaded by a fierce rabble. "No more French Popes!" was the cry. "A Roman! We will have none but a Roman for our Holy Father!" The cardinals temporised, hesitated; French influence was strong; and at length a Pope was chosen, who, though an Italian, was not a Roman. As Urban the Sixth he assumed the Chair, and all seemed to promise well. But his stern ascetic rule soon disgusted many. The cardinals with one exception deserted him and elected Clement the Seventh, who established his court at Avignon. Pope and antipope thus presented themselves before astonished Christendom, and the great schism lasted for half a century. "Now," said Wycliffe, "is the head of Antichrist cloven in twain, and one part contendeth against the other!"

The event was on the whole favourable to the Reformer. On the death of Gregory, his bulls had become invalidated, unless renewed by his successor; and Urban was too much occupied in the great dispute with his rival to have attention to spare for the distant English controversy. Again, therefore, Wycliffe was unmolested; and the three years that followed mark a most important advance in his convictions and his work.

His attacks upon the friars mainly belong to this period of his life, although no doubt he had already taken frequent occasion to expose the rapacity, the hypocrisy, and the spiritual pride too often found in connection with the "voluntary humility" of the Orders. These evils had already been often denounced, notably by Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln, and Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh. How the friars were regarded by the community at large, may be seen in Chaucer's satirical picture of "The Pardoner." With a roving commission to preach, to celebrate mass, to receive confessions, and to grant absolution, the Dominicans, or Black Friars, and the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, with the smaller orders of Carmelites (White Friars), and Augustinians (Austin Friars), traversed the country as mendicants.

The gifts bestowed on them were profuse, as the parade of asceticism is often taken as a mark of sanctity; and the convents of the "poor" orders were correspondingly enriched. Their encroachments irritated the regular clergy, whom they threatened to supersede. The Universities itself were alarmed. The friars became lecturers in theology, and so alluring were their representations, that young men were induced to abandon other pursuits and to take the vows. Parents refused to send their sons to Oxford or Cambridge, lest they should be thus seduced; and the number of students in the former University was diminished, it is said, by thousands! University statutes were passed to meet the evil. But Wycliffe took up the subject on other than academical grounds. His words were but a part of his long protest against the usurpation of spiritual authority: "I say this for certain, though thou have priests and friars to sing for thee, and though thou, each day, hear many masses, and found churches and colleges, and go on pilgrimages all thy life, and give all thy goods to pardoners, this will not bring thy soul to heaven. While, if the commandments of God are revered to the end, though neither penny nor halfpenny be possessed, there will be everlasting pardon and heavenly bliss."

It is recorded that during this period of his residence in Oxford, Wycliffe was confined to his bed by illness, the result of his incessant labours and trials. For awhile his life seemed in imminent danger, and the Mendicant Friars hearing of it sent to him a deputation, to adjure him to repentance. Four doctors from their different bodies, with four aldermen of Oxford, entered what they supposed to be the dying chamber. After some words of sympathy, they entered on the main object of their visit. Wycliffe still remained silent. They spoke to him of the wrongs inflicted, as they said, by his tongue and pen upon the brotherhood, and they put it to him whether, as he now seemed near his end, he would not confess his errors, revoke his charges against

these pious fraternities, and seek reconciliation with them. Wycliffe heard them patiently to the close, then beckoned to his servant to raise him in bed. This done, he fixed his eyes on his visitors, and said, with a loud voice: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the evil deeds of the friars." The doctors and aldermen departed in confusion, and Wycliffe recovered.

Still further to counteract the evil influences of these brotherhoods, and to provide for the dissemination of the Gospel, Wycliffe organised a company of "poor preachers," graduates of Oxford, trained under his influence to traverse the land, preaching the Gospel. This was their simple commission. They had no pardons to dispense, no spiritual authority to assert; but went forth from town to town, and village to village, clad in long russet gown, barefooted, staff in hand, to tell of Christ, and to call sinners to repentance. They were afterwards suppressed, being confounded with the adversaries of law and order in the great peasant revolt, but their work was self-denying and noble. They were the "Methodists of the fourteenth century."

Of Wycliffe's Translation of the Bible, which engrossed at this time many studious hours at Oxford, we must speak separately. He devoted himself at the same time to the preparation of the great works on Divinity, which no doubt contain the substance of his University teaching through many year, especially the series of treatises called *Summa Theologiæ*, and the *Dialogus*, so called because it consists of a series of conversations between three speakers, Truth, Falsehood, and Wisdom. The style of the book is dialectic, the questions discussed are often subtle, and without attraction for the students of a later age; but the work is remarkable as containing the conclusions to which Wycliffe had at length been led on the subject of TRANSUBSTANTIATION. His rejection of the Roman doctrine had become distinct and unhesitating. In the Divinity Lectures,

which he read in the summer of 1381, he had maintained a series of propositions upon this subject, which he at once published. In reply, a solemn declaration was issued by the Chancellor and twelve doctors of the University, the preamble of which fairly enough recites Wycliffe's main conclusions: "1. That in the Sacrament of the altar the substance of material bread and wine do remain the same after consecration that they were before. 2. That in that venerable Sacrament, the body and blood of Christ are not *essentially* nor *substantially*, nor even *bodily*, but *figuratively* or *tropically*, so that Christ is not there truly or verily in His own proper Person." The Chancellor further "admonishes and very strictly inhibits that no one for the future, of any degree, state, or condition, do publicly maintain, teach, or defend the two aforesaid erroneous assertions, or either of them, in the schools, or out of them, in this University, on pain of imprisonment and suspension from all scholastic exercises, and also on pain of the greater excommunication."

The Chancellor and his assessors immediately proceeded with this decree to the schools where Wycliffe was lecturing, and, interrupting him, read it aloud before the assembled students. All were taken by surprise; and for the moment Wycliffe himself appeared bewildered. Recovering himself, he quietly replied that neither Chancellor nor doctors could refute his opinion. Then, rising from his professor's chair, which he was never to resume, he solemnly appealed from this condemnation to the King in Council.

## VIII.

### THE "EARTHQUAKE SYNOD."

This same year of 1381 witnessed great and portentous events, which were not to be without their influence on Wycliffe's remaining days. John Ball, falsely<sup>1</sup> averred to have been one of Wycliffe's "poor priests," had been

<sup>1</sup> He had been preaching for twenty years, long before the time of the "poor priests."

preaching communistic doctrines, which threatened to destroy the very framework of society: "When Adam delved, and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" The incident in Wat Tyler's cottage but furnished the spark to the materials of explosion. The popular rising that followed, and its swift and sanguinary suppression, are matters of ordinary history. While the insurgents held the Tower, they had murdered Archbishop Sudbury; and Courtenay, Bishop of London, succeeded him in the primacy. Some delay necessarily occurred before his investiture, but no sooner was this accomplished, than the Archbishop instituted proceedings against Wycliffe.

Meantime, in the early part of 1382, the Reformer had presented his appeal from the Oxford Chancellor to the King in Council and to the Parliament. But nothing decisive was accomplished. The Duke of Lancaster now looked coldly upon Wycliffe. As long as the question had been one of revenue and power, John of Gaunt had been for reform. The alienation of Church treasure to him meant the enrichment of the State; and the abasement of the too powerful priesthood would be the exaltation of the laity. But theological subtleties lay quite beyond the statesman's range of thought. To insist on them was to introduce a disturbing force into society, the issue of which who could see? Accordingly, Lancaster went down to Oxford and enjoined him to be silent. What could be more easy, more politic than to obey? Men of action cannot estimate the force of an overmastering idea; men of the world know nothing of the imperial power of a religious conviction. Wycliffe persisted; he strove to maintain his doctrine in the terms of a scholastic philosophy; to our mind he refines overmuch, and perplexes himself with his own subtleties; but on the main point he was clear; expressively adding that the third part of the clergy are on his side, and would defend their views at the peril of their lives.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury was installed on the 6th of May, 1382. On the 17th of that month he convened an assembly of bishops and divines at the Dominican monastery in Blackfriars, to consider Wycliffe's views. Ten bishops, sixteen doctors of law, thirty doctors of theology, and four bachelors of law attended the sittings. Wycliffe himself was not present, perhaps he had not been summoned. During the conference on the 21st of May an earthquake, mentioned in contemporary chronicles and poems, shook the city, and filled the assembly with consternation. Some regarded it as an adverse omen; but the Archbishop was equal to the occasion, and declared the earthquake to be an emblem of purification from false doctrine. "As in the interior of the earth there are enclosed foul airs and winds which break out in earthquakes, so that the earth is purged of them, though not without great violence, even so there have been many heresies hitherto shut up in the hearts of the unbelieving, but by the condemnation thereof the kingdom has been purged, though not without trouble and great agitation." Wycliffe, on the other hand, regarded the portent as a sign of God's judgment against error, and was in the habit of describing the assembly as "the Earthquake Council."

Ten articles were pronounced by this Council heretical and fourteen erroneous. They range over the main points of Wycliffe's teaching, with more or less of misrepresentation. The first three of the "heresies" concern the Lord's Supper, and amount to a restatement of what had already been condemned. The conclusions of the Council were promulgated with extraordinary solemnity, a procession of clergy and laity passing through London barefoot to St. Paul's, where the Carmelite monk, John Cunningham, preached a sermon against the inculcated doctrines, followed by the reading of the twenty-four articles and the utterance of a solemn condemnation against all who should hereafter teach or receive these doctrines.

The Archbishop promptly followed up these measures by proceedings at Oxford, as the headquarters of the heresy. Wycliffe himself, with his adherents, of whom Nicholas Hereford, his coadjutor in the translation of the Bible, was the most noticeable, were inhibited from all academic functions, and expelled from the city and University. Hereford for the time escaped; others bent before the furious blast. Wycliffe only remained unmoved, well content to remain in his beloved Lutterworth, and to perfect his Translation of the Bible. Public opinion was still so strongly on his side, that no more stringent measures were possible. A Romanist chronicler of the period writes: "A man could not meet two people on the road, but one of them was a disciple of Wycliffe's."

## IX.

## WYCLIFFE'S BIBLE.

The amazing literary activity of the Reformer during the last two years of his life, can only be explained by the fact that much material had been prepared by him year by year, which now only for the first time saw the light. His writings cannot, indeed, be very accurately dated; but Dr. Buddensieg, in his recent edition of Wycliffe's Latin Tracts, assigns most of them, especially of his most trenchant assaults on the friars, to this part of his life. Now also he wrote *The Wicket*, a tract for the people on the Lord's Supper, the most popular of his works, and a series of tracts on practical godliness, entitled *The Poor Caitiff*. Many of his writings, both in Latin and English, are single sermons, proving him to have been as powerful in homely appeal from the pulpit, as in the most subtle and learned disquisition.

These works are especially valuable, as showing how his views of religious doctrine had strengthened and widened in the conflict. The freedom of the individual conscience he was never weary of asserting; resting the claim on the

immediate fellowship of the soul with Christ, on the gift of the Holy Spirit to all believers, and upon the sufficiency and authority of Scripture as the sole revelation of His will. The completeness and efficacy of Christ's sacrifice he maintained, as appropriated by faith alone, "without any other cause concurring." Sacramental efficacy and the mediation of saints he alike repudiates. Absolutely and vehemently does he deny, not only the Papal headship and infallibility, but "the power of the priesthood, auricular confession, the celibacy of the clergy, absolutions, indulgences, interdicts, excommunication, the efficacy of the Sacraments, the adoration of saints, the worship of images and relics." Yet he still undoubtedly clung to the doctrine of purgatory, of which one of his latest treatises, *On Christ and His adversary Antichrist*, contains an explicit statement.<sup>1</sup> But this, on his system, does not involve any sanction of masses or prayers for the dead.

When Wycliffe's Translation of the Bible was begun, we have no means of knowing; and his many writings contain few or no allusions to the progress of the task. We only know that it was finished in the latter years of his life, after he was silenced at Oxford. The New Testament was completed first, and is entirely Wycliffe's. His friend, Nicholas Hereford, whom we have seen by his side in the hour of conflict, was his zealous coadjutor, translating the first part of the Old Testament; and John Purvey, Wycliffe's curate at Lutterworth, rendered valuable service, re-editing and revising the whole. When the work was finished, many transcribers took in hand the task of multiplying copies; the elaboration and costliness of not a few proving the demand which existed for the work among the opulent as well as the humbler classes. Mr. Forshall and Sir H. Madden, the editors of the standard Oxford Edition, issued in 1850, were able to consult nearly 150 manu-

<sup>1</sup> "Political Works," vol. ii., p. 653 (Wycliff Society, 1883).

script copies, most of which were written within forty years of Wycliffe's death.

"Christ delivered His Gospel," writes Wycliffe's antagonist, Knighton, "to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that they might administer to the laity and to weaker persons, according to the state of the times and the wants of men. But this Master John Wycliffe translated it out of Latin into the tongue Anglican—not Angelic! Thus it became of itself vulgar, more open to the laity, and to women, who could read, than it usually is to the clergy, even the most learned and intelligent. In this way the Gospel-pearl is cast abroad and trodden underfoot of swine; and that which was before precious both to clergy and to laity is rendered, as it were, the common jest of both."

How Wycliffe performed his noble task has been abundantly told in many a treatise on that theme of inexhaustible interest, the English Bible.<sup>1</sup> If there were drawbacks in the execution of the work, it should be remembered that he was the pioneer, and again that, being ignorant of Hebrew and Greek, he could translate only from the Latin Vulgate. But, indeed, he scarcely needs such apology. For accuracy, perspicuity, and terseness, as well as for frequent and exquisite felicities of expression mingling with the quaint phraseology of other parts, the version may to this day be studied with delight. To all who would trace the history of the English tongue it is essential. Professor Montague Burrows does not speak too strongly when he says: "To Wycliffe we owe more than to any one person who can be mentioned, our English language, our English Bible, and our Reformed religion. How easily the words slip from the tongue! But is not this almost the very atmosphere we breathe?"

It is instructive to note that in a Synod of 1408, headed by Archbishop Arundel—whence the name "The Arun-

<sup>1</sup> See especially Dr. Stoughton's brief history, R. T. S., and Dr. Eadie's larger work.

del Constitutions"—the following resolution was adopted:—

"We enact and ordain that no one henceforth do by his own authority translate any text of Holy Scripture into the English tongue or into any other, by way of book or treatise; nor let any book or treatise now lately composed in the time of John Wycliffe, or since, or hereafter to be composed, be read in whole or in part, in public or private, under pain of the greater excommunication."

Still from generation to generation copies of the proscribed volume were handed down as heirlooms in many an English home, often stealthily circulated from hand to hand; until they were superseded by the invention of printing, and the labours of Tyndale and Coverdale.

## X.

### THE END.

The spirit of persecution seemed to have exhausted itself in Wycliffe's case in his expulsion from Oxford, and in the rancorous words of his enemies that followed him to the close. He dwelt unmolested in the peaceful seclusion of Lutterworth; possessing the martyr's spirit without the martyr's fate. Not yet did the enactment "for the burning of heretics" disgrace the English statute-book, and Wycliffe's friends were still too powerful to allow of his being imprisoned. Meantime, he saw the progress of his doctrines. The Lollards, as his followers were called—mostly humble folk, who had been won to Christ through Wycliffe's "poor priests," and the reading or hearing of his pungent, practical tracts—multiplied on every hand. The hour of deliverance from papal domination, and of the triumphs of a pure Gospel, seemed near. But the persecutions of the fifteenth century, the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, and perhaps the reaction that followed the Peasants' Revolt, appeared for a time to blight the fair promise. Yet Lollardy, though crushed, retained the principle of life. Men and women appear, from

time to time, all through those dreary years, bravely confessing the truth, and patiently suffering in its defence. Many more, unknown to fame, cherished the treasure which Wycliffe and his coadjutors had given them, and learned from the ENGLISH BIBLE the lessons of a pure Christianity. Silently, but effectually, the soil was thus prepared, in which, when the time came—nearly a century and a half afterwards—the doctrines of the Reformation struck deep root and sprang to vigorous life.

In yet another direction the influence of Wycliffe remained. The Queen Consort, Anne of Bohemia, who had come to England in 1382, was an eager reader of his works, and especially of the Four Gospels in English. Through her influence, and that of persons connected with her Court, his doctrines found footing in Eastern Europe. John Huss and Jerome of Prague (who had studied in the University of Oxford) accepted them with eagerness, and the testimony which they sealed with their blood was but the intrepid utterance of the truths that they had learned from Wycliffe. The works of the English Reformer were widely circulated in Bohemia; many were burned; many others fell by the fortune of war into Austrian hands, and are now in the Imperial Library at Vienna. Even on the Continent, therefore, the way to Reformation was in great measure prepared by the teachings of Oxford and Lutterworth.

The sentence in which Foxe, the martyrologist, characterises Wycliffe as the "Morning Star of the Reformation," has been often quoted. Or, to adopt another illustration: Wycliffe's career was like some early spring-time in January. The birds and flowers come forth in the strangely genial sunshine. Nipping frosts succeed, and the face of Nature becomes sterile again. But the promise is not in vain, and in due time it is fulfilled in a second and yet brighter spring, and in the glory of the summer.

The Reformer's work on earth was done. In 1382 he had an attack of paralysis,

which incapacitated him to some degree from public labours; on the 28th December, 1384, while conducting service in the church at Lutterworth, he was stricken down a second time, and remained speechless until his death, three days afterwards, on New Year's Eve.

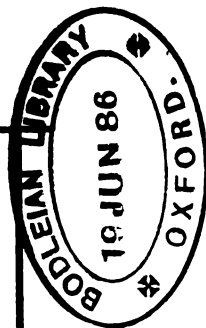
His remains were laid in the churchyard in the midst of his beloved people; but not there to rest. In the year 1415, the Council of Constance having selected from his writings a series of propositions, to the number of forty-five, which they condemned as heretical, commanded that "his body and bones, if they could be distinguished from those of the faithful, should be disinterred and cast away from the consecrated ground." This inhuman and absurd decree was disregarded for some thirteen years, when, at the peremptory mandate of the Pope, it was executed under the direction of the Bishop of Lincoln. The bones were not only disinterred but burned, and cast into the little river Swift, a rapid stream which runs at the foot of the hill on which Lutterworth is built, and after a course of some miles, falls into the Avon. "Thus," says Thomas Fuller, in his *Church History of Great Britain*, "this brook did convey his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow sea, and this into the wide ocean. And so the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." The thought is beautifully expanded by Wordsworth:

"Wycliffe is disinhumed,  
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed,  
And flung into the brook that travels near:  
Forthwith that ancient voice which streams  
can hear  
Thus speaks (that voice which walks upon the  
wind,  
Though seldom heard by busy human kind:)  
As thou these ashes, little brook, wilt bear  
Into the Avon—Avon to the tide  
Of Severn—Severn to the narrow seas—  
Into main ocean they,—this deed accurst,  
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,  
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified  
By truth, shall spread throughout the  
world dispersed."

S. G. GREEN, D.D.



ANSELM,  
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



# ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

---

## I.

### EARLY LIFE.

THE eleventh century was rich in great men. It produced two, who have exercised an influence on our English life that cannot be adequately measured. One was a great soldier, statesman, and ruler, William the Conqueror; the other was a great student, theologian, and, on the battle-fields of the religious life, a great captain also, Anselm of Aosta.

One mark, slight, but significant, of the gulf which separates the eleventh from the nineteenth century, and of the transition character of that time, is the fact that an Italian could attain to the Primacy of Britain. Anselm was born in 1033 or 1034 at Aosta, a little town on the south side of the great St. Bernard pass over the Alps. It is a beautiful region, and in many ways the influence of the mountains and valleys among which Anselm grew up, can be traced in his writings, and in the tales told of him.

He was of noble lineage, blessed, like Augustine, with a mother whose affection while she lived, and whose memory after she had passed away, ever acted like a charm upon her son. His father, Gundulf by name, seems to have been a moody, passionate man, given over to what we should call business, but what, in the language of his day, was called the *secular* as distinguished from the monastic life. His mother, Ermenberga, was related to the ruling family of the district, the Counts of Maurienne, and seems to have been a woman of gracious presence and of marked individuality. She was beautiful, pious, and one who judged that she could best serve God by devoting herself, under His guidance, to the wise ruling of her household. "Sanctified reason" seems

to have been the guiding principle of her life. It was probably from her that Anselm received the refinement of his moral nature, and his habit, not only of bringing all things into subjection to the law of God, but also seeking to make clear how fully in accordance with reason are the great matters of Christian faith.

Almost all that we know of Anselm is obtained from scattered references in his works, and from the writings of Eadmer, a monk, who was first his pupil and then his friend at Canterbury, and who seems to have been his constant companion during his stormy Primacy. Eadmer's "Life of Anselm" and "Historia Novorum" are written, of course, from an eleventh-century, monastic point of view. Yet they give us a vivid portrait of the real man by one who knew him most intimately:

Anselm at an early age learned to think for himself, and before he was fifteen he decided that the monastic was to be preferred to the *secular* life. He applied to an abbot whom he knew to make him a monk. The abbot declined, as Anselm had not obtained his father's consent. He then prayed for an illness, that in this way the objections of his friends might be overcome. The illness came, but not the admission into the monastery. "God, whose foreseeing eye is never deceived," writes Eadmer, "was unwilling that His servant should enter upon the life of that place; because He had some others, hidden in the bosom of His mercy, whom, as afterwards became clear, he was preparing to be informed by Anselm to the doing of His will."

The desire of his heart was not to be granted yet. Not in Italy, but in far-distant Normandy will the door, at which he so earnestly knocks, be opened.

It has been the fashion with some

writers to make use of a passage in Eadmer, and occasional references in Anselm's *Meditations*, to represent the ensuing period of Anselm's life as a season of self-indulgence and dissipation. Eadmer says: "As health of body, youth, and secular prosperity smiled upon him, the fervour of his mind towards a monastic life began slowly to grow cold, so much so that he desired rather to walk in the paths of a secular life than to leave them and become a monk. He began gradually to neglect the studies to which he had been accustomed to devote himself, and to engage in youthful sports. Nevertheless, his pious affection for his mother for a time held him back. But on her death, like a ship that has lost her anchor, he almost drifted out into the waves of the world." The plain meaning of this seems to be that, his desire of becoming a monk being denied, he felt very strongly for a time the attractions of a worldly life and a secular career. There is direct testimony from contemporaries, and much in his own writings to make it almost incredible that he could have fallen into any outward and flagrant sin. His bark was for a time out on those troubled waters of uncertainty, over which so many men have to sail at the beginning of life's work, and for a season it was uncertain what path would be taken. But God directed his way, and turned his vessel into a course, at first very rough and stormy, but which brought him at length to "the haven where he would be."

Family troubles began. Possibly the death of his mother rendered his father less amenable to control. From whatever cause his father became embittered against him, and treated him so harshly, that, at last, following the fashion of the day, following his great predecessor Lanfranc, he determined to leave home and native land, and seek work and peace elsewhere. Thus began the journey which after many years was to end at Canterbury. He crossed Mont Cenis, he experienced more than the usual hardships, he nearly lost his life in the

passage, but at length, after three years, he came to Normandy.

## II.

### ANSELM AS SCHOLAR AND MONK.

At this time the little monastery at Bec was becoming famous through Europe. The beautiful story of its foundation by the Knight Herluin cannot be told here. But early in its existence there came to it a man, unknown, and humble, who craved and received admission as a brother, and who for years was distinguished by the zeal and fidelity with which he fulfilled all monastic duties. But light will shine, and talent cannot be hid. As years passed he was recognised as Lanfranc, the famous scholar, and under his influence and teaching the reputation of Bec spread far and wide. Anselm was attracted by his fame as a teacher, and in 1059 he was numbered amongst Lanfranc's scholars. He was twenty-six years of age; Lanfranc sixty-three. Anselm was comparatively unknown; Lanfranc had just succeeded in reconciling the Pope to the marriage of William, Duke of Normandy, and his cousin. Lanfranc, during the thirty-years of their friendship, was, first at Caen and then at Canterbury, to exert great influence in moulding the civil and ecclesiastical polity of the Normans; Anselm was to show, in the peaceful life at Bec, the beauty of a rich and varied Christian experience, and the depth and force that a subtle and trained intellect can manifest in searching the deep things of God.

Anselm had not long attended Lanfranc's lectures before the thought seized him, that even if he became a monk the hardships of his life, the exposure to cold, the nightly vigils, the scanty food, could not be greater in a convent than they were in the world. He began, therefore, to set his heart again upon the desire of his youth. Eadmer tells us that often in after life, when surrounded by his monks and

scholars and friends, he would go over, as in a soliloquy, the motives and thoughts that influenced him. Where should he go? At Cluny, the life was too rigorous for his health; at Bec, Lanfranc needed no helper. He would break fresh ground. He thought that at first he was inclined to this course from love to others, but he soon came to see that his impulse was due to love of self. "Is this what it is to be a monk, to wish to be placed before others, to be honoured before others, to be made much of before others?" He would become a monk at Bec, where he would be of little moment in comparison with Lanfranc, and where he could live for God alone. "There shall be my rest, there God alone shall be my object, His love my only contemplation, the thought happy and unceasing of Him, my blissful solace and satisfaction."

He took counsel with Lanfranc, and asked him which of the three paths open before him he should take, the cloister, the hermitage, or a return to his old life at Aosta. For his father had died, leaving him the patrimony, and at times Anselm felt moved to go and live in the old home, and minister as best he could to the needy about him. Lanfranc suggested that the decision should be left to the Archbishop of Rouen. To him they go, and the great ecclesiastic at once decides for the cloister. The die is cast, the choice is made, and Anselm becomes a monk.

Men like Anselm stand out pre-eminently whatever the work in which they are engaged. In the secular life he had become famous as a scholar. In the peaceful existence of the convent he soon became a leader and an example. As soon as he entered upon his new duties, he sought to imitate the conduct of those who were living a higher religious life than the rest; and so rapid was his progress, that very soon, "whoever in all that community wished to live a wholly religious life, found much in Anselm's way of life to imitate, and he, for the space of three years, advancing daily nearer and nearer perfection, was

held to be great indeed in goodness, and worthy to be had in honour of all."

### III.

#### ANSELM PRIOR AND ABBOT OF BEC.

In 1063 Lanfranc became Abbot of Caen, and Anselm succeeded him as Prior of Bec. It was at this time that he began to exert to the full his splendid mental powers in the study of the abstruse yet fascinating problems of theology. The greatest theologians, Augustine, Anselm, Aquinas, and Calvin, have also been men of a profoundly spiritual nature. Doing the will of God, taught by His Spirit, they have penetrated more deeply than their fellows into the abysses of Christian truth. Anselm as Prior, relieved from the ordinary round of the convent duties, spent his leisure in prayer, in meditation, and in the close application of one of the keenest of intellects to the problems of Divine truth. He believed that no conclusion of that reason which God had given him, arrived at by a legitimate use of the faculty, could be contrary to the revelation of God in Scripture. In this pursuit he reached such perfection, that "he saw through, and unravelled problems the most abstruse, and, until his day, unsolved, concerning the Divine nature and the Christian faith, and by clear trains of reasoning showed that his conclusions were sound in themselves, and in accordance with the catholic belief. For he had so steadfast a belief in the Holy Scriptures, that, with unshakeable firmness of mind, he believed that there was nothing in them that passed in any degree beyond the solid pathway of truth. On this account, with the greatest zeal, he directed all his efforts to this end, that up to the full measure of his faith he might penetrate, by the eye of reason, the things which in the Scriptures he found here and there hidden in much darkness."

Anselm also possessed in a remarkable degree the power of reading character. This is a gift not unfrequently manifested by those who study Scripture

deeply and reverently. He was ever ready to hear the anxieties, the difficulties, and the sorrows of those about him, and, as far as he had the power, to remove them. He spent much of his days, and very often much of his nights, in this labour of love.

Yet in his new and higher office Anselm did not find himself free from the common worries and trials of men. Great as he was in ability and in reputation, there were men in the convent who did not care to conceal their jealousy of him, and their bitter regret that one so young in standing should have been promoted over the heads of brethren who had for years been engaged in the service of the abbey. The old chronicler gives, in simple and beautiful language, the story of the way in which Anselm overcame opposition of this kind. "He showed himself peaceable with them that hated peace, and in return for their detractions he gave the kindly duties of brotherly love, preferring to overcome evil with good, rather than to be overcome by their evil."

In this way he soon conquered all, except one, Osbern by name, a young monk, endued with great skill and ingenuity in mechanical arts, exhibiting many attractive qualities, but afflicted with perverse habits, and a bitter hatred of Anselm. Eadmer compares him to a dog, determined to worry his victim. Anselm, longing to develop the better nature of the young man, treated him with great forbearance, showed him many acts of kindness, tolerated in him everything except what, for the sake of monastic order, he judged to be past toleration, and thus gradually won his love. Having obtained this hold upon him, Anselm became severe in his treatment as the love of Osbern for himself grew in strength, and at last, "if he found anything in him needing rebuke, he punished him severely, not only in word, but even by blows." He thus perfected the discipline by a course of action which would have been worse than

useless until he had won an entrance into the perverse heart. Osbern, subdued and ennobled, bore patiently the sneers and malice of those older than himself, and not yet fully under the spell of Anselm, with whom he formerly sympathised and acted.

At length it came to pass that between Anselm and Osbern a perfect friendship existed, and the Prior confidently hoped that the younger man was training to fill some high post in the Church. But the early promise was not to ripen in this way. God had other plans for His servant, and suddenly Osbern was smitten with incurable disease. Anselm watched by his couch with the tenderest and most unceasing care, but all in vain.

He had hoped for long life for his friend, but God took him, and, perhaps, the taking gave Osbern's influence a power for good in that monastery that might never otherwise have been attained, and so smoothed Anselm's path, and increased his hold over the brotherhood. Indeed, Eadmer closes his description of the incident by saying that the monks vied with each other in submission, that they might inherit Anselm's friendship for Osbern, and "he (Anselm), giving thanks to God, became all things to all, in order that he might save all."

It was while Prior of Bee that Anselm began to write the treatises that have given him an abiding place in the foremost rank of theologians. It is no reflection on the theological investigation of later ages to say that it has added little or nothing to the *Monologion* and the *Proslogion*. The *Monologion* is the first statement on record of what is called the *ontological* argument for the being of God. In other words, it is an attempt to discover what reason, wholly apart from Scripture, can teach about God, and to prove that what faith perceives by the teaching of Scripture is in perfect accord with the teachings of reason. The *ideas* of goodness, holiness, etc., in the mind can only be accounted for by the existence of a Being in whom these

qualities exist in perfection, who is greater than all things, and independent of all things.

In the story of his life we are told that Anselm became convinced that the argument could be expressed in a better form than the *Monologion*; but all his efforts to find this better form were fruitless. He was reduced to great straits. At times he could neither eat nor drink nor sleep. He became alarmed to find that the search rendered him less eager and capable for his religious duties. And at length he felt that it was a temptation of the devil, and strove to banish it wholly from his thoughts. But the more he strove to do so the more was it borne in upon him. At last "the grace of God shone in upon his heart, and the matter became clear to his mind, and filled his soul with profound joy and rejoicing." He at once wrote down the argument on tablets, which seem to have had one or two narrow escapes from destruction. It finally assumed the form of the *Proslogion*.

The argument has since been enforced and developed by such thinkers as Des Cartes, Dr. Samuel Clarke, Leibnitz, and others. Here only the briefest statement of it can be given.

"The human mind possesses the idea of the most perfect Being conceivable. But such a Being is *necessarily* existent; because a being who may or may not exist is not the most perfect we can conceive of. But a necessarily existent Being is one that cannot be conceived of as non-existent, and therefore is an actually existent Being. Necessary existence implies actual existence. In conceiving, therefore, of a Being who is *more perfect* than all others, the mind inevitably conceives of a real and not an imaginary being." In Anselm's view the idea of God is *unique*, and hence an argument can be constructed out of it such as cannot be constructed out of the idea of any other being.

In 1078 Herluin, the founder of the abbey of Bec, passed away, and in the opinion of the brethren there was but

one possible successor. But Anselm raised every obstacle, and for long resisted their entreaties. Yielding at last to their repeated and vehement requests, he accepted the high dignity. The decision made, he at once threw himself into the duties of the post, and discharged them with all his might. It was on matters of business connected with these duties that he first visited England. He came over to see about lands in England belonging to his abbey. He visited Canterbury, where he was received with great ceremony by Lanfranc and the monks, and during his stay in England won golden opinions from all ranks and conditions of men. There was not an earl or countess in England, or any person of high rank, who did not consider it a loss of merit in the sight of God not to have shown some kindness to Anselm, Abbot of Bec. Even William the Conqueror was affable and gentle to the famous scholar. His stay in England was brief, and he was recalled to Bec to admit into the fellowship a young nobleman named Rudolf, for whom he had long felt an affection.

Fourteen years passed whilst Anselm ruled as abbot. During this time troubles of one kind and another visited the community, but in them all the abbot was ever found helpful, prudent, and confident in his trust in God. Devoting himself to his work, he attracted to the abbey the young, the enthusiastic, the heavenly minded, men who in after years became centres of influence and light in Normandy and England. Broken in upon, as they were, by occasional sorrows, these years must, nevertheless, have seemed a time of true peace to Anselm, as he looked back upon them, from the stormy scenes in which he was so prominent a figure, and which must now be described.

#### IV.

ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

In 1087 William the Conqueror died, and at once, both in Normandy and Eng-

land, the absence of his strong hand was felt. Normandy passed to his son Robert; England to his son William, surnamed Rufus. William the Conqueror, whatever his faults were, was a man who strove to rule well, and for the most part succeeded in doing so. He also had a standard of right and justice, up to which he tried to live. He had a reverence for God and the Church, which he manifested by his kindly treatment of the ecclesiastics of his realm, by the building of cathedrals, and by the favour with which he viewed men like Lanfranc and Anselm. But his son, William Rufus, a man possessed of much of the ability of his father, and of the same inflexibility of will, appears to have been devoid of any reverence for Divine things, and determined to use his power as he chose, regardless of the rights of God or man.

Lanfranc died in 1088, and the King, refusing to appoint a successor, at once seized the revenues of Canterbury, and appropriated them to his own use. This state of affairs lasted for four years. Meanwhile, a certain Count Hugo, of Chester, invited Anselm over to England to assist him in organising a monastery. This may have been but a pretence, for many-tongued rumour, both in Normandy and England, had marked out Anselm as the one man fitted to succeed Lanfranc, and the Count may have hoped that coming to England on one duty, Anselm might be kept in the realm by others of much higher importance. But Anselm refused to come. Count Hugo fell ill, and again sent for Anselm, and again was refused. A third and more urgent request led Anselm to consider that he was sacrificing his friend to his own personal wishes and fears, and at length, having also some monastic business to do, and not without misgivings, he again set foot in England. He landed at Dover, paused for a few hours at Canterbury, and *en route* for Chester came to the Court.

The first meeting between two such men as William Rufus and Anselm was

full of interest, and was a presage of their future relations. He seems to have been received with every mark of honour, and, probably, from a high sense of duty, instead of entering into the monastic business, he met the King as few men of that day had courage to do. He told him that men everywhere, both openly and secretly, were saying things concerning the King not befitting the royal dignity. The King met this frank statement with the remark that so holy a man ought not to believe such stories, and so they parted. Anselm went on to Chester, spent five months visiting Count Hugo and arranging the business connected with Bec, and then, wishing to return home, was refused by the King the necessary permission to leave the kingdom.

Anselm being thus against his will kept in England, the nobles and bishops determined to try and induce William to appoint him to the vacant archbishopric. They chose what seems to us to be an extraordinary device. The Court met at Gloucester, at Christmas 1092. A proposal was submitted to the King. It was a request that he would allow prayers to be offered in all the churches that God would incline the King's heart to raise up the Church from its present sad and oppressed state by the appointment of a worthy chief shepherd. William naturally was somewhat nettled at this request, but granted it, with the grim and characteristic remark: "Pray as you will; I shall do as I think good. No man's prayers will do anything to shake my will." Anselm was applied to, and at length consented to draw up the prayer which was duly offered.

But no immediate result followed. William held on his reckless high-handed way. Selfish to the heart's core himself, he had no belief in the disinterestedness of others. "Anselm," said one of his nobles to him one day in familiar converse, "Anselm loves nothing but God, desires nothing transitory." "What, not even the Archbishopric

of Canterbury?" was the mocking answer.

Nevertheless events were too strong, even for William Rufus. Early in 1093 he became dangerously ill. Thinking himself dying, and uneasy in his mind, he listened to the exhortations of those around him, who urged him to amend his ways and cease oppressing the Church. Anselm was sent for. The King solemnly promised to redress the grievous wrongs and injustice done in his life, and published this promise in a royal edict. One other matter must be settled, and then he can die in peace. A chief shepherd must be given to the Church. Who so worthy as Anselm, and upon him the choice fell. That which he had feared had come upon him and Anselm made the most strenuous efforts to escape the burden.

No one who studies the life of Anselm can believe that he was a designing hypocrite, and that he refused only that he might be the more strongly persuaded. The truer explanation is that he really loved the quiet and restfulness of Bec, and that he saw only too clearly the storms and trials and burdens in store for the man who succeeded to the vacant Primacy of England. And so a series of strange scenes were enacted in the King's sick-room on Sunday, March 6th, 1093, at Gloucester. Anselm refused to go to the bedside to be invested with the pastoral staff. The bishops remonstrated with him, they pointed out that he was sacrificing the Church in thus preferring his own ease and quiet, and finding all other persuasions useless, at last they dragged him by main force to the King. William adds his entreaties, but all in vain. William bids the bishops fall at his feet; but in his turn Anselm falls at theirs. "I would," he afterwards said, "have gladly died, if I had had the choice, rather than have been raised to the Archbishopric."

At last he is dragged to the King's bedside, a pastoral staff is held closely to his clenched hand, and amid shouts of "Long live the bishop" he is borne to a

church close at hand. "It would have been difficult," he wrote later in a letter to Bec, "to make out whether mad men were dragging along one in his senses, or sane men a madman, save that they were chanting, and I, pale with amazement and pain, looked more like one dead than alive."

He returned to the King and told him that he did not acknowledge what had been done, and afterwards addressed the bishops and nobles in the same strain, and then this eventful Sunday came to a close. The King ordered him to be invested with all the temporalities of the see as they had been held by Lanfranc. Quiet reflection brought Anselm to bow to the inevitable, and at length, on December 4th, 1093, he was consecrated by the Archbishop of York. In accordance with the ancient custom the Book of the Gospels was placed upon Anselm's shoulders, opened at random, and the eye of the reader fell upon these words: "He bade many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

Meanwhile William had recovered, and the vows of redress and amendment were speedily forgotten. He did not, indeed, revoke the appointment of Anselm, but he kept none of his promises. His last state was worse than his first, and to the Bishop of Rochester, who was remonstrating with him about so soon forgetting the pledges made in his illness, he gave the savage rejoinder, "Be assured, bishop, that God shall never have me good for the ill that He has brought me." Even before his consecration Anselm came into conflict with the King, who wished him to leave in peace those who had been enriched since Lanfranc's death by the plunder of the lands of the see. This Anselm declined to do, and at first it seemed likely that he would never be confirmed in the chair of Augustine. But the King gave way, and at last Anselm, "according to the custom of the land,



was made the King's man, and ordered to be seized of the whole Archbishopric as Lanfranc had been."

Soon after this William wished to make war on his brother Robert, and for this end stood greatly in need of money. The nobles and prelates brought their customary gifts, as they were called, and Anselm offered 500 marks. This was rejected as not enough, and since William took no heed of his remonstrances and appeals, Anselm distributed the money to the poor and departed. Another stormy interview took place at Hastings, just before William sailed for Normandy, the Archbishop requesting the King to aid him in his efforts to check the barons and reform the Church, and William expecting Anselm to purchase his favour by a large gift of money. But the Archbishop refused to buy the King's favour, and the Kingsent, as his parting message: "Yesterday I hated him much; to-day still more; to-morrow and ever after, he may be sure, I shall hate him with more bitter hatred."

## V.

### THE COUNCIL OF ROCKINGHAM.

On William's return from Normandy he came at once into violent collision with the Archbishop on a question which, under many forms, has been potent in English history ever since his day. To whom does a man owe his supreme obedience, to his king, or the Pope? As far as Englishmen generally are concerned, the question has been settled for three centuries. But for centuries after his day Anselm's conduct influenced men to choose, when choice must be made, Pope rather than King. The Papacy, with that astuteness that has ever been traceable in the policy of the Vatican, had enjoined that all metropolitan bishops were to get the *pallium*, i.e. the white woollen stole with four crosses, the badge of office, direct from Rome. There was nothing strange in this, but at that time two rival popes were claiming the chair of St. Peter.

Anselm, before taking office, had told William that he held Urban at Rome to be the true Pope, and now asked to be allowed to go to Rome to get his *pallium*. William replied that he had not acknowledged Urban, and that to do so without his consent was treason.

This question was so large, and so far-reaching in its issues, that Anselm demanded that a great Council should be summoned for its settlement. This request the King could not refuse, and on Sunday, March 11th, 1095, it met at the Castle of Rockingham, on the borders of Northamptonshire and Leicestershire. The assembly met in the chapel. Anselm appealed to the bishops for help, and asked them how he could both keep faith with the King and preserve his due obedience to the Pope. The bishops were too keenly alive to the risks run by those who oppose a king to give an honest answer. They suggested that Anselm should submit to the King. They would report his words to William, and bring his answer on the morrow. This they did, and declared that they would advise him only on condition that he submitted to the King. By their own consciences they were convicted as they spoke, and "having said these words they were silent, and hung down their heads." Anselm, seeing that they meant to leave him unaided, at once declared that in this matter he would not give way. "Know, therefore, all of you, that in the things which appertain to God I will yield obedience to the Vicar of St. Peter, and in those which by law concern the territorial rank of my lord the King, I will give faithful counsel, and keep to the utmost of my power."

This threw the bishops into confusion, and an angry Babel of voices arose. They departed, saying that they would bear no such message to the King. Anselm, thus deserted by his suffragans, went to William, and boldly repeated the words in his presence. The King, greatly enraged, ordered the bishops to find some suitable answer to such a monstrous

statement. But they found it much easier to express their desire to meet his wishes in all things than to reply to Anselm. Anselm returned to the church, and while the bishops, in groups of two or three or four, discussed the matter uselessly hour after hour, "leaning his head against the wall, he fell into a quiet sleep."

The return of the bishops at length aroused him, and their spokesman again exhorted Anselm to cast off his allegiance to Pope Urban and submit to the King. Anselm asked that he might be allowed to answer on the morrow, as the day was far advanced. This William refused, and an immediate reply was demanded. Unless he instantly submitted the King's anger and all its consequences would be directed against him forthwith.

Anselm was not the man to be cowed by threats like these. Quietly, but decisively, he replied: "He who, because I refuse to renounce obedience to the chief Pontiff of the Holy Roman Church, would thence prove that I violate the sworn faith which I owe the sovereign, let him show himself, and he will find me ready to give him an answer as I ought, and where I ought."

As the meaning of these words became clear to the minds of the bishops, they recognised that the matter had passed beyond their control. From King, Anselm had appealed to Pope. And from such a king as William Rufus the appeal seemed to the bystanders, not only just and fitting, but highly to be commended. Murmurs of applause were heard, and a scene, curiously like, and yet strangely unlike, what happened to Luther at the Diet of Worms, took place. A soldier stepped forward, and kneeling at Anselm's feet, said: "Lord and Father, your suppliant children beg you, through me their spokesman, not to let your heart be troubled at the words you have just heard. Remember how Job on his dunghill vanquished the devil, and so avenged Adam's wrong who fell in a garden." Anselm was cheered by

this homely effort at encouragement. "He perceived that the feeling of the people was with him. So," adds Eadmer, "we took courage and became confident, feeling sure that, as it is written, the voice of the people is the voice of God."

The next day Anselm's colleagues, the bishops, suggested that William should take his ring and staff from him by force, and expel him from the kingdom. But to this the nobles, reluctant to forge a weapon that might be used against themselves, refused to consent. As they would not agree to his plan, the King bade *them* deal with Anselm. But they in turn refused either to argue with or to condemn Anselm. The extraordinary scene ended at last by William openly announcing that he finally withdrew his protection and favour from the Archbishop. Anselm's rejoinder to this was a demand for a safe-conduct to one of the ports, that he might leave the kingdom. Another day was occupied in discussing this, and at last a "truce" was agreed upon, and the final settlement stood over till Whitsuntide.

In the interval between Easter and Whitsuntide, William sent to Pope Urban, accompanying the request with a liberal sum of money, requesting that the pallium might be sent to England, for the King to bestow on the Archbishop of Canterbury. The name of the one to whom it was to be given was suppressed. But the Red King experienced, in common with many of his successors, the astuteness of a Roman Pontiff. The pallium was sent in charge of Cardinal Walter, Bishop of Albano. William was induced to acknowledge Urban; but permission to dethrone Anselm was refused. Rebellion broke out, trouble increased, and William at length took Anselm, as it were by compulsion, again into favour. The Bishop of Albano looked on at their first public meeting, and more in irony, one would imagine, than in sincerity, pleasantly quoted: "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity."

Anselm still refused to receive the

pallium from the King's hand. It was, therefore, arranged that it should be laid in its silver case on the high altar at Canterbury. On June 10th, 1095, Anselm, barefooted, and surrounded by the bishops, took his pallium with his own hands from the altar. And when the lesson for the day was read from the Gospels, the listeners were startled to hear again the words of sinister omen, which on the day of his consecration seemed to forecast his time of rule: "And they began all with one consent to make excuse."

## VI.

### ANSELM'S APPEAL TO ROME.

For the next two years, while the first crusade was being preached and carried out, William was too much occupied with war in Normandy and Wales to give very much time and heed to Anselm. He continued to oppress both the Church and the nobles, and although Anselm furnished his quota of men, the King openly expressed his dissatisfaction, and cited Anselm to appear before the "King's Court," where the royal will being absolute, condemnation was certain. Anselm, fairly wearied, met this new persecution by demanding permission to go to Rome. The barons opposed his going, on the ground that the Archbishop had sworn to obey the customs of the kingdom, and one of these was that no one could leave the realm without the royal permission. Anselm at once replied that he had sworn to do this only "according to right, and according to God." He was met with the remark by Robert, Count of Meulan: "You will present yourself to Peter and the Pope; but no pope shall get the better of us, to our knowledge." In fact, excusable as Anselm's conduct was, yet in this whole matter he took the wrong course. The charge against him in the King's Court had been dropped. No right or law had been infringed that justified an appeal to Rome. The popular instinct also was now strongly opposed to the Archbishop. Anselm appealed again to the King,

but in vain. He left the Court, messages were sent after him, first of insult, and then of permission: he might go, but his revenues would be seized by the King. Anselm returned to William, and again the power of his personal influence were made apparent. He entered the presence chamber, and, according to his custom, sat down beside the King. "My lord," he said, "I go. I would fain before I go, if you refuse it not, give God's blessing and my own." "I refuse not thy blessing," said the King. He bowed his head, Anselm lifted his hand, and made the sign of the cross over him. And so they parted, never again to see each other's face. And thus originated a practice, fraught with danger, based on wrong principles, and one which in after years wrought much damage to England, viz.: the custom of appealing to the Roman See against the English monarchy. Anselm's motives, indeed were pure, and it is impossible to withhold sympathy from him. He was fighting alone against king, bishops, and nobles. He represented right, purity, and piety, as opposed to evil, lust, and irreligiosity of every kind. And yet he was wrong. Base as the men were who opposed him, and evil as the motives were that swayed them, they were right when they regarded it as a monstrous thing that, against the custom of the kingdom, the power of the Pope at Rome should be invoked.

Anselm left England in November 1097, and travelled towards Italy, accompanied by two friends, Baldwin, of Tournai, and Eadmer, the monk of Canterbury. In due time Rome was reached, and, as did Luther long afterwards, Anselm found the reality very different from the Rome of his anticipations and desires.

## VII

### THE "CUR DEUS HOMO."

The summer of 1098 was spent at a mountain village called Schiavia, and here, in the pure air, rejoicing in the

peace and restfulness of all about him, Anselm lived over again the quiet life of Bec, gave himself once more to the studies that had ever been dear to him, and finished a work he had long had in mind, his famous treatise, *Cur Deus Homo?* (Why did God become man?) This book has powerfully influenced Christian thought from the time it was written until the present hour. It made an epoch in theology. It gave, for the first time in the history of the Christian Church, a clear, scientific, Scriptural view of the Atonement. Even Luther and the Reformed Church have been able to add but little to the theory of Anselm, and have found in it but little needing to be taken away. The book is very short, taking up only twenty-three pages in the old Latin folio of Anselm's works; but it is hardly too much to say that even now it is the best possible corrective, next to the careful study of Scripture itself, for the loose, unscientific views of the Atonement so commonly held in our day.

The treatise is in the form of a dialogue between Anselm and a monk of Bec, named Boso, who advances the sceptical difficulties and arguments which Anselm answers. The object is to show that the Atonement of the Son of God is absolutely, metaphysically, *necessary* for the remission of sins. The starting point is the definition of sin as the withholding something from God, which is *due* to him from man. But man owes the complete submission of his will to God. This he does not give, and hence his sin or debt. Now this guilt is not removed by beginning again to subject the will entirely to God, but, by giving *satisfaction* for the honour, of which God has been robbed in the past. This must be restored to Him, and present and future honour also rendered. This is impossible to man the sinner, and yet the impossibility does not release him from the guilt and the penalty. But here Boso interposes the objection. Cannot the love of God, abstracted from His justice, forgive sin without any satisfaction? No, replies Anselm, because, if

sin is not punished, either in the sinner or a substitute, it is subject to no law, it has more freedom than righteousness itself. Free forgiveness of this kind would contradict the Divine justice itself if man could rob God, and yet give no satisfaction. God's justice is God Himself, and to satisfy it is to satisfy God. Now there are only two ways in which this Divine justice can be satisfied. One is by the punishment of the sinner. This would be eternal, as nothing short of eternal punishment could be inflicted on one who had robbed God of His honour. Man cannot himself atone for sin, and thus there could be no salvation. The other way is by vicarious suffering, and here the *nature* and *character* of the substitute is all important. To satisfy the claims of Divine justice he must be not less than Divine; in Anselm's words, "greater than all that is not God." Only God, therefore, can make this satisfaction. And yet *man* must render it, since the sin is man's. Hence, the substitute must unite both natures, and be both God and man. To use his own words, "The satisfaction can be made by none save God and ought to be made by none save man; it is necessary that God-man should make it." "For here you see how a reasonable necessity shows us that that heavenly city is to be perfected out of men, and that this cannot be done except by the remission of their sins, which no man can have except through a man who is at the same time God Himself, and who, by his death, reconciles men, who are sinners, to God." The Atonement which such an one can, and does offer in Christ, is more than sufficient for the sins of the whole world.

Anselm denies the claim of Satan to any ransom for man, a view held by some of the early Fathers, and asserts the absolute claims of Divine justice. He shows that no other mode of atonement is possible. Either the sinner must be left to bear the penalty of his sin, or else God Himself must deliver him. The *love* of God is shown by His choosing to suffer Himself that man may be redeemed.

Man's welfare, the best interests of the universe, the claims of the Divine nature are all satisfied here. How fitting, then, are Anselm's words, "the *compassion* of God, which appeared to be lost entirely, when we were considering the justice of God, and the sin of man, we have now found to be so great, and so consistent with justice, that nothing greater, or more just, can be conceived of. For what compassion can equal the words of God the Father addressed to the sinner condemned to eternal punishment, and having no means of redeeming himself: 'Take My only begotten Son, and make Him an offering for thyself;' or the words of the Son: 'Take Me, and ransom thy soul?' For this is what both say, when they invite and draw us to faith in the Gospel. And can anything be more just than for God to remit all debt, when in this way He receives a satisfaction greater than all the debt, provided only it be offered with the right feeling?"

At the close of the argument Boso thus refers to the display of the grace of Christ in the work of redemption, "The whole world can hear nothing more remarkable, nothing more comforting, nothing more desirable. For my part, I take such confidence from it that I cannot tell you with what joy my heart is gladdened. For it seems to me as though God can reject no man coming to Him in His name."

To show how thoroughly evangelical Anselm's view of the Atonement is we may further quote a passage from a visitation of the sick included in his works: "Dost thou believe that thou canst not be saved but by the death of Christ? The sick man answereth, Yes. Then let it be said to him, Go to, then, and whilst thy soul abideth in thee put all thy confidence in this death alone, place thy trust in no other thing, commit thyself wholly to this death, cover thyself wholly with this alone, cast thyself wholly on this death, wrap thyself wholly in this death. And if God would judge thee, say, Lord, I place the death of our

Lord Jesus Christ between me and Thy judgment; and otherwise I will not contend or enter into judgment with Thee. And if He shall say unto thee that thou art a sinner, say, I place the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my sins. If He shall say unto thee that thou hast deserved damnation, say, Lord, I put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between Thee and all my sins, and I offer His merits instead of my own, which I ought to have, but have not."

## VIII.

### ANSELM IN EXILE.

Anselm left Schiavia for the camp of the Duke of Apulia who was besieging Capua. His power over men, the charm of his nature, were as evident in the camp as in the cloister; they were felt as strongly by the retainers of the Duke as by the nobles of William the Red. Even the pagans, of whom there were thousands in the camp, used, when he passed their quarters, to show their veneration by raising their hands, and in their own custom invoking blessings upon him.

Pope Urban was also present at Capua, and to all of Anselm's entreaties to be released from the burden of the Primacy, he turned a deaf ear. A Council was summoned to meet at Bari in 1098, and thither, at the appointed time, by Urban's request, Anselm came. He was treated with every mark of respect. He was asked to expound the views of the Western Church on the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father *and the Son* in opposition to the Eastern Church, which held that He proceeded only from the Father. His grievances were laid before the Council, and the unanimous decree of the Council that William the Red should be excommunicated was stayed in execution only by the earnest petition of Anselm alone.

The winter saw Anselm again in Rome, and thither came William Warelwast, the King's agent, who, mainly by heavy bribes, obtained a truce of nine, instead of three months, in which to arrange the

matter. Disappointed, Anselm desired to leave Rome, but the Pope refused consent, wishing for his presence at the Lateran Council to be held at Easter 1099. Among the various decrees passed at this Council, the most important was that which excommunicated all who gave and all who received investiture from the hands of laymen, and who, for church preferments, became "the men" of temporal lords. It was this very thing that Anselm himself had done. One of the bishops present made an impassioned appeal on behalf of Anselm: but it has seldom, indeed, been the policy of the Vatican, to give more than smooth words, even to its staunchest allies, when to act arouses the enmity and force of a king. Nothing was done to enforce the appeal, and the next day Anselm left Rome, carrying with him nothing more tangible than the memory of outward honours and smooth words. He reached Lyons in safety, staying once more with his friend the Archbishop.

While he tarried there, in July 1099, Jerusalem was captured by the Crusaders, Urban died, and Paschal succeeded to the Pontifical throne. When the tidings of the Pope's death reached William Rufus, he cried: "May God's curse light on him who cares for it! What kind of a man is his successor?" "In some respects like Anselm." "Then he is no good. He may keep to himself, for his popeship shall not this time get over me."

But the King's fate was fast coming on. The last years of his reign were among the worst England has ever known. Riot, fraud, and bloodshed were rampant. The King openly and outrageously defied, not only justice and law, but God Himself. It was said of him that every day he went to bed worse than he rose, and that every morning he rose worse than he lay down. And yet, with that strange perversity that seems so contrary to right, everything prospered with him. Riding one day in the New Forest news reached him of an invasion in Maine. He galloped to the coast, seized an unseaworthy boat, ordered the crew to row him to Normandy. The sea was rough, the wind contrary, the

crew terrified. "I have never heard of a king being lost by shipwreck," he cried. "You will see that wind and waves will obey me." And he crossed in safety. He was not in trouble as other men are, and all things seemed to go well. Dwelling in thought upon this time, the old monkish chronicler writes: "I cannot help recalling the remark he once made to Bishop Gundulf, that God would never, in return for evil, get good out of him; as though God had said in reply: If, then, I may not get good from thee in return for what thou deemest evil, I will at least prove thee, and see if I can get good for good from thee."

But the good never came, and a life of the foulest vice, of the violation of all the trusts of his high office, of oppression to man and insult to God, came suddenly to an end in 1100, when in the New Forest, the arrow, sped by an unknown hand, found its way to his heart. Violently he had lived, violently he died.

## IX.

### ANSELM AND HENRY I.

The crown of England was at once seized by the Conqueror's youngest son, Henry, and messengers were sent in hot haste to recall Anselm. His presence was indispensable for the stability of the new reign. Henry had already begun to redress the wrongs allowed by his brother. "He promised to God, and all the people, to put down the injustice which was in his brother's time, and to keep the best laws that stood in any king's days before him."

Rudolf Flambard was shut up in the Tower. Henry, possibly from real affection, probably from policy, sought in marriage Edith, daughter of Malcolm of Scotland, through whom, in Mr. Freeman's words, "the blood and the right of the imperial house of Wessex have passed to the Angevin, the Scottish and the German sovereigns of England."

Anselm nobly supported Henry in this object, though, had he been narrow-

minded, had the ecclesiastic in him dominated the man, he could have found abundant excuse for withholding his sanction. During William's reign, most probably to avoid insult, Edith had been living at Romsey as a nun, without taking the vows, though she was commonly reported to have done so. Anselm carefully investigated the case, submitted it to a special assembly held at Lambeth, pleaded her cause, and gave to Henry the consort, who has come down to us by the more familiar name of "Good Queen Maude."

But for Anselm the new rule was not to be a time of peace. Henry refused to relax the forest laws, he also refused to give up the ecclesiastical "customs" which the Conqueror had maintained. Bishops, like barons, should be "his men;" he, and he only, should give them the pastoral staff, and invest them with their high office. But this was the one claim Anselm could not admit. He had been present at the Council at which this was expressly condemned. Hence, when Henry made the extraordinary demand that he himself should do homage and receive investiture afresh, he refused. He offered, however, to bow to the decision of Rome. Scenes, not unlike those connected with his pallium, took place. Years passed. At length he himself went to Rome. The usual chicanery took place. Pope against King; Archbishop sacrificed to policy. His old opponent, William Warelwast, again withstood him at the Papal Court. He used weapons like those employed by William Rufus. The King of England was a great man, and at Rome it was felt not wise to push matters to an extreme. A compromise was arranged. Henry personally was to be exempt, but his right to investiture was denied, and all who had accepted it from him were excommunicated.

Anselm was banished a second time, and suffered all the inconveniences of a man striving to serve two masters, and yet remain wholly upright. The Pope alone could free him. If the Pope

would take off the excommunication from those who accepted investiture from Henry, Anselm would obey the King. A year and a half passed, and no help came. At last his patience was exhausted. He resolved to exert his authority, and excommunicate Henry for the wrong he had done to God and to himself for two years. Political complications, the uncertain hold that even now he had upon the throne, made it exceedingly inconvenient that Anselm should proceed to extremities. Henry's sister, Countess Adela, of Blois and Chartres, a staunch friend of Anselm, exerted herself to bring about a reconciliation, and at length King and Archbishop met at the Castle of L'Aigle on the Rille. Henry seems always to have had a high respect, and even an affection for Anselm. He restored to him the revenues of his see, but would not hear of his return to England, unless he would recognise the King's right of investiture.

Once again the matter was referred to Rome, and at last, in 1106, an answer came that might have been given long before. Power was given to Anselm to release all who had come under the canons of excommunication. Anselm returned to England, and in August 1107, at an assembly of bishops, abbots, and nobles, the matter was formally settled. Homage was to be done to the King, but the right of investiture for the future was to belong only to the Pope, or his qualified officers. Bishops were at once appointed and consecrated to all the vacant sees.

Thus, after a long struggle, in which Anselm's personal character had been one of the strongest influences, the Papacy won a great victory. Against such kings as William Rufus, to be on the side of the Pope seemed to be on the side of God. But owing to the rapid and fearful corruption of the Roman Church, the true principle, not without much conflict and suffering, was finally established, that not to the King or Pope, but to the Word of God, the final appeal in all matters of conscience must be made.

## X.

## ANSELM'S LAST DAYS.

The close of the Archbishop's eventful life cannot be better told than in the words of his intimate friend and biographer. In the third year after his return to England he became very weak. He insisted upon attending the daily service, although he had to be carried in a chair. He was only dissuaded from this practice on the fifth day before his death.

"From that time he took to his bed, and, with gasping breath he exhorted all who were privileged to approach him to live to God, each in his own rank. Palm Sunday had dawned, and we, after our own custom, were seated around him. One of us spoke thus to him: 'Lord Father, we are given to understand that you are going to leave the world for your Lord's Easter Court.' He replied: 'If this be His will, I gladly obey. But if He willed that I should remain yet longer among you, at least until I have solved a question concerning the origin of the soul, which I am turning over in my mind, I would receive it gratefully, the more so because I know of no one who will solve it after my death.'

"On the following Tuesday, towards evening, he was no longer able to speak intelligibly. He was asked by Rudolf, Bishop of Rochester, to bestow his absolution and blessing on us who were present, and on his other children, on the King also and the Queen, with their children, and on the people of the land who had kept themselves under God in His obedience. He raised his right hand as though he was suffering nothing, and made the sign of the holy cross, and then dropped his head and sank down. The brethren were already chanting matins in the great church, when one of those who were watching about our Father took the book of the Gospels, and read to him the history of the Passion, which was to be read that day at mass. But when he reached the

words of the Lord, 'ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations, and I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me, that you may eat and drink at My table,' he began to draw his breath more slowly. We saw that he was at the point of death, and he was removed from his bed and placed upon sackcloth and ashes. The whole family of his children being collected around him, giving up his last breath into the hands of his Creator, he slept in peace.

"He passed away as day was breaking on the Wednesday before the day of our Lord's Supper, the 21st of April, in the year of Our Lord's Incarnation 1109, the sixteenth of his Pontificate, and the seventy-sixth of his life."

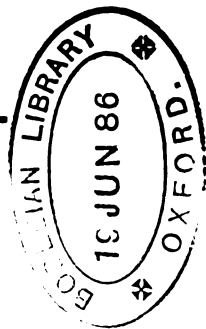
Like Augustine, Anselm believed in order that he might know. But he constantly maintained that after faith has grasped anything, it is imperative to demonstrate by reason the truth of what is believed. His writings exhibit greater merits and fewer errors and trivial subtleties than those of any other schoolman. His *Meditations* and his *Letters* reveal to the reader much of his great loving heart. His power over men of all types, from William Rufus to the heathen soldiers at Capua, from Osbern to Eadmer, testifies strongly to his affectionate nature and to his steadfast integrity. His lot was cast in troublous times, but manfully he fought against evil in cloister and in court, against refractory monks, and against the worst king who ever wore the crown of England. He conquered them all because through the grace of Christ he had first conquered himself.

In all the manifold relations he sustained during his long and chequered life, as child, as pupil, as monk, as abbot, as visible head of the Church in Britain, as opponent of King, as adviser of Pope, in the words of Eadmer, he was "held to be great indeed in goodness, and worthy to be had in honour of all."

RICHARD LOVERT, M.A.



# JOHN WESLEY.



# JOHN WESLEY

---

## WESLEY'S HOME AND BOYHOOD.

JOHN WESLEY was born June 17, 1703, at Epworth, where his father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, was rector during the first thirty years of the last century; being five years older than his brother Charles, so long his companion in labour and so gifted as a sacred poet. The Rectory was filled with a numerous family, of whom those that grew up, whether sons or daughters, were all gifted and accomplished. Brave, bright spirits and high principles were the growth of that remote Lincolnshire parsonage. It was the home of strict and earnest religion, of much learning, of true high breeding, and of pinching and sometimes bitter poverty. Both the rector and his wife came of a line of Puritan ancestors, who had endured persecution for their faith, but who were at once gentlemen, scholars, and divines; and the training in the parsonage was not unworthy of such a twofold ancestry.

Susanna Wesley was an admirable mother, and it was her custom to give each of her children an hour a week, on a fixed day, for religious conversation and prayer. It was on Thursday that she conversed and prayed with John. Orderliness, reasonableness, steadfastness of purpose, calm authority, tender affection, were combined in this justly celebrated woman. And all these qualities were remarkably reproduced in her son John.

Wesley was at home with his mother—he was eight years of age—when, in the absence of the rector in London for several months at Convocation, Mrs. Wesley felt it to be her duty to supplement the parish services of a curate, who had to work two parishes single-handed, and who was, besides, but an

inefficient preacher and pastor, by holding afternoon services for her family and the neighbouring parishioners in the kitchen of the parsonage. She used to read a sermon or some good book, and to conduct a service of Scripture reading and prayer with the gathered company. These services were very popular, and the large farm-rectory kitchen was crowded. The curate, disliking the services, which looked not unlike the setting up of a conventicle in the rector's kitchen by the rector's wife, appealed by letter to the absent husband, who thereupon wrote to her upon the subject. The mother of the Wesleys replied to her husband in a long and earnest letter, which ended as follows: "If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command, in such full and express terms, as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ." Such was the woman who bore and nursed and trained John Wesley. Such a woman was worthy to be, as she came to be, not only the guide of his childhood, but the closest counsellor of his ripening manhood.

When Wesley was six years old the rectory was set on fire by a malicious parishioner. All the rest of the family had escaped safely from the flaming house, when it was found that "Jacky" was missing. Two brave fellows rescued him at great peril to themselves, and he was delivered into his father's arms. "Come, neighbours," said the rector, "let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children. Let the house go:

I am rich enough." John Wesley commemorated this escape, in after life, by an engraving, under one of his portraits, of a house in flames, underneath which is the motto: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

Before he was eleven, the boy was sent to the Charter House School. Here he suffered such hardships and oppressions as were common at public schools in that age. But he was a diligent and successful scholar, and a patient and forgiving boy, of a brave and elastic spirit, who had at home been injured, not indeed to oppression, but to hard living and scanty fare. When, therefore, his seniors robbed him of the best portions of his meat, as they not seldom did, he could bear the privation with more patience, and perhaps with less injury, than if he had been a full-fed and pampered boy. It is a characteristic feature in his case that he seems to have carried away on the whole pleasant recollections of his school where, in due time, he rose to be among the most distinguished scholars. Once a year in later life it was his custom to revisit the scene of his school-days and walk round the Charter House garden, "chewing the cud" of early memories, to him more sweet than bitter.

#### WESLEY AT OXFORD.

Wesley left the Charter House School and went to the University of his family and forefathers in 1720, having been elected to a studentship at Christchurch. He was seventeen years of age when he thus became a resident at Oxford, where he was to remain, with the exception of a comparatively short period of curacy with his father, for the next fifteen years of his life. At this time he was a clever, sprightly, and virtuous youth, full of wit and pleasantry, exact and forward in his studies, who duly attended the services of the Church, who read the Scriptures and religious books, especially commentaries, but who was without any true apprehension of

spiritual religion. He was a devout, yet half worldly, young Pharisee, not unlike the ruler in the Gospels, only without possessions. In due course he took his degree. At this time he had a high reputation at the University, not only as a scholar, but as a gentleman and a pleasant friend and companion. "He appeared," we are told, by a contemporary, "the very sensible and acuto collegian, a young fellow of the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments." As yet no discredit of severe religiousness attached to him.

In 1725, however, when he was twenty-two years of age, and had in view his preparation for taking "holy orders," he became increasingly serious; and, in 1726, when he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, he took advantage of the exchange of college residence made necessary by this distinguished honour, to give a resolute, though not uncourteous, *congé* to all his former acquaintances who were not serious and earnest like himself.

Meantime, during the year 1725 he had received deacon's orders. During the same year he had read the *Christian Pattern* and Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*. The effect of these books was deeply to awaken his conscience, and not less to awaken his critical intelligence as to certain points of doctrine. He rejected—as we learn from a letter to his mother—the doctrine taught by Jeremy Taylor that a child of God cannot on earth know that he is a new creature and at peace with God. "If we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us, certainly," he insists, "we must be sensible of it." In the same year also he made up his mind once and for all—as likewise appears from a letter to his mother—that the doctrine of reprobation was to be altogether rejected. Furthermore, in the self-same year, from the books that have been named, he learned the doctrine of entire Christian consecration and holiness, the equivalent of which afterwards found its place in his matured theology as the

Methodist doctrine of "Christian Perfection." Thus, almost at one stroke, his logical and systematic mind had shaped into form, at this early date, three out of the four points of doctrine which were afterwards to define Wesleyan theology, viz., conscious salvation, general grace, and the privilege and duty of Christian purity of heart and life. But with all this the root-truth of experimental theology was still far away from his thought, completely out of his sight. Thirteen years were to pass before he learnt St. Paul's doctrine as to "the righteousness of faith."

For four years after this (1725-1729) his views would appear to have undergone little change. A servile legalism—a rigid adherence to the rubrics of his Church—these made for him the sum of religious means and duties. "From the year 1725 to 1729," he himself said afterwards, "I preached much, but saw no fruit of my labour. Indeed, it could not be that I should, for I neither laid the foundation of repentance nor of preaching the Gospel, taking it for granted that all to whom I preached were believers, and that many of them needed no repentance. From the year 1729 to 1734, laying a deeper foundation of repentance, I saw a little fruit; but it was only a little, and no wonder, for I did not preach faith in the blood of the covenant."

#### WESLEY AND OXFORD METHODISM.

The period 1729-1734, of which he here speaks, coincided with the rise and course of the Methodist Society at Oxford, of which, though it was founded by Charles Wesley in 1729 during his brother John's absence in his father's parish, where he was serving for a time as his father's curate, from the moment of his return to Oxford, John was recognised as of necessity the head. The bond of association among the members of this Society, besides weekly communion, was the common study of the New Testament with which they joined

regular fasting, stated hours for private devotion, visitation of the sick and poor, and of prisoners, and the instruction of children. This strict and unworldly Society received many derisive names from outsiders—undevout University men. But the name which prevailed was "Methodist." This name followed the Wesleys when, ten years later, and after their return from America, they founded a very different Society, one which, although the same name was given to it and stuck to it, was in its characteristic principles and doctrines the greatest possible contrast to the Methodist Society of Oxford. In one respect, however, there was an undeniable fitness in the designation, as applied to both Societies, descriptive as it was of one unchanging and inseparable feature of Wesley's personal character and habits, a feature which he impressed also very generally on his followers.

Mention must here be made of a special influence with which the Wesleys had been brought into contact a year or two before this time (about 1727), and which had probably led indirectly to the commencement of the Methodist movement at Oxford. The two great writings of William Law, his *Serious Call* and his *Christian Perfection*, were published at the period to which we refer, and had a powerful effect on both the brothers, bringing Charles, in particular, to a state of serious decision to which before he had been a stranger. It was, as we have seen, the awakened Charles who, during his brother's absence from Oxford, first organised in 1729 the Society which received the nickname "Methodist." On John Wesley, Law's two books produced the further effect of sending him to Putney to consult Law in regard to things spiritual. This was in 1732, and, for two or three years after this, Law was to John Wesley a sort of oracle. Law was a Jacobite, a nonjuror, and, like most of the same school, an extreme Laudian High Churchman. A few years afterwards he became addicted to the mystical school of theology, or, to speak

more correctly, theosophy, and eventually he went all lengths with Jacob Behmen. His influence on Wesley in 1732 was to make him a still more extreme High Churchman, a tendency which continued to increase upon him for some years. Afterwards the influence of Law led Wesley to read and admire the mystic writers and to endeavour to combine ritualism and mysticism in his religious life.

#### THE INTENSE HIGH CHURCHMANSHIP OF THE OXFORD METHODISTS.

Between 1732 and 1735, accordingly, Wesley and the Oxford Methodists generally became intensely and increasingly High Church. They were, in fact, traditionalists of a very extreme character. Wesley himself says, as to this period of his life, that he "Bent the bow too far, by making antiquity a co-ordinate, rather than a subordinate, rule with Scripture, by admitting several doubtful writings, by extending antiquity too far, by believing more practices to have been universal in the Ancient Church than ever were so, by not considering that the decree of a provincial synod could bind only that province—and the decree of a general synod only those provinces—whose representatives met therein, that most of those decrees were adapted to particular times and occasions, and, consequently, when these occasions ceased, must cease to bind even those provinces."

#### WESLEY INCLINES TOWARDS MYSTICISM.

Such mere externalism, however, could not but often be weary and dreary work to Wesley. What he wanted was life, inspiration, a well-spring. Like many another under similar circumstances he was tempted to seek after satisfaction in the shadowy region of mysticism, whither, indeed, his teacher Law was now beckoning him to follow. Not understanding anything as to the true spiritual union with Christ through

faith and the new birth, he sought by contemplation, by abstraction, by asceticism, to attain to that self-inwrought identification with God, as revealed in Christ—which, however, is in truth only an illusion—whereby the mystic school, in varying forms and degrees, has, in misguided yet often noble earnestness, counterfeited the spiritual union through faith of the renewed soul with God in Christ. The mystic writers, indeed, helped to disgust Wesley with the degrading bondage of ritualising superstition. "The noble descriptions of union with God and internal religion," contained in some of these writers, as he himself tells us, made the petty points of ritualism, "appear to him mean, flat, and insipid." But then, as he adds, "they made good works appear so too." In this condition, endeavouring to unite extreme High Churchmanship and some tincture of mysticism in an asceticism at once severe and loving, Wesley continued for some years. "Though I could never," he says, "come into this"—the quietism of the mystics—"nor contentedly omit what God enjoined, yet, I know not how, I fluctuated between obedience and disobedience—continually doubting whether I was right or wrong, and never out of perplexities and entanglements. Nor can I at this hour give a distinct account how I came back a little toward the right way; only my present sense is this—all the other enemies of Christianity are triflers; the mystics are the most dangerous; and its most serious professors are most likely to fall by them." These words were written in 1738, a few months before Wesley's "conversion."

#### THE END OF OXFORD METHODISM.

Wesley left England to go to Georgia, as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in the autumn of 1735; he had left Oxford a few months earlier. With his leaving Oxford—his brother also left the University at the same time—Methodism in

Oxford came to an end, and, what is more, Oxford Methodism came to an end. Never at any one time does the Oxford Society appear to have numbered as many as thirty members; and the Society can hardly be said to have had any organisation. There was a small band of men who were called "Methodists," and who were strict, rubrical High Churchmen, and met at each other's rooms—or at Wesley's rooms—for reading and prayer, and were zealous of good works. But there was no common bond of special doctrine or of discipline, nor was there any official authority, or any force more direct or weighty than personal influence. The general features of the fraternity, if fraternity it may be called, seem to suggest closer analogies with the "Tractarian" school in its earlier stages than with anything else in modern history, and the personal ascendancy of John Wesley may remind us in some measure of the influence exercised a century later by J. H. Newman. There was no more any germ of permanent organisation in the Oxford Methodism of 1733 than in the patristic and "Tractarian" school of Oxford in 1833.

There could not be a more decisive evidence of this than is to be found in the early and wide divergence of the various members of the Oxford Methodist Society after their brief association at the University came to an end. The Wesleys went their own way alone; their friend Whitefield made a separate orbit of revivalistic movement for himself. John Clayton, one of the closest and most esteemed Oxford comrades of the Wesleys, settled at Manchester, renounced the Wesleys after they began their evangelical movement, and remained an unbending High Churchman, of Jacobite proclivities, to the end of his days. Benjamin Ingham became a great evangelist in Yorkshire, founded Societies, and with his Societies or Churches, took the decisive step of leaving the Church of England and embracing the position of avowed "Dissent." The saintly

Gambold, a poet as well as a theologian and preacher, became a Moravian bishop. James Hervey was in after life a famous evangelical clergyman, holding "Low" and Calvinistic views. These were the chief of the Methodists of Oxford. Oxford Methodism, in fact, came to an utter end in 1735. It became "as water spilled upon the ground;" to "gather up again" any part of it was impossible.

#### WESLEY'S PERSONAL CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE AT OXFORD.

Of Wesley's personal character and influence as the leader of the Oxford Methodists there happily remains a portrait drawn by the hand of his friend and fellow Methodist, Gambold. After describing how he became acquainted, in the first place, with Charles Wesley, how Charles Wesley took him to his brother, and the profound deference and unbounded affection that Charles ever showed toward John, Gambold thus proceeds: "Mr. John Wesley was always the chief manager, for which he was very fit. For he had not only more learning and experience than the rest, but he was blessed with such activity as to be always gaining ground, and such steadiness that he lost none; what proposals he made to any were sure to alarm them, because he was so much in earnest; nor could they afterward slight them, because they saw him always the same. What supported this uniform vigour was the care he took to consider well of every affair before he engaged in it, making all his decisions in the fear of God, without passion, humour, or self-confidence; for though he had naturally a very clear apprehension, yet his exact prudence depended more on honesty and singleness of heart. To this I may add that he had, I think, something of authority in his countenance. Yet he never assumed any to himself above his companions; any of them might speak their mind, and their wishes were as strictly regarded by him as his by them. . . .

"He thought prayer to be more his business than anything else, and I have often seen him come out of his closet with a serenity that was next to shining; it discovered where he had been and gave me double hope of receiving wise direction in the matter about which I came to consult him. . . . He used many arts to be religious, but none to *seem* so; with a soul always upon the stretch and a most transparent sincerity, he addicted himself to every good word and work. . . ."

There can be no doubt that this portrait strikingly depicts Wesley's distinctive personality. Such he was when, according to his own declaration afterwards in a celebrated sermon, he was only as yet "almost" and not altogether "a Christian," in the fullest and highest sense of the word.

Nor was Wesley only a man of pure and noble character and of remarkable personal influence. He was already known as one of the most finished and powerful preachers in the University. His sermon on the "Circumcision of the Heart," in which he describes, in a remarkable strain of elevated and eloquent exposition, the nature and practical fruits of purity in heart and life, is worthy to rank with the noblest sermons of his later life.

#### DEATH OF WESLEY'S FATHER.

Wesley's father died in the spring of 1735 (April 25th). His illness had lasted eight months, during which period at least, if not before, "he enjoyed," as John Wesley testified, "a clear sense of his acceptance with God." "I heard him express it," says his son, writing in 1748, "more than once, although at that time I understood it not. 'The inward witness, son, the inward witness,' said he to me, 'that is the proof, the strongest proof of Christianity.' And when I asked him (the time of his change drawing nigh), 'Sir, are you in much pain?' he answered aloud with a smile, 'God does chasten me with pain; yea, all

my bones with strong pain; but I thank Him for all, I bless Him for all, I love Him for all!'" To his son Charles he said, more than once, "Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not." In this spirit he remained to the end. "Now you have done all," he said to his son John, at the close of the commendatory prayer, after the final administration of the Lord's Supper. These were his last words.

It had been the desire of the father and of the family that John Wesley should succeed to the living of Epworth, and keep a home for the mother and unmarried sisters at the "rectory." To his widowed mother and to his sisters John Wesley was all his life through dutiful and generous. He provided better for them, there can be no doubt, than he would have been able to do at Epworth. He had felt, when the matter was urged upon him, that it was not his providential vocation to remain secluded in a remote country parsonage, or to give his days to farming his glebe. And when he had reluctantly consented to entertain the proposal, it was found that, in consequence of his "Methodist" peculiarities, he was considered unfit for the preferment. Retaining his fellowship, therefore, which enabled him to help his family, he determined to accept the opportunity afforded to him, in part, at least, through the influence of General Oglethorpe, a warm friend of his family, of going out to Georgia as a missionary. It was a mission in which his father had felt deeply interested, and which, if he had been a younger man, he said that he would have volunteered to take. John, accordingly, sailed from Gravesend for Georgia, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, on October 21, 1735. He seems to have given up his rooms and residence at Oxford shortly after his father's death. His brother left with him and proceeded to Georgia as a sort of chaplain and private secretary to General Oglethorpe.

## WESLEY IN GEORGIA.

Two features of Wesley's strange and perplexed history in Georgia are very noteworthy, one that he carried his rubrical punctilios and his High Church practices to the uttermost extreme, both in the rule of his own life and in his requirements from the colonists; the other that his mission was a total failure. The resemblance of his views and practices to those of modern High Anglicans is, in most points, exceedingly striking. He had early and also forenoon service every day; he divided the morning liturgy, taking the Litany as a separate service; he inculcated frequent fasting, and insisted on weekly communion, requiring also of the communicants that they should visit him privately in order to communion; he refused the Lord's Supper to all who had not been baptised by a minister episcopally ordained; he insisted on baptism by immersion; he rebaptised the children of Dissenters; and he refused to bury all who had not received episcopalian baptism. He turned his face to the East when he recited the Creed, he mixed the sacramental wine with water, and he prayed standing on Whit Sunday. Among those whom he repelled from the Lord's Table was John Martin Boëltzius, a pious Moravian. In regard to this matter, in his private journal, under date Sunday, July 17, 1737, stands the entry: "I had occasion to make a very unusual trial of the temper of Mr. Boëltzius, pastor of the Saltzburghers, in which he behaved with such lowliness and meekness as became a disciple of Jesus Christ." Under date, September 29, 1749, in reference to a letter he had received from the same good man, there occurs in Wesley's published journal the following entry: "What a truly Christian piety and simplicity breathes in these lines; and yet this very man, when I was at Savannah, did I refuse to admit to the Lord's Table 'because he was not baptised,' i.e. not baptised by a minister who had been episcopally ordained.

Can any one carry High Church zeal higher than this? And how well have I since been beaten with mine own staff!"

Nevertheless, Wesley learnt much in Georgia, and still more, perhaps, in his voyages to and fro. On his voyage out he met with pious Moravians, whose deportment and whose inward experience, as he learnt it from conversation with them, filled him with astonishment. Their steadfast peace, and their superiority to all fear of death, were a mystery to him. What he most felt his want of they seemed to possess. He met with godly Presbyterians also, after his arrival on the Continent, who gave him his first lesson in regard to public extemporary prayer. His journal seems to show that, notwithstanding his extreme High Churchmanship—all the more extreme, perhaps, for his entire renunciation of mysticism—he was inwardly beginning to change, even before he left Georgia. And it is certain, that during his voyage home a very great change was wrought in him. His mission to Georgia had been an utter failure. His severe and extreme High Churchmanship first alienated and then exasperated the colonists. He was falsely accused and unlawfully prosecuted. No stigma of any authority rested on his high personal character, but he was compelled to hasten his escape from the colony, leaving it in apparent disgrace, and in bitter disappointment and sorrow. As for his contemplated mission among the Indians, he had not been able even to make a beginning of that work, although it was the work for the sake of which mainly he had left England. He was not quite two years in America. But he returned to England a very changed character, a "wiser" if a "sadder man." Before he landed again on his native shore—which he did on February 1, 1738, at Deal—he had so far learned the meaning of Scripture, and the lessons of his own experience, as to be truly and deeply convinced of sin and spiritual helplessness—his Pharisaism was broken up—and as, further, to have come to



a clear understanding and conviction that justification and salvation were to be obtained only through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. But what that faith meant he did not yet know. "One thing," he says, "have I learnt in the end of the earth, that I who went to America to convert the Indians, was never converted myself." He had learnt this, but the way of salvation he had not learnt.

#### WESLEY LEARNS FROM PETER BÖHLER THE WAY OF FAITH.

Nor did he learn it until he met with Peter Böhler, the Moravian teacher, who was at this time staying in England to obtain a passage to the very colony Wesley had just left. Notwithstanding the deep and searching experience through which he had been brought, step after step, the spiritual insensibility which infected the whole atmosphere of moral thought in England during that age, still, as to this point, clung fast to him. He had no other idea of Christian faith than as a sincere belief of the Christian creeds and acceptance of the authority of Scripture and the Church, operating morally but altogether naturally on the opinions and character of the believer. Of faith as an essentially spiritual act and habit of the heart and soul, exercised under special Divine influence, he had no conception whatever.

It was Peter Böhler who proved to him out of Scripture that faith was such a spiritual act and habit of Divine operation. After repeated lessons, Wesley was thoroughly convinced at last on Sunday, March 5, 1738. He writes in his journal for that day: "By whom"—Böhler—"in the hand of the great God, I was clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved." Having learnt this hard lesson, he determined to act on his teacher's advice, "Preach faith, till you have it; and then because you have it, you will preach faith."

On the 3rd of May his brother Charles, who had been much disturbed by the change in his brother's views, was at length convinced of the truth of the Moravian teacher's doctrine. "My brother," says John Wesley, in his journal for that day, "had a long and particular conversation with Peter Böhler. And it now pleased God to open his eyes; so that he also saw clearly what was the nature of that one true living faith, whereby alone, 'through grace, we are saved.'" The next day Peter Böhler left London, in order to embark for Carolina, and Wesley makes the following very remarkable entry in his journal: "Oh! what a work hath God begun since his coming into England; such an one as shall never come to an end till heaven and earth pass away."

#### WESLEY'S CONVERSION.

It was at a private meeting of a religious society in Aldersgate Street, on Wednesday the 24th May, 1738, that Wesley was enabled to exercise a true Gospel faith in Jesus Christ as his Saviour. One was reading Luther's 'Preface to the Epistle to the Romans,' in which the Reformer describes the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ. Listening heedfully, prayerfully, for to him the subject was one of life or death, the truth as to Christ and the sinner's salvation, as to the personal relation of the Saviour to the sinner, broke in upon his soul. "I felt my heart," he says, "strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." From this time Wesley could use for himself the language of St. Paul, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

## THE PAST HISTORY SUMMED UP.

This earlier history of Wesley, to a truly spiritual man, is more interesting than any part of the great history that follows, because here, at its crisis and culmination, is the very spring and fountain of the life and power through which the wonderful achievements of Wesley's after life were accomplished, and through which alone it was possible that they should be accomplished.

He had passed through formalism, legalism, and ceremonialism, and not found life or peace. Following his master Law, he had resorted to the fountains of mysticism, but had proved that the deeper he drank the more disturbed and dissatisfied his spirit became, until at length he finally abandoned them. His life-long verdict was that the depths of mysticism, as he had tested them, were "Behmenish, void, and vain." In this condition, outwardly an Anglican of the extreme Laudian school, inwardly full of endless perplexities—"a restless seeker after rest"—Wesley had gone to America, only to find that his presentation of Christianity utterly broke down when brought into contact with life's naked realities. He offended, without awakening, the colonists. He had no gospel wherewith to reach the Indian's soul. Abased and broken down in spirit, he returns to England a true penitent, feeling after faith, but without any idea of its nature; and, finally, through the teaching, first of the German Moravian Böhler, and then of the living words of the long dead German Reformer, Luther, he is brought into the full faith, the true life and liberty, and the loving evangelical holiness of Christ's kingdom.

Wesley himself, indeed, in after life, took a less severe view of his own state and character before his "conversion" than he did at the time of that critical experience. He would not, in 1770, have maintained, as he affirmed in 1738, that he was an unconverted man during all the time that he was in Georgia.

But to his life's end he held that he was in many, and in most important respects, an unenlightened man, and that he was wanting in that filial and evangelical faith, and in that spiritual power which belong to the character and experience of a Christian in the highest sense of the word. Nor is it possible to understand in the least his after life, unless it be apprehended that in 1738 a very great and critical change passed in his experience, and one which transformed, in many ways, his character for all his following course.

## WESLEY A NEW MAN AND A FREE EVANGELIST.

From henceforth Wesley is a new man. The Oxford Methodist is radically renewed. He may still be called a Methodist in years to come, but he can no longer be an Oxford Methodist. He is a "new creature in Christ Jesus." He has experienced a spiritual resurrection, and he walks as in a new world. The graveclothes of ecclesiastical superstition, indeed, still hung about him for awhile, even after he had come forth from the sepulchre, and, in heart and soul, had been set free; and he only cast them off gradually. But the new principle he had embraced and the new life which he had received led before long to his complete emancipation from the principles and prejudices of that form of High Churchmanship, identical in its general spirit and character with the ritualism of our own day, which had so long enthralled him.

His conversion made Wesley an evangelist. He had a forgotten gospel to preach—the gospel by which men were to be converted, as he had been, and to become "new creatures." This result, this new birth, he had learnt once for all, was not dependent on any priestly prerogative or service, or on any sacramental grace or influence. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." To raise up, accordingly, by his preaching and personal influence,

a body of converted men who should themselves become witnesses of the same truth by which he himself had been saved, was henceforth to be Wesley's life-work. This was the inspiration under which he became a mighty preacher, a flaming evangelist, a "burning and shining light." This also made him an organiser of his living witnesses into societies and society-classes. In the pulpit was the preaching power; in the class-room or the society-meeting was the private and personal influence. The vital link between the pulpit and the class-meeting was the doctrine and experience of "conversion." Thus Wesleyan Methodism and all the Methodist Churches have their vital descent, not from Wesley the Ritualist of Oxford, but from converted Wesley the Evangelist.

#### THE FIRST STEPS IN WESLEY'S NEW COURSE.

Wesley's evangelical doctrines were not new in England or the Church of England. They were only the old Gospel, and were essentially identical with the teaching and preaching of the Reformers—English as well as Continental—of the Puritans, and of the Homilists of the English Church. But they were new and startling in that earlier Georgian period of spiritual torpor. The clergy were offended, and became alarmed at the immense popularity of the preacher. Soon the churches were shut against him. Accordingly, in 1739, he followed the example already set him, a little while before, by his former pupil at Oxford, George Whitefield, and preached in the open air to immense crowds, first near Bristol, afterwards in or near London, and elsewhere. In 1739, also, he became possessed of an old building in Moorfields, called the "Foundery," and transformed it into a meeting and preaching-house. About the same time in Bristol, and the neighbouring colliery-district of Kingswood, he found himself obliged to be-

come the owner, much against his will at first, of premises for the purpose of public preaching, and religious meetings. Here was the beginning of that vast growth of preaching-houses and meeting-rooms, all of them for nearly fifty years settled on Wesley himself, which became afterwards, through Wesley, the property of the Methodist Connection.

#### THE METHODIST SOCIETY.

The society which Wesley established at the Foundery in 1739—near to where City Road Chapel now stands—was the first society under the direct control of Wesley, and herein was the actual and vital beginning of the "Methodist Society," that is, of Wesleyan Methodism and all its kindred churches. Hence the Wesleyan Methodists celebrated their centenary in 1839. In 1743, Wesley published the rules of this Society. His brother Charles's name was joined with his own at the foot of these rules in their second edition, dated May 1, 1743, and so remained in all later editions while Charles Wesley lived.<sup>1</sup> Those rules are still the rules of Wesleyan Methodism, so far as relates to membership of the Church. Since Wesley's death they have not been altered. In 1742, the societies were divided into classes, each class being placed under the charge of a "leader." The class-leaders of Methodism, together with the local stewards, became in course of time, and have remained for nearly a century past, the ordinary disciplinary council in every society.

#### FROM THE FIRST AN INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.

From first to last there is no trace or colour of any Anglican character in the organisation of Wesley's society or societies—for the societies collectively constituted "the Methodist Society," or the "United Society." Moravians or Dissenters might have entered the fellowship, and, before long, many did enter it who

<sup>1</sup> He died in 1788.

had either been Dissenters or, at any rate, had seldom or never entered a parish church. What would to-day be called the "unsectarian" character of his society was indeed, in Wesley's view, one of its chief glories. All the time, however, this "unsectarian" society was only another sect, in process of formation. And, indeed, Wesley himself, for many years before his death, had seen that, unless the rulers of the Church should come to adopt in regard to his preachers and preaching-houses a liberal policy of recognition, this might be the outcome of his life-work. Nor did he, in his latest years, shrink with any repugnance from the prospect; rather at the last he would appear to have even rejoiced in it.

Very early, indeed, Wesley had been driven, sorely against his will, to make a distinct separation of his societies in London and at Bristol from the Church of England. The clergy not only excluded the Wesleys from their pulpits, but often repelled both them and their converts from the Lord's Table. This was first done on a large scale, and with systematic harshness and persistency at Bristol in 1740. The brothers believed that they had no alternative but to administer the Sacrament themselves in their own preaching-rooms. The practice having thus been established at Bristol, the original society at the Foundery naturally claimed the like privilege, the more so as too many of the London clergy acted towards Wesley's followers in the same manner as those at Bristol. These administrations, once begun, were afterwards steadily maintained, one of the Wesleys, or else some co-operative or friendly clergyman, being always present, whether in London or at Bristol, to take the service. Both on Sundays and on week-days, in these first centres of Methodist work and influence, full provision was made for the spiritual wants of the societies, quite apart from the services of the Church of England. The only link with that Church was that the sacramental administrators were clergymen.

#### WESLEY'S LAY-PREACHERS.

In 1741 Wesley began to employ lay-preachers. The story is well known how he hastened up to London from Bristol to put an end to his school-master Maxfield's preaching at the Foundery. He took his venerable mother's wise advice, however, and heard Maxfield preach himself. Thenceforth lay-preaching became a Methodist institution. One High Church prejudice after another, was giving way; and this circumstance registers the last struggle of one of these prejudices. Wesley could by no means have done his work without his lay-itinerants; he would have been as helpless as a general without officers. These itinerant preachers, stationed, from year to year, in wide "circuits," conducted the simple services in the Methodist preaching-rooms, and were, in effect, as to most points, the spiritual pastors and guides of the societies. But they did not administer the Sacraments, for the reception of which the members had to go to Church, if they were allowed to have them there, or else to wait—often for long months or even years—for the coming round of Wesley or his brother Charles, or, in later years, of Dr. Coke. Long before Wesley's death, however, there was a growing desire among the societies, especially as the itinerant preachers improved in quality and faculty, to have the Sacraments administered by their own preachers. This came to pass universally after Wesley's death, and he himself took steps in the later years of his life which prepared the way for it.

#### THE END OF WESLEY'S HIGH ECCLESIASTICAL PRINCIPLES.

In the beginning of 1738 Wesley had been a High Churchman; and even after his conversion in that year he continued for several years to hold, in the abstract High Church views as to points ecclesiastical. But in 1746 he abandoned once for all his ecclesiastical

High Churchmanship. He relates in his journal, under date January 20, 1746, how his views were changed by reading Lord (Chancellor) King's account of the primitive Church. From this time forward he consistently maintained that "the uninterrupted succession was a fable which no man ever did or could prove." One of the convictions derived by him at this time from reading Lord King's book was that the office of bishop was originally one and the same with that of presbyter; and the practical inference drawn by Wesley was that he himself was a "Scriptural Episcopos," and that he had as much right as any primitive or missionary bishop to ordain ministers, as his representatives and helpers, who should administer the Sacraments instead of himself to the societies which had placed themselves under his spiritual charge.

#### WESLEY'S ORDINATIONS.

This right, as he conceived it to be, he was often moved to exercise, that he might satisfy the needs and outcries of his societies; but he refrained until he felt it was impossible to resist the call of Providence on behalf of the American Methodist Societies. In 1784, when the Colonies had become an independent nation, Wesley ordained his trusted friend and helper Dr. Coke, a clergyman of the Church of England, as superintendent (*Ἐπίσκοπος*) for America, where Coke ordained Francis Asbury presbyter and also superintendent, and where Coke and Asbury together ordained the American preachers as presbyters. Thus American Methodism was constituted an independent Church. To-day the Methodism of America, taken collectively, is the largest aggregate of national Protestantism in the world. The following year (1785) Wesley ordained Methodist ministers for Scotland. In 1786 he ordained a minister for Antigua and another for Newfoundland. A number of other preachers were ordained by him during the next three years. In par-

ticular, he ordained Alexander Mather in 1788 not only deacon and elder, but also superintendent, and on Ash-Wednesday 1789 he ordained Henry Moore and Thomas Rankin presbyters, for the especial service of the societies in England.

#### WESLEY'S CONFERENCE.

In 1784 Wesley had legally defined his yearly Conference. His preachers had been accustomed for forty years to meet with him in annual Council or "Conference." To "the Conference"—consisting legally of a hundred ministers, chosen and appointed by name, who themselves are required to fill up the vacancies in their number from year to year—the legal instrument or Deed of Declaration of 1784 gives supreme jurisdiction as to the appointment of preachers to the chapels of the Connexion, and as to the admission and expulsion of ministers. In practice all the powers, whether original or acquired, of the Conference have, since Wesley's death, been shared by all the ministers attending the yearly sessions of the Conference, whether members of the "Legal Hundred" or not."

#### WESLEY'S PERSON, CHARACTER, AND WORK.

Wesley could not have done his wonderful life-work but for an extraordinary combination of qualities, physical and intellectual, as well as moral and spiritual. Notwithstanding his vast correspondence and voluminous authorship—and he was one of the most voluminous writers of his age, and the very father of cheap literature on all useful subjects—including penny tracts—for modern England—it has been calculated that he usually travelled—always on horseback till he was nearly seventy years of age—four thousand five hundred miles a year. His day's work began with preaching at five o'clock in the morning, and he preached two, three, or sometimes even four, sermons a day. To ride from sixty to seventy miles, besides preaching at least twice, and this day after day, was

an ordinary performance with him. There were times when he went far beyond this measure. He tells us, on one occasion, that after riding from Bawtry to Epworth, not by the direct road, which was under water, a distance of "more than ninety miles," he "was little more tired than when he rose in the morning." Another time in Scotland he reached Cupar, "after travelling near ninety miles," and found "no weariness at all." When he was near seventy years of age he was obliged to discontinue riding on horseback; but in other respects his energy and endurance remained unimpaired till a much later age. A sudden call to Bristol reached him at Congleton when he was seventy-one years old. He took chaise to Bristol, gave two hours to his business, and immediately returned to Congleton, having done the distance of 280 miles and his business in little more than forty-eight hours, and "no more tired," he records, than when he set out.

His person was small, spare, and sinewy, perfectly proportioned and made for activity. His features were striking—the nose somewhat aquiline, the lips firm, the mouth mobile and handsome, the eyes bright and vivid, now piercing, now commanding, and again sympathetic. His complexion was very beautiful—fair, clear, and somewhat ruddy; his forehead was fine and fully developed; his brown hair was soft and long with a natural curl. Contrary to the fashion of the time, he wore it without a wig until his later years.

As a thinker he was acute, consecutive, and systematic. He was a remarkably keen and skilful logician. At Oxford his reputation was high as a scholar; but it was highest as a logician. He was a wide and various reader all his life, and his *Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion*, as well as some of his sermons, show how his mind had been enriched and enlarged by the philosophical studies of his earlier life. On the purely intellectual side of his nature, and especially when dealing with matters of taste or questions of history, he was severely

critical, and, indeed, often sceptical, as is shown by many passages in his journals and his letters, while on the spiritual side he was candid, open, charitable, and sometimes—particularly as to what seemed to be "other-world" facts or phenomena—credulous.

His preaching, which must not be judged by his published sermons, was, as to the present phrase and colour and tone of his utterances, almost always truly extemporaneous. He and his audience were in living contact and sympathy with each other, mind with mind, and not only face to face. Perhaps his most distinctive and unfailing characteristics were the transparent clearness of his exposition, and the direct and searching force of his application. His manner was always perfectly simple and natural; at the same time he spoke with a calm authority, a serene commanding force, a sustained power, free from all spasmodic fervours, yet sometimes vehement in its intensity, which combined to mark him out as a preacher altogether unique in style and character. No words could be plainer than his, no style less ambitious; of descriptive or dramatic eloquence he had nothing; yet his phrases flew like bolts, and his applications and appeals often overwhelmed his hearers as with a sudden overthrow, or struck them straight to the heart, so that men and women "dropped down as dead." If we are to judge by their results in the awakening of sinners and in permanent conversions, John Wesley must be accounted inferior to no preacher of whom we have any record, in respect of the spiritual effects produced by his sermons.

It is a common error to suppose that Wesley was characteristically a short preacher. His ordinary sermons—usually preached to village congregations—were of course short. But on special occasions he was one of the longest as well as most powerful preachers of whom we have any record. We read in his journal of his "speaking near two hours," of his "continuing" an open-air service in

Epworth churchyard "for near three hours," of his "continuing his discourse" at Bristol "near one hour longer than usual." When he was seventy-four years old he preached at Caermarthen in the open market-place a "full hour." One characteristic of his preaching everywhere and all his life ought to be distinctly mentioned. To use his own expression, he never failed to "lay a deep foundation of repentance." This made his proclamation of a free and present salvation for truly convinced and penitent sinners, as safe and true a message to declare as it was welcome to the awakened souls who accepted and embraced it.

The triumphs of Wesley's ministry were perhaps greatest in Cornwall. Before he visited that county it was the abode of a people ignorant, barbarous, and reckless, almost beyond belief. Christian civilisation seemed scarcely to have touched them. Under his preaching and that of his brother, and their lay evangelists, the character of the county was radically and permanently transformed. It has now for many generations been noted for the religious and Christian character of the population. The work which, under Providence, he accomplished in Newcastle and among the Dales of Northumberland, Durham, and North Yorkshire, is not so celebrated, but was almost as remarkable in its character and results as the work in Cornwall. The whole region has retained a deep savour of earnest and practical Christianity to this day. Wonderful, also, were the successes of his ministry among the barbarous population of what is now known as "the black country," and among the colliers of Kingswood. Nor did the work of his life die out or even decline. The revival, as he delighted often to say, continued and increased under his eye and under his hand for more than half a century.

The personal influence of Wesley and the kingly authority which seemed to belong to him are among the most marked characteristics of the man. Even

in the beginning at Oxford, as we have seen, he always led those with whom he came into contact; and this magnetic power belonged to him through life. It was, however, greatly increased after his conversion. Rarely could the fiercest rioter withstand his calm challenge of look and word, or the most wild and violent mob resist his commanding presence, his gesture, his appeal. Nor was his unfailing lovingness, which had in it no strain of weakness or of unmanly softness, less powerful than his high and serene courage, when he had to deal with raging men. In the midst of a mob "I called," Wesley writes, "for a chair; the winds were hushed, and all was calm and still; my heart was filled with love, my eyes with tears, and my mouth with arguments. They were amazed; they were ashamed; they were melted down; they devoured every word."

Wesley was one of the most catholic of men. His beautiful sermon on "A Catholic Spirit" exemplified his own true spirit and uniform practice. He thought little of doctrinal differences where there was the unity of Christian love in the heart. The controversies he was compelled to take part in were never raised or continued by him on high dogmatic or purely theological grounds. It was always Antinomianism breaking out in practice among those under his charge which constrained him to enter into controversy. And in his controversies he never returned railing for railing, or invective for invective. His own evangelical theology, nevertheless, was strictly defined. But the faith of which he spoke and wrote was always "the faith which works by love, and purifies the soul."

One of the griefs of his life was the difference, and, for awhile, controversy between Whitefield and himself in regard to the questions of election and predestination. But the two great evangelists were not very long in agreeing to differ. They loved each other dearly. Whitefield appointed Wesley his executor, and Wesley preached his funeral sermon.

## WESLEY'S OLD AGE.

Wesley's old age was in all respects remarkable. The once proscribed and reviled evangelist, came to be the object of almost universal honour. The churches had been shut to him for nearly half a century; but at length they were opened to him on every hand. Bishops paid him reverence, clergy flocked to hear him and to take part with him in administering the Lord's Supper. His strength, too, his activity, the bright intelligence of his faculties, seemed to be almost preternatural. Not until he reached his eighty-fifth year do we find an intimation of any of the infirmities which belong to old age. But the charm of his old age was its happiness and goodness. Alexander Knox, the friend of Southey, had been his friend for thirty years, and has furnished a description of his old age, which forms a fine counterpart to Mr. Gambold's picture of him at Oxford as he was fifty years before. "It would be far too little to say," writes Mr. Knox, "that it was impossible to suspect him of any moral taint, for it was obvious that every movement bespoke as perfect a contrariety to all that was earthly or animal as could be imagined in a mortal being. His countenance, as well as conversation, expressed an habitual gaiety of heart, which nothing but conscious virtue and innocence could have bestowed. My acquaintance with him has done more to teach me what a heaven upon earth is implied in the maturity of Christian piety, than all I have elsewhere seen or heard or read, except in the

sacred volume." It is no wonder that such a man was welcome among the pure and good of all ages and of every circle, or that children especially loved and delighted in him as he loved and delighted in them.

## THE END.

His death was in harmony with his life. "The best of all is God is with us" were almost his last words. And the last hymn that he sung, and tried once again to sing when very near his end, was the one which begins—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

He died on March 3rd, 1791, being eighty-seven years old. He had preached his last sermon on Wednesday the 23rd of February. He wrote his last letter on Saturday the 26th. It was addressed to William Wilberforce, and was an exhortation to him to persevere in his public efforts against the slave-trade. His last word was a simple "farewell," addressed to his old companion Joseph Bradford, one of his most faithful and best trusted preachers.

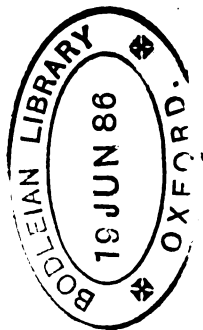
John Wesley lived to see his society established throughout the British Isles, America, and the West Indies; to see his ministers numbered by hundreds, and the members of his societies by many tens of thousands. The Methodist Churches of the world are his monument to-day.

JAMES H. RIGG, D.D.



# ALBERT DÜRER,

"THE EVANGELIST OF ART."



# ALBERT DÜRER,

## "THE EVANGELIST OF ART."

### I.

#### DÜRER'S TIME AND WORK.

JUST some three hundred and seventy years ago there was living in the city of Nuremberg a German painter, who, seldom as he may be counted among the Reformers, was really one of the noblest and strongest of them. Though neither a preacher nor a writer of theological books, ALBERT DÜRER was quite worthy to stand beside Luther, or his own gentle friend Melancthon; and now-a-days it would be felt severer loss to have taken from us a single etching of the artist than many a once famous treatise of controversial divinity. In his own happy manner, Longfellow has characterised Dürer—he is the EVANGELIST OF ART. While others were expounding the Gospel in tract or sermon, he told, in pictures, the story of the Cross; and the engrossing work of his life was to study the Son of Man, and to lead the German people to understand Him as they had not done before. Nor did he live in vain. Never till then had the work of human redemption—so full of peace for men, but wrought in suffering and death—been so nobly portrayed; nor has it ever since, perhaps, been more worthily conceived. The burghers used to boast:

"Nuremberg's hand  
Goes through every land;"

and by means of no other agency was its touch at once so helpful and so strong as through Dürer's influence in art, when the old city gave to the services of heavenly truth, the sanctified genius and the unresting energies of her greatest son.

His times, as every one knows, were full of trouble and unrest. Just as the darkest hour is before the dawn, the period immediately before the Reforma-

tion was fullest of gloomy fear. The unhealthy and evil ways of the past were being found out, and deep cries of anger were raised against them; but it was hard to find the better path. Politically, things seemed to be falling to pieces—there was no union of mind in Christendom; and the Turkish terror lay like a thunder-cloud all along the East. The true darkness, however, was in man's heart. Old questions which had given trouble for ages to only a few, were awaking again and troubling the whole world. For centuries people had been content to let the Church deal with the problems of Sin and Death; but in Dürer's days conscience had risen in alarm; even Death seemed to have undergone a resurrection, and to have arrayed himself in worse terrors than before. The work by which most of us remember the name of Holbein is his *Dance of Death*, in which the dread Skeleton proves himself the destroyer of every form of human strength and loveliness. It is when we study sketches like these that we best understand the value and the joy of Dürer's art; he also has seen and pondered the work of Death, but even more he has considered the great Sufferer and the mystery of the Cross; and his voice to the troubled age is one of solemn but cheerful peace. No one is more grave—few more awful in conception than Dürer; but no artist is more tender, none more nobly undismayed before any fear; nor is any one more truly the apostle of hope. Like his own particular hero, St. Paul, whom, with a hand of mature power, he has painted, Dürer has risen superior to the fear even of Death, for he knows whom he has believed, and his strength lies in the joyful assurance that nothing can separate from the love of God those who are in Christ Jesus the Lord.

But now let us go back, in thought, to those times of unrest, and follow, as we best may, the steps throughout his life of the artist Evangelist. We shall begin with Nuremberg, then visit with him Italy and the Netherlands—studying from year to year, as he gives them to us, his more notable works. But we shall be mostly in Nuremberg, and there also at the last; for nothing could tempt the master to leave his beloved city, and nothing now can ever part their names.

## II.

### CHILDHOOD IN NUREMBERG.

Albert Dürer was born on a morning in May, in the year 1471; to be exact, it was Tuesday, the 21st, and the little fellow made his appearance about eleven o'clock. At this period his father was living in the back part of the house of John Pirkheimer, a wealthy citizen, and when Albert began to notice what he saw out of the window, he found a courtyard, and beyond, a wall separating it from the street. Four years later, the elder Dürer bought a house of his own, to which the little boy, with other household valuables, was transferred, and this new home was the scene of his earlier days. It stood higher on the hill, looking on the open space before the gates of the castle, where several of the city streets meet. It is just at the end of this Burgstrasse—the Castle street of so many of our English towns—that Dürer's statue now stands; the lad must have passed and repassed the spot daily, with his little German slate and satchel, when going down to the St. Sebald's School. Farther on you come to the church, the towers of which were being raised to their present height in Dürer's youth; then there are the old streets, quaint and irregular, leading at various points towards the city gates and out to the level country, which stretches mile on mile round the walls. Still farther on, and beyond these spaces of pastoral country, there are hills covered with wood and wilder scenery. Through the

city flows the Pegnitz, which, rising in the Franconian mountains, joins its waters at Furth with those of a larger river, and in united flood, to the northward, joins the Maine.

The city and all this peaceful country is now far enough removed from the centres of commercial or intellectual activity; but when Dürer was a boy, Nuremberg was itself the central home of German art and trade. The streets, to-day so venerable and leisurely, were then alive with business; for the thoroughfare of Europe—as the merchants passed from Venice and the East to the great towns of Holland—lay through the Franconian plain. Nor was it trade alone. Almost next door to his father's stood the house of the famous painter, Wolgemuth; a little lower lived the scholar Dr. Hartmann Schedel, and the great publisher Antony Koburger, who, when Dürer was baptised, stood as his godfather, and in whose offices, where more than a hundred men were employed, the boy may have watched and wondered at the new invention of Printing. In every street some skilfully plied art found its factories—the glass painters and goldsmiths, the cunning artisans and engineers on all sides toiled in the service of their famous town. Albert's own father was a goldsmith; and it was but natural that when his son came to be some thirteen years old, he should strap on his apron and learn the ancestral craft. And in 1483, or perhaps the following year, we find him among the apprentices, while from time to time, through the noise of work, he hears his father's voice, and feels on him his eye of hope and care.

## III.

### APPRENTICE TIME.

The goldsmith's workshop can be recalled only in fancy; but, by a happy fortune, we may still see the very face of the Master's son. There is in Vienna a drawing on prepared paper, on which may yet be read, and in his own hand, the words, "I did this likeness of myself

from a looking-glass, in 1484, when I was yet a child.—*Albert Dürer.*" The words of a lady, one of his latest and most warmly appreciative biographers, can best describe the face. "It represents a handsome yet thoughtful boyish countenance, in which we distinctly trace the noble features and expression of the later Dürer portraits, and in which, in spite of its imperfect execution, a certain tenderness or melancholy of soul makes itself vaguely felt. The large soft eyes, although incorrectly drawn, gaze out at us with a touching yet solemn expression, and we cannot help wondering, as we look at the rough boyish sketch, what thoughts were rising in the young heart when it was made. The head is covered with a soft cloth cap, from beneath which the long hair, as in the later portraits, falls down over the neck and shoulders, but is cut straight across the forehead. The face forms a soft oval, from which the well-formed nose already stands out in a prominent manner, the eyebrows are slightly arched, and the full childish lips pout out as if waiting to be kissed. The dress is a loose jacket with wide sleeves, open in front, and showing the bare throat; one hand only is seen."<sup>1</sup>

So sweet and pure a face must often have drawn his father's and his mother's eyes, and there could not but be anxiety blending with affection. For the household of the elder Dürer, however happy it may have been, was sadly familiar with death. On the long list of his brothers' and sisters' births, Albert could at least count no fewer than seventeen names; but after each one, his own and two others excepted, there followed, and probably at an early age, the record of decease. The soft, melancholy eyes had already more than once looked on little white faces in the coffin, and watched the funeral leaving the door. Happily for us all, the child of genius as of love lived on, and as the years passed, grew steadily in a growth worthy of the promise of his face. And the same cause which tinged his eye with early

softness of sorrow, may have exercised a more happy influence. Another drawing, dated in the following year, possibly indicates that the familiarity with death had turned the boy's thoughts to the sacred studies to which his manhood gave heart and power. It is a sketch of the Christ as a little child, fondling His mother, and fondled by her in return. On either side stands an angel; one touches the strings of a lute, the other plays in unison a harp of gold. The skill of drawing for a boy is wonderful; but to many the interest of the study will be the indication it gives, at a period so early, of the tendency of the growing mind.

#### IV.

##### OLD MICHAEL WOLGEMUTH.

Let it be remembered that these drawings are the work, not of a painter's, but a goldsmith's apprentice, and it cannot surprise any one that in a year or two Albert pleaded for a change of trade. He cannot but have watched the busy studio of Wolgemuth, only a door or two off, and with his own growing preference for it, the painter's calling soon became the choice of his life. His father was too discerning to forbid, and on the 3rd of November, 1486, he bound Albert for three years to his famous neighbour, who at that time was in the height of his reputation, and productive energy. A portrait of the old man, by his new apprentice, survives; his face is keen and serious in expression; it is finely formed, and full of energy and industry, while about the lips lie hints of kindly feeling. Under his training Albert spent three years, and his own history of his apprenticeship, if short, is both expressive and full of suggestion. "During that time God gave me diligence, so that I learned much, but I had to suffer a great deal from the journeymen." It is one of the shadows in many a similar picture—the sensitive and conscientious spirit winced in uncongenial contact with the coars-

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Heaton.

companionships it cannot avoid, and suffers just in proportion to its capabilities of purer joy. The rough lads in Wolgemuth's workshop may not have meant to hurt their girl-like and delicate companion; but they might possibly have discovered that the banter of horseplay, which to them was congenial, was to another misery. It is in any case more than likely that when, at the end of his three years' service, Albert took farewell of the studios in the Burgstrasse, it was without any special regret for the loss of his companions.

And now came his *wander-jahre*, the years which the German tradesman, after his apprenticeship, gives to travel and seeing the world, while working in town after town as he passes on. It was an April morning, after the Easter of 1490, when Albert kissed his mother and turned his face to the west. Hardly a trace remains of these years to guide us in following him; but he seems to have gone by Colmar and Strassburg to Basle and to Venice, then perhaps farther towards the east by Gratz and Vienna, that he might see the Hungarian land from which his father came. A few works belong to this period, among them again a pretty little study of the Child-Christ. He has on a tiny white shirt, a golden ball is in His hand; His eyes are blue as in German children, and His face sweet with a smile; round Him, and seen through the window, is the bright green foliage of spring. But the special interest of these years of travel—so far as his artistic education is concerned—is in his study of landscape. As the young painter journeyed from town to town, now with the summer air around him and the brilliant skies above, and now with head set against an autumn gale, he saw and felt as no artist had done before, the charm and wonder of Nature. To ourselves, long familiar in book and magazine, with endless sketches of scenery, it may seem slight credit to a gifted man that he felt the beauty of the hills, and filled his portfolio with their forms; but we must

remember that three hundred years and many a skilful master have been necessary to teach us to know Nature and love her, and that of these many masters it is unjust to no one to say that Albert Dürer was at once the earliest, and, in many ways, the best. A century before his time, the mild-faced saints we still see in the galleries stood against a background of gold; later on we find the hills and rivers showing clear against the form—the human being set in his own world; but the landscape was formal and unreal, and life was wanting in its precise lines. It was Dürer who first transferred to the picture the very scene he loved and saw, and which we feel is full of human reality and soul. And thus the importance of these years of travel was very great, both for himself and for the higher and better education of his times. "It gives us a strange feeling if we picture to ourselves the German youth, going joyfully on his way, over hill and dale, with heart and eye ever ready for each new impression. If he is footsore and weary, or if some view has attracted his eye, he pauses to rest, and each pause produces a picture. Countless people had passed the same way before Dürer, but before him none had the eye to see these forms and colours, none the hand to arrest them on paper. If those that came after succeeded more easily, the chief merit belongs none the less to Dürer, of being the founder of modern independent landscape painting."<sup>1</sup>

## V.

### MARRIED LIFE.

In the May of 1494 the artist was home again. His father had sent for him, and on important business; he was to be married to the handsome daughter of Hans Frey, one of their neighbours in Nuremberg. In the old days in Germany these things were managed as we have long ceased to think wise—it was a matter rather for the

<sup>1</sup> Thausing's *Dürer*, vol. i. p. 120.

prudent seniors who were thinking of their sons and daughters, than for the future bridegrooms and brides. In this case the elder Dürer and Hans Frey seemed to have arranged everything. We can only suppose that a young couple so handsome, and seemingly so worthy of mutual love, could have had no reasonable objection to each other. But it is here that we meet one of the most painful and difficult parts of the artist's life. When, more than thirty years afterwards, Dürer died, his closest friend wrote indignantly accusing his wife, whose narrow, unsympathetic mind, and nagging temper had, he said, embittered all her husband's days, and brought him to a too early grave. It was a deplorable accusation, and by Dürer's ablest biographer it has been earnestly scouted, but others as competent to weigh the evidence, have been unable to remove the vague suspicion of there being underneath the charge a basis of truth. A pleasing face is a very slight guarantee for a kindly and unselfish heart; and many a mind, much less refined than Dürer's, has suffered in uncomplaining discomfort for a lifetime what heedless bitterness daily inflicts, and wounded sensibility never resents, except in the pained silence which to some may look like sullenness, but which is only the quietness in which a mortally wounded affection dies. And there are too good reasons for, at least, the fear that the artist's house in Nuremberg was not without a chill irksomeness to its master, which threw him all the more into the arms of such friends as Pirkheimer or Camerarius, to whom he could talk with genial freedom and hearty abundance of mirth. Yet we must not think that "My Agnes," whom her husband several times sketched, was a scolding virago, or in the silent depth of his heart, unbeloved. It may be enough to say that she was a German housewife, thrifty and practical and prosaic, while Albert was compact of mystic imagination and tender melancholy. And there never was a baby's voice heard in the home, for the marriage was childless.

## VI.

## THE APOCALYPSE.

The winter of 1494 found Dürer fairly at work, in his own studio, in his father's house. The history of the few years which follow cannot be fully told; he was busied, as Wolgemuth had been, in painting the large altar pieces which still draw art students to Dresden or Munich; but these paintings, though full of interest, give slight promise of the master's later and truer work. During the intervals of his busy days he seems to have employed himself in landscape sketching in the vicinity of Nuremberg, and these careful drawings still charm the eye, and recall the city and surroundings as the burghers knew them in these old days. One of the sketches is of the churchyard of St. John's, where Dürer's body was at length laid in rest. But in 1498, when he was twenty-seven years old, Dürer published a series of large woodcuts, in which his peculiar genius shows itself first with impressive distinctness, and which still exercise on those who appreciatively study them a strong influence. These are his illustrations of the Revelation of St. John.

It may have been to Dürer practically a new book—it was not every one to whom the wonders of the seer were familiar as they are now—and assuredly to the German people his own awful and mysterious pictures were themselves an apocalypse. Let it be remembered that the young artist issued his studies nearly twenty years before Luther's theses were nailed on the church door at Wittenberg; let it also be remembered that from side to side of Europe all the air was troubled with voices and vague fears of coming change. There had been terrible pestilences—Black Deaths—in which multitudes died miserably; there had been destructive wars and apprehensions of worse; while the whole kingdom of men's beliefs and opinions was in a state of anarchy. At such a time there was something at once opportune and solemnising in the

opening of the door of Heaven; and the revealing to the commonest, who had eyes to see, the acts of that tremendous drama, which, with alternately pausing and bounding heart-beats, the watchers saw in his solitude in Patmos. Worthy firstfruits it assuredly was of that intellect which ever dwelt with thoughts of the unseen, and which, like the inspired mind of John himself, beheld the vision that he might make it known to his times.

In the first of these large and boldly-drawn woodcuts we see the suffering St. John. There is a tradition that he was put into a caldron of boiling oil; and Dürer has taken the common story and set it expressively forth. The face of the sufferer is agonised, but full of resigned devotion, and the spectators, who stand closely round watching, seem to feel how great it is so to die. But at the turning of the page there is a change;—the martyr is again here; but now with face renewed in the nobleness of heaven, and, with tresses of rich hair on his shoulders, quite like Dürer's own, he is kneeling awe-struck before his Lord in glory, whose face is as a flame of fire, while His strong right hand holds the seven stars. The next cut exhibits the opened heaven; here are the elders and the living creatures full of eyes, circling the throne of jasper and sardius-stone with its emerald rainbow round the Divine Form, while the apostle—here and all through the book young and beautiful—gazes at the vision through the unclosed door. Beneath this cloudly scene Dürer has sketched a calm landscape of the earth—the shores of a lake, with castles and towers and wooded mountains, “a picture of the peace that reigns where man is not, and where suffering is unknown.”

The next cut is one of the most vigorously and solemnly conceived. Four horsemen gallop with heavy plunge from left to right. One of them is the shrunk and shambling but dread form of Death, who swings his weapon against the falling human forms below him, and from whose open mouth we seem to hear his own fatal

cry of fear. The others, though more human, are impressive from their force and solemnity; we see the balance held in the strong hand, the sword and the arrow set against the bow. In the sixth cut is a multitude of heavenly forms, the hundred and forty and four thousand, who kneel to receive each in his forehead the mark of the Lamb. Beside, and silently waiting for the tremendous orders from the throne, stand the four great angels; they are like men, with strong vulture wings, and faces rather of age than youth, bony and strong, and gloomily stern and resolute. In the next cut the command to slay has been given, and these four portentous forms, an hour ago so still, are now almost maddened in the energy of destruction. One seizes a woman, flying hopelessly, by the hair; another has crushed a mob of shrieking creatures to the ground; to the left a horse with his rider springs away but in vain from the fatal archangel blades. Very similar to this cut is the eleventh, in which Michael and his mighty helpers drive down at the spear point the brutal forms of the evil angels; but in this case the only indication of humanity is the peaceful sea-scene and shore with which Dürer has filled the lower part of the sheet. The thirteenth vision reveals the elect with the palm-branches, a crowd of human and angelic beings, the former with crowns, and bearing in their hands their pledges of victory. Below and in the front, John is listening while the vision is explained; he is very noticeable in his youthful beauty, and his head is covered with the glory of his abundant hair. In this, as in the second cut, there is a glimpse of far-away scenery of the earth. A page further on we see the old dragon crushed into the narrow pit of his doom, and in the last a peaceful and pleasant city on a hill is pointed out to the apostle by an angel, who stands with him on a mountain to the right. It is the New Jerusalem, into which, past the angel who guards its gate, nothing unholy can enter, and it is the home of

the happy martyr, who in the first page we saw in the agony of death, but who now looks with eager wonder and joy on the home of his undisturbed victory and repose.

## VII.

### VISIT TO VENICE.

This noble book, however rudely conceived in many details, and noticeably behind the work of later years, is yet a not unworthy expression of Dürer's grave and spiritual mind. We know he had soon after this time begun to work on his studies of our Lord as suffering; but these were not issued in complete form till much later. Many works of these years concern us less, and cannot be alluded to here; but they give their own evidence to the master's industry, and still more to his restless efforts after self-improvement. Let us for a moment leave the studio and the routine of artistic employments, and follow Dürer, when, in 1506, he started for Venice.

It is one of the miseries of success such as his, that it excites both jealousy and fraud; and he was no exception to the rule. An Italian painter, Marc Antonio, had been systematically reproducing Dürer's studies in the Lord's Passion as his own, and the immediate cause of the visit to Venice seems to have been the necessity of dealing with such unhandsome piracy. But there were other inducements. For some years the artist's health had been broken, and he may have cared little to stay in Nuremberg when the plague broke out in the city; there were also good prospects of extending profitably his reputation and trade. Accordingly, some time about the summer of 1506, the German painter—himself handsomer than any of his figures,—attracted the gaze of the citizens of Venice and compelled its artists' respectful attention. But, if sufficiently jealous, they seemed not unwilling to do abundant honour to the distinguished stranger. Dürer himself was delighted. "How shall I ever come home again,"

he jests to Pirkheimer; "here I am a gentleman, with you I am but a hanger-on—a poor painter, hard up for money." His country-people in Venice were naturally proud of their magnificent Nuremberger, and rejoiced in his merited honours. One of his objects in visiting them was to paint for the Chapel, connected with their Exchange, a sacred picture; and when, after five months of absorbing work, the famous *Feast of the Rose Garlands* was set up in its place, the brilliant and masterly work was at once the envy of the Italian artists, and the boast of their northern rivals. Seldom, indeed, does Dürer seem to have thrown himself into his tasks with prouder assurance of his strength, and in only a few instances did he excel in conception and in execution the fine study of which the damaged remains now rest in the Barberini in Vienna.

A little bundle of letters, discovered in an old house in Nuremberg, throw an interesting light on this period. They are from Dürer to his devoted friend Willibald Pirkheimer, who has been mentioned once or twice already. Pirkheimer was one of the great Humanists of Germany—a superior scholar, an able man, full of strong impulses, but jovial and generous, and to Dürer from youth onwards, the one closest and truest friend. It appears that he had lent the artist a sum of money, perhaps to help him to visit the south; and he was eager to get whatever could be picked up in the way of curiosities or literary valuables—Greek books, gems, Persian carpets, rare ornaments of every kind. The letters are filled with references to these and similar things; and they contain frequent accounts of the blended compliments and jealousies Dürer was experiencing in his new home. One thing is evident, he was in greatly heightened spirits and evident enjoyment, he is full of banter and jest; but while much of all this is but the effervescence of his mind, there are elsewhere quieter revelations of his graver self. "I pray God in the matter of health, yours may



be better than mine. . . As for the books you ordered I have sent them; if you want anything else let me know. I wish I could serve you better; it would be a great pleasure to me. I dare say I think oftener than you do of the money I owe, and will honourably return with thankfulness, when God helps me home again. . . I wish you were in Venice! There are many fine fellows among the painters, who get more and more friendly with me, it holds one's heart up—all wishing me well, and full of courtesy; on the other hand, there are some of the falsest people alive. . . . We are both so well off, and think so much of ourselves naturally, I with my pictures, you with your wisdom, that when the crowd glorify us we keep our chins in the air, while perhaps some one is making sport of us behind our back. Don't let us believe all the praises we get." Nor does he ever seem able to get rid of an anxiety, lest his talented and warm-blooded correspondent might suffer his "wisdom" to be overborne by his love for enjoyments, of which he was only too fond. These almost too frank remonstrances, however disguised with friendly jokes, reveal an affection to his friend which Pirckheimer was too generous not to appreciate. Dürer is, indeed, like his own ideal, whom in his quaint verses he loved to sketch.

"Whoever is thy worthy friend  
 Employs no arts, no selfish end  
 Is his; he tries to keep you straight,  
 Walks not before, is not too late,  
 Nor leaves thee in thy needs; his hand  
 Is armed, when you in battle stand.  
 He never makes you feel how strong  
 And good he is, though you be wrong.  
 To honour such a friend take heed,  
 Let nothing part you word or deed,  
 He is the gift of God; you must  
 Do nothing to impair the trust."

At length he turned his face northward, not altogether sorry, we may believe, to see the German hills again, and fall into the work which after all was his highest and surest joy. It was delightful to taste the stimulating popularity

and to share in the cultured society of Italy for awhile; but Dürer was far too true a Nuremberger to live long away from the old city. He had learned something of the methods of Transalpine art, and now, with a richer knowledge and confirmed views of his own work, he will bring to an end what he has begun.

## VIII.

### THE SUFFERING CHRIST.

This may be the most fitting place to refer to Dürer's work illustrating our Lord's sufferings and death. No one knew better how unimportant the common subjects of artistic treatment are, when compared with the events of the Divine tragedy. In point of fact, all his work turned to this central object, and the books which he gave his country on the Dying Christ, are Art's noblest Gospels. Four times at least, not to mention innumerable lesser studies and larger church paintings, Dürer delineated the incidents of the Redeemer's death; and to this day no other studies have illustrated that ever-absorbing theme. Some readers of this sketch may have seen a little book published in 1844 by Archdeacon Allen, 'The Little Passion'—in which thirty-two of the original woodcuts have been reproduced. These were first issued complete in 1509. Another series of woodcuts, much increased in size, and twelve in number, is known as 'The Greater Passion,' in which, with impressive largeness and solemnity of spirit, the great history is retraced. A third treatment is in 'The Passion in Copper,' a series of little works powerfully conceived and etched, and of which Mr. William B. Scott, himself an artist not incompetent to estimate Dürer, has said that they can never be worthily estimated, nor even either superseded or excelled. The 'Green Passion,' a fourth group of studies, done on prepared green paper, reviews the same history, and with many enriching modifications, and suggestions.

To this enumeration might be added the 'Life of the Virgin,' "a beautiful epic poem," in which, while the story of the Lord's mother is told as it never has been before, the real subject and centre of interest is her Son.

To describe these drawings is impossible, nor, did they lie before us, would any study do them justice, except that which is most patient and reverent. Unlike the many weak and sentimental conceptions of later times, these are severely grave and intensely real. Dürer could not idealise the story, and he understood its Divine mystery best, when thinking of it as transacted in actual human life, such as it was known to himself and his times. Hence his soldiers are Germans in the armour of his day; the Pharisees wear the turbans of the Turk; and the common people of Jerusalem were just those Dürer could sketch from the window of his own house in Nuremberg. And the people of the Fatherland understood it all. There was no unreality here; no slim saints, such as men had never seen; no distant world they could not think of as their own. Many a rough Saxon and Flemish householder must have bent over these homely and powerful pictures with a new feeling of earnestness and awe; and many a youthful heart must have been touched by the wondrously vivid panorama of Redemption. We have since grown more scrupulously consistent with history; our Passion studies are now faithfully Oriental in their details, as befits the truth; yet it may be doubted whether many an English peasant would not still understand it far better if the scenery were brought nearer home, and the story of the Cross were told him as it might have happened in England, and in his own days.

One eminent service rendered by Dürer in these works is the nobler conceptions he has given us of the Lord. In earlier art He is the amiable Sufferer; but the figure is often soulless and often weak; the highest conception did not rise above gentle endurance. But the

Christ of Dürer is heroic in form and expression, as well as in power of bearing agony; He is Strength, enduring pain for love of men. In these curious Passion-scenes, where everywhere pinched and wretched forms and faces recur among the Pharisees and the crowd, the Christ is ever a majestic form, and His ampler and statelier physique is equalled by the Divine grandeur of the revelations of His soul. A similar service has been rendered to His gentle mother. The pretty or the feeble Madonnas of Italian art—copied often from the most unworthy models—appear no more with Dürer, he has discarded the venal goddess, and shown us a true and tender woman. Nothing can be more simply natural than many of his sketches of the mother of the Lord; nor has Dürer ever seemed more at home than when delineating her fondness for her little Child, when He nestled an infant on her knee; or her true and natural agony of affection when broken-hearted she watched Him on the cross, or swooned when His body was laid in the sepulchre. No one who has studied one cut in the series—the seventeenth—that in which the Lord takes leave of Mary before the end, can ever forget or disown its power to impress. He is standing with uplifted hand of solemn blessing, and face of settled and serious, but heroic calm, while to the left, with a touching and natural misery, His mother sinks into an attendant's arms. No one can misunderstand the simple pathos of the scene, or fail to feel it, and this, surely, is for the artist to have his highest reward.

## IX.

### THE KNIGHT.

This great series, in which Dürer's work on our Lord, as Suffering Redeemer, is most fully embodied, appeared in complete form in 1511. The year but one afterwards, 1513, he produced one of his most impressive, but most enigmatical studies, the well-known engrav-

ing of *The Knight, Death, and the Devil*. No sketch of Dürer can overlook this dark and solemn pictured parable.

It is not much larger than this page. A knight in armour, on his strong horse, rides towards the left, filling nearly all the space. Behind him, on the other side from your eye, is a brutal form—Sin or the Devil; beside his horse's head is a gloomy skeleton mounted. The place is a narrow pass between rocks; beyond, on a mountain top, there is a towered castle.

To some critics this is a Nemesis; the horseman is a robber, who is in the power of the awful revengers Hell and the Grave. But a far more widely accepted view is that the knight is an embodiment of Christian Fortitude and Faith disdaining his ghostly foes. Let us listen to Mr. Ruskin while he interprets the allegory.

"Death is grey-haired and crowned, serpents wreathed about his crown (the sting of death involved in the kingly power). He holds up the hour-glass and looks earnestly in the knight's face. Behind him follows Sin, but Sin powerless; he has been conquered and passed by, but follows yet, watching, if any way of assault remains. On his forehead are two horns—I think of sea-shell—to indicate his instability and insatiableness. He has also the twisted horns of a ram for stubbornness; the ears of an ass, the snout of a swine, the hoof of a goat. Torn wings hang useless from his shoulders, and he carries a spear with two hooks, for catching as well as wounding. The knight does not heed him, nor even Death, though he is conscious of the presence of this last. He rides quietly, his bridle firm in his hand, and his lips set close in a slight scornful smile, for he hears what Death is saying, and hears it as the word of a messenger who brings pleasant tidings, thinking to bring evil ones. A little branch of delicate heath is twisted round his helmet. His horse trots proudly and straight; its head high, and with a cluster of oak on the brow, where on the fiend's brow is the sea-

shell horn. But the horse of Death stoops his head, and its rein catches the little bell which hangs from the knight's horse's bridle, making it toll as a passing bell . . . So, Dürer declares the sad but unsullied conquest over Death the Tempter, the sad but enduring conquest over Death the Destroyer."<sup>1</sup>

A noble parable for those times of conflict and temptation; nor is it less needful for our own. "Are not Death and the Devil the constant companions of every man in his journey through life? The sand in the hour-glass of our lives, is it not ever flowing, and does not Death await us at every turn in our road? Evil thoughts likewise, animal desires, and selfish aims—are they not perpetually rising in our minds, so that we need every instant to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?' and is not the victory to him who goes on steadily in the path of duty, nor swerves to the right hand nor the left in his course through the narrow pass of life?"<sup>2</sup>

## X.

### THE MELANCOLIA.

The following year produced another parable as difficult but as profound as this. The *Melancholia* of Dürer is perhaps his most popular work. On the right you see a woman in German housewife dress, but with angel wings, sitting, her head resting heavily on her hand, and her face dark with solemn thought. Round her feet lie instruments of human toil—the saw and plane, a sphere and measuring rule, and beyond a crucible is on the fire. Beside her, and on a mill-stone, which leans against the base of a column, a little winged boy seems engaged in study. Against the column hang a balance, a bell, an hour-glass, and a quadrant table of figures. In the distance, and far off, the sea lies still as a lake of glass around the wooded shores. The sky flames with a comet—portent of fear; but above is a rainbow.

<sup>1</sup> *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 256.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Heaton's *Dürer*, p. 182 (2nd Ed.).

What thoughts were in Dürer's mind when this strange study grew under his hand? Is this "Human Reason in despair at the limits imposed upon her power?"<sup>1</sup> Is she the genuine Melancholy, embodiment of the word which is engraved on a scroll in the design, weary with all the work done under the sun, and full of the sense of vanity of vanities? Is this the life and work of man bitterly portrayed—the comet of destruction in its sky; the bell for death as well as marriage; the figures which, count them as you will, come to the same sum in the end; the hour-glass that tells of the flying, wasting, weary day—while over it all broods the angel of Disappointment and Despair? Or is it not rather an allegory of Strength and Hope? Is not this the Human Soul, grave, even to weary sorrowfulness, but neither disheartened nor dismayed? She is strong in build and limb; she has the wings of an angel, her arm leans on a book, her hand holds the compasses of calculating truth, and her brow is wreathed with the crisp and bright spleenwort of the spring. She has seen the hour-glass and the bell; they say, "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might." It is a weary world, and in all strength is labour and sorrow; but is she not learning that in wise labour and sorrow there is strength,<sup>2</sup> and will she not rise again to work as she has done before? There is no skeleton in this picture, nor any demon's face of fear; and in the sky, spanning both sea and comet with its mighty arch, there is the rainbow—pledge of covenant with God, and of man's indestructible hope. Surely this also is work worthy of Dürer's passionate spirit; a welcome and an inspiring message of cheer, to his own and to every time. The melody of the great ninetyeth Psalm is in this engraving; it has the solemn dirges of man's mortality, but its close and its true spirit is a prayer for the beauty of the Lord God to rest on us, and His blessing on the work of our hands.

<sup>1</sup> Thausing.<sup>2</sup> Ruskin.

## XI.

## TOUR IN THE NETHERLANDS.

In the year 1519 the Emperor Maximilian died. He had been Dürer's friend, and his death gave the artist some natural anxiety about his position under his successor, who soon was known to be Charles V. As in the case of the journey to Venice, various reasons combined with the leading one to make a visit to the Netherlands a matter of prudence and advantage, and on the 12th of July, 1520, the artist, with his wife and her servant Susanna, started for Antwerp. A journal of this and the following year makes them perhaps the portion of Dürer's history, concerning which we know the most.

For a poetic mind to indite it seems certainly a prosaic diary. Unless the credit is due to his practical wife Dürer appears a model of practical management. There is not a shilling expended which is not duly entered in its place. Stage by stage we can follow him, as he passes from one town to another; and the old sixteenth-century life and manners are photographed in his notes of the ways of the collectors of tolls, the innkeepers and artists, the higher folk in the cities, and the passengers on the barges as they floated lazily down the Meuse. We see with him the splendid procession at Antwerp when the Feast of the Annunciation was held on August 29th—the "troop of very brave folk, all dressed in the most magnificent and costly manner," and fancy we can hear again "the German pipers and drummers, who piped and drummed their loudest," while "long silver trumpets of the old Frankish fashion" added to the martial blare. It was at Antwerp, a few days before this, that the painters invited Dürer to dine with them in their Hall, with his wife and servant. "Everything there was of silver and other costly ornamentation, and extremely costly viands. All the painters' wives were there, and when I was conducted to the table all the people

stood up on each side, as if I had been a great lord. There were amongst them many persons of distinction, who all bowed low, and in the most humble manner testified their pleasure at seeing me." This is a specimen of the way in which Dürer was fêted and complimented wherever he went. His route lay by Frankfort-on-the-Maine and Cologne to Antwerp; he visited afterwards Brussels, Ghent, and Aix-la-Chapelle. The description in his journal of all these places, if matter-of-fact, is vivid, like his own etching in its minute and graphic detail. Every page is full of items of money matters, the endless invitations to dinners and suppers, the wonders of the buildings he saw; while every natural curiosity is chronicled with evident interest. Greatest in every sense among these natural marvels was a whale, which had been stranded on the coast, and though the season was unfavourable, and the travelling hard, nothing could prevent him going to see the helpless monster. He bought himself a thick rug to keep out the chilly damps, and arrived at length on the shore; but it must have been a miserable disappointment to hear that the tide had carried the huge fish out to sea again.

At length, after many experiences, both of hardship and luxury, when the autumn of 1521 was mellowing Franconia, he returned home. "The return of Dürer, with his female belongings, parrots in cages, small tortoises, and all the curious and sumptuous gatherings which he and his wife had made, must have been an event in Nuremberg. His Oriental objects, Calcutta specimens, natural history curiosities never before seen there, would supply amusement for some time to come."<sup>1</sup>

## XII.

### LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

By this time the Reformation had grown into a great reality. It was consistent with the high spirit and intel-

lectual character of Nuremberg that it was the first free city to join the new movement; and it was no less characteristic of the artist, that he was among the earliest to show his sympathy with Luther. His friend, Pirkheimer, after the Leipsig Controversy of 1524, had published a jovial satire against Eck, and Spengler, "the true Reformer of Nuremberg," a devout and able man, had taken his place on the same side. One of his earlier works, *An Exhortation to a Virtuous Life*, is dedicated to Dürer, as being himself a model and example of a better way of living; and no one who knew the artist's mind could doubt that in such a struggle as engaged his friends, he would be heartily at one with them. For Luther he had a long-standing admiration, and nothing better expresses Dürer's spiritual character than his entry in his *Netherland Journal* when he heard of Luther's captivity, or, as he feared, his death: "So this man, enlightened by the Holy Ghost to be the continuer of the true faith, has disappeared. Have they murdered him? I do not know. If he has suffered, it is for the Christian truth against the unchristian papacy, which works against the freedom of Christ, exacting from us our blood and sweat, therewith to nourish itself in idleness, while the people famish. It is very sad and heavy to me that God allows so much false teaching and blindness in men we call Fathers, and permits the excellent worth of religion to be falsified and removed. God of Heaven, have pity on us! . . . O God, never were men so cruelly put down under human laws as under those of the Roman Chair, men who, redeemed by Thy precious blood, ought to be free Christians. O Heavenly Father, pour into our hearts by Thy Son the light that will guide us, and show us the true leader, that we may leave the false guides with a clear conscience, and serve Thee with the joy of our hearts. . . As Jerusalem was destroyed of old, so destroy with Thy power the Chair of Rome. Give us a new Jerusalem, adorned

<sup>1</sup> W. B. Scott's *Dürer*.

with the splendours as written in the Apocalypse, a new Evangel, cleared of human commentaries."

These indignant and sorrowful words of the great artist show how he sympathised with the gallant theologian of Wittenberg, and no one read with deeper interest than he did the successive tracts of Luther. Their clear statements of gospel truth—so bold and plain—greatly charmed him; and he trembled to think a teacher so valuable should be sacrificed, and the new Evangelical day, with all its splendid promise, be overcast. "If we have lost this man, who has written more clearly than any other has done for the last 140 years (since Wycliffe), and to whom thou gavest such an evangelical spirit, we beseech thee, O Heavenly Father, to bestow Thy Holy Spirit once more upon one who will gather together again from all parts Thy Holy Christian Church, so that we may again live together in Christian unity; and that all unbelievers, such as Turks, heathens, and Indians, may turn willingly to us on account of our good works, and accept the Christian faith." And then he turned wistfully to Erasmus, and implored him to consecrate his abilities and learning to the service of his Lord. "Listen, soldier of Christ! ride forth beside the Lord Jesus, defend the truth, and win the martyr's crown. . . . And if thou here below becomest like thy Master Christ, and sufferest shame from lying tongues, and shouldst even die a little while sooner, then wilt thou sooner pass from death unto life. . . . O Erasmus, stand by us!" It was a stirring call; pity only that it fell on ears which heard so indistinctly the nobler voices of his time.

### XIII.

#### LATER YEARS IN NUREMBERG.

But among the Reformers, Dürer's special friend was Melanchthon. Like himself, gentle and liberal, but high and serious in temper, the scholar could not but impress him deeply, and the best

portrait of Melanchthon is that which Dürer engraved two years before his own death. The friendship between these two rarely gifted men seems to have ripened in the years 1525 and 1526, when Melanchthon visited Nuremberg, and joined for a little the circle, of which the painter, even more than Pirkheimer himself, was the centre. This was only shortly before Dürer's death. But if comparatively brief, this fuller intimacy was thorough; and never has any praise been given to Dürer equal to the affectionate and pithy sentence of Melanchthon's: "His art, great as it was, was his least merit."

The occasion of Melanchthon's visit to Nuremberg in May 1526 was a pleasant one; he had come to inaugurate a new popular college, in which the German youth might be taught, and in nobler ways than of old, the various learning which is the State's true ornament and defence. Melanchthon's opening lecture may still be read, and as he listened to its graceful eloquence, Dürer must have felt hearty regret that his friend must leave them so soon, and visit them so seldom. But while the Reformer could not, as he had been urged to do, make Nuremberg his home, he had made some compensation by giving to the new Gymnasium as its Rector his friend Camerarius, and by commending to its other chairs men who greatly enriched the better society of the city. The Professors, with a few others, formed a friendly society, and if Dürer did not always dine with them when they met round some hospitable table, we may be sure that often in these old Nuremberg days, when Pirkheimer and Dürer planned a pleasant evening, that they might freely talk over the things nearest their heart, they soon learned to invite Rector Kammermeister<sup>1</sup> and Eoban Hesse, two of Melanchthon's closest friends, and both ultimately friends also of Dürer.

In many ways Camerarius was a second, if a lesser Melanchthon. Like his great

<sup>1</sup> Camerarius.

associate, he was a true Humanist, who, loving classical learning specially, loved also every liberal art; but who knew that the most excellent of all the sciences was the knowledge of Jesus. In the Gymnasium he was Professor of Greek, as well as Rector, and his numerous editions of classical authors indicate how substantially he served the cause of learning, and proved himself no unworthily ally of the Preceptor of Germany. These professional books are long since forgotten; but other writings are still vital and instructive—his is the *Life of Melancthon* we can least of all dispense with; and he has performed the same affectionate service for Eoban Hesse, with whom in Nuremberg he passed so many enjoyable days. Even the artist's memory is indebted to the excellent Rector; he edited, with reverent care, Dürer's *Treatise On Proportion*, and described in admiring words, which themselves form a portrait, the appearance and the manner, so courtly yet so winning, of the famous painter. Quite of another mould, yet hardly less loveable, was the Professor of Poetry. Eoban Hesse was tall and of fine form, with all a poet's unpractical and erratic ways, yet guileless and simple as a child; and, with his blended genius and joviality, it was no wonder Dürer admired him, and as a token of his regard painted his portrait. But Eoban was not a fluent versifier only; he had in his own days, in Germany and abroad, the reputation of being the first poet of his country; and it was no small matter for the Reformation that so notable a man was its friend. His last days are illuminated by a touching incident. He had lain for a long time in silence, when he suddenly said he would go up to his Lord. They thought the poet's mind was wandering; but his words had a deeper meaning, and soon after he died.

Such were some of the friends with whom, along with the older companions of his heart, Dürer passed his latest years. They cannot have been years

without much high solace and enjoyment. His own health was indeed failing; but his spiritual character seems to have, in proportion, developed and deepened. These were the years when he was maturing some books for the press, in which we possess some of the most precious fruits of his long and silent thought. Nobly does he speak of the art he loved. Human beauty is, he says, the highest; but no one can say assuredly what is its finest form. God alone knows that, and he to whom He will reveal it. "Never imagine to thyself thou canst make anything better than God has made it. . . . No man can ever execute a beautiful picture relying on his own imagination, unless he has stored his mind from a study of divine work in nature. . . . The mysterious treasure laid up in the heart is made known by the man's work"—for the mind and heart must be in union with the life and power of God, and then the artist's hand will form that thing of beauty which is indeed a joy for ever.

#### XIV.

##### WORK OF THE LAST YEARS.

But now once again, and before the close, let us leave the outer life and turn to some of the works which have preserved Dürer's name. Of the great paintings, such as *The Adoration of the Trinity*, and the *All Saints*, which still, with faded glory, illuminate the places of their rest, little can be said here. The last years are remarkable, chiefly by the portraits, and by the latest masterpiece of Dürer's conception and skill, *The Four Apostles*. The portraits best known to us, and most interesting to Englishmen, are those of Melancthon—copied for a Tract in this series—Frederick the Wise of Saxony, Pirkheimer, and Erasmus. The execution of these heads is exceedingly able; so long as they remain, we may be said to know what manner of men their originals were:—Frederick, with his powerful and noble air; Pirkheimer, coarse yet gener-

ous; the cold, masterful look of the scholar of Rotterdam contrasting with the eager refinement of the Professor of Greek at Wittenberg; while, fit companion for such or greater friends, now in the glory of his youth, and, later, in the grave nobility of his manhood, we can recall, as if we knew him, the artist's own incomparable form.

In 1526 Dürer finished, and formally presented to his native city, his great *Four Apostles*—the picture in which his study of spiritual truth, as embodied in human forms, seems to be at its highest. The figures are life-size, on tall panels two by two; John is beside Peter, and Mark is seen behind Paul. "In the delicate moulding of St. John's fair head, a resemblance has been discovered to Melanchthon. . . St. John wears a red robe, lined with yellow, over a green undergarment; his eyes are fixed thoughtfully on the open book, on which can be read in German the first words of the Gospel. Near him stands, quite in the background, St. Peter, a weary-looking old man. . . . Upon the right appears the Master's own particular hero, St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles—one of the grandest figures ever imagined, only comparable in its execution to Dürer's ideal of Christ. . . Look at the broad strong figure, standing firm and upright, completely enveloped in the folds of a long white robe, beneath which can be seen a little of the deep red tunic. . . Behind him stands his companion, St. Mark the Evangelist, pale, and trembling with excitement. . . The age of the Reformation could in truth have erected no worthier monument to the Apostles, whom it had chosen as its standard-bearer, and whose spiritual affinity to Luther it discerned so clearly."<sup>1</sup>

It is very notable that Dürer did not send his studies to the city magistrates without an explicit statement of their higher meaning. Under each of the two panels he placed extracts from the

<sup>1</sup> Thausing's *Dürer*, vol. ii. p. 270.

Epistles and the Gospel—living words from the messengers of Divine truth he had portrayed. These passages were preceded by the grave words of his own: "All secular rulers should be careful in these dangerous times that they do not accept the seduction of men for the Word of God; for God will not have anything taken from His Holy Word, nor added to it. Hear, therefore, these four excellent men—Peter, John, Paul, and Mark, and listen to their warning."

## XV.

### EMIGRAVIT.

The close of Dürer's life comes upon every reader with abrupt solemnity. He had been ill; in fact, after those splendid Netherland days he had never been thoroughly himself; and a painfully vivid sketch of him exists, in which, sorely altered, he points to a discoloured spot on his side, with the written words, "It is here I suffer"—a drawing intended, perhaps, to give some distant medical men an idea of his patient's malady. He died suddenly on April 6, 1528, aged fifty-seven. Fourteen years before, on the death of his mother, he had prayed: "The Lord God grant that I also may have a happy end;" and his desire seems to have been fulfilled. Camerarius says, that though the artist died prematurely, it was a placid and peaceful departure, such as we may well wish for ourselves. His body was laid in a vault in St. John's churchyard—the very spot which, in his youthful days, he had sketched; and Pirkheimer placed on his tomb, with his name and the date, the one word which told the visitor he was not dead, but had only left Nuremberg for the Better Country—

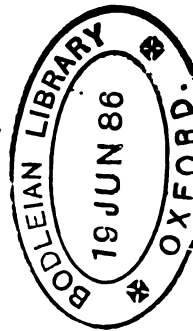
"EMIGRAVIT is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies, Dead he is not, but departed, for the Artist never dies."

How true, of ALBERT DÜRER, Long-fellow's serious and affectionate praise!

GEORGE WILSON, M.A., F.L.S.



# SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.



# SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

---

## I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

THE death of Dr. Johnson, in December 1784, was felt as a national loss, and caused universal sorrow. He had long been one of the foremost men in England, looming large in the public view, and recognised as the chief, and almost dictator, in the republic of letters. Every honour was paid to his memory. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his statue was placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. Many eloquent tributes of regret and of eulogy were published, but none more touching, more discriminating, and more comprehensive than the lines which the poet Cowper wrote as an epitaph:—

"Here Johnson lies—a sage, by all allowed,  
Whom to have bred may well make England proud;

Whose prose was eloquence by wisdom taught,  
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;  
Whose verse may claim, grave, masculine, and strong,

Superior praise to the mere poet's song,  
Who many a noble gift from Heaven possess'd,  
And faith at last—alone worth all the rest.  
Oh! man immortal by a double prize,  
On earth by fame, by favour in the skies!"

The natural desire to know much about such a man has been abundantly gratified. Numerous biographies and memoirs have appeared. "Of all the men," says Sir Walter Scott, "distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation are concerned. This arises, mainly, as all the world knows, from his having found in James Boswell such a biographer as no man but himself ever had, or ever deserved to have."

'The Life of Johnson' by Boswell has been described as the most interesting

and instructive specimen of biography that has ever been given to the world. Certainly no man in modern times has had his inner as well as his outward life, his sayings and doings, his thoughts and opinions, his sentiments and feelings, his prejudices and passions, his faults and frailties exhibited in so much detail and with so much fidelity. It was not only his table-talk and his literary conversations that were thus published, but his most common and confidential intercourse, his secret communings with his own spirit, the workings of his conscience, and the most solemn and contrite exercises of piety and devotion. His private journals, his letters, his prayers and meditations, all have been laid open to what in his case we may truly call "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," for he was a king of men, and looked up to as the highest intellect of the times in which he lived. That he passed through such an ordeal with a fame not lessened and a reputation not tarnished, is enough to establish his claim to be numbered among the good as well as the great; and if some things are now read with pity and others with disapproval, the general feeling in every ingenuous mind is that of increased respect and affection.

In a brief tract like this, little more can be given than an outline of the story of his life and of his literary labours, with special notice of those points which give him a place in the records of Christian biography.

## II.

### BIRTH, EDUCATION, AND EARLY TRAINING.

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield on the 18th September, 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, had settled in Lichfield as a book-

seller and stationer. In those days there were few provincial book shops. There was not one in Birmingham, and thither Michael Johnson went, as well as to other Midland towns, to sell his books on market days. In these expeditions young Samuel sometimes accompanied his father, and it was in connection with the itinerating book trade that an incident occurred which history and art have made memorable. The boy was about fourteen years of age, when his father, being indisposed, desired him to take his place at Uttoxeter market. Through pride he refused to go, and this once he disobeyed his good father. His conscience smote him afterwards, and the remembrance of his fault was painful to him. Fifty years after, during his last visit to Lichfield, he disappeared one day from the house where he was a guest, and on his return in the evening he told how he had been to Uttoxeter, and had remained bareheaded for an hour in the rain, on the spot where his father's stall used to stand. This act of contrition at least showed the tenderness of his conscience, and the filial piety so habitual to him, that this was the sole breach he could charge himself with.

Much has been said about the extreme poverty of Johnson's home and the hardships of his young life. In point of fact, the father was in a fairly good position, having a prosperous business, and being much esteemed by his fellow-citizens. In the year of Samuel's birth, 1709, Michael Johnson was Sheriff of the county of Lichfield; in 1718 he was elected junior bailiff; and in 1725 senior bailiff, or chief magistrate. An unsuccessful speculation in buying skins for making parchment, and other untoward events, caused a reverse of fortune, but he retained till his old age the respect and good will of his neighbours. He was a man of large and robust frame, with considerable strength and activity of mind, but with tendency to melancholy, which in his son was perpetuated in aggravated form. This temperament was probably the result of scrofulous

taint, a constitutional malady compatible with great bodily and mental power. It was in hope of getting rid of this complaint that he was taken by his mother to London to be "touched," for the cure of what, from the supposed healing virtue of the royal touch, was popularly called "the King's Evil." It was Queen Anne who was at this time the possessor of this marvellous charm, and by her the Lichfield boy was touched, as were multitudes besides. On one day, the 30th March, 1712, it is on record that 200 persons, of all ages, were touched by Queen Anne. We may smile now at such credulity, but the belief in the efficacy of the cure was general, and had prevailed from the days of Edward the Confessor. It was by the advice of a respectable physician of Lichfield, Sir John Floyer, that the journey to London was undertaken by Mrs. Johnson.

Apart from her superstition in this matter, which may be excused by her maternal anxiety, nothing but good is recorded of Samuel Johnson's mother. Her name was Sarah Ford, and she was descended from a race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. She was a woman of much shrewdness and good sense, and her piety was not inferior to her understanding. By her Samuel was early trained in truth and virtue, and from her obtained his first impressions of religious faith and duty.

By his mother he had been taught his letters till he went to a dame's school. He learned Latin at Lichfield School, chiefly from Mr. Hunter, the head-master, a man severe in discipline, but a good teacher. He told his friend, Bennet Langton, who asked him how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, "My master whipped it into me. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing." A schoolfellow, however, Mr. Hector, said that "he never remembered Johnson being flogged, except for talking, and diverting the other boys from their work. He had great power of understanding and memory, and

seemed to learn by intuition." He showed a great ambition to excel, which roused him to overcome his natural indolence. He joined little in the games and sports of the school, chiefly on account of his defective sight, and his greatest pleasure was in sauntering in the fields, where he often talked more to himself than to any companion who might happen to be with him. At the age of fifteen he was removed to the Grammar School of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, where he remained for a year. Some of his school exercises, especially translations of Virgil and Horace, have been preserved, which give proof of his classical acquirements and of his poetical genius.

At the age of seventeen he returned home, where he remained for two years, much blamed by his father for "idleness and want of steady application." Yet in this time he read much in a desultory manner, devouring whatever books came within his reach. A folio Latin edition of Petrarch's works is one of the books mentioned as being thus read with avidity. According to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, he was also immoderately fond of romances of chivalry; and Johnson told him that he attributed to them the unsettled state of mind which prevented him fixing on preparation for any special profession. His reading was not, however, confined to works of amusement, for in these two years he studied many books of history and biography, voyages and travels, in fact, all kinds of literature. "I had looked," he himself said, "into a great many books which were not commonly known at the Universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, of Pembroke College, told me I was the best qualified for the University that he had ever known come there."

### III.

#### HIS LIFE AT OXFORD.

The beginning of his university life was not without distinction. He was

entered a fellow-commoner of Pembroke College, October 31, 1728, being then in his nineteenth year. His father accompanied him to Oxford, and did not fail to praise his son's learning, of which an unexpected proof was given by his quoting Macrobius during the conversation. Among his earliest efforts were verses which were complimented as being Virgilian, one of them being a Latin version of Pope's *Messiah*. His tutor, Mr. Jorden, soon saw that he could teach his pupil little, and left him to his own studies. Johnson loved Jorden for his worth and for his kindness, but thought little of his attainments. William Adams, who afterwards presided over the college with universal esteem, was at this time one of the Junior Fellows. His character stood high, and his influence over Johnson, who was only two or three years younger, is said to have been beneficial. Johnson was inclined to be turbulent and rebellious, which he himself afterwards ascribed to his feeling bitterly his poverty, and wishing to show his independence by contempt for authority as well as by boisterousness of wit. Under the influence of Jorden and Adams this unseemly temper was rebuked, and he settled down to quieter studies. He made no intimate friendships, but he contracted a love for his college, which he retained through his life. He took pleasure in recounting the many eminent men who had been educated at Pembroke, not a few of them being poets, so that he said, "We were a nest of singing birds."

More important than any of his secular studies was his study of the Scriptures and of religious books at this period. In a memorandum of his studies in 1729, with much Greek and Latin, we find that he read each week six hundred verses of the Old Testament, and two hundred of the New Testament. This also he records, "I took up 'Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life,' expecting to find it a dull book, as such books generally are, and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an overmatch

for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I became capable of rational enquiry." The solemnity of feeling in regard to religious subjects he never afterwards lost, although he allowed other pursuits too much to engross his thoughts, and often lamented that his practice of Christian duties fell far short of what it ought to be.

In 1731, Johnson left Oxford. His father's affairs were in disorder, and he could no longer help his son. He died in December of that year. In a diary under the date 1732, July 15, is an entry in Latin to the effect that twenty pounds was all he had reason to expect out of his father's effects previous to the death of his mother, an event which he prayed God might be very remote. "I now, therefore, see that I must make my own fortune."

#### IV.

##### HIS LIFE AT LICHFIELD, AND MARRIAGE.

On his return from Oxford he was a welcome guest, as he had always been, in the houses of the best families of Lichfield. Among these were Mr. Howard, Dr. Swinfen, Captain Garrick (father of David Garrick), and above all Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court. Of him Johnson said, long after his decease, "He was of an advanced age, and I was only a boy, yet he never received my notions with contempt. I honoured him, and he endured me. He had mingled with the gay world, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind. Such was his aptitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship. At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found." He enjoyed also here the amenities of female society, especially of Mrs. Walmesley and her sisters, the daughters of Sir Thomas Aston, with other ladies of good position and education. This is

mentioned, because it has been said that his manners were rough from his never having been in good company till late in life.

But he soon had to leave this pleasant society, as it was necessary to find some employment to support himself. For a short time he was usher or under-master in a school at Ashbourne. Of the drudgery and monotony of this work he soon wearied, and he went to Birmingham, where his friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, was settled as a surgeon. They lodged together in the house of Mr. Warren, the first bookseller ever established in Birmingham, and he paid for his board by giving assistance to Warren in his trade, which his knowledge of literature enabled him to give. It was here that his first published work was written. Having mentioned that he had read at Oxford 'A Voyage to Abyssinia,' by Father Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit, Mr. Hector and Mr. Warren urged him to make a translation. Borrowing the book from Pembroke College, for it could not be obtained in Birmingham, he finished the translation, and it was published in 1735, with London on the title-page, although printed at Birmingham. From Mr. Warren he received the sum of five guineas, the modest payment of his first prose work.

At this time he seems to have formed the settled purpose of following literature as a profession, for he wrote to Mr. Cave, who had started the 'Gentleman's Magazine' a few years before, offering his services. But the design was delayed by the important event of Johnson's marriage to Mrs. Porter. She was a widow, of nearly double his age. Though by no means pleasing to others, she was a woman of superior understanding and talents, and she inspired him with deep affection. He proved a most indulgent and devoted husband; and in his posthumously published 'Prayers and Meditations' we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never diminished, even after her death.

He now set up a private academy, for

which purpose he hired a large house at Edial, near Lichfield. Only three pupils were attracted by the advertisement, two of them being David Garrick and his brother George. The school not answering the resolution of trying his fortune in London was firmly formed. His pupil, David Garrick, determined to accompany him, with intention to follow the profession of the law, from which he was soon diverted by his decided preference for the stage.

## V.

## TO LONDON, AND FIRST LITERARY EFFORTS.

It was in 1737 that the two young adventurers started for London. They had a letter from Mr. Walmesley to Mr. Colson, master of an academy, where Garrick remained for a time as a pupil. Johnson soon left that he might fight his own battle with the small resources he could obtain by the labour of his pen. His earliest efforts were not successful, at least they were not of a kind likely to bring adequate remuneration. The chief work was the now forgotten tragedy of 'Irene,' which was not accepted for public performance till eleven years after, in 1749, when his friend Garrick had become manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

Notwithstanding his poverty he went to fetch Mrs. Johnson to London, her daughter, Lucy Porter, who had lived with them at Edial, being left with her relations in the country. A better prospect soon opened to him in his connection with Mr. Cave and the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' which for many years was his principal source of employment and support. The contributions were of a most miscellaneous kind, history and biography, criticism and politics, with occasional poetry, both English and Latin.

An important article in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of those days was the record of parliamentary debates, under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput." The newspaper reports of the proceedings in Parliament, which now form so

prominent and essential a feature in journalism, were at that time sternly forbidden under severe penalties. The scarcely justifiable plan of fictitious debates was introduced by a Scottish writer, William Guthrie, whose services to the Government, by his favourable reports, were rewarded by a pension. Having soon obtained a greater variety of employment, Guthrie gave up this special work to Johnson, who had already been useful in revising and improving the reports. He now undertook the whole task, founding the debates on the scanty notes furnished by persons employed to attend in both Houses of Parliament, and other fragmentary information. Sometimes, however, he was able to obtain nothing beyond the names of the speakers, for whom he invented speeches, some of which are still quoted as specimens of eloquence and wisdom.

While employing his pen mainly for daily subsistence, Johnson occasionally indulged himself in work more congenial to his tastes and talents. In May 1738 appeared his 'London,' a poem in imitation of the Third satire of Juvenal. The remarkable ability of this poem was at once recognised. Within a week a second edition was called for. It was published anonymously. The veteran poet and satirist, Pope, was delighted, and failing at first to learn who was the new writer, said he could not long remain concealed. The poem breathed the spirit of manly independence and highest patriotism, containing denunciations of tyranny and oppression, the warmest predilection for his native land, in spite of the abounding faults and follies which he satirised, and was throughout imbued with the purest love of virtue. There were touches, too, of personal feeling, with hints of his own position and aspirations, as in the lines—

"This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,  
Slow rises worth, by poverty oppressed."

The secret of the authorship could not long be kept. Pope soon learned it,

and generously recommended the writer to Lord Gower, whose influence he invoked to procure for him a degree from Dublin, as it was deemed too great a favour to expect one from Oxford. It seems that Johnson was anxious to escape from the drudgery of writing for bread, and thought that if he possessed the degree of Master of Arts he would have more chance than formerly of succeeding as a teacher. The application failed, and he was obliged to persevere in his present calling. For several years he continued to produce miscellaneous literary pieces, of great variety, and so numerous that the mere list of their titles and subjects would fill several pages.

The payments received for this "literary hack-work" must have been small, for he was often in straits, and in one letter we find him asking Cave to advance him a guinea. He was obliged also to send his wife for a time to her friends in Lichfield from inability to pay for suitable lodgings for her. It was when thus left alone in London that he became intimate with Savage, whose life he afterwards wrote. Poverty brought him in contact with strange and not always reputable companions, but nothing has been truthfully said against his own purity of life or honourable conduct.

## VI.

### 'THE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.'

So the years passed till 1747, when his most arduous and important literary work, 'The Dictionary of the English Language,' was announced by the publication of its plan or prospectus. This plan was addressed to Lord Chesterfield, on the suggestion of Dodsley, one of the publishers who contracted for the work. The price agreed on was £1575, no large sum for labour which must necessarily extend over several years. He lived during most of this time in Gough Square, Fleet Street, where an upper room was arranged like a counting-house,

with desks, where he superintended the tasks of his copyists. The vast range of his reading enabled him to select an immense variety of apt passages for the illustration of the words, and it is for this reason that one may still read page after page of the Dictionary with improvement and pleasure. It is to be observed also that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion or morality. In the philological aspect of the work, later research and larger learning have made Johnson's Dictionary somewhat antiquated, but its production marked a great epoch in English literature, and we still look with respect and admiration on the author of a work so laboriously and conscientiously executed.

The 'Dictionary' was not completed and published till 1754. He had toiled with little encouragement from the wealthy, or help from the learned. The celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, who is said to have praised the book in 'The World,' shows how little he had benefited by the patronage which had once been officiously offered. "Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outer rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. . . . The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, would have been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

The whole letter is characteristic, and shows the sturdy independence of the man. The spirit shown in it delighted Warburton, as we might expect, but was also approved by his wise and gentle Oxford friend, Dr. Adams, of Pembroke.

## VII.

### LOSS OF HIS WIFE.

In speaking of being now solitary, the reference is to the loss of his wife. The same tender recollection recurs to his mind on many occasions. Among his 'Prayers and Meditations' are fervent outpourings of devout feeling in connection with her, and his diaries contain many allusions to his "poor dear Tetty." He brought her back to London as soon as his improved circumstances allowed, and for the benefit of her health took lodgings for her at Hampstead and other suburban places inconveniently distant from his own loved Fleet Street. She died at the house in Gough Square. Francis Barber, the negro servant, who came into Johnson's household a few weeks after the event, told Boswell that the doctor's grief and suffering could not be described. The gloom and irritability of his mind were intensified, and his tender conscience was troubled by remembrance of faults with which he charged himself in the treatment of her whose loss he lamented. This is no uncommon experience, but in his case it was certainly a morbid and needless sensibility. They had lived in great harmony, and the chief disputes that are recorded arose from trivial matters, one of which was her womanly wish to tidy his room and arrange his papers, when it was more consonant with his habits, and more convenient for his work, to have things left in apparent disorder. On such occasions he may have shown undue irritation. In one of his journals long after, he deplores "the neglect of joint devotion, patient exhortation, and mild instruction." For these and other faults he expressed deep contrition, and he ever

cherished for her the most tender remembrance. Only a few months before his own death he honoured her memory by an epitaph of warmest eulogy, which was inscribed on her tombstone, in the Church of Bromley, in Kent, where she was buried.

## VIII.

### JOHNSON'S LONDON HOMES AND HAUNTS.

Of Johnson's London homes, that which he occupied longest was the house in Bolt Court. His name has made the place classical. Mr. Pennant in his 'London,' in describing memorable places, says: "I must by no means omit Bolt Court, long the residence of Dr. Samuel Johnson, a man of the strongest abilities, great learning, and most retentive memory, of the deepest and most unaffected piety and morality, mingled with those numerous weaknesses and prejudices, which his friends have kindly taken care to draw from their dread abode." This last sentence greatly incensed Boswell, who defended his book as "a faithful biography," a rare production in literature. Among these weaknesses many may be disposed to reckon the use to which his house in Bolt Court was put. It was filled with strange inmates, some of whom were wholly supported by the master's generous charity. If he had been lord of a mansion or a palace most of it would have been used as an asylum or hospital, a refuge for the afflicted and sorrowful, the poor and the outcast. He more than once said, when asked how he could assist such and such a one, that he liked to help those whom he knew nobody else would help. With some of the inmates of the house he could enjoy companionship. Blind Mrs. Williams was a woman of education and culture, William Levett, the "poor man's doctor," himself poorer than many of his patients, had knowledge in subjects about which Johnson loved to talk. Levett made a wretched and foolish marriage, but this did not quench his patron's regard; and when he was free again he returned to



Bolt Court, and there remained till his death at the age of seventy. The lines written on this occasion were warm from the heart, and the page was wet with tears of pity and regret:—

“Well tried through many a varying year,  
See Levett to the grave descend;  
Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend.  
In misery's darkest cavern known,  
His useful care was ever nigh,  
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,  
And lonely want retired to die.”

The black servant, Francis Barber, was a conspicuous member of the household. He had been brought as a lad from Jamaica by Colonel Bathurst, father of Johnson's friend, Dr. Bathurst. He was treated with great kindness, and he served his master on the whole with fidelity and care. He usually accompanied the doctor to church, at St. Clement Danes in the Strand, and sat beside him in a pew in the gallery, the place being marked by a brass plate with an inscription. Frank lived at Bolt Court till the death of the doctor, who in his will bequeathed to him the handsome legacy of £70 a year. Nor must we forget the cat, Hodge, for whom his master often went himself to fetch oysters or fish, fearing that the servants would grumble at being sent on such an errand. The kindness of his heart extended to all sentient beings, and his horror of cruelty to animals was often forcibly expressed.

## IX.

### A GOVERNMENT PENSION.

It was said by one of his friends that Johnson was always bestowing or interceding for charitable help to others, even when he almost seemed a proper object of it himself. In his later years he was raised above the fear of want, and obtained means for larger beneficence, by receiving a Government pension of £300 a year. Never was a literary pension more worthily bestowed. In those times favours were rarely granted except for

political services. Johnson had abused “pensioners” in his Dictionary, and he feared lest his acceptance of the gift might imply loss of independence. Lord Bute behaved very handsomely in the matter, notwithstanding Johnson's dislike both of pensioners and Scotchmen. “Pray, my lord, what am I expected to do for this pension?” Johnson asked the Minister. “It is not given you,” was the reply, “for any thing you are to do; but for what you have done.” He repeated the words twice over, that he might be sure Johnson heard them, and thus set his mind perfectly at ease.

## X.

### WITH THE THRALES OF STREATHAM.

The pension was given in 1762. Two or three years afterwards began his intimacy with the Thrales, and his long and frequent visits at Streatham, where he found almost a second home. “Nothing,” says Boswell, “could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrall's all the comforts, and even luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family. He was treated with the utmost respect, and even affection. The vivacity of Mrs. Thrall's literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and exertion, even when they were alone. But this was not often the case; for he found here a constant succession of what gave him the highest enjoyment, the society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way.” This life at Streatham he enjoyed at intervals during many years, and it ended only after the death of Mr. Thrall, when the widow married Mr. Piozzi. With the Thrales he visited Brighton frequently—the Brighthelmston of those days—also Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and other places of health-resort; and also made a tour in France in 1775—of all which events copious and curious records appear in the ‘Life’ by Boswell.

## XI.

BOSWELL, AS BIOGRAPHER, AND AS GUIDE TO SCOTLAND.

This may be the best place to refer, briefly and once for all, to the biographer, whose name will be for ever associated with that of Johnson. From the first introduction in 1763, to nearly the close of his life, the faithful follower and ardent admirer of the great man, devoted most of his time to recording every detail that he could observe or ascertain. When in London he followed his master like his shadow. Even at table he sat note-book in hand, and gathered from every source the materials of his wonderful book, which contains the story not of Johnson only, but of his times. The 'Quarterly Review,' in noticing the work, said, "'Boswell's Johnson' is without doubt—excepting, yet hardly excepting, a few immortal monuments of creative genius—that English book which, were this island to be sunk to-morrow, with all that it inhabits, would be most prized in other days and countries by the students 'of us and our history.'"

Truly 'Boswell's Johnson' is not only the completest of biographies, but also a manual of amusing and instructive anecdote, and a faithful history of the manners and literature of England in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Good Bishop Horne said that "by the memoirs of Johnson the world, if it so please, may be at once entertained and improved; and every one who is made better by his books will add a wreath to his crown."

Although out of the order of time, let the celebrated 'Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland' be here mentioned, for this we owe wholly to Boswell. Whether in the biographer's account of the tour, or in Johnson's letters to Mr. Thrale, or in his own published 'Journey,' this appears one of the most interesting episodes in his life. It is a delightful book all through, full of shrewd observations and philosophical reflections, and

rising at times to loftiest eloquence, as in the famous passage about Iona: "That illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. . . . That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

## XII.

THE LITERARY CLUB. TABLE-TALK.

But we have anticipated, and must go back to an earlier period of Johnson's literary career. We left him busy with the Dictionary. During this tedious and laborious work he found relaxation in occasional excursions, and also attending a club in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, which met for literary conversation and discussion. The members associated with him in this little society included Dr. Bathurst, Dr. Hawkesworth, Sir John Hawkins, and others of various callings and professions. This was the precursor of the more famous "Literary Club," which in later years was founded by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and which flourishes to our own day, although under conditions widely different from the homelier usages of olden times. The list of members in the early years included many illustrious names, Burke, Goldsmith, Bennet Langton, Bishop Percy, Windham, Fox, Burney, Sir William Jones, Gibbon, Malone, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Robert Chambers, Mr. Dunning, the first Lord Ashburton, Lord Ossory, and many others distinguished in public life. The members in later times have been not less illustrious, as it has been an object of ambition to be enrolled in a society so famed in history.

Dr. Johnson was eminently "a clubbable man," and delighted in such social gatherings, where intellectual recreation, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," formed the chief entertainment.

Personally he was extremely temperate; in fact, through most of his life he was a total abstainer from alcoholic drink, a habit acquired, as he tells us, partly from regard to health, and also on moral grounds, as he found it easier and safer to abstain entirely than to be a moderate drinker. He made no vow, but he set a good example at a time when excessive drinking was thought no moral or social disgrace.

It was to his wonderful conversational powers that his recognised supremacy in the republic of letters was mainly due. The deference paid to his superior knowledge and wisdom led to his being somewhat impatient of contradiction, and dictatorial in manner; but taking his "table-talk" as a whole, we are amazed at the exhaustless fertility as well as at the great power of his mind. His voice, too, was always on the side of truth and of virtue, and we look back with veneration on the rough grand old man, who, with all his failings, was a tower of strength in his time for what was noble and good.

### XIII.

#### 'THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.'

In 1749 appeared the second and best of his poems, 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' being an imitation of the Tenth satire of Juvenal. For this he received from Dodsley only fifteen guineas. It was a graver poem, and in higher and more philosophic tone than his 'London,' but was equally admired by all who were capable of judging its merits. The drift of the poem is much the same as that of the Book of Ecclesiastes, showing, as Byron said, how "the infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of human wishes lead but to disappointment." "It is a grand poem," adds Byron, "and so true! true as the Tenth of Juvenal himself." Some of the instances of "the mirage of life," such as that of the warrior, Charles of Sweden, are as highly finished pictures as poet ever drew. Very noble, too, is the con-

clusion of the poem, which shows where alone true happiness is to be found:—

"Where then shall Hope and Fear their object find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?  
Shall helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?  
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain  
Which Heaven may hear; nor deem Religion  
vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;  
Safe in His power, whose eye discerns afar  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer;  
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,  
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.  
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;  
For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;  
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted will;  
For Faith, which, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat;  
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,  
These goods He grants, who grants the power  
to gain;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find."

### XIV.

#### PERIODICAL LITERATURE AND 'THE RAMBLER.'

The next great literary undertaking was that of a periodical, after the manner of the 'Tatler,' 'Guardian,' and 'Spectator' of a former generation. It was difficult to select a good title; "I was at a loss," says Johnson, "how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed the title. 'The Rambler' seemed the best that occurred, and I took it." More interesting is his record of the spirit in which he began the work. He composed, and offered earnestly at the throne of grace, the following prayer: "Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose Grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech Thee, that in this undertaking Thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may

promote Thy glory and the salvation of myself and others: grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen."

If the conductors of all magazines used this prayer and worked in this spirit, how much higher would be the tone and how much better the influence of periodical literature! Let us seek to follow the example of Dr. Johnson in this main purpose, while our periodicals can be also brightened by the wider range of science and greater excellence of art in these latter days.

The first paper of the 'Rambler' was published on March 20, 1749-50, and it was continued without interruption, every Tuesday and Saturday, till the 14th of March, 1752, on which day it closed. Of the contents of this work, now too much neglected, it need only be said that it is a store of wisdom and good sense, with much knowledge and experience of human life. The author appears in the character for which he was eminently qualified, a majestic teacher of moral and religious truth. If in some points of doctrine deficient, it is everywhere redolent of sacred truth; and there is more true wisdom in its pages than in all the books of the ancient philosophers. They had only the light of nature, but here the better and brighter light of revelation guides the teacher and gladdens the reader. The same may be said of his subsequent periodical 'The Idler,' and of his contributions to Hawkesworth's 'Adventurer.' There are admirable things in these, but they have not the same interest that belongs to his first and unaided effort in this department of literature.

## XV.

### PUBLICATION OF 'RASSELAS,' ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

The story of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,' it is well known, was written in order to obtain money to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to pay some little debts that she had left.

She died in January 1750, at the age of ninety. His reverential affection for her was not abated by years. The last letters he wrote to her were these: "Dear honoured mother, your weakness afflicts me beyond what I am willing to communicate to you. I do not think you unfit to face death, but I know not how to bear the thought of losing you. . . . I often pray for you; do you pray for me? I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son, Samuel Johnson." This is dated January 16. He writes again, January 18: "Dear honoured mother, I fear you are too ill for long letters; therefore I will only tell you, you have from me all the regard that can possibly subsist in the heart. I pray God to bless you for evermore, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen. Let Miss (Lucy Porter) write to me every post, however short. I am, dear mother, your dutiful son, Samuel Johnson." He regretted that he had been unable for some time to go down to see her, but he had contributed liberally to her support and comfort. She died two or three days after the last letter was sent.

Apart from the occasion and purpose for which it was written, there is much of personal interest in 'Rasselas.' Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, and sent it to the press in portions as it was written. The booksellers, Strahan, Johnson, and Dodsley, purchased it for £100, and afterwards paid him £25 when it came to a second edition. Although written hastily, the book treats of subjects upon which his mind had much and often meditated. The tale leads the reader's thoughts through the most important experiences of human life, and while leaving the impression of the vanity of things temporal, directs the hopes to things eternal. It is thus but a prose enlargement of truths which he had, in the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' enforced in verse. He also expresses his own feelings when he was writing, as in the touching description of the dejection of

the Princess at the loss of Peknah (ch. xxxv.); and again, where (ch. xlv.) he pathetically remarks, in the character of the sage, "I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honours of her husband."

## XVI.

## THE 'LIVES OF THE POETS.'

Passing over the Preface to Shakespeare, and other literary labours, the latest and one of the best of his works was the 'Lives of the Poets,' consisting of biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of English classic poetry. Of the excellence of this work there has never been any dispute, and we content ourselves with quoting the opinion of two men of widely diverse minds, Byron and Cowper. Lord Byron says: "Johnson strips many a leaf from every laurel. Still, his 'Lives of the Poets' is the finest critical work extant, and can never be read without instruction and delight. The opinion of that truly great man, whom it is the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all." Cowper's opinion was equally high, and he praises the biographer's "good sense, and his forcible expression," while protesting against the injustice of some of his verdicts. With the propriety of this protest many will agree, when they remember some of Johnson's criticisms on Milton, Prior, and Gray. But these faults little affect the estimate of the whole work.

## XVII.

## CATHOLICITY OF SPIRIT.

Dr. Johnson's Church principles never interfered with his catholicity of spirit, or his sympathy with whatever he deemed true and sincere in Christian life. Many incidents throughout his career proved this. When Boswell asked what works of Richard Baxter he should

read, the reply was: "Read any of them; they are all good." He often spoke of Baxter as "a man of great parts, profound learning, and exemplary piety." John Bunyan he also praised highly. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' he admired not only for its invention and imagination, but for its wholesome teaching. He said it was one of the very few books that were wished longer by its readers; and his own feeling about it was shown in the amusing incident told by Bishop Percy. The Doctor one day took Dr. Percy's little daughter upon his knee, and the first question was what she thought of 'Pilgrim's Progress'? The child answered that she had not read it. "No!" replied the Doctor, "then I would not give one farthing for you;" and he set her down, and took no further notice of her.

For the Wesleys he had the highest esteem. He spoke with warm praise of John Wesley's earnestness and zeal as a preacher, and expressed regret that, on account of the frequent journeys, he did not enjoy more of his society and conversation.

Of Dr. Watts his opinion was equally high, and more for his piety than his learning, while praising both. It was by his recommendation that the volume of Watts was added to the collection of English poets, prepared in 1777; "his name," he said, "has long been held by me in veneration." And when he came to write the 'Lives of the Poets,' he says, "He condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little books of devotion, and systems of instruction, adapted to the wants and capacities of the young, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson that humility

can reach." "Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his 'Improvement of the Mind.' Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty if this book is not recommended." "As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his works. It is difficult to read a page without learning, or at least wishing, to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction, and he that sat down to reason is on a sudden called to pray." Johnson's want of appreciation of sacred poetry is well known, but even here he uses gentle language when he says, "It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well." And he concludes his estimate by saying that, "Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety." Many other instances of Johnson's generous sympathy for goodness, wherever seen, might be given, such as that sentence in his Diary, Easter Day, 1764: "Seeing a poor girl at the Sacrament in a bedgown, gave her privately a crown, though I saw Hart's Hymns in her hand."

### XVIII.

#### PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS.'

Some of the recorded prayers of Dr. Johnson we have already quoted. Among the papers, which after his death came into the hands of the Rev. W. Strahan, of Islington, were various prayers and other pious compositions, notes of his thoughts and feelings, confessions, resolves, and the like. Mr. Strahan prepared them for the press, and issued them under the title 'Prayers and Meditations.' They are of different dates, covering the greater part of his life, and they show how, even in his busiest times, he earnestly sought to hold communion with his heavenly Father, and to mould his will to the spirit of his Lord and Saviour. On some points of doctrine his views were deficient, and on others erroneous, but no one can peruse these secret meditations and com-

munings of his soul without admiring the humility of his mind, the sincerity of his faith, the fervour of his devotion, and the warmth of his benevolence. Let the opinion of one eminent man suffice to show the estimate in which these prayers have been held. The learned Dr. Parr, himself a man of Johnsonian intellect, says of them, "He that possesses both integrity of principle and tenderness of feeling—he that admires virtue and reveres religion—he that glows with the love of mankind and reposes his trust in God—will himself become a wiser and a better man from contemplating those thoughts which passed in the mind of one of the wisest and best of men, when he communed with his own heart, and poured forth his supplications before the throne of Heaven for mercy and for grace."

In these prayers we see the inner heart of the man. Before the world he often appeared and sometimes tried to assume an air of pride and a style of authority, but in the presence of God and at the mercy-seat he is as humble and contrite as the Publican in the parable, and the words as well as the thoughts are simple, earnest, and scriptural. Many of the petitions are much in the tone of those in the English liturgy, utterances of "Common Prayer," but there are also special supplications called forth by his personal experiences and circumstances, as in the following prayer, which was not given in Strahan's selection: "O Lord, who wouldst that all men should be saved, and who knowest that without Thy grace we can do nothing acceptable to Thee, have mercy upon me. Enable me to break the chain of my sins, to reject sensuality in thought, and to overcome and suppress vain scruples; and to use such diligence in lawful employment as may enable me to support myself and do good to others. O Lord, forgive me the time lost in idleness; pardon the sins which I have committed, and grant that I may redeem the time misspent, and be reconciled to Thee, in true repentance, that I may live and die

in peace, and be received to everlasting happiness. Take not from me, O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit, but let me have support and comfort, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

There is no date to this prayer, nor do we know the occasion of it; nor is there in it a clear view of the way of reconciliation, the true source of peace with God and of power against evil, such as he afterwards possessed; but it is worth quoting as proving how in all things and at all times he had recourse to prayer, and sought to bring his mind into submission to the Divine will.

## XIX.

### HIS LAST DAYS.

We must pass to the closing days of one

"Who many a noble gift from Heaven possessed,  
And faith at last—alone worth all the rest."

What, it may be asked, does Cowper mean when he says that "he had *faith* at last?" Was Johnson not always a firm believer, in an age abounding with loose and scoffing scepticism? He would suffer no infidel talk in his presence, and obscenity and impiety stood abashed before him. He gave admirable hints to a young pastor in regard to the management of his parish, observing that "all means must be tried by which souls may be saved;" and he declared that, "compared with the conversion of sinners, propriety and elegance of preaching are less than nothing." His 'Prayers and Meditations' seem the outpourings of a pious and devout spirit. What, then, is meant by his having "*faith* at last?"

The question is an important one, and the explanation deserves the more attention when it concerns the experience of a man so truly good and great as Dr. Johnson. It is true that he had pious thoughts from his earliest Lichfield days, and that he had what he calls "religious feelings" from the time that he read 'Law's Serious Call' at Oxford. His own strong and honest intellect,

with the study of the Christian evidences, had brought to him fixed and firm conviction of the truths of the Bible, and the main doctrines of the Christian creed. His prayers, his devotions, his charities, the whole course of his life and tone of his character, attested the sincerity and the strength of his belief. Yet he lacked the one thing which could alone give to him real peace—true faith, or personal trust in the Saviour. Lacking that, his views of Christianity were inaccurate and imperfect, and deeply tintured with the legal spirit so natural to man. "I cannot be sure," he said, "that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted; I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be condemned." He never could be sure that he had *done* enough. Even in that memorable Uttoxeter scene, in his old age, this spirit of legality appears. "I hope," he says, "the penance was expiatory." We can make allowance for the feeling on that occasion, but all through his religious experience the same vein of self-righteousness runs, the notion of salvation by works, in some form or to some extent, instead of the Gospel doctrine of free salvation by grace, through faith.

Lacking this faith, he was pre-eminently one of those who, "through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." Of death itself he had no fear, for he could face any trial, but the dread of what follows death oppressed his spirit. In his last visit to Oxford, at the house of Dr. Adams, he surprised his friends by the solemn declaration of his fear for the future.

But, although late, at the eleventh hour as it were, relief was granted to him. At evening-time it was light. The great life went down in a glorious sunset, and it is in the highest degree instructive to know how faith came at last.

Mr. Latrobe, the Moravian Bishop, whose name is merely mentioned in Boswell's book, had frequently in his later years conversed with Johnson, who had a high regard for him. His

views of religion were truly evangelical, as they are termed, and he had opportunities of stating them to the great moralist, who requested Latrobe's presence during the last illness. He received the message only in time to pray by the bedside; but Dr. Johnson manifested gratitude and pleasure at the visit.

Dr. Brocklesby, his physician, a man who will not be suspected of fanaticism, told Boswell that, "for some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ. He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever for the salvation of mankind." A few days before his death he said to Brocklesby, who was alone with him, "Doctor, you are a worthy man, but I am afraid you are not a Christian! What can I do better for you than offer up, in your presence, a prayer to the great God that you may become a Christian in my sense of the word?" Instantly he knelt and put up a fervent prayer. When he got up he caught hold of his friend's hand with great eagerness, crying, "Doctor, you do not say Amen." The doctor looked confused, but after a pause said "Amen." Johnson said, "My dear doctor, believe a dying man, there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God." Other remarkable incidents and sayings are recorded, but enough has been mentioned to prove that a great change had passed over him, some would even call it *the* great change, during these latter days and weeks of his life. What caused the change?

It appears that a pious clergyman, Mr. Winstanley, was the immediate instrument in the hand of the Spirit of God to influence his mind, and to bring him to the faith and peace of the Gospel. Johnson had written to him an earnest letter, and in humble sense of unworthiness, expressing anxiety as to his position, used the words: "What shall I do to be saved?" Mr. Winstanley

wrote in reply, "I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'" It was a passage familiar and often read by him, but the set time had come, and the words were sent home to his heart by the gracious power of the Holy Spirit. Johnson interrupted the friend who was reading the letter. "Read that again. Does he say so? Read it again!" He then begged that Mr. Winstanley might be sent for, that he might converse with him. The state of Winstanley's health prevented his going out at the time, but he again wrote, enforcing the truth, and urging the need of simple trust in Christ.

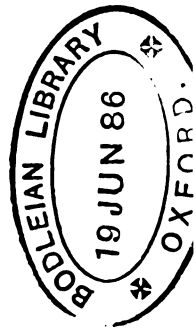
These letters have not been preserved, but we cannot doubt the good influence they had. Look away from all other confidences or hope, "Behold the Lamb of God." "Believe in the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Receiving these truths, no wonder that his end was peace, and that he could say "the bitterness of death is past." He did not take to his bed till the day before he passed away, December 13, 1784. Till within the last few hours his mind was clear, and his latest words were words of faith and love, of kindness and blessing.

If Johnson had received the Gospel in its freeness and fulness at an early period of his life, as Luther did, it would have been well for his personal peace and happiness. Whether his life would have been more useful to the world and the Church, it is vain now to conjecture. As a defender of revealed truth against the assaults of scoffers and infidels he rendered service for which he was fitted by his great intellect and learning. But there is no part of his history that can be viewed with the same satisfaction, and with the same profit, as the closing scene, of which it may be truly said that "no action of his life became him like the leaving it."

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D.



# JOHN KNOX.



# JOHN KNOX, THE REFORMER OF SCOTLAND.

---

## I.

### KNOX'S YOUTH.

JOHN KNOX, whom his contemporaries called the Apostle of the Scots, was born near Haddington, in East Lothian, in 1505. Like so many Scotch youths since his day, he learned Latin at the Grammar School of his county town, and in his sixteenth year he went to college. Edinburgh was near, but its college was not yet founded, and Knox's father, though apparently a man in humble life, was related to the lairds of Knock, in Renfrewshire. So the lad went westwards to Glasgow University, beside what were then the green banks of the Clyde. There he found himself along with George Buchanan and other youths of genius, in the class of John Major, and in contact with the great questions of the age. For Major had in his early years been Professor in the University of Paris, and that University had been long the chief representative of liberal principles in Europe. So while the young Scotchman ranged through scholastic theology and philosophy, under the lights of Aristotle and Aquinas, their "regent" also told them how those principles had been applied in the continental struggle of the last two centuries against absolute power. He taught that the Church was greater than its Pope, and the people greater than their king; and that both potentates, when they oppressed the Christian people, could be controlled, and if need be deposed. But Major, like his contemporaries, made no attempt to escape from the accumulation of sacerdotal doctrines which popes and kings and Universities alike upheld. Knox, perhaps, became himself a regent or university teacher, and is said to have been famous as a trainer in logic, first in Glasgow, and then in St. Andrews.

But by this time a greater wave of thought and feeling had passed over Europe, and was beating on the Northern shores. The Scottish Parliament in 1525 found it necessary to prohibit the introduction of the works of Luther into a country hitherto "clean of all such filth and vice." The Scottish clergy, a body worldly, as well as wealthy and powerful, watched against every symptom of change. It was in vain. A cousin of King James, named Hamilton, went himself to Wittenberg, and on his return confessed everywhere that he had found the long-buried truth of God. Cardinal Beaton had him seized and burned before the old college of St. Andrews. But "the smoke of Patrick Hamilton infected all on whom it blew," and the blood of martyr after martyr in every county of Scotland became the seed of the unborn Scottish Church. In the very midst of such scenes the young priest (for Knox had received orders from the existing hierarchy) slowly made up his mind. Less and less he taught the forms of logic; more and more the substance of theology. Jerome and Augustine led him back to apostles and evangelists, and in the Gospel of John and the Epistle to the Ephesians, as he said long after on his death-bed, he "cast his first anchor."

## II.

### HIS CALL TO HIS WORK.

When Knox cast anchor in the "Evangel," a storm was raging around. For the last twelve years of James V.'s reign, from 1530 to 1542, all who professed to want nothing more than the ancient Gospel and God's promise in it, were on that account alone counted heretics. Many were condemned; some were burned alive. The Bible in the vulgar

tongue was proscribed. Still, the number of those who read it in secret grew and increased; and James was importuned to stamp out the plague by a proscription of the readers. His unexpected death prevented the massacre, and for a brief season the Regent Arran favoured the rising faith. Even the Scots Parliament passed an Act making it lawful to read the English Scriptures. Lights spread rapidly through the land; but it was presently overclouded. The Regent fell under the influence of Cardinal Beaton. The child-queen, Mary of Scots, was married to the Dauphin of France. The persecuting laws were again set in operation. They had already driven Knox from the University of St. Andrews, and he was now in his native and rural East Lothian as tutor to a gentleman's two sons.

Hither came one of the most charming figures of that time of danger and hope—the learned, pious, and kindly preacher, George Wishart. Knox seems to have followed him much in various parts of Scotland. But now when Wishart, in danger not only of arrest but of assassination, came to Knox's own county, Knox attached himself closely to him, and constantly carried a sword before the preacher. At last the day came when Wishart was to be arrested. Knox insisted on accompanying him to the neighbouring Ormiston. Wishart refused, and ordered the sword to be taken from the young enthusiast. "Go back to your bairns," he said; "one is sufficient for a sacrifice." That night Wishart was laid in bonds, and soon, where the ruins of the grim castle of St. Andrews still frown over the sea, he perished in the flames, the cardinal looking on. Such acts of tyranny weakened the belief—never very strong in Scotland—in priestly immunity from punishment or revenge. When, soon after, a band of the younger gentlemen of Fifeshire, encouraged by England, stormed into his castle and slew the great archbishop within his own walls, Knox and many others openly rejoiced

in it as an act of Divine retribution. But it was not by the sword that Scotland was to be reformed. On the contrary, the "slaughter of the cardinal" brought the cause of the new faith to its lowest ebb.

In a short time the fortress of St. Andrews was almost the only spot upon the soil where those who professed the Evangel were safe. At Easter 1547 Knox and his two pupils fled there for safety; and within the strong walls they found a remarkable congregation of distinguished men, many of whom (like Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, the sage and sarcastic poet, so vividly described in Scott's "Marmion"), had nothing to do with the conspiracy against Beaton. It was here that the second crisis in Knox's personal history, scarcely less important than the "casting of his first anchor," occurred. It was his call to public life. For this man, now above forty years of age, had shrunk with extraordinary sensitiveness from putting himself forward in the Church, and even in this extremity of the little St. Andrews' flock, refused to usurp the great pastoral office. They, however, had also laid their plans. John Rough, the preacher to the garrison, ascended the pulpit on Sunday, and turning to Knox, as the spokesman of the whole Christian congregation, charged him in God's name to take upon him the public office of preaching the ancient Gospel, now again delivered to the world. "Was not this your charge to me?" he asked the audience. "And do ye not approve this vocation?" "It was! We do!" rang out from all sides of the assembly. Knox stood up and attempted to speak, but the pent-up feelings of the strong man were too much for him. He burst into tears, and rushing out of the church, shut himself up in his chamber. There for days he wrestled with the question, whether this was indeed a call from God's Church in Scotland. For if so, the Gospel was no longer to be merely trusted in by him as a private man for his own salvation. It was to be preached

by him to his countrymen at the hazard of his life, and maintained on behalf of the people of Scotland as God's great gift to them also for their salvation.

### III.

#### HIS SUFFERINGS AND EXILE.

So it was, with reluctant tears, and a deep feeling of unworthiness, that the most indomitable of the Reformers accepted, under constraint of conscience, the call to be a minister of God's Church. Perhaps such a ministry, if rightly understood, is at all times a high and hard undertaking. Knox, at least, was not mistaken in his estimate of what in his time it meant for him. He had only preached a few months in St. Andrews, when the castle capitulated to the foreign fleet, and he and his companions were flung into the French galleys. There for nineteen weary months he toiled at the oar under the lash; and through the cold of two winters, and the heat of the intervening summer had leisure to count the cost of the choice so recently made. His own choice alone would not have sustained him. But Knox now believed that he had the call, and therefore the promise, of God for his public work as well as for his private life; and henceforth he never wavered. When the master of the galley *Notre Dame* insisted that the chained prisoner should kiss a carved image of the Virgin, whose name the vessel bore, he flung the intrusive "idol" into the Loire. "She is light enough, let her learn to swim!" Again he bent to the oar, and after long days found himself, emaciated and enfeebled, off the coast of Fife. His fellow-captive, James Balfour, pointed out to him, in the dim distance, the steeple of St. Andrews, rising from the church in which, a fortnight after that scene of speechless emotion, he had risen to preach his first sermon. "Yes," Knox said, "I know it well; and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever I now appear, that I shall not depart this life till that my tongue shall glorify

His godly Name in the same place." But years were to pass before that could be fulfilled—years of exile and of labour.

On being set free from his French bondage, he took refuge in England under Edward VI., and for two years preached in Berwick. Some of his most famous sermons, however, were delivered in St. Nicolas Church in Newcastle, the cathedral of the recently erected diocese. His influence spread southward, and the insertion of the "Declaration on Kneeling" at the end of the Communion Office in the English Prayer-book, is ascertained to have been due to John Knox. In 1551 the King made him one of his chaplains in ordinary. Next year the Scotch divine, now preaching in London, was offered the Bishopric of Rochester. All preference of this kind, however, he refused, having already made up his mind that bishops were not needed in the Christian commonwealth; and the chief thing he gained in England was—a wife. Marjory Bowes, the daughter of a gentleman of Northumberland, became betrothed to the Scotch preacher; but the marriage did not take place without her father's persistent opposition. "Be sure," writes Knox, when forced to part from her, "I will not forget you and your company, so long as mortal man may remember any earthly creature." The young lady's mother, however, became his fast friend, and Mrs. Bowes will be remembered in history as the continual recipient of his affectionate and consoling letters.

In 1554 he took his wife with him to Dieppe, and from thence went on to Geneva and visited Calvin. Later still he became pastor of the English Protestants in Frankfort-on-the-Maine. But in 1555 news came that the persecution in Scotland was slackening, and Knox first crossed to his wife's friends at Berwick, and then went on to Edinburgh. From Edinburgh he went to Angus in the east and Ayrshire in the west of Scotland, and found men of all ranks, up to the highest, eager to hear. "The trumpet blew the old sound

three days together. Oh, sweet were the death that should follow such forty days in Edinburgh, as here I have had three!" The time was not, however, ripe. Knox, at the suggestion of the Earls Marischall and Glencairn, had addressed Mary of Guise, then Queen-Regent, in behalf of the "Evangel," but she handed his pamphlet to the Archbishop of Glasgow with the words: "Please you, my Lord, to read a pasquill!" He returned again abroad, and while he was tried and burned in effigy in Edinburgh he took charge of the English congregation, first at Geneva, and then at Dieppe. Here he issued his extravagant "Bast" against the "monstrous regiment (i.e. government) of women." Written during Mary's "regiment," it was published inopportunistically just before the accession of Elizabeth, and deprived him for ever of the favour of that very feminine but very great ruler. A more important book was his "Appellation" to the Scottish nobility, some of the most powerful of whom were now putting themselves at the head of "the Congregation," then the usual word in Scotland for the Church or *ecclesia*. When great barons like Glencairn, Marischall, and Argyll partook the "fervent thirst" of a religious revival, in which thousands could be described as "night and day sobbing and groaning" for the water of life, the end was not far off. It was hastened rather than hindered by the burning, in 1558, of a blameless priest of the age of eighty-two. In January 1559 Knox left Geneva, and in May he landed for the last time on the shores of Scotland, whose hills from north to south were now everywhere tinged with the flush of the coming dawn.

#### IV.

##### HIS BATTLE FOR "THE EVANGEL."

It was dawn around; but a cloud hung overhead. On the day on which Knox landed in Edinburgh he found the preachers of the Kirk were to be tried

for their lives the next week in Stirling. He had himself been condemned years before, and he was again proclaimed a rebel the moment he appeared. But he did not hesitate for a moment. Joining his brethren, he offered to appear with them at Stirling, and the Queen-Regent, alarmed at the concourse of their adherents, promised that the trial should be put off. Acting, however, on her declared principle (transmitted afterwards to so many of her unfortunate house), that "it became not subjects to burden their princes with promises, further than they pleased to keep them," she broke her pledge, and outlawed the accused. The "Lords of the Congregation" of Scotland were not the men to abandon their friends in this extremity, and Knox, who was actually in the pulpit on the day when the news came to them at Perth, thundered tenfold against the image-worship so treacherously maintained. The same afternoon, and in the same church, a foolhardy priest commenced to say mass. The boys protested; the people shouted; the mob gathered and grew. In ten minutes the church was stripped of images and all other ornaments of ritual. But then the "rascal multitude," as Knox called them, fell with fire upon the monasteries of the town, including the splendid Charter House, and laid them in ruins. This violence soon raised the question whether this preaching of the Word was everywhere to be repressed with fire and sword. The Queen-Regent moved with her army against the Protestant Lords. They gathered their retainers, and having forced a truce, united themselves in what was called a "Golly Band," as the earliest Covenanters of Scotland.

Hitherto their worship had been private, and hidden from the law. Now, in June 1559, they resolved that the time had come to go farther. Knox, as usual, was their chosen mouthpiece, and St. Andrews was the spot chosen to begin the final struggle. To St. Andrews they gathered; but, when the day came, their hearts failed them. Armed forces lay

all around, and the Archbishop wrote them that if their preacher dared to enter the pulpit, his hackbuts would open fire upon him. All quailed, except the one man threatened. This was the goal to which for so many years he had looked forward, and having reached it, he was not now to turn aside. On the 14th of June he went once more into that pulpit, and addressed the people of St. Andrews, and through them, the people of Scotland, on their duty to profess the Gospel, notwithstanding all hindrance of idolatrous authority. The town instantly and enthusiastically responded, provost and bailies leading their fellow-burgesses. The flame spread. Town after town, burgh after burgh, city after city of Scotland became fastnesses of "The Religion." Knox was called as minister to Edinburgh; but he preached everywhere throughout Scotland. "The long thirst of my wretched heart," he confessed, "is satisfied in abundance."

The French auxiliary force, wielded by the Queen-Regent, endeavoured to suppress the new flame of national life. To meet this, Knox and the Congregation applied for aid to England; and Elizabeth, after infinite vacillation, consented. The Scottish Lords and Commons, however, were determined not to lose the government of their own country. Knox told the Congregation that, according to God's Word, a people might for just cause restrain their rulers; and the nobles, barons, and burgesses assembled in Edinburgh at once pronounced the suspension of the authority of the Queen-Regent until the calling of a free Parliament. Politically, the step seemed premature. The Regent pressed them with all her forces, and drove them defeated into Stirling. But there, in the extreme dejection and gloom of the Protestant Lords, a sermon from the indomitable preacher kindled hope once more. And at last the tide turned. The English forces drove out the French. Mary of Guise, the kindly and queenly representative of the great Catholic

power, died in Edinburgh Castle. Scotland, left to itself, was free. On 19th June, 1560, "the Congregation" assembled in St. Giles's Church to return thanks for the peace, and on the 1st of August the free Parliament already anticipated—by far the most important Parliament which has ever sat in Scotland—met in the city of Edinburgh.

## V.

### THE VICTORY OF THE EVANGEL.

There, on the 17th of August, 1560, was transacted a memorable scene. The barons and ministers "professing the Lord Jesus within the realm," had been desired to draw up, and present to the Parliament, a creed or confession of their Faith. It was the work to which earnest men all over Europe were now giving themselves. At any moment an individual or a community was summoned to declare, on the shortest notice, and at the deadliest risk, what they believed. Hitherto in Scotland the Reformers had been willing to say, in the words of their "gude and godly ballad," that "The New Testament is our Faith." Now for the first time they were called upon by public authority to utter that Faith in the form of their personal *Credo*. "In four days," says Knox, who was undoubtedly its chief draftsman, they presented to Parliament the "Scottish Confession," the creed of their nation for a century to come. It was "a great assembly," consisting chiefly of the lesser barons, but including men of all ranks and of all views in religion; and on grave faces from Highlands and Lowlands there rested the light of the greatest crisis which Scottish history has seen. Before this long-desired tribunal of his countrymen, Knox and his colleagues now stood forth, and read aloud "the sum of that doctrine which we profess, and for the which we have sustained infamy and danger." These Scottish Articles of Religion, much fuller in detail than the English, were also more ardent and personal in their form;

and as the words "we believe and confess" rang out again and again under the different heads—the Being of God, the revelation of His promise to fallen man, the Mediator and His death and passion for those chosen in Him to life, their faith and good works, and the Church, that "company and multitude of men chosen of God, who rightly worship and embrace him by faith in Christ Jesus"—the effect upon the audience was extraordinary.

Two men have preserved to us the record. Knox himself, in his most graphic "History," tells how, "as our confession was publicly read," its authors "were present, standing upon their feet, ready to have answered," but the Romish bishops refused discussion, and the three temporal Lords who voted against it only gave as reason, "We will believe as our fathers believed." Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's envoy, stood by, and tells how the other barons "concluded all in one that that was the Faith in which they ought to live and die." "Indeed," he writes two days later to Cecil, "I never heard matters of so great importance, neither sooner despatched, nor with better will agreed unto." The Scots Lords spoke "with as glad a will as ever I heard men speak." "Divers, with protestation of their conscience and faith, desired rather presently to end their lives than ever to think contrary unto that allowed there. Many also offered to shed their blood in defence of the same." "The old Lord of Lindsay, as grave and goodly a man as ever I saw, said: 'I have lived many years; I am the oldest in this company of my sort; now that it hath pleased God to let me see this day, where so many nobles and others have allowed so worthy a work, I will say, with Simeon, *Nunc dimittis*.'" And in this spirit the Parliament accepted and adopted the confession, and published it to the world.

It was the birthday of a nation. For not in that assembly alone, and within the dim walls of the old Parliament House of Edinburgh, was that Faith confessed and those vows made. Every-

where throughout Scotland, the Scottish peasant and the Scottish burgess felt himself called to deal, individually and immediately, with God in Christ; and the contact, which for some was salvation, was for all ennobling and solemnising. The Scottish "common man" believed and confessed his belief, and "the vague shoreless universe had become for him a firm city and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in belief; in these words well spoken: *I believe*."

## VI.

### KNOX'S LIFE IN EDINBURGH.

So much had Knox since his fortieth year been already privileged to do for his country. He was now fifty-four years old, and a further great work was before him. But he was henceforth to be permanently a citizen and minister of Edinburgh, and we may pause at this point to look at the man and his surroundings. In person Knox was small and frail—"a corpuscle" of a man, his earliest biographer tells us. Our first page reproduces the only portrait of him which has any pretensions to be historical, sent in 1580 by his contemporary Beza from Geneva. There is too little seen in this face of the "churlish nature," of which he sometimes accuses himself; and the sympathy and tenderness which abound in his letters, are less reflected in it than his constancy and heroism. Yet even this placid sketch shows us a man whom one would not care to meet on the rough edge of battle; and it is, at all events, our only contemporary representation of the pastor who henceforth for twelve years was to be seen daily pacing between his house in the Nether Bow and his Church of St. Giles.

Both buildings exist to this day. The churches which stood under one roof round the architectural coronet of St. Giles (including that in which Knox preached) have recently been thrown together into a stately cathedral. But

his old house, a few hundred yards off, remains with its quaint gables, peaks, and casements, very much as it was when, in 1560, he brought to it his first wife, Majory Bowes, and her two sons. Before the end of that year she died, leaving no record except Calvin's epithet of *suavissima*. Three years passed, and he was seen riding home with a second wife, "not like ane prophet or auld decrepit priest as he was," say his Catholic adversaries, "but like as he had been one of the blood royal, with his bands of taffettie fastened with golden rings." The lady for whom he put on this state was Margaret Stewart, the daughter of his friend Lord Ochiltree, and the same critics assure us, "by sorcery and witchcraft he did so allure that poor gentlewoman, that she could not live without him." In this house at least her three daughters were born, and from it at length his body was carried to the churchyard of St. Giles, to the grave over which Earl Morton, the newly-elected Regent, uttered the well-known sentence: "Here lieth a man who in his life never feared the face of man." His want of fear was not because of the absence of danger. Only a year before a musket-ball, aimed at Knox's usual seat in this house, passed through his window and lodged in the roof. Yet this was but one late incident in the long struggle which he to the last shared with Scotland, and to trace which we must now return to A.D. 1560.

## VII.

### KNOX BUILDING THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.

Ever since that year 1560, the Gospel, as the religion of the individual, has been free in Scotland. But the religion of the individual in that northern land leads up to and creates the religion of the community, and this great work yet remained. Hitherto, this had only been done congregationally "in our towns and places reformed." Now for the first time the Reformers contemplated a "universal kirk" of Scotland. For his country, in Knox's view, was a

free commonwealth, and entitled to organise its own religion. In order to procure this, they went at once to Parliament and the civil power. Scotland was yet strongly feudal, and Knox held that it was the magistrate's duty to maintain and purify religion. The legislature had already sanctioned the Reformed creed as true. He demanded now that it should sanction the organising of the Church, and make provision not only for it, but for education and the poor.

To this end a book of "Discipline," or organisation, memorable for its statesmanlike sagacity, was presented by the Church to the Council. Every householder was to instruct his own family, or to make sure that they were instructed, in the principles of the Christian religion. No one was to be allowed to remain in ignorance. To this end readers were appointed, by whom the whole Scriptures were to be publicly read through in the churches. The preaching of the Word, by ministers chosen by the congregation itself, or failing them, by the Church generally, was made the centre of the whole system. A day was to be appointed every week in the great towns for Prophesying or Interpretation, by which was probably meant such a congregational discussion of questions relating to the doctrine of Scripture as has become common in Wales, while it has fallen out of use in Scotland. In addition to the ministers having a fixed cure, ten or more superintendents were to be appointed, whose duty it was to travel from place to place in order to plant and erect churches and appoint ministers where in the meantime they were not to be found. In all the churches to be thus brought into existence, not only the Word and Sacraments, but also the Discipline of the Church was to be carefully observed—i.e. those openly immoral and those who remained scandalously ignorant or heretical, were to be excluded from its communion. The patrimony of the Church was to be applied to maintain three classes, "to



wit, the ministers of the Word, the poor, and the teachers of the youth." In the support of the ministry was included a provision for their wives and families. The poor were to be supported, as in the early days of Christianity, by the exertions of the deacons in each congregation. For education careful provision was made. Each Church was to have its own school, and "grammar and the Latin tongue" were to be taught in every town. In every notable town there was to be a college, in which "the arts" should be studied; and in three towns of Scotland "the great schools called Universities" were to be maintained according to a constitution carefully laid down.

It was the rough draft of a great deal which has already been realised in Scotland, and of much which still remains to be attained, through the double agency of Church and school. But in the meantime it was proposed to the Council of the nobility. How their acceptance of the great scheme was for seven years refused or postponed need not be stated in detail. The great obstacle was the struggle with the Queen, to be presently noticed. But there were others besides. Cautious politicians scoffed at the whole proposal as a "devout imagination." Selfish nobles refused to "bear the burrow to build the House of God," and so, perhaps, impoverish their own. But the organisation which nobles and politicians and the civil legislature refused to sanction, the Church, being free, instantly took up as its own work. In December 1560 the first General Assembly sat, and down to 1567 it met twice a year "by the authority of the Church itself, and year by year laid the deep foundations of the social and religious future of Scotland." It was the work of organising a rude nation into a self-governing Church. Of this vast national burden it must ever be remembered that the chief weight lay on the shoulders of Knox, a mere pastor in Edinburgh. And during the same seven years this indomitable man was sustaining another doubtful conflict, in which

the issues, not for Scotland only, but for Europe, were so momentous, that in order to trace it even the labour of organisation must be allowed in the meantime to fall into the background.

## VIII.

### HIS CONFLICT WITH QUEEN MARY.

Mary, Queen of Scots, landed in her native kingdom on the 19th of August, 1561. She became at once the star of all eyes, not only in Scotland, but throughout Europe. The widow of the heir of the throne of France, the reigning sovereign of Scotland, and the heiress presumptive of England, the young princess was already a personage whose destiny must decide the wavering balance of Christendom. England, nominally Protestant, was still largely, perhaps predominantly, Romanist; Scottish Protestantism was only a year old; and the great house of the Guises were confident that their brilliant daughter would ere long bring back both to the faith. And with Scotland and England united under a Roman Catholic queen, the whole north would easily be restored to the See of Rome. Mary understood her high part and accepted it with alacrity. Fascinating and beautiful, keen-witted and strong-willed, she would have found herself at home in this great game of politics, even if it had not for her one element of intense personal interest. For all men knew that the turning-point in the question would be her marriage, and that the chief prize of the game was the hand of Mary Stuart. Knox, on his side, understood the situation equally well. Very shortly after her arrival, he preached in the metropolitan Church of St. Giles, and "inveighed against idolatry." One mass, he said, was more terrible to him than ten thousand men landed in the realm. Scarcely had the voice of the preacher died away—a voice which, as the English Ambassador soon after wrote to Cecil, though that "of one man, is able in an hour to put more life in us

than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears," when the Queen sent for him to Holyrood. Then ensued the first of those famous dialogues between Mary and Knox recorded for us by the Reformer's strong pen. He easily satisfied her as to his theoretical "Blast" against women.

"But yet," said she, "ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their princes can allow. And how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes?"

"Madam," said he, "as right religion took neither original, strength, nor authority from worldly princes, but from the eternal God alone, so are not subjects bound to frame their religion according to the appetites of their princes."

This, of course, led on to the doctrine of non-resistance.

"Think ye," quoth she, "that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?"

"If their princes exceed their bounds," quoth he, "and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, it is no doubt but they may be resisted, even by power."

The Queen's logic, even as reported by her adversary, was almost faultless, and she never failed to come up to the next point of the argument. So she now raised the question what a prince's religion should be—

"Ye interpret the Scriptures," she said, later on, "in one manner, and others interpret in another. Whom shall I believe? and who shall be judge?"

"Ye shall believe," said he, "God, that plainly speaketh in His Word; and farther than the Word teacheth you, ye neither shall believe the one nor the other. The Word of God is plain in itself; and if there appear any obscurity in one place, the Holy Ghost, which is never contrarious unto Himself, explains the same more clearly in other places."

Both parties to the argument sustained it with fairness as well as ability; but Knox seems to have conceived none of

the hopes which others entertained as to his royal pupil. He was right. Mary had no intention of considering the questions so zealously put before her. Next year, however, she went so far as to invite him to come and tell her privately when he thought anything was wrong in the court, rather than preach on it. Knox absolutely declined, and invited her instead to come to the public preaching of God's Word. The resentful queen turned her back on him; and as he went away, "with a reasonable merry countenance," he caught the whisper of one of the attendant's, "He is not afraid!" He turned upon the whisperer. "Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman affray me? I have looked in the face of many angry men, and yet have not been affrayed above measure."

Another year passed, and though Mary's fascinations had shaken the firmness of some of the Protestant lords, the mass of the people remained constant. But a crisis was approaching. Each of the great Catholic states, France, Austria, and Spain, had projects for intermarriage with the queen of Scotland, and Philip had now consented to press the claim of his eldest son, Don Carlos. It was when "in imagination Queen of Scotland, England, Ireland, Spain, Flanders, Naples, and the Indies," that Mary Stuart, in 1563, bent all her skill to induce her native kingdom at least to tolerate Catholicism, and so furnish the needful basis for the edifice which she and a Catholic husband might go on to build. She began with Knox. Sending for him to Lochleven, she for two hours urged him not to let her people take *her* sword into their own hands, especially in matters of religion. "The sword of justice is God's," said Knox, and now, as before, he firmly maintained the right of the commonwealth, when its prince failed to execute justice, to do so from its own resources. Mary recognised that this one man she could bend neither by threat nor argument, and henceforward she did not

attempt it. But she took another course. Next morning the Queen sent for Knox as she was going out hawking. She had apparently forgotten all the keen dispute of the evening before; and her manner was caressing and confidential. What did Mr. Knox think of Lord Ruthven's offering her a ring? "I cannot love him," she added, "for I know him to use enchantment." Was Mr. Knox not going to Dumfries, to make the Bishop of Athens the superintendent of the Kirk in that county? He was, Knox answered; the proposed superintendent being a man in whom he had confidence. "If you knew him," said Mary, "as well as I do, ye would never promote him to that office, nor yet to any other within the Kirk." In yet another matter, and one more private and delicate, she required his help. Her half-sister, Lady Argyll, and the Earl, her husband, were, she was afraid, not on good terms. Knox had once reconciled them before, but, "do this much *for my sake*, as once again to put them at unity." And so she dismissed him with promises to enforce the laws against the mass.

Knox for once fell under the spell. He seems to have believed that this most charming of women was at last leaning to the side of faith and freedom. And so he sat down and wrote a long letter to Argyll on his conjugal duty. He went to Dumfries, and on making enquiry, he found that the Queen was right in her shrewd estimate of the proposed superintendent, and took means to prevent the election. All this time he fully expected that the Parliament about to sit would enforce as well as ratify the yet unratified laws of 1560. But when it met, Mary's resistless influence had been so used upon others, that this—the first Parliament that met during her unfortunate reign—declined to occupy itself with the matter of the Protestant creed at all. Knox knew that the hour was critical; and going into St. Giles's, he "poured forth the sorrows of his heart" before the assembled nobles and commonalty. "From the beginning of God's

mighty working within this realm," he said, "I have been with you in your most desperate trials. In your most extreme dangers I have been with you; St. Johnstown, Cupar Moor, and the Craigs of Edinburgh, are yet recent in my heart; yea, that dark and dolorous night, wherein all ye, my Lords, with shame and fear, left this town, is yet in my mind; and God forbid that ever I forget it!" But from all those dangers they had been delivered, and was this the time to recede from the faith of Jesus Christ? How critical the time was, few but Knox himself and a few other statesmen knew. But his very next words hit the centre of the political complication.

"Now, my Lords, to put an end to all, I hear of the Queen's marriage. . . . Whensoever the nobility of Scotland professing the Lord Jesus consent that an infidel (and all Papists are infidels) shall be head to your Sovereign, you do so far as in you lieth to banish Christ Jesus from this realm."

Mary as well as Knox knew that this was the hinge of the whole question, and the preacher was instantly sent for to the palace. On his appearance the Queen burst into a passion of tears. Never had Prince been handled as she was—she had borne with him, had listened to him, and had sought his favour—"and yet I cannot be quit of you. I vow to God, I shall be once revenged!" Knox stood unmoved, and then calmly reasoned that in the pulpit, and as preacher, he was not his own master, and was bound to instruct his hearers in their duty. "But what have you to do with my marriage?" said Mary. Knox began to point out the importance of her marriage to the commonwealth; but the Queen impatiently repeated the question, and added, "What are *you* in this commonwealth?" "Madam," answered Knox, "a subject born within the same. And albeit I be neither earl, lord, nor baron in it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same." And thereupon he repeated to her the same very

practical doctrine which he had given in the pulpit two hours before. Mary again had recourse to tears, and her indignation that the Reformer remained unmoved under them, was not diminished by his quaint protest that he was really a tender-hearted man, and could scarcely bear to see his own children weep when corrected for their faults. Ordered to depart from her presence he found himself in the ante-room, shunned by the nobles but near "the Queen's Mariés," or other ladies of the Court, in their rich dresses. Knox felt lonely, and records himself how he "procured the company of women" in this interval. "Oh, fair ladies," said he, "how pleasing were this life of yours, if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave Death, that will come, whether we will or not!" These grim pleasantries led to conversation which lasted till the Royal permission came for him to go home. "And so that storm quieted in appearance," but in December of the same year the Queen, who had now completely broken with him, summoned him to answer for treason in having "convoked her lieges" on the occasion of the trial of two men for a Protestant riot.

Again Knox stood at the bar, and on this occasion no man stood by him. The Queen was sure of her victory. "That man," she said, looking round, "made me weep, and shed never a tear himself; I will see if I can make him weep." This rash exultation was checked by the constant bearing of the accused, who through a long examination maintained his right to caution his countrymen against "the pestilent Papists, who have inflamed your grace against those poor men." "You forget yourself," said the Chancellor, "you are not now in the pulpit." "I am in the place," he answered, "where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I speak, impugn it whoso list." The Lords of the Council, who at first frowned upon Knox, before the day closed pronounced

him innocent by a majority. The Queen came back into the room, and the vote was taken in her presence over again; but with the same result. "That night was neither dancing nor fiddling in the Court;" and the firmness of Knox maintained the freedom of the Protestant cause all through the next year 1564.

But in the meantime the greatest danger had passed away. The Prince of Spain, the chief of the candidates for the Queen's hand, was no longer in the field. The incessant diplomatic struggle between Mary and Elizabeth was ended by the sudden departure from the Court of the latter of "yonder long lad," as she described Lord Darnley, to woo the Scottish Queen. Mary's rather weak fancy for her handsome young countryman made no change on her political intentions. It was about this time that she signed the Catholic League for extermination of Protestantism, and her marriage with Darnley was made part of a scheme which had the approval of Philip. Knox understood the state of matters, and one of his first sermons after the marriage gave such umbrage to the Royal pair, that he was forbidden to preach. The General Assembly appointed a Fast in view of the deadly purposes of the League, and the Queen on her side banished her half-brother, afterwards the Regent Murray, from the realm.

In a few months her now inconstant mind had completely turned from her neglected husband, and first the Italian Rizzio, and then one of her own nobles, the Earl Bothwell, became her confidants. Rizzio's ambition united the jealous Darnley with a number of the nobles in a blood-bond, and the result was that on the 9th March, 1566, the favourite was dragged from the Queen's presence and stabbed to death on the stairs of Holyrood. Knox thought him an enemy both to Scotland and to Protestantism, and rejoiced over his overthrow, rufianly though the manner of it was. Consequently, when the young Queen, springing to arms, united her adherents and drove out the conspirators, the

petition of his Edinburgh Congregation for Knox's recall was steadily refused, and he made a last visit to England, bearing with him a letter of recommendation from the General Assembly of his own Church. How he occupied himself under the vacillating English Queen, whom he describes as "neither good Protestant nor yet resolute Papist," does not appear. His eyes were undoubtedly fixed on the great tragedy that was hurrying on to its catastrophe in his native land.

Week by week, the infatuation of Mary for Lord Bothwell, and her dislike of her husband, increased so as to attract the notice of all around. But in February 1567 there was a sudden reconciliation between her and Darnley. She brought him to a house in Kirk of Field, in Edinburgh, and at midnight it was blown up with gunpowder by the servants of Bothwell. Then Bothwell waylaid and carried off the Queen, and proceeded to divorce his own wife. On the 15th May, a day or two after that divorce, and only three months after the death of her second husband, the ill-fated Queen publicly married his murderer; and the strong shudder of disgust that passed throughout Scotland shook her throne to the ground. First the commons, and then the nobles, melted away from her; and in a short time her formal abdication anticipated that rejection by the people which Knox and Buchanan had always held to be among the rights of a free commonwealth.

The long struggle was over. Knox had no part in the unexpected ending. But he had been the head and heart of the battle while it was most doubtful and deadly; and now that it was past he was foremost in the arrangements of the new order of things. Assembly of the Church and Parliament of the realm both met; and the old enactments of 1560, in favour of the Religion, were ratified, with the addition of others acknowledging those who professed it to be the true Kirk of Christ within Scotland.

On the 29th of July, 1567, in Stirling, the town which has always been the central clasp in the girdle of Scotland, the infant James, who was afterwards to ascend the English throne, was crowned King. And on this occasion also the Gospel, which his coronation oath recognised, was preached once more by the lips of John Knox.

## IX.

### THE KIRK FOUNDED.

And now his work—his twofold work—was done. From 1560 the Gospel had, no doubt, been free in Scotland. But from 1567 Scotland was free to work out the Gospel in its own way as a State and a Church. And the new light shone like the rising of the sun. Hitherto, this had been a rude and bare country, "a country as yet without a soul." But now, as Carlyle puts it again, a fire "is kindled under the ribs of this outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes, kindles itself, like a beacon set on high; high as heaven, yet attainable from earth, whereby the meanest man becomes not a citizen only, but a member of Christ's visible Church; a veritable hero, if he prove a true man."

And so all over Scotland was seen what Knox called "the building of the house," the rearing of an unseen temple and house not made with hands. In this visible republic, with its invisible king, there was self-government, local and central. The elders and deacons of each town or parish met weekly with the pastor for the charge of the congregation. And these "particular Kirks" met yearly in Assembly to represent the "Universal Kirk," and to urge throughout Scotland not only the service of God, but the support and maintenance of the poor, and the interests of education in universities and schools. There were difficulties and dangers in plenty, some of them unforeseen. The nobles were rapacious, the people were divided, a broad belt of unreformed population stretched between the Highlands and Lowlands, Scottish

Churchmen were already beginning to show the national tendency to dogmatism, and Scottish statesmen their less national tendency to Erastian absolutism—an absolutism which the Stuarts, transplanted to the English throne, were afterwards to push to extremes. There were a hundred difficulties like these, but they were all accepted as in the long day's work. For in Scotland the day-spring was now risen upon men!

## X.

## KNOX'S CLOSING YEARS AND DEATH-BED.

But he who had broken open so great a door was now to leave the work to others. True, five years of honoured life remained to him, but to the world-weary man they were years of labour and sorrow. Early in 1570, his friend, the good Regent Murray, was assassinated, and Knox preached his funeral sermon from the text, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!" Later on in that year Knox himself had a fit of apoplexy. Civil war broke out, and drove him to St. Andrews. There a graphic observer tells us how he used to see him in his last winter so weak that he had to be lifted by two men into the pulpit; but before the sermon was done, he was like to "ding the pulpit in blads" (smite it into pieces) with his aged energy. Nor was his power over the spirit less than before. When he came to the application of his discourse, "he made me so to grue (i.e. thrill) and tremble, that I could not hold a pen to write." Here he wrote his last book, and dedicating it to the believers "that God of His mercy shall appoint to fight after me," he says: "I heartily saluto and take my good night of all the faithful of both realms . . . for as the world is weary of me, so am I of it."

In the inevitable anti-climax of failing life, Knox found his compensations not in the world, nor even in the Church. "All worldly strength, yea, even in things spiritual," he writes to his colleague, "decays, and yet never shall the work

of God decay. . . Visit me, that we may confer together on heavenly things; for in earth there is no stability, except the Kirk of Jesus Christ, ever fighting under the cross." In those darkening days, even when he has merely to write his subscription, it is "John Knox, with my dead hand, but glad heart." In the beginning of September 1572 he lamented in the pulpit the massacre of St. Bartholomew. On the 9th of November he preached at the installation of his colleague, and henceforth never left his own house. The day after he sickened he gave one of his servants twenty shillings above his fee, with the words, "Thou wilt never receive more from me in this life." Two days after, his mind wandered, and he wished to go to church "to preach on the resurrection of Christ." Next day he was better again, and when two friends called he ordered a hogshead of wine to be pierced, and urged them to partake, for their host "would not tarry till it was all drunk." On Monday the 17th he asked the elders and deacons of his Church, with the ministers of Edinburgh and Leith, to meet with him. "The day approaches," he said to them, "and is now before the door, for which I have frequently and vehemently thirsted, when I shall be released from my great labours and innumerable sorrows, and shall be with Christ. And now God is my witness, whom I have served in the spirit in the Gospel of His Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the Gospel of the Son of God, and have had it for my only object to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the faithful, to comfort the weak, the fearful, and the distressed, by the promises of grace, and to fight against the proud and rebellious by the Divine threatenings."

The Edinburgh burghers around him dissolved into tears as they took their last look of the worn and wearied face; but when they left he asked his two colleagues to remain. He wished to charge them with a warning message to Kirkcaldy of Grange, then holding

the castle for the Queen. "That man's soul is dear to me, and I would not have it perish, if I could save it. Go to the castle and tell him, John Knox remains the same man now, when he is about to die, that ever he knew him when able in body." One after another the nobles in Edinburgh, Lords Boyd, Drumlanrig, Lindsay, Ruthven, Glencairn, and Morton (then about to be elected Regent) had interviews with him. Of Morton he demanded whether he had been privy to the murder of Darnley, and receiving an evasive assurance that he had not, he charged him to use his wealth and high place "better in time to come than you have done in time past. If so ye do, God shall bless and honour you; but if ye do it not, God shall spoil you of these benefits, and your end shall be ignominy and shame." When so many men pressed in, women, devout and honourable, were of course also present. One lady commenced to praise his works for God's cause: "Tongue! tongue! lady," he broke in; "flesh of itself is overproved, and needs no means to esteem itself." Gradually they all left, except his true friend Fairley of Braid. Knox turned to him: "Every one bids me good night; but when will you do it? I shall never be able to recompense you; but I commit you to One that is able to do it—to the eternal God." During the days that followed, his weakness reduced him to ejaculatory sentences of prayer. "Come, Lord Jesus. Sweet Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." But Scotland was still on his heart; and as Napoleon in his last hours was heard to mutter *tête d'armée*, so Knox's attendants caught the words, "Be merciful, O Lord, to Thy Church, which Thou hast redeemed. Give peace to this afflicted commonwealth. Raise up faithful pastors who will take charge of Thy Church. Grant us, Lord, the perfect hatred of sin, both by the evidences of Thy wrath and mercy." Sometimes he was conscious of those around, and seemed to address them. "O serve the Lord in fear, and death shall not be terrible to you. Nay,

blessed shall death be to those who have felt the power of the death of the only begotten Son of God."

On his last Sabbath, a more remarkable scene occurred. He had been lying quiet during the afternoon, and suddenly exclaimed, "If any be present let them come and see the work of God." His friend Elphinstone was sent for to the adjacent church, and on his arrival Knox burst out, "I have been these two last nights in meditation on the troubled state of the Church of God, the spouse of Jesus Christ, despised of the world, but precious in the sight of God. I have called to God for her, and have committed her to her head, Jesus Christ. I have fought against spiritual wickedness in heavenly things, and have prevailed. I have been in heaven and have possession. I have tasted of the heavenly joys where presently I am."

Next day, Monday, 24 November, 1572, was his last on earth. His three most intimate friends sat by his bedside. Campbell of Kinyancleugh asked him if he had any pain. "It is no painful pain," he said; "but such a pain as shall soon, I trust, put an end to the battle." To this friend he left in charge his wife, whom later of the day he asked to read him the fifteenth chapter to the Corinthians. When it was finished, "Now for the last time," he said, "I commend my soul, spirit, and body" (and as he spoke he touched three of his fingers) "into Thy hands, O Lord." Later of the day he called his wife again, "Go read where I cast my first anchor!" She turned to the seventeenth chapter of John, and followed it up with part of a sermon of Calvin on the Epistle to the Ephesians. Soon after Knox seemed to fall into a slumber, troubled with heavy moaning. All watched around him. Suddenly he woke, and being asked why he sighed, said that he had been sustaining a last assault of Satan. Often before had he tempted him to despair. Now he had sought to make him feel as if he had merited heaven by his faithful ministry. "But what have I that I have not re-

ceived? Wherefore, I give thanks to my God, through Jesus Christ, who hath been pleased to give me the victory; and I am persuaded that the tempter shall not again attack me, but within a short time I shall, without any great pain of body or anguish of mind, exchange this mortal and miserable life for a blessed immortality through Jesus Christ." During the hours which followed he lay quite still, and they delayed reading the evening prayer till ten o'clock, thinking he was asleep. When it was finished, the doctor asked him if he had heard the prayers. "Would to God," he answered, "that you and all men had heard them as I have heard them; I praise God for that heavenly sound." As eleven o'clock drew on he gave a deep sigh, and said, "Now it is come." His servant, Richard Bannatyne, drew near and called upon him to think upon the comfortable promises of Christ which he had so often declared to others. Knox was already speechless, but his servant pleaded for one sign that he heard them and that he died in peace. As if collecting his whole strength he lifted up his right hand heavenwards, and sighing twice, peacefully expired.

## XI.

### HIS FAITH AND HIS WORK.

It was fit that such a life should have such a close. Knox had never been a man of "a private spirit," and he had long since become the champion of his cause in the eyes of Europe. But the true roots of that public work were in the personal and private faith, which he held to be founded on the Word of God. We see this put biographically in the "meditation" prefixed to his last book, "pronounced with my half-dead tongue," and bearing the quaint rubric, "John Knox, with deliberate mind, to his God."

"Be merciful unto me, O Lord, and call not into judgment my manifold sins; and chiefly those whereof the world is

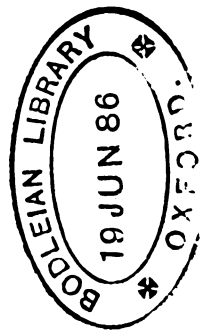
not able to accuse me. In youth, mid age, and now after many battles, I find nothing in me but vanity and corruption. . . . I take Thee, O Lord, who only knowest the secrets of hearts, to record, that in none of the foresaid do I delight; but that with them I am troubled, and that sore against the desire of my inward man, which sobs for my corruption, and would repose in Thy mercy alone. To the which I cry, in the promise that Thou hast made to all penitent sinners (of whose number I profess myself to be one), in the obedience and death of my only Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ. In whom, by Thy mere grace, I doubt not myself to be elected to eternal salvation, whereof Thou hast given unto me (unto me, O Lord, most wretched and unthankful creature) most assured signs. . . . But above all, O Lord, Thou, by the power of Thy Holy Spirit, has sealed unto my heart remission of my sins, which I acknowledge and confess myself to have received by the precious blood of Jesus Christ once shed; in whose perfect obedience I am assured my manifold rebellions are defaced, my grievous sins purged, and my soul made the tabernacle of Thy Godly Majesty—Thou, O Father of mercies, Thy Son our Lord Jesus, my only Saviour, Mediator, and Advocate, and Thy Holy Spirit remaining in the same, by true faith, which is the only victory that overcometh the world."

His work was the outgrowth of that individual faith, which he felt to be true, as found in a heroic and aggressive soul. The fire had been originally kindled in this man's own spirit. So when Scotland needed a beacon, he became himself its burning and shining light. And now that the fuel of external opportunity was in age withdrawn, the flame within did not flicker out along with it. The faith which had so long borne for others the strain of such a life, was found at last able to bear for itself the strain of death.

A. TAYLOR INNES.



# JOHN HUSS.



# JOHN HUSS.

---

## I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

JOHN HUSS, or as he himself wrote it, JAN HUSS, is a name that recurs in historical writings without any very definite image of a living man attached to it. His portrait, indeed, has been preserved, but it is a mere picture, in which "Painting, mute and motionless, steals but a glance at Time." The man himself has only been known from his Latin works, which may, perhaps, be considered to exhibit a bare third part of his being and character, while for the remaining two-thirds we must have recourse to those writings in his native language, by which he spoke heart to heart to his own people, and the vibrations caused by which resulted in that vast national uprising, which is commonly known as the Hussite movement. These Bohemian works have lately been printed, many of them for the first time, so that it is now for the first time possible to form a just estimate of the character and working of this remarkable person.

But neither did Huss spring, as it were, from the ground, a new-born champion of Truth without any precursors, or any previous preparation. Several extraordinary men preceded him, the eloquent preachers Conrad Waldhausen and Milicz, the learned priest and deep thinker Mathias of Janow, and the layman Thomas of Stitny, whose prose works in the Bohemian tongue paved the way for a grand religious and national movement conducted in the native language. The University of Prague was founded by the Emperor Charles IV. in 1348, and under its influence, and that of the schools connected with it, Bohemia had become the best educated nation in Europe.

Very evil were the times in which God's Providence called upon Huss to stand forward as a champion for truth and righteousness, for reform in life and manners in the Church of Christ. Two rival popes were anathematising each other, two rival kings of the Romans were claiming the right of being consecrated emperor by one or other of the rival Holinesses. Nay, at one time (1410) the Christian world looked on in astonishment at *three* rival popes and *three* rival kings of the Romans, own brothers, claiming respectively the Supreme Headship of the world in Church and State. In evil the clergy led the way, and the laity did but follow in their wake, there being—as one of Huss's grand opponents acknowledged—"no vice among the lay people, which the clergy had not practised first and most notoriously." The scandals and offences of the day cried out for reform, and a man of singular courage and unselfishness was found to speak out for God, without fearing or caring what man could do unto him.

## II.

### HUSS'S EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

John Huss was born on July 6, 1369, in the little town of Husinetz, in the south of Bohemia. The house in which he was born is still standing, and has been restored by the subscriptions of patriotic Bohemians. His parents were not well off, and he appears not to have been an only son. He maintained himself in the lower schools at Prague by chanting and performing subordinate services in the churches, and regretted in after life the careless manner in which he had performed his duties. He entertained no lofty views with regard to his choice of the clerical profession until he had actually entered it. From

the subordinate schools he proceeded to the High School or University, where he entered the Faculty of Arts. He was about twenty-four years old when the year of indulgence or jubilee was proclaimed at Prague in 1393, and, as a student, performed the requisite pilgrimages from church to church, and the duty of confession at St. Peter's on the Vysehrad. But he was impecunious, and had to part with the only four groshen that he possessed, and content himself with a meal of dry bread, in order to obtain full absolution. In September 1393 he took the degree of Bachelor, and in 1396 that of Master of Arts. He is not mentioned with certainty as a Bachelor of Divinity until 1404. He was passionately fond of chess, and took great delight in the handsome robes and cap trimmed with crimson appertaining to the M.A. degree. In 1398, he was appointed examiner for the B.A. degree, and reached the highest post in the University, that of Rector, on April 1, 1403. He appears to have been ordained priest some time in 1400. After his ordination he began to withdraw himself from the world, and to devote himself heart and soul to his high calling. Nor is there any reason to doubt, that from the first he took up a position among those clergy, who set themselves in array against the abuses then dominant in their body.

### III.

#### HUSS AS A POPULAR PREACHER.

The first church in which Huss performed the duties of a preacher was that of St. Michael in the Old Town of Prague. He appears to have committed his sermons to writing, and to have had them fair copied for publication; and it is evident that he soon acquired considerable fame as a preacher. So that, on a vacancy occurring in the preachership at the chapel "Bethlehem," Huss was duly nominated under the very peculiar arrangements of the foundation, and pre-

sented by the patron, John of Milheim. The chapel itself had been built and endowed for a secular priest, whose duty it was to preach in the *Bohemian language*, morning and afternoon, every holy day, except in Advent and Lent, when there was only to be a morning sermon. Shortly afterwards a second preachership was established by a merchant named Kriz (Cross), whose influence is believed to have obtained the first preachership for Huss.

A great alteration gradually took place in the feeling and attitude of the Germans and Bohemians at Prague and in the University towards each other. They had alike sympathised with the Austrian preacher Waldhausen and the Moravian Milicz. But the Germans now withdrew more and more from the party of reform in the Church, and endowments in the University began to be given to the exclusive advantage of the Bohemian nationality. An attempt was made in 1403 to crush the reforming section of the clergy in Bohemia, by taking proceedings against the doctrines of the Englishman, JOHN WYCLIF, whose philosophical works were much used in the University of Prague, though his more important theological writings were not generally known. Twenty-one Articles, in addition to twenty-four condemned by a synod in London, were not very honestly extracted from his writings and laid before an assembly of the Magisters in 1403. Magister Nicholas of Litomysl told the extractor to his face: "Thou hast falsely, unrighteously, and mendaciously extracted Articles from books which stand not thus." To which Magister John Huss added, that "such adulterators of books were more deserving of being burnt than Berlin and Wlaska, the adulterators of saffron," who had not long previously been burnt alive at Prague. However, the resolution passed was, that no one was to teach or maintain the Articles aforesaid, either in private or in public.

Before the end of the same year the Archbishop of Prague died, and Zbynek

Zajitz of Hasenburg (Hare of Harecastle) was appointed in his stead. Archbishop Zajitz was a better general than scholar ; but, being a practical man, discerned the merits of Huss, and ere long commissioned him to make known to him, either personally or by letter, any defect that he saw in ecclesiastical arrangements. Huss drew the Archbishop's attention to the deceptions practised by the exhibition of false relics, the promulgation of false miracles, and the use made of such impostures to obtain money. There was a special place of pilgrimage in the Margravate of Brandenburg, Wilsnak, near Wittemberg, where was exhibited what was declared to be the natural blood of Christ, which, of course, was represented as possessing miraculous virtues. The whole imposture was investigated and exposed by Huss, and in a synod in 1406 the Archbishop forbade further pilgrimages to Wilsnak, and also to certain similar places in Bohemia. Huss himself wrote a Latin treatise on the subject, in which he expressly denied the existence anywhere of the natural blood of Christ, the whiskers of Christ, the milk of the Virgin Mary, and so forth, and also cautioned people against lightly giving credence to miracles of recent date.

Archbishop Zbynek also made use of Huss and other reforming clergy as preachers at the synods, which he held in his diocese. At that held on October 23, 1405, John Huss was the preacher, and ventured to criticise, not merely bishops and archbishops, but even the Pope and the cardinals. Immediately after the end of the discourse Adam of Nesetitz, the Vicar-General, ascended the pulpit, commended Huss's sermon, and exhorted the people himself to the same effect.

But Huss's principal work was done in his own chapel, Bethlehem, whither not only laymen, but clergy also, crowded to hear and receive the Word of God. Many of the clergy also consulted him with regard to their spiritual duties, of which Huss held up and en-

forced a higher ideal than usual at the day. It was doubtless owing to Huss's preaching at Bethlehem, that Queen Sophia, second wife of King Wenceslas IV., nominated him her chaplain.

In course of time Huss began to make more and more use of the writings of John Wyclif. "He descried in them," says Tomek, "the same zeal for the reform of the condition of the Church, with which he was himself inspired, after the example of his honoured and pious precursors in his own country." So highly did he think of Wyclif, that once, while preaching at Bethlehem, and once, too, in the presence of the Archbishop, he exclaimed, that he hoped his soul would be where that of Magister John Wyclif was. Still Huss did not adopt all Wyclif's sentiments, nor maintain any views simply because they were Wyclif's. It was never his aim to criticise or remodel recognised Church doctrine ; but rather by Christian teaching to educate the people, and thus instil correct conceptions of it into them. For this purpose erroneous or depraved notions had to be eradicated, and plenty of these were current in his time. The priests were then in the habit of boasting "of their superiority to the Virgin Mary, because she only once conceived and bore the Saviour ; whereas every priest both could and did create Him daily. Such sayings were treated by Huss as silly blasphemies. The priests boasted that at their will they forgave and retained men's sins, and that thus they sent whom they would to heaven, and whom they would to hell. But Huss taught that the priest did not himself remit sins, but that God remitted them by the agency of the priest, even if an unworthy one ; and that circumstances might occur, under which remission might be had even without priestly absolution. The priests took payment for hearing confessions, and granted absolution on easier terms for money. But Huss warned the people that absolution was not valid without honest sorrow for sin, without the intention of

amendment of life, and without making proper satisfaction. The priests encouraged the people in reliance on purchased prayers and masses, on the intercession of saints, on pilgrimages to miracle-working localities, and on gifts to ecclesiastical foundations, as means of obtaining salvation. But Huss warned his hearers against such notions, and admonished them that salvation was not to be had without loving God above everything, and one's neighbour as one's self."<sup>1</sup>

And Huss taught, not only by precept, but also by example. His private life was such, that no adversary could obtain the slightest handle against him. He was strictly moral in the midst of immorality, and while blaming the general thirst for preferment, contented himself with the income derived from the small endowment of Bethlehem and his occupations in the University. He was thus a living reproof to the greater part of the ecclesiastical body, and the Archbishop's favour towards him was a perpetual eyesore to the clergy of the opposite party. As he and his friends studied the works of Wyclif with profit and delight, the charge of Wycliffism was the engine set in motion to destroy him. A clandestine complaint of the dissemination of the Wycliffite heresy in Bohemia was sent to the Roman Curia. The first steps were taken at Rome as early as 1405; but the good understanding between Huss and the Archbishop was not interrupted till after the synod on October 18, 1407, when Huss was for the last time the appointed preacher. In 1408, the Archbishop issued an edict, that all who possessed copies of Wyclif's works were to deposit them at a given place by a given time. In vain did Huss address a letter to the Archbishop appealing to his former commission to make known to him defects in the government of the Church. Still, as no one had actually been convicted of heresy, the Archbishop

proclaimed, that at the desire of King Wenceslas, "he had made careful enquiry in his diocese and province, but had not been able to find any heterodox person or heretic."

#### IV.

##### POLITICAL CHANGES—CONTEST BETWEEN THE KING AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

The rival popes at Rome and Avignon were, in 1408, forsaken by their cardinals, who convoked a General Council to meet at Pisa in the following year. King Wenceslas was in favour of neutrality between the rival popes, and was therein supported by the Bohemian "nation" in the University. Archbishop Zbynek was for Gregory XII., the Pope at Rome, and the other three "nations," which were practically German, zealously took his side. After a good deal of discussion and vacillation the King altered the constitution of the University, giving three votes to the Bohemian "nation," and one only to the foreigners, who had hitherto possessed the majority of voices. The members of the three German nations bound themselves by oath not to submit to these new arrangements, and when they found themselves unable to obtain the repeal of the Royal edict, emigrated in a body from Prague. Most of them went to Leipsic, where, in the course of the year, a new University was established by the Margraves of Meissen.

The Archbishop continued his resistance to the King, and laid Prague and its environs under an interdict. This was disregarded by Huss and his friends, and the King commenced a violent persecution against the Archbishop and his adherents. At length, finding himself worsted, the Archbishop gave in his adhesion to Alexander V., the Pope elected by the Council of Pisa, and matters appeared likely to quiet down. The new system in the University was inaugurated on October 13, 1409, and two days afterwards Huss was for the second time elected Rector.

<sup>1</sup> From Tomek's *History of Prague*, 'Dejiny Prahy,' vol. iii. p. 452.

## V.

## HUSS AT VARIANCE WITH THE ARCHBISHOP.

The Archbishop now came forward openly as an enemy of Huss, and though Huss had formally rejected those doctrines of Wyclif's, which had been condemned by the Church, yet Wyclifism must be the weapon employed against him, and the charge of heresy must check all those aspirations after reform which had so lately been approved and commended by the Archbishop himself. Huss's sermons were attended by hostile clergy, and notes taken for the purpose of being used against him. Confidential conversations, held nine or ten years ago, were raked up with diligence, and endeavours were made to prove that Huss had accepted Wyclif's teaching as to the sacrament of the altar, and also the doctrine that a priest in mortal sin does not make the sacraments. He was also called upon to prove his right to preach in the chapel Bethlehem, although the records of the foundation and the Archiepiscopal confirmation thereof were all in the Archbishop's own chancery. And, finally, a charge was made against him of exciting discord between the Bohemians and Germans in the University. In vain did Huss demonstrate the falsehood of all the charges, and appeal to his congregation to prove that he had always taught the contrary of what was alleged against him. A deputation was sent to Alexander V., and by his zeal against Wyclifism Archbishop Zbynek atoned for his former resistance to Alexander, who now commissioned him to require all Wyclif's books to be given up to him, and to forbid all preaching save in four classes of churches, among which the chapel Bethlehem was not included.

Huss appealed to Pope Alexander, and after his death renewed his appeal to his wicked successor, John XXIII. From the first he declared his intention never to submit to the inhibition of preaching in chapels, in which he was

heartily supported by his congregation. The University protested against the proposed wholesale destruction of Wyclif's books, the King wrote to make enquiries on the subject, and the Archbishop was obliged to postpone his intention of burning them publicly. But at last he mustered up courage for the deed, and on July 16, 1409, summoned many of the leading ecclesiastics to his palace, caused the doors to be closed and guarded, and the copies of Wyclif's works which had been surrendered to him to be placed on a pile of faggots in the courtyard, which he set on fire with his own hand. When they were fairly on fire, a loud *Te deum* was sung, and a funeral knell was rung. "in the expectation," as a contemporary chronicler says, "that they had now the end of all troubles; whereas, by the permission of God, the righteous Judge, the troubles had but first taken their beginning."

Excommunications of Huss, and of those who had joined him in appealing to the Pope, were now published in the churches; but their publication was in many cases vigorously resisted by the people. Violence was made use of on both sides, until some of the King's courtiers placed themselves at the head of the party favourable to Huss, and all the incumbents of Prague were intimidated into quiescence. Libellous songs were composed and sung by both parties, and the Archbishop's educational deficiencies were ridiculed in one beginning—

"Zajitz, Bishop A. B. C.,

Burnt the books, but ne'er knew he  
What was in them written."

King Wenceslas took the accusations of heresy brought against his realm as a personal insult, and wrote to the Pope and to several cardinals. Queen Sophia, and several Bohemian nobles, also wrote to the same effect. These letters crossed others from the Pope, in obedience to which Archbishop Zbynek issued an "aggravation" of the excommunica-

tion of Huss and his associates. King Wenceslas wrote again to the Pope, requesting the preservation and confirmation of the chapel Bethlehem, and asking that Huss might continue peacefully to preach the Word of God there, and might be released from personal appearance at Rome. He also wrote to the cardinal, to whom Huss's case was entrusted, inviting him to come to Bohemia to hear and judge with his own ears.

A letter came from England from one of Wyclif's former fellow-labourers, Richard Fitz. Huss preached with regard to it to a vast congregation in his chapel, and replied by a salutation "from the Church of Christ in Bohemia to the Church of Christ in England." In proof of the progress of the Gospel in Bohemia, he stated in his letter that, over and above the support of the King, the Queen, and the nobles, "the people would listen to nothing but Holy Scripture, especially the Gospels and Epistles; and when they found a preacher of the truth, they flocked to him in villages, towns, and castles, scorning the disorderly clergy." Equally encouraging was the fact, that the same September the theological faculty of the Papal city of Bologna refused to approve Archbishop Zbynek's action in burning Wyclif's books.

The Pope and the Archbishop of Prague, however, continued their proceedings against Huss, and in February 1411 he was again excommunicated for non-appearance at Rome, and the excommunication was published by order of the Archbishop in most of the churches in Prague. This angered the King, who now proceeded to undertake the punishment of the "defamers of his realm." He sequestered various estates belonging to the Archbishop and other ecclesiastics, in order, out of their rents, to make compensation to those who had had copies of Wyclif's books taken from them and burned. The Archbishop retorted by laying Prague under an interdict, but soon discovered that the King was too

strong for him. An agreement was come to by the mediation of several persons of distinction then at Prague, which the Archbishop could not prevail upon himself to carry out. He escaped, therefore, from Bohemia, and sought the protection of Wenceslas's brother, Sigismund, King of Hungary, who was also one of the rival kings of the Romans. But after arriving at Presburg he was taken ill, and died on September 28, 1411.

## VI.

### HUSS IN COLLISION WITH THE POPE.

No less than twenty-four candidates entered the field for the vacant Archbishopric of Prague, but the victory was won by Magister Albik, the wealthy body-physician of King Wenceslas, who was not even ordained sub-deacon till after his appointment to the Archbishopric by the Pope. The question of indulgences now came forward in a very serious manner. Pope John XXIII. proclaimed a crusade against King Ladislas of Naples, the supporter of the rival Pope Gregory XII., and promised plenary indulgence to all who should assist in the war, either personally or by contributions of money. The Papal Commissioner Wenceslas Tiem, Dean of Passau, came to Prague in May 1412, and, disregarding regulations made by the Archbishop's consistory for the purpose of keeping down certain crying abuses, "carried on his traffic in God's mercy, in the manner in which he expected to obtain the largest and most certain gains." Contracts and sub-contracts were given out and entered into by the least respectable of the clergy. Huss and others determined upon resistance. Huss preached against the Pope's bull, and exhibited its shameful nature in a strong light. Nor was it long before he gave notice by placards of a public disputation, to be held in the great hall of the University. Thereupon Huss was summoned to meet the Pope's Commissioners before the Archbishop. The legates asked him

whether he intended to obey "the apostolic commands?" He replied that he was willing to do so with his whole heart. But when they turned to the Archbishop and said: "See now, he is willing to obey the commands of our master," Huss undeceived them by saying: "Understand me, gentlemen! I term the doctrine of Christ apostolic commands, and so far as the commands of the Pope of Rome agree with that doctrine and those commands, I am willing to obey them gladly; but when I see the contrary I will not obey, even though you place before me fire to consume my body."

The disputation was held in the presence of a large audience, and Huss stated his reasons for the proposition, that it was not proper to give money to the Pope for the purpose of shedding Christian blood. Various disturbances took place in Prague owing to the conflict of opinion, and on June 24th a satirical procession was got up by one of the King's favourites, which concluded with the public burning of documents with seals attached to them in imitation of Papal bulls.<sup>1</sup>

The King was annoyed at the interruption of public tranquillity, and requested the counsel of the Faculty of Theology. This, with two former friends, but now deadly enemies of Huss, Stephen Palecz and Stanislas of Znaym, at its head, immediately revived the proceedings against the doctrines of Wyclif. Disturbances again broke out, and three young men, Martin, John, and Stasek, were arrested, and in spite of a solemn promise made to Huss that no harm should happen to them, beheaded by the magistrates of the Old Town of Prague. They were carried to their funeral by a vast procession of graduates and citizens with the hymns usually sung at the commemoration of martyrs.

Meanwhile Huss's case at Rome was transferred from cardinal to cardinal

<sup>1</sup> A bull, from the Latin *bulia*, a bubble, is a peculiar kind of seal affixed to important Papal documents.

without making any progress. But a certain priest, named Michael, commonly called Michael "de causis," from his occupation as a proctor "de causis fidei," "in cases of faith," a man of extremely bad character, was now retained by the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Bohemia, and exerted himself so vigorously, that Huss's legal representatives were obliged to quit Rome and escape for their lives. Huss was now finally excommunicated with "aggravation" and "reaggravation;" every one was to be excommunicated who held intercourse with him. Divine service was to be suspended in every place in which he stayed, and, finally, three stones were to be cast at the house in which he resided, in token of everlasting damnation. This sentence arrived at Prague in August 1412. Huss publicly protested against it, and, after the example of Robert Grosstete, Bishop of Lincoln, appealed from the Pope to Christ. But such trouble and suffering was caused among the people by the interdict, that Huss eventually made up his mind to retire from Prague, "that he might not be to the unrighteous the cause of eternal damnation, and to the righteous a cause of suffering and tribulation, and also that in their madness they might not put a stop to the service of God."

## VII.

### HUSS IN EXILE FROM PRAGUE.

From Prague Huss withdrew in October to the south of Bohemia, and resided in the tower of Kozi, not far from the town of Austí, on the river Luzznitz, which belonged to his friend Lord John the Elder of Austí. Hence he wrote to his congregation at Bethlehem and his friends at Prague, and also addressed a letter to the lords assembled in Parliament, entreating them "to defend the freedom of the preaching of the Word of God." Meanwhile Archbishop Albik had become weary of his troublous dignity, and agreed with Conrad, Bishop of Ölmütz, to resign his see to him, while Conrad gave



up his Bishopric to the titular Patriarch of Antioch, who again resigned his valuable Provostship of the Vyssegrad to Albik. This triangular resignation was well known to be a grossly simoniacal transaction, which was not likely to have been ratified by Pope John without a very heavy *douceur*.

Shortly after Christmas 1412, Huss returned to Prague and recommenced preaching at Bethlehem. But the clergy of the opposite party immediately put a stop to Divine service, and the King, who was anxious for the convocation of a synod for the extirpation of the cause of discord among the clergy, and for the rehabilitation of Bohemia in the eyes of neighbouring nations, requested him to withdraw again. He did so, but not without asking and obtaining the permission of his congregation. The synod was held in February 1413, but the wishes of the King and the nobles were frustrated by the line taken by the anti-reforming clergy, who would accept nothing but the entire submission of their adversaries. Huss and his friends denied that "the dissemination of heretical doctrines had been the cause of discord," and averred that "the true and well known cause thereof was evangelical preaching, wherein rebukes were addressed to Simonists and other notorious evil-doers."

The King soon after Easter appointed a special commission to endeavour to quiet the dissensions of the clergy. The Commissioners summoned before them four leading Doctors of Theology and three Magisters of Huss's party. Both parties agreed in professing willingness to submit to the decrees and decisions of the Roman Catholic Church; but differed fundamentally as to the definition of that Church. The four doctors defined it as the Church, "whose head is the Pope, and whose body is the College of Cardinals," while the three magisters took it to be the Church, "whose head is Christ and the Pope His vicegerent." The Commissioners gave sentence, that, as both parties agreed

in obedience to the Catholic Church in all things wherein faithful Christians ought to be obedient, they were, therefore, in accord together, and neither party was to condemn the other. The next day the doctors requested the omission of the words, "wherein faithful Christians ought to be obedient," and wanted to reopen the Wycliffite controversy and other matters. The Commissioners reproached and threatened them for their obstinacy, and the doctors lost no time in departing from Prague, for fear of the King's anger. Indeed, the King soon issued an edict banishing the doctors from the realm, and placed four others in their positions, both in the University and in the Chapter of All Saints.

Huss himself returned to Prague after the conclusion of the abortive synod, but quitted it again when the Royal Commission began its work, and was absent when the four doctors went into exile. He returned to Kozi, where he occupied himself in preaching and writing. He "preached in the open fields, in woods, on the highways, and among the hedges," justifying his conduct by the example of the Saviour. "He was everywhere followed by multitudes on foot, on horseback, and in carriages."

Polemical controversy was by no means silent. Huss replied to the "conditions of concord" handed in to the Commission by the doctors; and the two principal Doctors, Stephen Palecz and Stanislas of Znaym, rejoined in two pamphlets. Huss then composed an elaborate treatise "On the Church," as well as separate replies to the pamphlets of Palecz and Stanislas. The fundamental difference between Huss and his opponents related to the limits of the power and authority of the Pope and the definition of the Church. To the doctors' definition, that "the Church is that of which the Pope is the head and the cardinals the body," Huss—after Wyclif—opposed the more spiritual, but very unpractical definition, that "the Church is the collective body of those predestined to salvation." The

definition of Huss's adversaries had a terrible downfall at the Council of Constance, when the body cut off its own head by the deposition of the Pope. Huss, on the other hand, drew no distinction between the visible and invisible Church, but merely asserted that people might be in the Church without being of the Church. But Huss contended, most reasonably, that "what the Pope commanded might not be at variance with the law of Christ, and, therefore, with Holy Scripture, inasmuch as the sole Head of the entire Church militant, dormant and triumphant, is Christ Himself, the Pope being only His vicegerent in the Church militant."

It was never Huss's idea to review and recast the whole body of Church doctrine by the rule of Scripture; he simply aimed at the reform of the existing condition of Church government and the destruction of the dominant simoniacal system. Gladly would he have seen a pope come forward as a genuine reformer; but, failing that, he thought secular princes and lords should rise up against the abominable traffic in spiritual offices, should resume the excessive endowments which tempted men to sin, and should give the clergy a reasonable maintenance out of them. Finally, he concluded that ordinary people ought not to dread citations and excommunications, which were of no more value than "the wooden kite wherewith fowlers scare birds, which fancy it a living thing and do not dare to rise. But, because THE GOOSE (Huss), a domestic bird, recognised this dead kite, he did not allow himself to be scared, but rose into the air, and gave an example to God's other birds to do the like."

"No doubt," as Tomek, the Bohemian historian, says, "Huss was here treading upon revolutionary ground; but these views originated in him from the persuasion, that under certain circumstances it was a matter of duty to obey God rather than man; and the longer he defended them, the more zealous did he

grow in their defence; yea, the more and more did he become confirmed in his resolution to risk his life for them."

Huss's exile from Prague was also the time of his greatest literary activity. At Kozi he appears to have composed in Bohemian his elaborate exposition of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, his carefully-finished treatise on Simony, and his "Postilla" or short expositions of the Gospels of the ecclesiastical year.

After the death of his friend, John the Elder, Huss placed himself under the protection of Lord Henry Leŕ of Lazany, at the castle of Krakovetz, near Rakovnik.

Meanwhile the celebrated John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, entered the field against what he considered the democratic and revolutionary tendencies of Huss. He wrote twice to Archbishop Conrad of Prague against Huss, and also extracted a number of propositions from the treatise "On the Church," which he sent to him as erroneous. Pope John, moreover, wrote to King Wenceslas complaining of the increase of the Wycliffite heresy.

Rome having been taken, on May 31, 1413, by Pope John's enemy, Ladislas, King of Naples, Pope John began to find himself in difficulties, which he could not overcome, and therefore reluctantly assented to the universal wish for the convocation of a real General Council. And at the suggestion of Sigismund, King of Hungary and King of the Romans, who was in Italy with an army, he agreed that it should be held in the German city of CONSTANCE, and should be opened on November 1, 1414. Sigismund also bethought himself of the plan of inducing Huss to appear before the Council to endeavour to prove his orthodoxy. So he requested two Bohemian nobles, Lords Wenceslas of Duba and John of Chlum, to enter into negotiations with Huss for the purpose. Huss's own statement is, that Sigismund promised through the aforesaid noblemen, "not only to give him a safe-

conduct on his way to Constance, but also to procure him a free and safe public hearing in the Council, in such manner, indeed, that if he were unwilling to submit to the judgment of the Council, he was to have a free and safe journey back to his own country." Sigismund knew very well that he was making promises which were beyond his power to perform, and some of Huss's friends, who were better acquainted with Sigismund, warned Huss against trusting his safe-conduct. But Huss had formed his resolution, and was not to be turned aside. So he replied to Sigismund that he "intended humbly to risk his life and appear under the protection of his majesty's safe-conduct at the approaching Council of Constance."

Before setting out for Constance Huss adopted various methods of obtaining certificates of good conduct and orthodoxy from the University, from the Bishop of Nazareth, who was Inquisitor of Heresy in the Diocese of Prague, from the Archbishop of Prague, and from other persons of distinction.

Finally, on October 11, 1414, Huss started for Constance under the protection of Lord Wenceslas of Duba, of the Knight John of Chlum, and of Lord Henry of Chlum and Lacembok, but without the promised safe-conduct. Chlum's secretary was a young B.A., Peter of Mladenovitz, whose narrative, along with Huss's own correspondence, is our principal source of information as to what took place at Constance.

We must not expect to find Huss entirely emancipated from Romish Theology, which, indeed, was not then so strictly formulated, as it afterwards became at the Council of Trent. He appears to have considered a modified Wycliffism consistent with the best and purest form of Roman orthodoxy, and to have thought that he could demonstrate this before the Council. His own personal feelings of religion he expresses in so striking a manner in a passage on the "foundation of faith" in his Bohemian "Exposition of the Creed," that I cannot

forbear extracting it before accompanying him to the scene of his trial and martyrdom.

"All Christians ought to believe what God hath commanded to be believed. Even though every man may not know all that ought to be believed, yet he is ready and ought to be ready when the truth is shown him out of the Holy Scriptures, to receive it gladly, and should he hold anything contrary to Scripture, to forsake it immediately. And it is good for every man not to hold anything rashly; but when he comes to know God's truth, to hold it firmly even unto death; for the truth will eventually make him free; for the Lord Jesus saith: 'If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' Therefore, faithful Christian! seek the truth, hearken to the truth, learn the truth, hold the truth, defend the truth, even unto death; for the truth will make thee free from sin, from the devil, from the death of the soul, and finally from everlasting death, which is everlasting separation from the favour of God, and from all the bliss of salvation, which bliss he will obtain who believeth in God and in Jesus Christ, who is Very God and Very Man."

## VIII.

### HUSS AT CONSTANCE.

Huss travelled without the slightest attempt at concealment to Constance, and everywhere met with a friendly reception. No action was taken against him by the clergy, but rather the contrary, although the Bishop of Lubeck preceded him during part of his journey, warning people against him, "because he knew men's minds." Lord Wenceslas of Duba quitted the party at Nuremberg, and went to the Rhine to obtain the promised safe-conduct from Sigismund. On November 8 Huss and his friends arrived at Constance, where Huss took lodgings with a "good widow," named Fida, in St. Paul's Street.

The Pope promised him safety in Constance, "even though he had killed his (the Pope's) own brother," and on November 9 informed him that he had suspended the excommunication against him. Lord Wenceslas obtained the safe-conduct, dated Spire, October 18, and arrived with it at Constance some time before November 28.

But Michael de Causis was at Constance before Huss, and on the day after Huss's arrival commenced his evil work by denouncing him in public placards. Stephen Palecz also arrived a little before Huss, and joined heartily with Michael. Accusations were laid before the Pope and the cardinals, by whom arrangements were secretly made for the arrest and imprisonment of Huss. On November 28 Huss was summoned to attend the Pope and cardinals, and was arrested and detained at the Pope's lodgings in spite of the safe-conduct, which had then arrived, and of the fearless protests of Lord John of Chlum. In the evening he was removed to the house of the Precentor of Constance, and thence, on December 6, to the Dominican Convent on the shore of the lake. He was there imprisoned in a dungeon close to a sewer.

On Christmas Day, about midnight, King Sigismund and his suite entered Constance by torchlight, and before break of day assisted at the celebration of High Mass, vested, according to ancient custom, as a deacon, and chanted the Gospel. Mass over, he received the consecrated sword from the Pope.

The first business brought forward was the violation of the safe-conduct by the imprisonment of Huss, an insult which Sigismund felt so keenly, that he actually quitted Constance; but was induced to return, and put up with it rather than break up the Council.

In so foul a dungeon Huss became seriously ill, and was removed to a more salubrious chamber near the refectory in the same convent. Commissioners were appointed to examine him, and written replies were required both with regard

to the forty-five Articles extracted from the works of Wyclif, the fourteen Articles extracted from his own work "On the Church," and so forth. The nobles of Bohemia and Moravia met and solemnly protested against the violation of the safe-conduct, and King Sigismund eventually obtained from the Council a promise that Huss should have a public hearing before sentence.

Meanwhile, Magister Jakanbek of Stribro, commonly called Jacobellus, had promulgated at Prague the doctrine that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ought to be received by the laity as well as by the clergy in both kinds, and had preceded to act upon his views. Huss was, through John of Chlum, who appears to have communicated with him through some of his warders, requested to give his opinion on the subject. This he did in a brief Latin treatise, assenting, on his fundamental principle of the supremacy of Scripture, to Jakanbek's doctrine.

On March 20, 1415, Pope John, dread- ing an enquiry into his wicked life and conversation, escaped in disguise from Constance. Huss's warders, being the Pope's servants, gave up the keys of his prison to Sigismund and followed their master. This—to Sigismund's disgrace—caused no improvement in Huss's position. He was ere long removed to Gottleben, a castle on the lake belonging to the Bishop of Constance, and there manacled in an upper room. Being insufficiently supplied with food, his health again began to suffer.

The Bohemian and Polish lords at Constance sent in a petition to the Council on May 13, protesting against the violation of the safe-conduct and the inhumanity of Huss's treatment in prison, and requesting the Council "to make a righteous end without delay." This they renewed on May 31, by a letter to the presidents of the four nations, into which the Council was divided. To their courage and energy, aided by the protests of the nobles of Bohemia and Moravia, it is due, that Sigismund ful-

filled his promise of obtaining from the Council a public hearing and trial for this unrighteously imprisoned and cruelly treated witness for God's truth.

### VIII.

#### HUSS'S TRIAL.

On June 5 the trial of Huss began in the refectory of the Franciscans or Minorites. While the clerk was reading the evidence against Huss, a Bohemian, standing in the outer ring close to the reader, espied the draft of the sentence of condemnation ready prepared amongst other papers. He told Mladenovitz, who informed Lords Wenceslas of Duba and John of Chlum. They immediately proceeded to the King, who sent two "Princes" to the Council, insisting upon a patient hearing being given to Huss, and forbidding any decision to be come to on that occasion. The Bohemian lords also sent by the same noble messengers copies of Huss's work "On the Church," and of his treatises against Palecz and Stanislas in his own handwriting.

Not till then does Huss appear to have been led in; and the copies thus brought being placed in his hands, he acknowledged them as his own. But when Huss attempted to offer explanations with regard to the articles and evidence against him, the noise and tumult in the Council was such, that he was ere long clamoured down and reduced to silence. But the authorities of the Council, seeing that neither the King nor the Bohemian lords would put up with such a mockery of justice, appointed a second hearing for the 7th of June.

On that day Cardinal d'Ailly made an attempt to entangle Huss in the controversy between the Nominalists and Realists, and to prove the impossibility of a Realist holding the orthodox doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. But an English doctor interfered in Huss's favour, objecting to the introduction of "irrelevant matter," and accepting Huss's own declaration of orthodoxy in this respect.

Cardinals Zabarella and d'Ailly then went into the question of the evidence brought against Huss, who replied, that "the Lord God and his conscience were witnesses that he had neither preached nor taught what they deposed against him, nor had it ever entered into his heart." But the multitude of witnesses against him was considered decisive, and of course a presumed heretic was allowed no opportunity of calling witnesses to rebut the evidence adduced by his enemies.

The Wycliffite controversy and Huss's resistance to the wholesale condemnation of Wyclif's books were then brought up, and also the change in the constitution of the University, by which the Bohemians were placed in a position of superiority to the foreigners. In all these matters Huss had clearly the best of the argument, and also in a protest against the manner in which he was interrupted by clamour in the Council.

Unsuccessful endeavours were made to lay King Wenceslas's violent proceedings in his contest with Archbishop Zbynek at the door of Huss. Huss was also accused of stating that, if he had not chosen to come freely to the Council, he could not have been compelled to do so. Huss avowed that this statement was the simple truth, and Lord John of Chlum supported him by saying aloud: "Nay, he speaks the truth, and true it is. I am but a poor knight in our realm, but I would keep him a year, will or nill any one, so that he could not get hold of him. And there are many great lords who love him, who have very strong castles, who would keep him as long as they pleased, even against both the kings."

The day's session now ended, and Cardinal d'Ailly advised Huss to submit himself to the judgment and instruction of the Council, and the Council would deal mercifully with him. King Sigismund also gave him similar advice at greater length.

"We may notice now that no attempt was made by the Council to define any

of the matters in question. Huss would have considered it his duty to submit to any definition or decree of the Council as regards what was to be believed or held. But he was simply called upon to retract what was articulated or deposed against him, whether he had held it or not. He was to be crushed morally, and thus rendered innocuous for the future, or that was to be done with him which was eventually done with him."<sup>1</sup>

Few members of the Council were truly anxious for reform, and those few, who, like Cardinal d'Ailly, were so, were as bitter against Huss as the others. It would seem that they dreaded a reform originating from beneath, and thus being of a democratic rather than an aristocratic character. They were also all upholders of the superiority of the spiritual to the temporal power, while Huss had ventured to call upon the temporal power to force the spiritual to reform itself. This was an unpardonable crime, though not in strict ecclesiastical law a heresy.

On the 3rd day, June 8, thirty, mostly garbled, Articles were read from Huss's work "On the Church," seven from the treatise against Palecz, and six from that against Stanislas of Znaym.

In the various arguments and conversations respecting Wyclif's doctrine, that a wicked priest, pope, or cardinal, nay, even king, ceased to be such, Huss rested his defence on a passage from the treatise against Palecz, which runs thus: "We grant that an evil pope, bishop, prelate, or priest is an unworthy minister of the Sacraments, through whom God baptises, consecrates, or works in other respects for the good of His Church." Had it not been for this, his over-refining on this point would have brought him into serious difficulty; and as it was, he had now and then the worst of the argument.

On the point of insubordination to ecclesiastical superiors the cardinals had

something to say, to which Huss's replies were scarcely satisfactory; but, strange to relate, they laid little stress on this matter, but threw their whole weight into the charge of heresy, the penalty of which was death.

A shamefully garbled article, respecting the treatment and punishment of heretics, was brought forward against Huss. He dauntlessly defended his views, asserting that instruction from Scripture ought always to precede, though he did not actually deny that an obstinate heretic might be punished even corporally. And he boldly maintained his comparison of those who delivered an innocent man to the secular arm to the conduct of the Chief Priests and Scribes, who delivered Jesus to Pilate.

On the question of the necessity or non-necessity of a corporeal Head of the Church, Huss argued: "Now we have no such Head, yet Christ does not cease to govern His Church." And again: "It is true that the Apostles governed the Church excellently in matters necessary to salvation, before the introduction of the office of the Papacy, and certainly better than it is now ruled; and their faithful successors might possibly do the same. And now we have no pope, and it will perhaps last so two years, or who knows how long?" The only reply attempted was by John Stokes, the Englishman, who said: "Why do you boast of these writings and doctrines, ascribing the title of them to yourself? Whereas these doctrines and opinions are not yours, but Wyclif's, whose path you are following."<sup>1</sup>

A pause now ensued, and Cardinal d'Ailly again advised Huss to submit to the Council. Huss prayed for a further hearing and for instruction. But nothing would suffice but full abjuration

<sup>1</sup> Here it must be observed, that Huss scarcely ever in his Latin works cites Wyclif. To have done so would have been to court condemnation at once, so he took the only course possible, viz., that of silently adopting Wyclif's views and even language. In his Bohemian works he cites Wyclif with great respect, as "The Magister of deep thoughts."

<sup>1</sup> From "John Huss," by A. H. Wratislaw, in the 'Home Library' of the S.P.C.K., 1882.

A critical account of Huss's writings in his native language will be found in the same work.

of all that he had been accused of holding. He refused to abjure things that he had never held, nor could the arguments of King Sigismund shake him in his determination.

The case of the three young men, who had been beheaded at Prague, as above-mentioned, with Huss's remarks upon it in his treatise "On the Church," was brought forward. These remarks, although Huss had had nothing to do with the funeral of the men and their treatment as martyrs, caused the cardinals to look with apparent surprise at each other.

During this day Huss was terribly baited and harassed, standing one against so many. He became towards the end of it very pale, having passed a sleepless night through toothache and headache, and beginning to be affected with ague.

He was removed, as before, in the custody of the Bishop of Riga, and the meeting broke up. But the Bohemian lords and their secretary accidentally overheard King Sigismund strongly advising the fathers of the Council, who remained about him, to burn Huss, if he obstinately refused to recant, and to place no faith in any promises of recantation that he might make. This faithless action of Sigismund's against Huss, after all his promises of assistance and protection, eventually cost him the crown of Bohemia.

## IX.

### HUSS'S CONDEMNATION AND MARTYRDOM.

One of the fathers of the Council appears now to have taken a genuine interest in Huss, and to have exerted himself with his whole heart to procure his submission. But in vain. Huss steadfastly persisted in his refusal to violate truth and act against his conscience by abjuring doctrines that he had never held. Other members of the Council also tried to persuade him, that the recantation of errors did not necessarily involve the acknowledgment of having previously held them. Huss was willing enough to declare that he had never held, and that he abhorred

such doctrines; but steadfastly refused to recant sentiments that he had never entertained. His Bohemian friend, Lord John of Chlum, bade him not fear to recant, if he felt himself guilty; but in no case to act against his conscience.

On July 6, 1415, Huss was brought into the Cathedral of Constance in presence of the King and the dignitaries of the Church and the Empire. The Articles and evidence against him were read; but he was not allowed to reply. Then a new charge was brought against him, of asserting that he, John Huss, was a fourth person in the Holy Trinity! In vain did he demand the name of his accuser, and declared his honest belief in the Catholic doctrine.

When it was read, that his appeal to Christ was condemned as an error, Huss said: "I affirm that there is no safer appeal than to the Lord Jesus Christ, who is not bent by bribery, nor deceived by false witness, but assigns His deserts to each."

When accused of contumacious behaviour under excommunication, fixing his eyes on the King, he said that he had come freely to the Council with a safe-conduct from his lord the King there present. No wonder that Sigismund blushed for shame, or that Charles V. long afterwards declined to render himself liable to a similar blush by violating at Worms the safe-conduct he had given to Luther.

Both Huss and his books were then formally sentenced to be burned. As soon as the reading of the sentence was ended, he knelt down and prayed: "Lord Jesus Christ! pardon all my enemies, I pray Thee, for the sake of Thy great mercy. Thou knowest that they have falsely accused me, brought forward false witnesses, and concocted false articles against me. Pardon them for the sake of Thy infinite mercy!"

The Archbishop of Milan and six other bishops were appointed to conduct his formal degradation from the priesthood. He was dressed in the altar vestments, and deprived of them one by

one. They disputed for some time as to the proper method of destroying his tonsure, which they eventually did with scissors and not with a razor. They then deprived him of all rights as an ecclesiastic, and delivered him over to the secular arm.

When they said, "We commit thy soul to the devil," Huss said, "And I commit it to the Lord Jesus Christ." Finally, they placed the "crown of blasphemy" on his head, with the inscription, "This is an Heresiarch."

The King then delivered him to the Count Palatine, who handed him over to the magistrates of Constance, and the Council proceeded with other business, while Huss was led out of the town to execution.

On his way to the appointed meadow Huss several times addressed the people who followed, assuring them of his innocence. On arriving at the stake he chanted the 31st and 51st Psalms, and on rising from prayer, said loudly and distinctly, "O Lord Jesus Christ, I am willing, patiently and humbly, to endure this dreadful, shameful, and cruel death for the sake of Thy Gospel and the preaching of Thy Word."

He took an affectionate leave of his prison warders, and was stripped of his clothes. His face was turned from the east towards the west. Wood and straw were piled around him up to the chin.

Finally the Marshal of the Empire invited him to save his soul by recantation. Huss replied, "God is my witness, that I have never taught or preached the things which are falsely ascribed to me, and which have been laid to my charge by false witnesses; but the principal intention of my preaching and of all my other actions and writings has simply been to draw men back from sin; and in the truth of the Gospel, which I have written, taught, and preached, according to the sayings and statements of the holy doctors, I am willing joyfully this day to die."

The pile was lighted, and with chants to Christ on his lips, Huss boldly faced his cruel death till he became speechless. Then "praying within himself, and moving his lips and head, he expired in the Lord within the time, during which two or three paternosters might be rapidly recited."

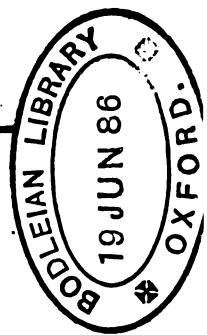
His clothes were taken from the executioners and thrown upon the pile. His remains were searched for, reduced to ashes, and cast into the Rhine, to prevent their being preserved and honoured as the relics of a martyr.

Such was the end on earth of a man of pure and holy life, in which his bitterest enemies were unable to find a flaw. His grand principles were the supremacy of morality in practical life, of conscience in the individual, and of the Scriptures in the Church. His unselfishness was a bright peculiar star in a most selfish age; and when we read the records of his so-called trial, we are at a loss to discover any reasonable or intelligible grounds for his condemnation as a heretic. So impossible is it to find any such grounds in his Bohemian writings, that, when these were republished between 1865 and 1868, it was seriously contemplated to ask for a review of his case and a possible rehabilitation of himself. But this project was unfavourably received by the national press in Bohemia, and an energetic article on the subject in a patriotic Bohemian newspaper, the 'National Letters,' in 1869, concludes with the scathing words: "Do but leave that curse of the Council of Constance on the heads of those who burnt him and their representatives. A great Reformer condemned by an assembly of bishops and prelates has much greater significance in the history of human enlightenment than a priest accepted to mercy by the self-same Romish hierarchy."

A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.



LORD LAWRENCE,  
VICEROY OF INDIA.



one. They disputed for some time as to the proper method of destroying his tonsure, which they eventually did with scissors and not with a razor. They then deprived him of all rights as an ecclesiastic, and delivered him over to the secular arm.

When they said, "We commit thy soul to the devil," Huss said, "And I commit it to the Lord Jesus Christ." Finally, they placed the "crown of blasphemy" on his head, with the inscription, "This is an Heresiarch."

The King then delivered him to the Count Palatine, who handed him over to the magistrates of Constance, and the Council proceeded with other business, while Huss was led out of the town to execution.

On his way to the appointed meadow Huss several times addressed the people who followed, assuring them of his innocence. On arriving at the stake he chanted the 31st and 51st Psalms, and on rising from prayer, said loudly and distinctly, "O Lord Jesus Christ, I am willing, patiently and humbly, to endure this dreadful, shameful, and cruel death for the sake of Thy Gospel and the preaching of Thy Word."

He took an affectionate leave of his prison warders, and was stripped of his clothes. His face was turned from the east towards the west. Wood and straw were piled around him up to the chin.

Finally the Marshal of the Empire invited him to save his soul by recantation. Huss replied, "God is my witness, that I have never taught or preached the things which are falsely ascribed to me, and which have been laid to my charge by false witnesses; but the principal intention of my preaching and of all my other actions and writings has simply been to draw men back from sin; and in the truth of the Gospel, which I have written, taught, and preached, according to the sayings and statements of the holy doctors, I am willing joyfully this day to die."

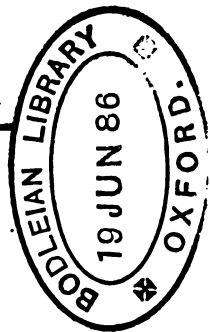
The pile was lighted, and with chants to Christ on his lips, Huss boldly faced his cruel death till he became speechless. Then "praying within himself, and moving his lips and head, he expired in the Lord within the time, during which two or three paternosters might be rapidly recited."

His clothes were taken from the executioners and thrown upon the pile. His remains were searched for, reduced to ashes, and cast into the Rhine, to prevent their being preserved and honoured as the relics of a martyr.

Such was the end on earth of a man of pure and holy life, in which his bitterest enemies were unable to find a flaw. His grand principles were the supremacy of morality in practical life, of conscience in the individual, and of the Scriptures in the Church. His unselfishness was a bright peculiar star in a most selfish age; and when we read the records of his so-called trial, we are at a loss to discover any reasonable or intelligible grounds for his condemnation as a heretic. So impossible is it to find any such grounds in his Bohemian writings, that, when these were republished between 1865 and 1868, it was seriously contemplated to ask for a review of his case and a possible rehabilitation of himself. But this project was unfavourably received by the national press in Bohemia, and an energetic article on the subject in a patriotic Bohemian newspaper, the 'National Letters,' in 1869, concludes with the scathing words: "Do but leave that curse of the Council of Constance on the heads of those who burnt him and their representatives. A great Reformer condemned by an assembly of bishops and prelates has much greater significance in the history of human enlightenment than a priest accepted to mercy by the self-same Romish hierarchy."

A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.

LORD LAWRENCE,  
VICEROY OF INDIA.



# LORD LAWRENCE, VICEROY OF INDIA.

---

## I.

### EARLY EDUCATION FOR A GREAT CAREER.

In the following pages it is proposed, very briefly, to recite the story of this noble man, of whom the 'Quarterly Review' recently remarked, that "he had done more than any other, dead or living, to preserve India to the crown of England." The interest of the circumstances which gather round his life is naturally very great, but in addition to this we have the charm and power of a personal character controlled by the highest Christian principle. One of the closest and most valued of the friends of his later years, Captain Eastwick, says of him, "From the earliest period of my acquaintance with him Lord Lawrence was a decided Christian, a simple God-fearing man, an assiduous and meditative reader of the Bible; I have often seen him, when his sight had grown too dim to allow of his reading other books, spelling out slowly with his fingers on the page a few verses from the New Testament, printed in a large type." John Lawrence thus adds another name to the illustrious list of those men of the highest order of mind or character, who have been devout receivers of, and believers in, the Christian revelation.

John Lawrence—or to be specific in his baptismal name, John Laird Mair Lawrence—was born on March 4th, 1811, in the town of Richmond, in Yorkshire, where his father, a major in his regiment, the 19th Foot, was quartered; but he came, although born in England, of that fine Scoto-Irish race which has contributed so many actors to every department of British public life and energy; and it has been well said that this great Indian hero combined the best social and moral characteristics of the British Islands—Irish boldness, Scotch caution,

and English endurance. His parents would not have been remembered but for their distinguished children—the subject of our memoir and his elder brother, Sir Henry, whose name is one of the most distinguished in our Indian annals—Sir George, famous by his Sikh adventures, and Alexander, also a distinguished officer in the Indian service. But the old father was a grand old soldier, and had passed a life in hard service. His life in its toilsome and weather-beaten career reads something like a tragedy. He started early as a volunteer to India, and served four years before he was permitted to purchase his Commission. He distinguished himself on many Indian fields, and especially at the siege of Seringapatam. There wounded, he continued to lead on his men, and in forcing the breach received a second ball, which carried off one finger, and shattered another; by-and-by he fell fainting from loss of blood, and was carried out of danger by one of the soldiers of his own regiment after he had been left for dead. After fifteen years hard service he returned to England only a captain. He received some appointments at home, and in 1815 was on service at Ostend, almost within ear-shot of Waterloo, which was, no doubt, tantalising to the old soldier. At last he was forced to sell his commission, which was his only piece of worldly property, and he received a pension of a hundred a year for his wounds, which he grimly remarked, "would do little more than pay his doctor." Subsequently, through humiliating applications, which very naturally irritated and soured the spirit of the fine old man, he received some slight additions to his pension, and appears to have retired to live at Clifton.

Such was the father. The mother was the worthy and admirable companion of

such a man. She appears to have been a woman with good sound sense, an admirable manager. Her maiden name was Letitia Knox. Born in Ireland, she was Scotch in her ancestry, and a descendant of the great Reformer. She followed heroically and uncomplainingly the fortunes, or misfortunes, of her husband. When John was starting for India, she said: "I know you don't like advice, so I will not give you much; don't marry a woman who has not had a good mother, and don't be too ready to speak your mind; it is the rock on which your father has shipwrecked his prospects." So the early home was a hard one, luxuries were out of the question, and there were very few of what we should regard as the comforts of life. There were not many books in the household, but the favourites of the old man appear to have been Josephus and Rollin. Then the old man appears to have been a book himself, his life had been full of adventures, and his memory was full of stories. Then there was nurse Margaret, an old servant, who had the love and confidence of the household, who added to the adventures of the colonel, stories of another kind. There was also an elder sister, Letitia, who must have been a delightful companion, and a glorious woman. She seems to have exercised the strongest influence for good over everybody in her household, and especially over John. She decided the career of the great ruler of India, and threw her gentle reins over his young and restive spirit.

John first went to school at College Green in Bristol, a day school, kept by a Mr. Gough. He describes himself as a little urchin of eight, trudging along with unequal steps by the side of his brother Henry, a bony boy of thirteen, four times a day; rather an interesting picture of the two future great men, who were also to move together through scenes and toils, of which, in that hard childhood, they could have had no prophetic forecastings. It was a hard school, too. When Lord Lawrence was

once asked if there had been much flogging in school in his day he referred to the pleasant method pursued at Bristol with a grim brevity, saying: "I was flogged every day of my life except once, then I was flogged twice." This could not have added much pleasure to the daily long and weary walks between Clifton and Bristol. At twelve years of age, in 1823, he passed to a milder rule in Foyle College, in the north of Ireland. Among his companions here were, in addition to his own brothers, the boys who afterwards became known as Lord Gough and Sir Robert Montgomery. It is rather characteristic that at the school at Bristol he had been nicknamed "Paddy;" at Foyle he received the nobler designation of "English John." Here he seems to have been a somewhat fitful worker and a desultory reader; history and biography were his favourite subjects; but here, also, were apparently fixed the foundations of some of the strong characteristics of his religious belief. From the training he received here his biographer thinks it came about that, in after life, his religious character was remarkable for its reserve and unobtrusiveness, and yet everybody knew it was there, and levity and irreligion stood abashed in his presence. Then he was transferred, to finish the first part of his education, to Wraxall Hall, a large, rambling, old Elizabethan House in north Wiltshire. Still, what was to be his future occupation in life? He had made up his mind that he would be a soldier. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Had his determination been realised, India might possibly have gained a great general, but have lost a greater, if not her greatest, ruler. But there came in 1827, an old friend of the family, John Huddleston; he was a man who had risen to very high consideration in the Madras Presidency. Returning to England he became a director of the East India Company, and a Member of Parliament, and a man of vast influence. It is said that he rendered two great services to

India, and it is doubtful which was the greater of the two; he brought about the abolition of the suttee by Lord William Bentinck, and he sent all the Lawrences to India. The three elder brothers, Alexander, George, and Henry, had gone, receiving through him appointments in the Indian army; now John was to be disposed of, and, to his disgust, the appointment offered was not in the military, but in the civil service. John was in open rebellion—"A soldier I was born, and a soldier I will be," he said. His father talked to him of his scars and his miserable pension. Henry was at home, he had just returned from India invalided from the first Burmese war, and he discoursed about the red-tapeism of the army, and the superior field for ability and vigour afforded by the Civil Service. It was all in vain, until the wise and beautiful sister interposed with her calm advice, and at last he reluctantly, but bravely, yielded.

Now he had to go to Haileybury, then the great training college for the Indian Civil Service. Dr. Batten was Principal, and Lawrence had some fine and interesting contemporaries; but he seems to have made but a faint impression upon them while there. One of them who survives thinks that this arose from the fact that he was more familiar with the reading-room than the playground. He took some prizes and medals, however, and passed third of his term in the list of those destined for service in Bengal. He formed, however, a great friendship with the son of the Principal, Hallett Batten, who also afterwards attained to some eminence in Indian service. His father, however, often reproved him for "loafing about with that tall Irishman, instead of sticking to the more regular students;" but when, on the day of final examination, Lawrence left Batten in the rear with his prizes, the old Principal went up to him, and with great good humour, said: "Oh, you rascal! you've come out ahead of my son!" Lawrence took a mild revenge on the Principal, saying: "Ah, Dr. Batten, you see it is all *conduct*, I

fear that Hallett has not been so steady as I have." He seems to have carried away many prizes from term to term, and, as he won them, he said, "These are all Letitia's books, I should not have won them but for her." And when he took the highest prize that Haileybury could confer—a gold medal—he went home to Clifton, and going up affectionately to his sister, who was lying on the couch, he said: "Take them, they are all won by you."

In 1857, when Le Bas, who had succeeded Dr. Batten, was living in retirement at Brighton, Hallett, then home from India, went to visit him. Le Bas said to him: "Who is this John Lawrence I hear so much about?" "Don't you remember him, sir," said Batten; "a tall, thin Irishman, with whom I much consorted?" "Ah!" said the old Dean, "I remember him, not a bad sort of fellow;" then he burst out laughing, and said: "But what has become of all our *good students*?" The old College of Haileybury is now an excellent public school, which has honoured itself by letting into the wall of the room C 54, which he formerly occupied, a brass plate, with the words "John Lawrence, 1829," engraved upon it, and one of the dormitories occupied by the boys has been named after him.

## II.

### FIRST YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP IN INDIAN SERVICE.

John Lawrence left Haileybury in May 1829; he sailed for India in September of the same year, staying at home four months, that he might have the company of his brother Henry on his outward-bound voyage. Henry was five years the senior of John. There were no steamers in those days, there was no overland route. John suffered terribly from sea sickness, as he always did in later life; it was six weeks before he could leave his berth. They did not reach Calcutta until the February of 1830, there they parted company, Henry to join his regi-

ment at Kurnal, John remaining at Calcutta to complete his necessary studies, and to suffer for a long time from illness, home sickness, and depression. All the friends in England had prophesied great things for Henry, that he would rise to be a general, that he would return home "Sir Henry Lawrence;" but no one had prophesied any great things for John. He might have obtained a post in the settled and peaceful provinces of Lower Bengal, but he preferred the tougher tasks belonging to an appointment in Delhi.

This place, which so many years after was to be the scene of his most considerable triumph, was the first field of his labour. He was appointed one of the assistants to the "Resident," and in this capacity he remained for four years. To him was assigned the post of assistant judge, magistrate, and collector of the city and its environs. It was the period of his apprenticeship in Indian service. His jurisdiction extended over an area of 800 square miles, and a population of about 500,000, of which the city of Delhi contained about 200,000. No department of India could have been more important for preparation for service there. Historically and geographically Delhi is said to be the most important city in Hindoostan. It was the great city of the Moguls, and had been in the possession of the British since Lord Lake's victories in 1803; but the enormous palace, a town in itself, with large revenues, had been left in the possession of the phantom of Mogul sovereignty, and it appears to have been a sink of enormous iniquity, of every kind of crime. British rule had introduced law and order and security for life and property into the surrounding country; but these were not permitted to invade the old Mogul Court. This was the place where Lawrence received his first lessons, and passed through his first experiences in Indian life.

From hence, in the year 1835, he was transferred to Paniput, the great battleground of India. It has been likened to the plain of Esdraelon in Palestine; to

the chase of Stirling in Scotland; to Belgium, which has been called the cockpit of Europe. Here he passed through a long period of painful probation. He had to travel much, superintending police and assessing taxes. He had a large amount of intercourse with the native population, but lived apparently in almost entire isolation from European companionship. His predecessor had allowed things to go very smoothly, he had neither been active in repressing crimes as a magistrate, nor in gathering in arrears as a collector. John Lawrence was a man of another type, something more like that "terrible cornet of horse," of whom we retain recollections, and, in the active fulfilment of his duties, his health broke down. One of his Haileybury fellow-students rode over from some district in the neighbourhood to see him, and found him ill in bed. He mentioned that as he came along he had stopped at some place to change horses, and near that spot found the stand of a Fakir, with whom he entered into conversation, asking him if there was anything new stirring in the neighbourhood. - "Indeed there is," said the Fakir; "the Sahib gone and everybody sorry for him; but one Larens Sahib come in his place, quite a different sort;" and the Fakir went on to tell a most dismal story about "Sahib Larens," how he was collecting arrears, and punishing rogues, and enforcing rules—"Sahib Larens very bad." And John Lawrence, when he told the story, used to say, that it acted upon him like a tonic, and he began to mend from the moment he heard it.

His adventures during this period of his service in Paniput are romantic. He had considerable rule over the district, and he ruled with a just, strong, and swift hand. The stories of his discoveries of robbers, and especially of his vigilant promptitude and keen observation in the arrest of the murderer of William Frazer, while they reveal the man, give a certain wild charm to his biography. At this time also his strength was amazing. He reminds us of Samson, or Milo. One night an Indian

village was in flames, all efforts to extinguish it were useless, and an old woman, finding herself utterly unable to obtain any help to carry out of her cottage a sack of corn, nearly all the goods she possessed, resolutely sat down upon it, and determined to meet her fate and perish in the flames. Just then came along John Lawrence, and perceiving the state of affairs, he caught up the sack and carried it to a safe distance from the burning house; the old woman, when she found her sack of corn saved, was no longer indisposed to save herself. But the next day, when Lawrence was again upon the spot, he was quite unable to lift the sack from the ground. But his ordinary strength was prodigious. With perfect ease he could hold at arm's length a cannon ball in his hand which scarcely any other man could lift from the ground. To the Hindoo mind his courage seemed most preternatural, for he caused a Rajah to be hung for murder, and risked his own life, plunging into a most dangerous water, to save one of the meanest of his servants.

By-and-by, about the year 1837, he was superseded and removed from the district he was serving so well, and he was called to the same kind of service, as joint magistrate and deputy collector of the southern division of the Delhi territory, Gorgaon and Etawa. It appears to have been far from a desirable position, but he acted upon the principle of the advice he gave to a young civilian some years after: "Never let an acting appointment, if it should be offered you, slip by. People will tell you that such appointments are to be avoided, and are more plague than profit. It is true that you may occasionally be disappointed, and you will certainly not gain continuous promotion in that line, but you will get, what is more valuable, experience, and great variety of it, and this will fit you for whatever may come afterwards. I have never let an 'acting' appointment go by, and I am now very glad that I have not." But if the scene of labour appeared to be disappointing when he entered upon it, it

no doubt added vastly to the stock and store of that knowledge and experience which would be found so useful in years to come.

Two thousand square miles were beneath his eye, and a population of 700,000, a mingling of Mohammedan and Hindoo religions, and a marvellous variety of races. Over the district robbery was carried on by the people on an effective scale. Lawrence soon began to repress these disorders, and, before he terminated his residence among them, many talked quite pathetically with him of their regrets for the good old times, the happy and the palmy days, when, in their old adage, "The buffalo belonged to him who held the bludgeon." There was much about those old people which reminds us of the old Highlander's prayer, "Oh, Lord, turn the world upside down, that honest men may get a bit of bread."

He did a world of work here, but little was heard of it, and little is now known of it, but it was great reforming work. He was brought into contact also with some forms of religious life of which he had been ignorant. Half a mile from his house was one of the most famous shrines of Northern India, that of the goddess Situla, who presides over small-pox. Her shrine was thronged by parents desirous of propitiating the goddess, who, however, was only apprehensible as an ugly log of misshapen painted wood. It was an affair of the most horrible priestcraft. Lawrence never scoffed at the poor victims of the worship, but it was impossible to suppress some satiric indignation, as he said to the sleek and sly, fat and burly Brahmin priests, but with a quiet and kindly smile: "Well, how is your demon to-day? Is she propitious? How many children has she murdered this week?" The old fellows were too prosperous in their trade to be cross at his jokes, although they no doubt would have rejoiced exceedingly if anything untoward had happened to the great Sahib who had mocked at the awful goddess.

Sometimes he made himself felt in an



unpleasant manner. "What do you think of John Lawrence up at Etawa?" said his old schoolfellow, Robert Montgomery, who was magistrate at Cawnpore, to a native officer whom Lawrence had sent thither. "Does he work well? Does he keep you at it?" "Doesn't he!" said the frightened native; "when he is angry he roars like a tiger, and the pens tremble in the hands of the writers all round the room." His acquisitive mind was gathering rich stores of learning in those days, and Sir Herbert Edwardes gives us pleasant pictures of him sitting out of doors, when the day's work was done, in his large easy-chair, in the bright moonlight, "with his bowl of tea by his side, and a tobacco weed in his mouth," while the grey-beards of the district would drop in, and form a circle round about him, and talk of the old days, giving him queer old Hindoo stories, traditions of the old Moguls, and all the changes they had known.

In 1839, hard work and the severity of the climate, brought on an attack of jungle fever; for a month his life was in danger, for a time despaired of. One day the doctor came and told him it was all over, and that he could not live till the following morning. So, as soon as the doctor had left, Lawrence roused himself, tried to get up, bade his servant get him a bottle of Burgundy from a box beneath his bed, and he finished it off; and when, next day, the doctor called, expecting to find his patient dead, "he found instead Lawrence sitting at his desk, clothed, and in his right mind, and hard at work." Still the illness left its effects behind, and he was ordered on a furlough for three years to England. During the past ten years, without any patronage or external help, he had raised himself to be, wherever known, an object of high regard; "at this time," one said of him, "half a head above all his fellows."

So he came home to Clifton; the fine old father had passed away some years before, at the age of seventy-three; so

also had the old nurse, Margaret. Letitia, his beloved sister, had married a venerable old clergyman, Mr. Hayes. The quiet old mother was living still, supported by what was called the "Lawrence Fund," a sum raised by the four brave sons from among themselves, who were all in the Indian service. In the course of his furlough, John Lawrence himself became acquainted with a bright and lovely girl, Harriet Hamilton, the daughter of a clergyman, and although Irish, a branch of the Hamilton family of Scotland. She shortly became his wife, in sufficient time to permit a pleasant period of restful happiness before returning to India. And this lady continued through life his noble helper and companion. Many years after, when residing at Southgate, sitting one evening in his drawing-room with his sister Letitia, and other members of the family, he looked up from the book he was reading, and said to one of his daughters: "Where's mother?" "She's upstairs," said the girl. So he continued reading, but presently looked up again with the same question, when his sister Letitia broke in, "Why, John! really it seems as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," said he.

### III.

#### A TURNING-POINT IN LIFE.

John Lawrence and his wife arrived at Bombay, November 14, 1842. He was shortly after appointed civil and session's judge at Delhi; but some years were to elapse before he passed out of comparative obscurity to act upon a great scale. During those years he was attempting to repress crime, and by cleansing the region of its various abominations, fighting with epidemics, and by various social reforms, attempting to cope with the dread prevalence of periodical famine. But in November 1845, came the great turning-point of Lawrence's life. Sir Henry Hardinge was Governor-General. It was the period of the first Sikh war,

and India was in circumstances of extreme danger; victories had been won, but at a cost which almost filled the soul of the Governor-General with despair, and might have led him to exclaim, in the language of the ancient general: "Another such victory and we are undone!" The Governor-General had no resources left him excepting one; he wrote in hot haste a short note to Lawrence, the collector and magistrate of Delhi, to come to his aid. Lawrence acted with his usual promptitude and vigour, and in an incredibly short time reinforced the troops. The battle of Sobraon followed, which, without Lawrence's help, it is said would have been impossible, or must have been indefinitely postponed. This ended the war, and the Punjaub was at the feet of Hardinge. From the casual interview which he had with him, Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, perceived John Lawrence to be the man for a great emergency. He had appealed to him in a solemn strait, Lawrence had far more than answered all his expectations, and now by this opportunity his foot was in the stirrup, and he would soon spring into the saddle.

Although the Punjaub proper was allowed to retain its partial independence, certain frontier territories were annexed; and who was the man to take the difficult task of governing them? Who but the sturdy collector, who had made his name a watchword for every attribute admirable in a Governor? So Hardinge wrote to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces, to whom he does not seem to have written when requiring that immediate help of which we have just told the story, and told him to send up John Lawrence to receive a high official appointment. Perhaps the Lieutenant-Governor did not like the idea of losing Lawrence from his district, which of course it was his business to see well governed; perhaps, which is quite as likely, he desired to introduce somebody else in a high official position—at any rate, he wrote that Lawrence could not well be spared from

Delhi, and he sent another officer, saying that he deemed him well qualified for the post. But as soon as this person arrived, the Governor-General, without any ceremony, sent him back with a remarkably peremptory message: "*Send me up John Lawrence.*" And so John Lawrence made his appearance before the Governor-General, henceforth to hold no subordinate position, but to leap from obscurity, at the early age of thirty-four, springing over the heads of his contemporaries and seniors, and made great by the force of his own merits. He was made Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej States, with which he afterwards, in consequence of his brother's absence, combined the acting Residentsip at Lahore.

#### IV.

##### THE CHRISTIAN LAWGIVER.

Behold him, then, commencing his work as ruler over a part of that great region, whose destinies he was not only to sway during this period of his life, but to whom, probably, remote and unborn generations would look back, clothing his memory with traditions like those we associate with the mythologic fathers of mankind. He had, when in England, spoken with regret to John Sterling of the "stationary kind of progress which Christianity was making;" he certainly, in the course of his government, attempted to give effect to some essential principles of Christianity. One of his early friends, Robert Cust, describes the circumstances in which he first saw him. He was seated without his coat, with his shirt sleeves tucked up beyond the elbows, surrounded by his officers, discussing with the Postmaster-General the new postal service. Some scores of Sikh and Mohammedan landowners were also with him, with whom he was settling the terms of their lease or assessment, and upon whom he was impressing the conditions and the principles of natural equity. They could not write, but they touched his pen in token of their assent,

while he made them repeat after him the terms of the new trilogy which he enforced: "Thou shalt not burn thy widow; thou shalt not kill thy daughters; thou shalt not bury alive thy lepers." The dusky "old grey-beards, in the families of some of whom there was not a single female blood relative, went away in amazement, chanting the dogmas of the new Moses" who had come among them. "Here," says Mr. Cust, "I first knew the man, who was my model, my friend, my master; with whom, twenty years after, I sat at the Council Board in Calcutta, and, thirty years after, consulted him on details of the affairs of the Church Missionary Society."

The craft and duplicity inherent in the Hindoo character have too frequently led our great Indian statesmen to suppose that their negotiations with the sovereigns or chiefs of India could only be successfully carried on in the same spirit; but the entire career of Lawrence shows that he met duplicity not by counter duplicity, but by the most absolute straightforwardness; and it has been truly said, that he found statesmanship, and not diplomacy, always to turn out the best policy in the end. The same remark applies to the conduct of his brother, Henry Lawrence. Sir Richard Temple says: "I have borne a part in the government of nearly every province in India, and now, looking back upon them all, I declare that I have seen no government to be compared with that of the Lawrences in the Punjaub."

## V.

### ON THE PUNJAB BOARD AND AS CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

We pronounce the names of Indian territories, as they occur in the course of our English reading, without distinctly realising the vastness of their extent. The Punjaub, for instance, which was presently to come under the government of John Lawrence, is a realm of 78,477 square miles. The name signifies the "five waters," for five magnificent

rivers roll through its noble valleys. They all rise from among the snowy peaks of the Himalayas—the Sutlej, the Beas, the Ravee, the Chenaub, the Jhelum—and these all empty themselves into the Indus, so that in fact there are six rivers, although as the course of the Beas is very short, it is probable that it was not one of those which originally gave the designation. This appears to be in every way one of the most desirable territories of India. It is famous in ancient history. Across its plains Alexander marched with his conquering hosts. The means of natural irrigation are more copiously supplied than in most parts of India, and its five Doabs, that is districts, or vast plains, or valleys, are abundant in all the resources of natural wealth. This is also the region of the Sikhs, one of the finest of the races of India.

It was when Lord Dalhousie was Governor-General, and after the second great Sikh war of 1849, famous for the disastrous battle of Chillianwala, and the crowning victory of Goojerat, that the Punjaub was annexed. It is pleasant to notice the correspondence gradually growing, from remote official stiffness, on the part of Dalhousie, to an appreciative friendliness. He remonstrates with Lawrence because he writes, "My Lord," "Don't you think 'My Dear Lord' would better suit the terms of friendship and cordiality on which we have long been?" Then he writes, "My Dear Lawrence," "My Dear John," and sometimes "My Dear Old Boy." Remembering the character and bearing of Dalhousie, this correspondence illustrates very distinctly the high respect and confidence the Governor-General must have felt for his great Commissioner. When Dalhousie consulted Lawrence about the annexation, the Commissioner answered, "Annex it now." When the Governor-General raised one difficulty after another, Lawrence simply repeated the words, "Annex it now."

The government of the Punjaub was entrusted to a Board composed of the

two Lawrences, Henry and John, and Charles Greville Mansel, who was succeeded by Robert Montgomery. Henry was President, and John's special work was the civil administration, especially the settlement of the land revenue. The work accomplished by the Board is thus described by Mr. Bosworth Smith :—

“Under its rule the country had quieted down. Its fierce and fanatical soldiers had become peaceful agriculturists. The military arrangements for the defence of the frontier, and the police arrangements for the suppression of crime and the preservation of order, had been almost completed. The land-tax had been lightened, and the whole revenue arrangements overhauled. Material improvements of every kind—bridges, roads, canals, courts of justice, barracks, schools, hospitals, and asylums—had been projected, and had been taken in hand. The old order, in fact, had already changed, and had given place to the new; and if much still remained to be done, the country had been fairly launched on a career of peaceful progress and contentment.” The Board received the thanks of Lord Dalhousie and the Directors of the East India Company.

The government by a Board was always regarded as a temporary arrangement, and when the time came, John Lawrence was appointed to the Chief Commissionership. His work in this capacity was chiefly “one of development—of progress within lines which had to a great extent been laid down.” Whatever his occupation and circumstances at any time were, “his finger,” we are told, “was always on the pulse of the province; he felt that he stimulated, that he controlled every throb and every movement within it, and that the great work of peaceful progress never slackened once for a single day.”

In the annexation of the Punjaub the great State jewels were handed over as Crown property to the Board of Commissioners, amongst others the matchless Koh-i-noor, “the mountain of light,”

which had been handed on for long ages from Conquerors and Emperors. It was handed over by the other Members of the Board to John Lawrence. He was thought the most practical and business-like of the three, and, in most matters, no doubt he was. It was folded in cloth, in an insignificant little box. As he received it, he thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, went on working as usual, thinking no more of the precious treasure. He changed his clothes, threw the waistcoat aside, and thought no more of the jewel in his pocket until about six weeks after, when a message came from Lord Dalhousie, saying that the Queen had ordered it to be transmitted to her. “Send it at once,” said John. “Send it?” said Sir Henry Lawrence, “why, you’ve got it.” In a moment it flashed across his mind the memory of his carelessness, and, quite horror-struck, he said to himself: “Well, this is the worst trouble I have ever got into.” But he commanded himself sufficiently to give no external signs of his trepidation, only saying: “Oh yes, I forgot all about it.” He soon enquired of his old Hindoo servant if he had found a little box in the waistcoat. Yes, and had put it in another old box. This was produced, and the little one was safe inside it. “Open it,” said John Lawrence, “and see what is inside of it.” And the precious gem appeared; but the servant seemed to be quite unaware of the treasure he had in his keeping. “There is nothing here, Sahib?” said he, “but a bit of glass.” Great was the amusement when he produced the jewel, and told the story to the Board. So it was forwarded to the Queen, and even yet, in its transit, is said to have passed through strange vicissitudes.

There is a pretty anecdote which belongs to this period when Sir John Lawrence was working on the Board of the Punjaub. In the old College of Foyle, when the two Lawrences and Sir Robert Montgomery were students, there were two ushers, twin brothers, named Simpson. In 1852 the old fellow-students

were spending the Christmas Day together, in the old residency house at Anarkulli; the ladies had retired after dinner, when Sir Henry turned to his brother, and said: "I wonder what the poor old Simpsons are doing, and if they have had any better dinner than usual to-day!" A few more remarks were made, and then said Henry: "I'll tell you what we will do; the Simpsons must be very old, and nearly blind; let us each put down £50 and send it to them as a Christmas-box from a far-off land, with the good wishes of three of their old pupils, now Members of the Punjaub Board of Administration at Lahore." "All right," said John, "I'll give £50." "All right," said Montgomery, "I'll give another." "The Simpson Fund" reached its destination, and, in due time, came the acknowledgment, written with a very tremulous hand. Many of the characters were blotted with tears. It began: "My dear kind boys," but the pen had been drawn through the word "boys," and substituted for it the word "friends;" and then the letter went on to say how precious was the thought to the two old men that their old pupils had not forgotten them, and how they had looked over the old school atlas and could not find either the Punjaub or Lahore. It is a characteristic anecdote, illustrating how the tenderness of memory kept fresh the hearts of the strong and noble men, who were ruling with iron hand and will the territory they had added to the possessions of the British Crown.

## VI.

### THE SAVIOUR OF INDIA.

Delhi had been the earliest scene of John Lawrence's labours in India. His long residence in the city must have prepared him thoroughly for the mighty enterprise which is now one of the most, if not the most, illustrious of his achievements. From the moment of the outbreak of the great Mutiny of 1857, and when the city fell into the hands of the mutineers, he felt that, at almost any cost, it must

be retaken—and, when retaken, its relations with the British Government must be placed upon another foundation. How difficult it is to form an idea of Delhi. The city was seven miles in circumference. It had a population of about 150,000 souls. Its walls were massive, and apparently impregnable. Its magnificent palace was a pile of barbaric splendour, surpassing the Kremlin. Its impregnable wall, which it seemed impossible to scale, and through which it seemed equally impossible to effect a breach, seemed to render the work a hopeless task. And yet it was achieved, mainly through the foresight of John Lawrence. It was by means of the movements inspired by his energy, controlled by his prudence, and carried out by his resolution and that of his lieutenants, that the province over which he himself ruled, the Punjaub, was first secured from imminent danger, then made the "storehouse, the arsenal, the recruiting-ground, the base of operations for much that was done outside of it," and it was by means of the reinforcements he was then able to spare from the Punjaub and to send to the General in command at Delhi, that the siege and capture of the city were accomplished. Lord Canning, the Governor-General, wrote: "Of what is due to Sir John Lawrence himself no man is ignorant. Through him Delhi fell, and the Punjaub, no longer a weakness, became a source of strength; but for him the hold of England over Upper India would have had to be recovered at a cost of English blood and treasure which defies calculation. It is difficult to exaggerate the value of such ability, vigilance, and energy at such a time."

A more fearful, a more tremendously anxious moment there had never been in our connection with the Indian Empire. Lawrence had determined that it was absolutely essential to our existence in India that Delhi should be retaken, and its vast palace purged from those corruptions which were a chief source of the atrocities of the Mutiny. Before the siege, Sepoys and other re-

fugees from districts where the flames of mutiny had been quenched, were pouring into this city, which seemed unassailable and impregnable, and Lawrence had even thought of the relinquishment of Peshawur, if it should prove necessary to exhaust every resource for re-taking Delhi. But it was not necessary. The splendid organisation and government of the Punjaub enabled him to send sufficient reinforcement to Delhi, without abandoning the great frontier fortress. Some of Lawrence's subordinates were old, and weak, and altogether inadequate to the great occasion; but there were others who, although in inferior positions, possessed some of the most splendid attributes of the English soldier, such as John Nicholson, who had been intended as Governor for the city when taken, but who fell early in the siege.

The story of the siege of Delhi records some of the most wonderful manifestations of British valour. The Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub, whose eyes had been fixed on this spot as the chief weakness of British rule in the North-West Provinces of India, was gratified at last by receiving the triumphant news that the ancient and imperial city of the Moguls had fallen. He had the further gratification to know that, almost alone, the Punjaub, which he had governed so well, had done the work. And universally, by the Queen, by the Government in England, by the English Press, as well as by all in India, Sir John Lawrence was greeted by acclamation as the man who had done more than any other single man to secure to us our Indian Empire; he was called the "Saviour of India."

## VII.

### IN THE MOMENT OF CONQUEST.

But at the moment of conquest came a time of difficulty. The city was taken. We have already said that the vast palace, with its most atrocious and abominable Court, had been permitted during the old days to retain entire independence within

its limits, and the remnant of imperial power. All this was at an end. The great gateway of the palace was burst open by the besiegers, who hurried through the rich chambers and stately galleries, dazzling with all the glittering signs of Oriental splendour. From his luxurious privacy, the old King, the last descendant of a long line of kings, was dragged forth, ejected from his palace chambers, and confined to one, to await his trial for his life; he was in a state almost of second childishness. The wrath of the conquerors blazed forth in ferocious acts of cruelty and revenge, which we do not like to recall. The acts of the mutineers, as we need not remind our readers, had been in the most awful degree savage and barbarous, the lives of innocent children, the lives and honour of English ladies had been most brutally sacrificed, and the Press at home, and the yet more infuriated residents in India, demanded a most sanguinary revenge. Lord Canning, the Governor-General, strove to restrain the ferocity, and the *Times* called him "Clemency Canning." Lawrence also attempted to repress the indiscriminate murder. He pleaded for the immense number of innocent natives; but cruelty he always called by its right name, and never mistook it for either vigour or valour. There was an earnest wish expressed at home and abroad that Delhi should be utterly rased, and its foundations ploughed up. Lawrence advocated an altogether different course: he remembered, and he reminded all around him, how Christianity had been the only persecuted religion in India, and the Bible the only proscribed book. The enormities of Hindoo idolatry, its savage disregard of human life, had not only been winked at, but sanctioned by many of those who had borne the rule and sway in India; and the horrible Mutiny was not unconnected with the policy which had governed our transactions there. The evil seed had borne an evil fruit; the English Government had systematically discouraged all attempts to introduce Christianity into India.

and now came another demand. A memorandum was issued by one of the most devoted Christian officers in India, one of Lawrence's ablest lieutenants, in which the active support of Christianity was declared to be the safest policy as well as the highest duty of the rulers of India. Sir John Lawrence favoured a moderate policy. As we have seen, his religion was of a real and very simple type. He was a sincere Christian; he believed the Bible to be the only and sufficient lamp for the religious life; he was a man of prayer, and maintained regular family prayer whenever and wherever possible in his household. As he said on one occasion: "We are commanded to pray, and we are taught to believe that God answers prayer." This was sufficient for him; but he would not allow the mosques to be destroyed, and he would not permit insults to be offered to the natives in their religious services. And he heartily approved of the message which came from the Queen.

"Firmly relying ourselves," so runs the Royal message, "on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions upon any of our subjects; we declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested, or distinguished by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin on all those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects on pain of our highest displeasure."

These words were regarded by some Christian men as falling short of what the occasion required. But Lawrence felt that they marked a great step forward. While, as Mr. Bosworth Smith, the biographer of Lord Lawrence, says, "They are the Magna Charta of religious liberty to all the creeds and races of India," they publicly and fearlessly acknowledged that the Queen of Eng-

land relied on "the truth of Christianity" and "the solace of religion;" and thus they gave to the missionaries a sanction and authority they had never known before.

### VIII.

#### HOME LIFE AND REST IN ENGLAND.

In February 1859, he arrived in England to enjoy a brief season of well-won rest. "Your name and service," said Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, in one of his last letters to him before leaving India, "are in every one's mouth. Be prepared for such a reception in England as no one has had for twenty years." It was seventeen years since he left Europe, unknown to any beyond a small circle of relations and friends. Honours were showered upon him. He received the freedom of the cities of London and Glasgow. An address, signed by 8000 persons, many of them of the highest position, was presented to him. He was made D.C.L. of Oxford and Cambridge. He was invited to Windsor as a guest so soon as he returned. The Queen expressed for him her high regard, and his interviews with Prince Albert were many and prolonged. He spoke with surprise of the Prince's wide and minute knowledge of Indian affairs, and remarked to Captain Eastwick: "I am no courtier, but Prince Albert has always struck me as one of the most remarkable men I have ever met." The Queen instituted a new order of knighthood, called "the Order of the Star of India." The first investiture took place at Windsor Castle, November 1, 1861, and Sir John received, in company with his old friend, Lord Clyde, the beautiful and gorgeous insignia of the new order. Sir John Lawrence felt, or fancied, that his career was over; he visited his birthplace of Richmond in Yorkshire, and from thence he went for a visit to Inverary Castle, as the guest of the Duke of Argyll, with whom he formed a close friendship, which ended only with his death. His home was near London, at Southgate House. There he spent, during this period

of rest, some of the most peaceful days of his life; his summer evenings spent in croquet; his Saturday afternoons were usually passed in driving round the neighbourhood, and Sunday evenings in family readings from the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and in a united family hymn, and then, perhaps, some talk, and stories of old Indian days and adventures—a simple life. "His religious faith," says she who knew him best, "was the most beautiful and simple I have ever known; 'Fear God, and keep His Commandments,' was the rule of his daily life. We used to read the Bible together every day." Amidst the honours showered upon him, many expressed wonder that he was not elevated to the peerage. When in the midst of his tranquillity, which he had supposed was for life, Lord Elgin, the Viceroy of India, died. One day a Member of the Cabinet looked in at Sir John Lawrence's room at the India Office with the announcement, "You are to go to India as Governor-General."

## IX.

### VICEROY OF INDIA.

It was thought before the elevation of Lord Elgin that Sir John Lawrence, who had really subjected India to his will, and who had united the wide conquests of a Napoleon to the calm, imperturbable resolution and success of a Wellington, who had created law and given railways, and schools, and all the means of civilisation to the Empire, would have been called naturally to the place he was so well fitted to fill. But the Empire was at peace, and the appointment of Elgin, if not quite just, was a good appointment, as in several similar spheres he had acquitted himself well. Elgin's governorship was satisfactory but brief. And then, as the *Times* said: "The most distinguished congratulations from the Queen, and from the most eminent English men and English women, crowded upon Lawrence." There was, no doubt, another reason which weighed with the Government at home; war had broken

out just then on the north-west frontier, which was assuming a formidable aspect, and which it might need such an arm as that of Lawrence's to terminate. So, again, the home life in England was broken up. He had a darling child, Bertie, with whom he used every day to play by the hour together, the child had to be left behind, and the strong man burst into tears, as he said: "I shall never see Bertie again," meaning by this, that years must pass by, and that if the child were spared to be a boy, or a youth, he would never see his infant playmate any more.

The appointment was hailed with rapture in India. On his voyage out he made the acquaintance of a baby, sadly neglected by its mother, who was returning to India; the neglected child became something of a nuisance on board the ship, and from many a sleepless berth came a cry, "Steward, throw that baby overboard!" Lawrence took it in hand, and played with it, and amused it, and with him the child was always happy and quiet. Some persons said to him: "Why do you take such notice of that child?" "Why, to tell the truth," said the Viceroy, "that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel quite sure does not want to get anything out of me; and I take pleasure in its society."

Many pleasant circumstances might be quoted from his Viceroyalty. One Sunday morning, when going to the Cathedral in Calcutta, descending the flight of marble steps from his palace, he found eight troopers of his body-guard ready to escort him, the officer urged precedent, the Viceroy yielded so far as to retain two, saying: "If I can't go to church with two troopers for my escort I'm not fit to be Governor-General of India." "In himself was all his state," although he held the most magnificent Durbar, or gathering of chiefs and princes, ever held since our possession of India, and he delivered a great and exceedingly energetic address to the princes assembled, in their own language, which he now employed with as much ease as his



own—a thing no other Governor-General since Warren Hastings had been able to do.

He held his Viceroyalty from 1863 to 1869. It was a period the most eminent-ly peaceful of our Indian Government. His landing in Calcutta was hailed with gladness; his departure was a time of grief. On the 18th of January he received farewell addresses from the inhabitants of Calcutta, from the Bishop and the Clergy, from a conference of missionaries, and, on the following morning, amidst well-nigh universal tokens of regret, the man, who had landed in 1829 a poor youth, with no fortune excepting his hands and his head, passed down to the ghaat or pier, accompanied by his successor, Lord Mayo, through the long lines of troops all drawn up to do him honour as he bade farewell to the shores of India. Lord Mayo gave a parting cheer, which was taken up enthusiastically by the vast assembled multitude, and so John Lawrence finally bade good-bye to the great Empire he had served so well.

## X.

### THE LAST YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

Sir John Lawrence landed in England, on his last return, on March 15, 1869, broken in health. His eminent services had not received the recognition which long since they deserved, of elevation to the peerage; but shortly after, at the suggestion of the Duke of Argyll, this honour was conferred upon him, by the title of Lord Lawrence of the Punjaub, and of "Grately." Grately was a small estate on Salisbury Plain, which had been left to him by his sister. Mr. Gladstone, when conveying to him the intention of the Queen, said: "I congratulate the House of Lords not less than yourself on this result." When the new peer rose to deliver his maiden speech in the House of Lords, and was received with loud cheers from both sides of the House, there remained before him ten years of life. He was only fifty-eight years of age. He did not recover his health; but he could not, after such a life, sink into

inaction. He sought and found some recreation in an extended tour on the Continent; the last prolonged tour he had with his beloved wife, the devoted companion and solace of his years of anxious Indian service.

He was Chairman for some time of the London School Board. But, as a man of intense action, "he hated," says his biographer, "all Boards as such." He was impatient of the details and formalities upon which the work proceeded, "and he hailed," says Mr. Edward Buxton, "greedily a proposal of Lord Sandon's that we should build twenty schools at once in the most neglected parts of London without waiting for the exact statistics which were some time in preparation." He was, however, most diligent in his attendance at all the committees, at which it was possible for him to be present. When two met at the same time he sent his secretary, who reported to him what had been done. On the question of religious teaching he took the line that the doctrines on which all Christians are agreed are of much greater importance than those on which they differ, and that we should remember the agreement rather than the difference. In London, as in many other places, it was decided that the Bible should be read, and that there should be given such explanations and such instructions therefrom in the principles of morality and religion as are suited to the capacities of children. After serving three years, he retired on the 16th of November, 1873. His health still gave anxiety to his family and his friends. The services he had rendered had been so eminent that their memory was embalmed by founding two scholarships, one for boys, and one for girls, and a portrait of him now hangs in the Board-room. Still he exhibited enthusiasm in all matters pertaining to education, and took active part in the management of different charitable institutions. He attended the committee meetings of the Church Missionary Society, and took deep interest in its proceedings. We may form an

idea of his estimate of missionary work from a speech he made at a meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at Highbury, where he said: "It seems to me that year by year, and cycle by cycle, the influence of these missionaries must increase, and that in God's good will the time may be expected to come when large masses of the people, having lost all faith in their own, and feeling the want of a religion which is pure, and true, and holy, will be converted, and will profess the Christian religion, and, having professed it, live in accordance with its precepts. I have a great reverence and regard for them (the missionaries), both personally, and for the sake of the great cause in which they are engaged; and I feel it to be a pleasure and a privilege to do anything I can in the last years of my life to further the great work for which they have done so much." So went on the closing days, rapidly melting into the evening of his years. But a great trouble came upon him, and upon his family. Morning by morning it became a greater difficulty to see to read at family prayers. "He was often," says Lady Lawrence, "obliged to hand over the book to me." He consulted distinguished oculists, and an operation was recommended, against which both his wife and his physician at first protested; but the oculist won the day, and at first the operation seemed to have been successful. By-and-by he passed through another operation, but with very partial success.

The old lion of Delhi roused himself when it became known that we were in danger of a second Afghan war; he made a fervent appeal to the conscience of the

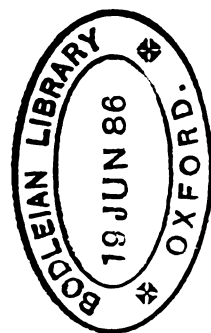
country, he also uttered some prophecies as to the fatal issues of the enterprise, which were destined to be fulfilled, and brought the same high and intrepid conscience, and the large experience—perhaps the largest possessed by any man in the Empire—to bear upon the vexed and turbid question. Within a week of his death he attended the anniversary festival of the Asylum for Orphan Daughters of Soldiers, at Hampstead, an institution in which he had always taken a great interest; the following day was Sunday, he was unable to go to church, and his wife stayed with him at home, and read to him a sermon by Robertson, on "the Victory over Death," but without any idea that, in his case, the victory would so soon be won. On the following Friday the end came. The once strong man lay helpless on his bed, scarce opening his eyes, and, apparently, unable to speak, or to recognise any one. "Do you know me?" said his wife. "To my last gasp, my darling," he said, quite audibly. She bent down to give him the last kiss, which he consciously returned by the pressure of the hand and the lip. Shortly after he said: "I am so weary," and with these words he entered into the land where "the weary are at rest." So lived and so passed away the man who, in the hour of eminent peril, was raised up by Providence to preserve the Empire of India to the English Crown; but who, also, of all the illustrious line of heroes who were called forth in the service of that great Continent, did most to weld the Empire together, by extending the blessings of law and order, and the charities of pure Christian civilisation.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

---

NOTE.—Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Bosworth Smith for permission to use the material furnished in his *Biography* in preparing this sketch. Five editions of this great work were called for in the first nine months after its issue. A cheap edition has also been prepared. The *Life* has been translated into Hindostani. The American edition has been placed by order of the government of that country in every ship of war, and in every public library.—Ed. New Biog. Series.

# JAMES CLERK MAXWELL, F.R.S.



idea of his estimate of missionary work from a speech he made at a meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at Highbury, where he said: "It seems to me that year by year, and cycle by cycle, the influence of these missionaries must increase, and that in God's good will the time may be expected to come when large masses of the people, having lost all faith in their own, and feeling the want of a religion which is pure, and true, and holy, will be converted, and will profess the Christian religion, and, having professed it, live in accordance with its precepts. I have a great reverence and regard for them (the missionaries), both personally, and for the sake of the great cause in which they are engaged; and I feel it to be a pleasure and a privilege to do anything I can in the last years of my life to further the great work for which they have done so much." So went on the closing days, rapidly melting into the evening of his years. But a great trouble came upon him, and upon his family. Morning by morning it became a greater difficulty to see to read at family prayers. "He was often," says Lady Lawrence, "obliged to hand over the book to me." He consulted distinguished oculists, and an operation was recommended, against which both his wife and his physician at first protested; but the oculist won the day, and at first the operation seemed to have been successful. By-and-by he passed through another operation, but with very partial success.

The old lion of Delhi roused himself when it became known that we were in danger of a second Afghan war; he made a fervent appeal to the conscience of the

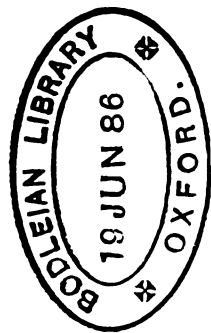
country, he also uttered some prophecies as to the fatal issues of the enterprise, which were destined to be fulfilled, and brought the same high and intrepid conscience, and the large experience—perhaps the largest possessed by any man in the Empire—to bear upon the vexed and turbid question. Within a week of his death he attended the anniversary festival of the Asylum for Orphan Daughters of Soldiers, at Hampstead, an institution in which he had always taken a great interest; the following day was Sunday, he was unable to go to church, and his wife stayed with him at home, and read to him a sermon by Robertson, on "the Victory over Death," but without any idea that, in his case, the victory would so soon be won. On the following Friday the end came. The once strong man lay helpless on his bed, scarce opening his eyes, and, apparently, unable to speak, or to recognise any one. "Do you know me?" said his wife. "To my last gasp, my darling," he said, quite audibly. She bent down to give him the last kiss, which he consciously returned by the pressure of the hand and the lip. Shortly after he said: "I am so weary," and with these words he entered into the land where "the weary are at rest." So lived and so passed away the man who, in the hour of eminent peril, was raised up by Providence to preserve the Empire of India to the English Crown; but who, also, of all the illustrious line of heroes who were called forth in the service of that great Continent, did most to weld the Empire together, by extending the blessings of law and order, and the charities of pure Christian civilisation.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

---

NOTE.—Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Bosworth Smith for permission to use the material furnished in his *Biography* in preparing this sketch. Five editions of this great work were called for in the first nine months after its issue. A cheap edition has also been prepared. The *Life* has been translated into *Hindustani*. The American edition has been placed by order of the government of that country in every ship of war, and in every public library.—Ed. New Biog. Series.

# JAMES CLERK MAXWELL, F.R.S.



# JAMES CLERK MAXWELL, F.R.S.

## I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

IN the annals of modern science few names are more distinguished than that of James Clerk Maxwell. His studies and researches, being chiefly in the highest departments of physics and mathematics, were not such as to attract general notice, and were understood and appreciated by the few, and not by the many. But in the halls of science, at home and abroad; in the Royal Society and other learned bodies; and especially at Cambridge, where he laboured and taught in the last years of his life, he was among our foremost men. In Astronomy, Optics, in Electro-magnetic research, and above all in Molecular Physics, or the study of the nature and properties of the ultimate molecules of which material objects are composed, he was pre-eminent. Although he died comparatively young, he was laden with honours. The Rumford medal, conferred in 1860, was the first of a long list of honorary distinctions, which up to his last year, in 1879, accumulated from all countries; among the savans of which universal regret was expressed, at "the death of a man of profound and original genius, too early lost to England and to Science."

Beyond and above all this scientific reputation, he was remarkable for strong religious faith and humble fervent piety. The excellence of his moral and spiritual character was as conspicuous as his intellectual eminence. In these times, when many seem to assume that there is a necessary antagonism between science and religion, between natural knowledge and revealed truth, it is well to exhibit the life of one of the highest men in philosophical research, who was also one of the humblest and most diligent stu-

dents of the Biblio; and who was as much distinguished for Christian worth as for scientific attainments.

In order to gather some of the lessons of such a life, it is not necessary to give a detailed account of his scientific labours. In fact, it would be scarcely possible to do this in a popular way, or with profit to any but the few who are versed in these high subjects. Professor Tyndall, when asked to prepare a popular statement of the kind, while paying a generous tribute to his memory, thus wrote: "You could hardly set before a scientific man a more difficult task than to give an account intelligible to the general public of the researches on which Clerk Maxwell's fame is based. I almost doubt whether such an account could be given at present; certainly I am not the man to undertake it." After such a declaration from a master in science, like Tyndall, it would be idle to attempt any popular exposition of these discoveries and researches. His eminence, as a man of science, may be accepted on the testimony of those best qualified to form an opinion.

The Memoir which forms the bulk of the biographical volume, has a wider and more personal interest. This has been prepared by Lewis Campbell, the accomplished Greek Professor at St. Andrews, Clerk Maxwell's schoolfellow at Edinburgh, and his friend and correspondent through life. To this Memoir (Macmillan and Co.) we are largely indebted for the materials of the present Tract, and for the extracts which we are permitted to make.

## II.

### BIRTH AND HOME-TRAINING.

James Clerk Maxwell was born at Edinburgh, June 13, 1831. His father, John Clerk Maxwell, bore in his veins

the blood of two old Scottish families, the Midlothian Clerks and the Dumfriesshire Maxwells. His grandfather, John Clerk, younger brother of Sir George Clerk Maxwell, of Penicuik, was the author of a book famous in its day, 'Naval Tactics.' His eldest son, John, became Lord Eldin, a judge of the Court of Session, noted for his shrewdness and wit, as well as for legal lore. Lord Eldin's younger brother, "Willie Clerk," was the friend and comrade of Walter Scott in their early years. When Sir George Clerk, afterwards M.P., a warm ally of Sir Robert Peel, succeeded to Penicuik on the death of his uncle, Sir John, the younger son succeeded to the property of Middlebie, which descended to him from his grandmother, Dorothea, Lady Maxwell, and had to be held separate from the Midlothian estate. He married in 1827, Frances, daughter of Robert Cay, of Charlton, Northumberland, and James Clerk Maxwell was their only son. He was born in their town house in Edinburgh, but for some years they chiefly lived at Glenlair, a small property saved from the once wide domains of Middlebie, most of which had passed into other hands.

The old adage as to the child being father to the man was most notably verified in Clerk Maxwell. In his earliest years he was full of wonder and curiosity, as most boys are, but with the addition in his case of a persistent resolve to understand the causes of things. "'Show me how it does,'" his mother wrote to a friend, "are words never out of his mouth." One of his first feats, when only three years old, was to learn the mode of "doing" in the house bells. He watched the row of bells in the kitchen, and made a servant ring every one in turns, and then made his father show him the holes where the wires went through. The way the water travels from the pond, past bridge and mill and smiddy, till it gets to the sea where the ships sail, was another wonder and study of his early childhood. His cousin, Mrs. Blackburn, remembers that

throughout his childhood his constant question was, "What's the *go o'* that? What does it do?" Nor was he satisfied with a vague reply, but would reiterate, "But what's the *particular go* of it?" There is in the book a droll sketch of a barn-ball at the harvest home at Glenlair in 1837. The boy of six, instead of looking at a marvellous solo dancer, the observed of all observers, is standing beside the fiddler gazing intently on his bow, no doubt musing on the cause of the sound, and determined to know "the *go* of that" some day. When walking with his nurse, she usually had to come home laden with plants, stones, and miscellaneous "finds," all of which were laid out on a table till his parents told him all about each object. Possibly his good auntie, Miss Cay, was not quite so patient, as she used to say it was vexations to be asked such a heap of questions one could not answer "by a child like that."

As the years went on he was as ingenious with his hands as he had been observant with his eyes. In basket-weaving, knitting, seal-making, and other indoor occupations, he showed speedy proficiency, but soon was most at home in all the boyish sports of country life. With his leaping-pole, of which he had great mastery, he "made tracks" across country anywhere and everywhere, with an eye for all he saw, and pluck to meet any emergency. His love of nature and of outdoor exercise did not interfere with his appetite for book learning, for he devoured whatever came within his reach. His mother guided his education in his early years, and gave a bias to his tastes and feelings which grew with his growth. His knowledge of the Bible was extensive and minute. The Book of Psalms he knew so thoroughly that he could tell the place of almost any verse quoted. At eight years old it is said that he could repeat the whole of the 119th Psalm, so wonderful was his memory. His knowledge of Milton began also at a very early period. These things were

not known merely by rote; they occupied his thoughts and imagination, and sank deeper than anybody knew.

We have dwelt longer than may seem at first sight fitting upon these traits of juvenile character. But, after all, the mental qualities of the philosopher of later life are clearly seen in these rudimentary forms. The objects are vaster, and the instruments of research more powerful, but the spirit and method of the man were the same as in the boy.

### III.

#### AT SCHOOL AND COLLEGE IN EDINBURGH.

After the death of his mother the education of the son became a pressing question. A short and unsuccessful experiment having been tried with a private tutor, his father resolved to reside in Edinburgh and put him to school. The Edinburgh Academy was then in highest favour with the upper classes of the Scottish capital. It had been founded a few years before, in 1824, being much needed on account of the great extension of the New Town. The celebrated High School was still in the Old Town, the removal to its present site on the Calton Hill being hastened by the successful rivalry of the Academy. The rector, Archdeacon Williams, an Oxford first-classman, and for a time one of the masters at Winchester, introduced some of the method and tone of English school life. The master of Maxwell's class, Mr. A. N. Carmichael, was one of the best scholars and ablest teachers of his time. But the comparatively raw country boy, joining in the middle of the second year, was not at home amongst the trained youth of the class, and did not show the latent power that was in him. His backwardness, and uncouthness of speech and dress, were misjudged, and a slighting nickname was fastened upon him. Before the course of six years was ended, however, he had won his way to the hearts and to the respect of both masters and boys. At the age of fourteen he got the Mathe-

matical medal in his class, the prize for English verses, and held a good place in classical scholarship.

From the Academy he went, in 1846, to the University of Edinburgh, where he attended classes during three sessions. Professor James D. Forbes, of the Natural Philosophy class, was his favourite teacher, and between the pupil and Professor there then began a lifelong friendship. Forbes encouraged him in his scientific studies, allowed him the use of his experimental room and apparatus, and introduced him at the Royal Society of Edinburgh. To have been thus favoured by James D. Forbes was a proof of high character as well as genius, which will be understood by all who knew the Professor. Under this influence Maxwell soon burst into a splendour of reputation of which his earlier years gave no adequate promise. It was an unusual thing for papers to be communicated to the Royal Society by a youth under sixteen while still at school, which the President, Sir Thomas M. Brisbane, described as ingenious and original. The first paper was on 'Oval Curves and those having a plurality of Foci.' The paper was read by Professor Forbes, who added comments of his own.

At the University, besides the prime influence of Professor Forbes, he owed much of his intellectual development to Sir William Hamilton in Mental Philosophy, and to Gregory in Chemistry, attending also the Mathematical class of Kelland, and the Moral Philosophy of Wilson, better known as Christopher North.

### IV.

#### AT CAMBRIDGE; AS STUDENT AND AS PROFESSOR.

The Arts' curriculum of the University of Edinburgh is unrivalled for breadth of study, but lacks the organisation and the inducements for eminence in the special departments, whether classical or mathematical, for which the English Universities are renowned. The bent of Maxwell's mind evidently pointed to



Cambridge as the best sphere for study and distinction. In 1850 he entered at Peterhouse, but removed soon to Trinity. His own prime motive for the change was that the larger college would afford him greater opportunities for self-improvement. He had the advantage of having Hopkins as tutor, and he made the best use of his time and opportunities. When the time came for the great contest for honours he came out second wrangler, with Routh as first, with whom he was bracketed as Smith's prizeman. It is said that "he succeeded by sheer strength of intellect, though with the very minimum of knowledge how to use it with advantage under the conditions of examination." His tutor, William Hopkins, said of him, that he was unquestionably the most extraordinary man he had met with in the whole range of his experience; "it appears impossible for him to think incorrectly on physical subjects; in analysis, however, he is more deficient." "Hopkins looks upon him as a great genius, with all its eccentricities, and prophecies that one day he will shine as a light in physical science, a prophecy in which all his fellow-students strenuously unite." These notes of a conversation with Hopkins are preserved in a diary kept at the time by Mr. W. N. Lawson, of the Equity Bar.

Of more interest than the record of mere intellectual studies or academic distinctions, is what we are told of the spirit in which he worked, and of the character which was being formed in his undergraduate career. His intense devotion to study was manifest, but his inner thoughts and feelings were known to few. Dean Ramsay called to see him when in Cambridge, and in writing to Miss Cay, says: "I had great pleasure in seeing your nephew, young Clerk Maxwell. He is shrewd and cautious. He seems to like Cambridge, and I doubt not will distinguish himself. He is sparing in his words, but what he says is to the point." To the same good lady he himself writes soon after: "If any one asks how I am getting on in Mathe-

matics, say I am busy arranging everything, so as to be able to express all distinctly, so that examiners may be satisfied now, and pupils edified hereafter. It is pleasant work, and very strengthening, but not nearly finished."

By long-continued strain of study his health having been somewhat affected, he was induced to spend the interval between the summer and vacation terms of 1853 at the Rectory of Otley, where he was invited by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, uncle of a college companion, G. W. H. Tayler, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. A letter from this friend, now the Vicar of Trinity Church, Carlisle, gives an interesting account of Maxwell as he knew him in those early days.

"My first acquaintance with him was about February 1852. I was soon attracted by the frankness of his manner and the singular charm of his quaint and original remarks in conversation. We undergraduates felt we had a very uncommon personage amongst us; but we did not then appreciate his rare powers. We had of course heard of the reputation which he had at Edinburgh.

"But this acute mathematician, so addicted even then to original research, was among his friends simply the most genial and amusing of companions, the propounder of many a strange theory, the composer of not a few poetic *jeux d'esprit*.

"Grave and hard-reading students shook their heads at his discursive talk and reading, and hinted that this kind of pursuits would never pay in the long run in the Mathematical Tripos.

"I have sometimes watched his countenance in the lecture-room. It was quite a study—there was the look of a bright intellect, an entire concentration on the subject, and sometimes a slight smile on the fine expressive mouth, as some point came out clearly before him, or some amusing fancy flitted across his imagination. He used to profess a dislike to reproducing speculations from

books, or hearing opinions quoted bodily from books.

"Yet he read a good deal in other lines of study than natural philosophy. Sir Thomas Browne's '*Religio Medici*' was one of his favourite books. Any such author, who propounded his speculations in a quaint, original manner was sure to be a favourite with him.

"But I particularly remember his attraction to Sir Thomas Browne during the long vacation, when he was laid up with a severe illness (a brain fever) in my dear uncle's house in June 1853. He came to stay at Otley, near Ipswich, of which my uncle was the rector. For a few days he was tolerably well, then suddenly fell ill, probably through overwork for his third year college examination. It was on his recovery from that illness that I seemed to know him better than ever. It was then that my uncle's conversation seemed to make such a deep impression on his mind. He had always been a regular attendant at the services of God's house, and a regular communicant in our College Chapel. Also he had thought and read much on religious subjects. But at this time (as it appears from his own account of the matter) his religious views were greatly deepened and strengthened.

"I must add that I spent some little time in the long vacation of 1854 with Maxwell at Glenlair. His father was then living, and it was touching to witness the perfect affection and confidence which subsisted between father and son: the joy and satisfaction and exulting pride which the father evidently felt in his son's success and well-earned fame; and, on the other hand, the tender, thoughtful care and watchfulness which James Maxwell manifested towards his father.

"Maxwell has indeed left a very bright memory and example. We, his contemporaries at college, have seen in him high powers of mind and great capacity and original views, conjoined with deep humility before his God, reverent submission to His will, and hearty belief in

the love and the atonement of that Divine Saviour, who was his Portion and Comforter in trouble and sickness, and his exceeding great reward."

Maxwell often used to speak in after life of his visit to Otley, where he was seized with the serious illness mentioned in the foregoing letter. All who knew Mr. C. B. Tayler will understand the reference to the kindness experienced in his home, and also to the personal influence of a man of singularly genial and devout piety. "The Taylers," says his biographer, "nursed him as they would have nursed a son of their own, and Maxwell, in whom the smallest kindnesses awakened lasting gratitude, was profoundly moved by this. He referred to it long afterwards as having given him a new perception of the love of God. One of his strongest convictions thenceforward was that 'Love abideth, though knowledge vanish away.' And this came to him at the very height of the intellectual struggle."

This residence at Otley may have intensified his religious feelings, but his faith in the great verities of revealed truth had long been habitual to him. As was said by Hope Robertson, another of his Trinity College contemporaries, "He had an innate reverence for sacred things, which I do not think was ever much disturbed by the scepticism fashionable among shallow scientific men." Maxwell's own aspirations after Divine light and grace are expressed in a poem, remarkable both in thought and language for a young man scarcely of age.

#### A STUDENT'S EVENING HYMN.

Now no more the slanting rays  
With the mountain summits dally,  
Now no more in crimson blaze  
Evening's fleecy cloudlets rally;  
Soon shall night from off the valley  
Sweep that bright yet earthly haze,  
And the stars most musically  
Move in endless rounds of praise.

While the world is growing dim,  
And the sun is slow descending  
Past the far horizon's rim,  
Earth's low sky to heaven extending,

Let my feeble earth notes, blending  
With the songs of cherubim,  
Through the same expanse ascending,  
Thus renew my evening hymn.

Thou that fill'st our waiting eyes  
With the food of contemplation,  
Setting in Thy darkened skies  
Signs of infinite creation,  
Grant to nightly meditation  
What the toilsome day denies—  
Teach me in this earthly station  
Heavenly truth to realise.

Give me wisdom so to use  
These brief hours of thoughtful leisure,  
That I may no instant use  
In mere meditative pleasure ;  
But with strictest justice measure  
All the ends my life pursues,  
Lies to crush and truths to treasure,  
Wrong to shun and Right to choose.

Then, when unexpected Sleep,  
O'er my long closed eye-lids stealing,  
Opens up that lower deep  
Where existence has no feeling,  
May sweet Calm, my languor healing,  
Send me strength at dawn to reap  
All that shadows, world concealing,  
For the bold inquirer keep.

Through the creatures Thou hast made  
Show the brightness of Thy glory,  
Be eternal Truth displayed  
In their substance transitory,  
Till green Earth and Ocean hoary,  
Massy rock and tender blade,  
Tell the same unending story  
"We are Truth in Form arrayed."

When to study I retire,  
And from books of ancient sages  
Glean fresh sparks of buried fire  
Lurking in their ample pages—  
While the task my mind engages  
Let old words new truths inspire—  
Truths that to all after-ages  
Prompt the Thoughts that never tire.

Yet if, led by shadows fair,  
I have uttered words of folly,  
Let the kind absorbing air  
Stifle every sound unholy.  
So when saints, with angels lowly,  
Join in heaven's unceasing prayer,  
Mine as certainly, though slowly,  
May ascend and mingle there.

Teach me so Thy works to read  
That my faith—new strength accruing—  
May from world to world proceed,  
Wisdom's fruitful search pursuing;

Till, Thy truth my mind imbuing,  
I proclaim the Eternal Creed,  
Oft the glorious theme renewing,  
God our Lord is God indeed.

Give me love aright to trace  
Thine to everything created,  
Preaching to a ransomed race  
Be Thy mercy renovated,  
Till with all Thy fulness laden  
I behold Thee face to face,  
And with ardour unabated  
Sing the glories of Thy grace.

While working hardest he was never a recluse, and made many warm friendships, both among his own compatriots and among men then first known to him, such as Farrar, now Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster, Butler, now head master of Harrow, and Canon Westcott.

About two years after taking his degree he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy at Marischal College, Aberdeen. This was in 1856, when only in his twenty-sixth year. Of his qualifications and successes as a teacher, his biographer says: "In after years 'at Cambridge, where his class consisted of picked students,' we have good authority for saying 'his lectures were listened to with an attention and pleasure similar to that with which his books are now read.' But at this earlier time there were certainly drawbacks, of which he himself was perfectly conscious. Between his students' ignorance and his vast knowledge, it was difficult to find a common measure. The advice he once gave to a friend whose duty it was to preach to a country congregation, 'Why don't you give it them thinner?' must often have been applicable to himself. Another hindrance lay in the very richness of his imagination and the swiftness of his wit. The ideas with which his mind was teeming were perpetually intersecting, and their interferences, like those of the waves of light, made 'dark bands' in the place of colour to the unassisted eye. Add to this his occasional hesitation, his shortsightedness, and the long years of solitary intercourse with his father. . . . The list of hindrances is sufficiently formidable. But he was

striving to overcome those of which he knew, and even if he had never done so completely, the weight of his character, as well as the profundity of his genius, and his unvarying kindliness, must have won their way."

When the Marischal College Chair was abolished four years later by the fusion of the two Aberdeen Universities into one, he received the appointment of Professor in King's College, London. This post he held for six years, when he resigned, and retired to his country-seat in Dumfriesshire. There he remained for five years, when he accepted the newly-founded Chair of Experimental Physics, with the charge of the Cavendish laboratory, at Cambridge, a post which he held till his death in 1879. The clearness of his teaching, and the contagion of his enthusiasm, in the words of his biographer, "impelled the mind of Cambridge to a fresh course of real investigation." As Sir William Thomson also said: "There was nothing short of a revival of physical science at Cambridge."

## V.

### SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES AND RESULTS.

We must confine ourselves to the main directions in which he worked. Passing over his purely mathematical studies, the subjects which most interest us in science were his researches on colour, on electricity, and on molecular physics. His essay on the nature of Saturn's rings, for which he obtained the Astronomical Adam's prize at Cambridge, was characterised by Sir George Airy as "one of the most remarkable applications of mathematics to physics that I have ever seen." It was shown that the theory of a solid continuous ring did not bear mathematical investigation so well as the theory of a cloud of separate meteoric bodies circulating round the planet. The same skilful application of his favourite instrument of investigation led him to demonstrate that the lines of magnetic force are due to a medium, the particles of which are

the vehicle both of electric and magnetic forces, and in all probability of light also. Faraday's direct experiments had led him to desiderate some such medium, as "he found it difficult to conceive of curved lines of force being due to direct action at a distance." In a characteristic letter, 25th March, 1857, Faraday says: "I was almost frightened when I saw such mathematical force made to bear upon the subject, and then wondered to see that the subject stood it so well." Maxwell's paper, read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and published in vol. x. of their 'Proceedings,' is confessedly only a translation of Faraday's ideas into mathematical language, but with illustrations and extensions, opening up new paths of investigation, and establishing the theory that all the phenomena of electricity, magnetism, and light can be accounted for by motion of a medium with definite mechanical constitution, to the study of which mathematical formulæ can be applied.

In the opinion of Professor Tyndall "his two principal achievements are two Memoirs, which were printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' the one dealing with the theory of colours, and the other with the electro-magnetic theory of light." But others will consider as equally important, and more widely interesting, his researches on molecular science. He began with the examination of gases, which are composed of detached molecules rushing with wild rapidity in straight lines, and perpetually coming into collision with one another, or impinging on the sides of the containing vessels. In fluids the molecules are more densely crowded, and motion therefore less free. In solids, each molecule can only move through a minute distance from its normal position, but yet with inherent tendency to dart forward if liberated, so that the movements are essentially of the nature of vibrations. But even in the densest solids these vibrations are perpetual. Those who were present at the British Association at Bradford, in 1873, will remember the

profound impression made by his famous 'Discourse on Molecules,' which has been more often quoted, perhaps, than any other of his published works. The close of that Discourse was a noble and manly avowal of his belief in the Divine power and wisdom by which the worlds were made, and showed clearly his attitude towards the materialistic doctrines avowed by some men of science.

"In the heavens we discover by their light, and by their light alone, stars so distant from each other that no material thing can ever have passed from one to another; and yet this light, which is to us the sole evidence of the existence of these distant worlds, tells us also that each of them is built up of molecules of the same kinds as those which we find on earth. A molecule of hydrogen, for example, whether in Sirius or in Arcturus, executes its vibrations in precisely the same time.

"Each molecule, therefore, throughout the universe bears impressed upon it the stamp of a metric system as distinctly as does the metre of the Archives at Paris, or the double royal cubit of the Temple of Karnac.

"No theory of evolution can be formed to account for the similarity of molecules, for evolution necessarily implies continuous change, and the molecule is incapable of growth or decay, of generation or destruction.

"None of the processes of Nature, since the time when Nature began, have produced the slightest difference in the properties of any molecule. We are, therefore, unable to ascribe either the existence of the molecules or the identity of their properties to any of the causes which we call natural.

"On the other hand, the exact equality of each molecule to all others of the same kind gives it, as Sir John Herschel has well said, the essential character of a manufactured article, and precludes the idea of its being eternal and self-existent.

"Thus we have been led along a strictly scientific path very near to the

point at which science must stop—not that science is debarred from studying the internal mechanism of a molecule, which she cannot take to pieces, any more than from investigating an organism which she cannot put together. But in tracing back the history of matter, science is arrested when she assures herself, on the one hand, that the molecule has been made, and, on the other, that it has not been made by any of the processes we call natural.

"Science is incompetent to reason upon the creation of matter itself out of nothing. We have reached the utmost limits of our thinking faculties when we have admitted that because matter cannot be eternal and self-existent it must have been created.

"It is only when we contemplate, not matter in itself, but the form in which it actually exists, that our mind finds something on which it can lay hold.

"That matter, as such, should have certain fundamental properties, that it should exist in space and be capable of motion, that its motion should be persistent, and so on, are truths which may, for anything we know, be of the kind which metaphysicians call necessary. We may use our knowledge of such truths for purposes of deduction, but we have no data for speculating as to their origin.

"But that there should be exactly so much matter, and no more, in every molecule of hydrogen is a fact of a very different order. We have here a particular distribution of matter—a *collocation*—to use the expression of Dr. Chalmers, of things which we have no difficulty in imagining to have been arranged otherwise.

"The form and dimensions of the orbits of the planets, for instance, are not determined by any law of nature, but depend upon a particular collocation of matter. The same is the case with respect to the size of the earth, from which the standard of what is called the metrical system has been derived. But these astronomical and terrestrial magni-

tudes are far inferior in scientific importance to that most fundamental of all standards which forms the base of the molecular system. Natural causes, as we know, are at work, which tend to modify, if they do not at length destroy, all the arrangements and dimensions of the earth and the whole solar system. But though in the course of ages catastrophes have occurred and may yet occur in the heavens, though ancient systems may be dissolved and new systems evolved out of their ruins, the molecules out of which these systems are built—the foundation-stones of the material universe—remain unbroken and unworn. They continue this day as they were created—perfect in number and measure and weight; and from the ineffaceable characters impressed on them we may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement and justice in action, which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours because they are essential constituents of the image of Him who in the beginning created not only the heaven and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consist.”

The Address on Molecules presented truth of the utmost importance in regard to questions of natural theology as well as to natural philosophy. If this teaching be true, the atheist, agnostic, or materialist have no ground to stand upon. Attention had been called by this argument to the old but too frequently forgotten division of all truth, the *necessary* and the *conditional*. Some truths, such as those of mathematics, are necessary; they could not be, and cannot be conceived to be different. But other truths, such as the phenomena of the world around us, and what we speak of as the laws of nature, can be conceived to have been different. Why, for instance, should molecules combine in certain proportions, fixed and definite? The only possible explanation is that expressed in the statement that “each molecule has the essential character of a manufactured article,” precluding the

idea of its being “eternal and self-existent.” Not only in the substance, but still more in the distribution of these molecules, there is a proof of design, for we have no difficulty in conceiving them to have been arranged otherwise. The whole range of chemical and physical science belongs not to necessary but to conditional knowledge.

The quotation of Herschel's phrase as to molecules being manufactured articles, attracted the notice of Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, who saw, as many others did, the bearing of this truth on questions in the Evidences. He wrote to Maxwell, asking the reference to the passage from Sir John Herschel. It occurs in his celebrated ‘Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy,’ a work written in a very different spirit from the shallower treatises of some of our agnostic men of science. What he says about the relations of science to religion, and about the study of natural philosophy in its influence on the mind, is worthy of being recalled in our time. “It is objected,” he says, “against the study of science, that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is and must be the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress.” After pointing out the harmony of natural and revealed truth, and discoursing on the so-called laws of nature, Sir John Herschel, in reference to the discoveries of modern chemistry, says that “these discoveries effectually destroy the idea of an *eternal self-existent matter*, by giving to each of its atoms

the essential characters, at once, of a *manufactured article*, and a *subordinate agent*."

The italics are those of the illustrious author, and a truly weighty opinion it is from such a master in science and philosophy. It is not surprising that Clerk Maxwell accepted and enforced the argument in his discourse on molecules.

## VI.

### HIS SENSE OF HUMOUR, AND USE OF WIT IN ARGUMENT.

There is one feature in Clerk Maxwell's character worthy of separate notice, his sense of humour, a quality sometimes said to be rare in his countrymen, but which in him was universally recognised. This sportive play of intellect he carried into the loftiest arguments of science, and with telling effect. If ridicule is admissible at times as a test of truth, the weapon was by him skilfully and fairly used. On this very question of molecules, he saw the inadequacy of the theory of development, apart from special creative power. In a letter to Professor Campbell, referring to an article which he was preparing for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' he says: "The easiest way of showing what atoms can't do is to get some notion of what they can do. If atoms are finite in number, each of them being of a certain weight, then it becomes impossible that the germ from which a man is developed, should contain (*actually*, of course, not *potentially*, for potentiality is nonsense in materialism, unless it is expressed as configuration and motion), gemmules of everything which a man is to inherit, and by which he is differentiated from other animals and men—his father's temper, his mother's memory, his arboreal ancestor's arrangement of hair on his arms, and his more remote littoral ancestor's devotion to the tide-swaying moon. Francis Galton has invented the felicitous expression 'structureless germs.' Now, if a germ, or anything

else, contains in itself a power of development into some distinct thing, and if this power is purely physical, it is nonsense to call it structureless, because the microscope does not show the structure; the germ of a rat *must* contain more separable parts and organs than there are drops in the sea. But if we are sure that there are not more than a few million molecules in it, each molecule being composed of component molecules, identical with those of carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, etc., there is no room left for that sort of structure which is required for pangenesis on purely physical principles."

In similar strain of philosophic banter he ridiculed the big-sounding, but hollow statements of Professor Tyndall in his celebrated Address to the British Association at Belfast. Clerk Maxwell was not likely to be imposed upon by the dogmatic assertions which startled some timid minds on that occasion. He wrote what he called 'Notes on the President's Address,' in which he threw ridicule on the vague agnosticism propounded from the Presidential Chair. According to the new theory—

"From nothing comes nothing, they told us,  
nought happens by chance, but by fate;  
There is nothing but atoms and void, all else  
is mere whims out of date!  
Then why should a man curry favour with  
beings who cannot exist,  
To compass some petty promotion in nebulous  
kingdoms of mist?"

The humour is well sustained all through, and the serio-comic poem thus concludes:—

"Thus the pure elementary atom, the unit of  
mass and of thought,  
By force of mere juxtaposition to life and  
sensation is brought;  
So, down through untold generations, transmission of structureless germs  
Enables our race to inherit the thoughts of  
beasts, fishes, and worms.  
We honour our fathers and mothers, grand-  
fathers and grandmothers, too;  
But how shall we honour the vista of ancestors  
now in our view?  
First, then, let us honour the atom, so lively,  
so wise, and so small;

The atomists next let us praise, Epicurus,  
 Lucretius, and all;  
 Let us damn with faint praise Bishop Butler,  
 in whom many atoms combined  
 To form that remarkable structure, it pleased  
 him to call his mind.  
 Last, praise we the noble body to which, for  
 the time, we belong,  
 Ere yet the swift whirl of the atoms has hurried  
 us, ruthless, along,  
 The British Association—like Leviathan wor-  
 shipped by Hobbes,  
 The incarnation of wisdom, built up of our  
 witless nobles,  
 Which will carry on endless discussions, when  
 I, and probably you,  
 Have melted in infinite azure—in English, till  
 all is blue."

## VII.

### RELIGIOUS OPINIONS AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

In the discourse on molecules we see the results of scientific research of the highest order as bearing upon natural religion. It was as clear a testimony as the nature of the subject and the audience admitted of, and it at least puts to shame the agnostic assertions that in natural theology there can be no "argument from Design," and that the works of creation bear no witness to the power and wisdom of a Creator. But even in his strictly scientific pursuits Clerk Maxwell did not rest satisfied with this, and the following brief prayer, or collect, devoutly expresses his feelings as a student at once of natural and revealed truth: "Almighty God, who hast created man in Thine own image, and made him a living soul that he might seek after Thee, and have dominion over Thy creatures, teach us to study the works of Thy hands, that we may subdue the earth to our use, and strengthen our reason for Thy service; and so to receive Thy blessed Word, that we may believe on Him whom Thou hast sent to give us the knowledge of salvation and the remission of our sins. All which we ask in the Name of the same Jesus Christ our Lord."

This leads us to what is the more special design of the present tract, an account of the position of Clerk Maxwell

as a believer in the Gospel, and as "a Christian philosopher."

Of the rise and progress of the Divine life in his soul we have no autobiographical record. It is only in the testimonies of those who knew him most intimately, and above all, in the few letters hitherto published, that we obtain glimpses of his inner life. In one of these letters, to his wife, he writes:

"Think what God has determined to do to all those who submit themselves to His righteousness and are willing to receive His gift. They are to be conformed to the image of His Son, and when that is fulfilled, and God sees that they are conformed to the image of Christ, there can be no more condemnation, for this is the praise which God Himself gives, whose judgment is just. So we ought always to hope in Christ, for as sure as we receive Him now, so sure will we be made conformable to His image. Let us begin by taking no thought about worldly cares, and setting our minds on the righteousness of God and His kingdom, and then we shall have far clearer views about the worldly cares themselves, and we shall be continually enabled to fight them under Him who has overcome the world."

In this statement he evidently refers to our conformity to the image of Christ, *not* as the ground of our justification, *but* as the result and evidence of it, as appears from the sentence which follows, where he shows that our conformity to the image of Christ follows our acceptance of Him:

"I can always have you with me in my mind—why should we not have our Lord always before us in our minds, for we have His life and character and mind far more clearly described than we can know any one here? If we had seen Him in the flesh we should not have known Him any better, perhaps not so well. Pray to Him for a constant sight of Him, for He is man that we may be able to look to Him, and God, so that He can create us anew in His own image."

In other letters his views on some of



the essential doctrines of the Christian faith are clearly expressed :

"Lewis preached on 'Ye must be born again,' showing how respectable a man it was addressed to, and how much he, and all the Jews, and all the world, and ourselves, needed to be born *from above* (for that is the most correct version of the word translated *again*). Then he described the changes on a man new-born, and his state and privileges. I think he has got a good hold of the people, and will do them good, and great good."

"I think the more we enter together into Christ's work He will have the more room to work His work in us. For He always desires us to be one that He may be one with us. Our worship is social, and Christ will be wherever two or three are gathered together in His Name."

"May the Lord preserve you from all evil, and cause all the evil that assaults you to work out His own purposes, that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in you, and may you see the eternal weight of glory behind the momentary lightness of affliction, and so get your eyes off things seen and temporal, and be refreshed with the things eternal!"

"Now love is an eternal thing, and love between father and son, or husband and wife, is not temporal if it be the right sort, for if the love of Christ and the Church be a reason for loving one another, and if the one be taken as an image of the other, then, if the mind of Christ be in us, it will produce this love as part of its complete nature, and it cannot be that the love which is first made holy, as being a reflection of part of the glory of Christ, can be any way lessened or taken away by a more complete transformation into the image of the Lord."

"I have been back at 1 Cor. xiii. I think the description of charity or divine love is another loadstone for our life—to show us that this is one thing which is not in parts, but perfect in its own nature, and so it shall never be

done away. It is nothing negative, but a well-defined, loving, almost acting, picture of goodness; that kind of it which is human, but also divine. Read along with it 1 John iv., from verse 7 to end; or, if you like, the whole Epistle of John, and Mark xii. 28."

"Note in (2 Cor. v.) verse 10 that the judgment is according to what we have done, so that if we are to be counted righteous, we must really get righteousness and do it. Note also that we are to receive the things done in the body, not rewards or punishments merely, but the things themselves are to be brought back to us, and we must meet them in the Spirit of Christ, who bore our sins and abolished them, or else we must be overwhelmed altogether."

". . . I have come from Mr. Baptist Noel. The church was full to standing, and the whole service was as plain as large print. The exposition was the Parable of Talents, and the sermon was on John iii. 16. The sermon was the text writ large, nothing ingenious or amusing, and hardly any attempt at instruction, but plain and very serious exhortation from a man who evidently believes neither more nor less than what he says."

Here is seen the true life of the man, the faith and piety which consecrated and ennobled the extraordinary natural and acquired gifts by which he was distinguished.

## VIII.

### INDEPENDENCE OF RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

It is evident that his religious views were not merely those which he had inherited from Christian parents, as is often the case, for they were the result of deep study and earnest inquiry, with prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. As to his beliefs and feelings he had always been unobtrusively reticent in public; as was Faraday also, who seldom in scientific circles made reference to the truths of revelation, of which he was an expositor as well as a follower. Of Maxwell's outward observance of Church

worship and service, and of his good deeds and estimable character all men knew, but it was only to his nearer friends, and in his home life, that the depth of his religious feeling was known. When repeatedly asked to join the Victoria Institute, one object of which, in addition to its scientific proceedings, is to bear testimony to the Christian belief in revelation, Maxwell wrote :

"I do not think it my duty to become a candidate for admission into the Victoria Institute. Among the objects of the Society are some of which I think very highly. I think men of science as well as other men need to learn from Christ, and I think Christians whose minds are scientific are bound to study science that their view of the glory of God may be as extensive as their being is capable of. But I think that the results which each man arrives at in his attempts to harmonise his science with his Christianity ought not to be regarded as having any significance except to the man himself, and to him only for a time, and should not receive the stamp of a society."

This implied no unreadiness to make open profession of his faith, wherever duty seemed to call for it. In his Scottish country house he had regular family worship, and took deep interest in the religious as well as secular welfare of all dependent on him. A member from early years of the English Church, he worshipped also in Presbyterian or in Nonconformist Churches, as circumstances led him. Thus we find in one of his letters, a reference to his attending a Baptist Church, because the minister, Mr. Offord, he says, "knows his Bible, and preaches as near it as he can, and does what he can to let the statements in the Bible be understood by his hearers."

To one of his friends, he said, "I have read up many queer religions, but there is nothing like the old thing after all;" and "I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen none that will work without a God." In similar tone, but in clearer terms, he

spoke to Dr. Guillemard, of Cambridge, whose church he latterly attended, and who thus records his impressions of his religious life, after he had departed :

"I had known but little of his inner self before his illness; he was singularly reticent; and though we occasionally discussed a text critically, we rarely got upon doctrine, or anything that touched upon the spiritual life. He was a constant regular attendant at church, and seldom, if ever, failed to join in our monthly late celebration of Holy Communion, and he was a generous contributor to all our parish charitable institutions. But his illness drew out the whole heart and soul and spirit of the man: his firm and undoubting faith in the Incarnation and all its results; in the full sufficing of the Atonement; in the work of the Holy Spirit. He had gauged and fathomed all the schemes and systems of philosophy, and had found them utterly empty and unsatisfying—'unworkable' was his own word about them—and he turned with simple faith to the Gospel of the Saviour."

To Professor Lewis Campbell, the biographer and early friend of Maxwell, Dr. Guillemard wrote a similar account, thus concluding :

"His faith in the grand cardinal verities was firm, simple, and full; and he avowed it humbly but unhesitatingly, with the deepest gratitude for the revelation of the truth in Jesus. I do not think he had any doubts or difficulties to cloud his clear mind or shake his peace. He was calmly and serenely resigned to the will of God, and bowed in meek acquiescence before what he believed to be the Word of God."

"I never saw a sign of impatience or fretfulness under all his long-suffering, or heard an approach to a murmur. His one and only care was for his wife. It was a grand sight to see him day by day girding himself calmly and resolutely for the last struggle, and he passed through it undismayed."

This wonderful display of faith and patience in the sunset of his life, was

but the fruit and crown of a long growth in grace. But of the closing scene we must give a fuller account.

## IX.

### THE LAST DAYS.

It was this excellence of Christian character, even more than his scientific eminence, which produced the almost unexampled impression at Cambridge when it was known that he was on his death-bed. When in Scotland for the last time, an insidious malady, which had now for two years been weakening him, came to a crisis; and his physicians told him that his life could not be prolonged for a month. He returned to Cambridge to die. His intellect remained clear and unimpaired to the last. No man ever met death more consciously or more calmly. He had long lived with Christ, and was willing to depart and be with Christ. He never expressed one word of regret, except for leaving the wife with whom he had been for twenty-one years united in loving sympathy. Rumours of his wonderful peacefulness in suffering touched many hearts. And when the end came, all Cambridge sorrowed over one of whom Cambridge had long been proud. For an account of his last illness we are indebted to Dr. Guillemand:

"He suffered exquisite pain, hardly able to lie still for a minute together, sleepless, and with no appetite for the food which he so required.

"He understood his position from the first; knew what it all meant, and calmly girded himself for the awful struggle. He welcomed me at once as visiting him, not only as a friend, but as the Parish Priest come to assist him and to minister to him, and spoke of our relations with a grave, simple cheerfulness. You know the lightheartedness of the man in ordinary times; and really it abode on him throughout; he was never downcast or overburdened, and yet he was the humblest and most diffident of men, with the deepest sense

of his own unworthiness, of his many shortcomings, of his neglected opportunities. 'But he loved much, and love had cast out fear.' I used to go to him nearly every day of the five or six weeks he was here, to read and pray with him. He preferred the prayers of the Church, and asked for them, and by the wonderful power of his memory knew them all by heart; but he gladly joined in other devotions, and took special delight in sacred poetry, of which I generally read him two or three short pieces.

"He knew all our best writers in that line thoroughly: Milton, Keble, Newman, Wesley, George Herbert—the latter his chief favourite. His knowledge of the Bible was remarkable, and he constantly asked for his most deeply-prized passages. Four days before he was removed from us he received the Holy Communion at my hands, with holy, reverent, fervid devotion, and said what strength it gave him.

"I saw him only once again; he was too weak and restless and exhausted for much intercourse; but as I rose from my knees he said: 'My dear friend, you have been a true under-shepherd to me: read me, before you go, the beautiful prayer out of the Burial Service, "Suffer me not at my last hour"'—and his grasp of my hand, as we parted, told me all he felt." He died in the year 1879.

## X.

### ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

It has been said that the living power of the Gospel can be seen in the daily life of a lowly and unlettered peasant, who walks with God, and has his citizenship in heaven. In the life of a man like Clerk Maxwell it is well to see how scientific knowledge and philosophical genius can be also united to simple Christian faith. This was happily expressed in the funeral sermon, preached before a crowded audience, to most of whom his reputation was well known. It was a deep and widely-spread emotion which found a voice that Sunday in

St. Mary's Church, through the mouth of the Rev. Dr. Butler.

"When I came up to Trinity twenty-eight years ago, James Clerk Maxwell was just beginning his second year. His position among us—I speak in the presence of many who remember that time—was unique. He was the one acknowledged man of genius among the undergraduates. We understood even then that, though barely of age, he was in his own line of inquiry not a beginner, but a master. His name was already a familiar name to men of science. If he lived, it was certain that he was one of that small but sacred band to whom it would be given to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. It was a position which might have turned the head of a smaller man; but the friend of whom we were all so proud, and who seemed, as it were, to link us thus early with the great outside world of the pioneers of knowledge, had one of those rich and lavish natures which no prosperity can impoverish, and which make faith in goodness easy for others. I have often thought that those who never knew the grand old Adam Sedgwick and the then young and ever youthful Clerk Maxwell, had yet to learn the largeness and fulness of the moulds in which some choice natures are framed. Of the scientific greatness of our friend we were most of us unable to judge; but any one could see and admire the boy-like glee, the joyous invention, the wide reading, the eager thirst for truth, the subtle thought, the perfect temper, the unflinching reverence, the singular absence of any taint of the breath of worldliness in any of its thousand forms.

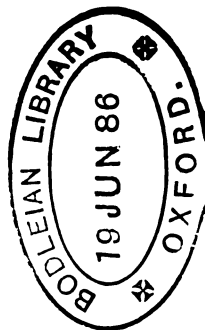
"We may well give thanks to God that our friend was what he was, a firm believer, and that his powerful mind, after ranging at will through the illimitable spaces of Creation, and almost

handling what he called 'the foundation-stones of the material universe,' found its true rest and happiness in the love and the mercy of Him whom the humblest Christian calls his Father. Of such a man it may be truly said that he had his citizenship in heaven, and that he looked for, as a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, through whom the unnumbered worlds were made, and in the likeness of whose image our new and spiritual body will be fashioned."

We cannot conclude better than in the words of one well qualified, both by his position and attainments, to bear public testimony to the character of Maxwell. Lord Rayleigh, in his Address as President of the British Association at Montreal, said: "At one time I had thought of taking the scientific work of Maxwell as the principal theme of this address. But, like most men of genius, he delighted in questions obscure and difficult, and thus much of his work could hardly be considered on an occasion like this. His Biography, recently published, should be read by all who are interested in science and in scientific men. His many-sided character, the quaintness of his humour, the penetration of his intellect, his simple but deep religious feeling, the affection between son and father, the devotion of husband to wife, all combine to form a rare and fascinating picture. To estimate rightly his influence upon the present state of science, we must regard not only the work that he executed himself, important as that was, but also the ideas and the spirit that he communicated to others. Speaking for myself, as one who in a special sense entered into his labours, I should find it difficult to express adequately my feeling of obligation. The impress of his thoughts may be recognised in much of the best work of the present times."

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D.

PAUL RABAUT,  
THE DESERT PASTOR.



# PAUL RABAUT,

## THE DESERT PASTOR.

### I.

RUINED CONDITION OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS' CHURCHES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"THE Churches under the Cross," such was the title the Protestant Churches of France bore during the last century, and it was a title true of their whole history. According to Sismondi,<sup>1</sup> out of little more than a million of Protestants that remained in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, three or four hundred thousand perished fighting, flying, imprisoned, at the galleys, or on the scaffold. In Languedoc alone, according to the Intendant de Basville,<sup>2</sup> the sufferers numbered a hundred thousand persons, the tenth part of whom ended their days at the stake, on the gallows, or by the wheel.

Many otherwise estimable people approved these persecutions at the time. Thus Madame de Sevigné, one of the most amiable women of the seventeenth century, a most tender mother, an example of virtue, and noted for extraordinary good sense, absolutely approved Louis XIV.'s attempt to exterminate Protestantism. In a letter to the Comte de Bussy, she writes: "You have doubtless seen the edict by which the King revokes that of Nantes. Nothing can be more admirable than its contents, and no king has done or ever will do, a more honourable act." To which the Count replies: "I admire the conduct of the King in destroying the Huguenots; the wars which have been waged against them before, and the St. Bartholomews, have multiplied and given vigour to this sect. His Majesty

has gradually undermined it, and the edict which he has just published, supported by dragoons and Bourdaloue, has been its *coup de grâce*." (1685.)

To the elegant, refined gentlefolk of the Court of Louis XIV., these Huguenots, who dared to claim the right to worship God according to their consciences, were human vermin, to be exterminated by fire and sword. Madame de Sevigné commiserates her nephew, the Marquis de Trousse, who was engaged in the "dreadfully fatiguing" work of shooting down "miserable Huguenots." He beat the country with armed bands, just as modern sportsmen beat the woods for game; wherever a group of Protestants were found praying or singing hymns, the soldiers fired on them or cut them down.

As any one exercising the office of a pastor was liable to be hanged or broken on the wheel, these unhappy people were left entirely without their ordinary guides. In 1660 there were 665 pastors in France; at the beginning of the next century there was not a single one left. The Protestants of France were entirely without ministers.

Under this desolating persecution a very marvellous state of things arose. In place of one preacher there were a thousand. All the signs that have accompanied great revivals appeared, but the peculiarity in this one was, that the mouth of the dumb was opened, and persons who had not before been able to put half-a-dozen words properly together, and who were accustomed only to speak their patois, now preached touching sermons in excellent French. This movement took place in the Cevennes, the most important portion of the semi-circular chain of mountains which form

<sup>1</sup> 'Histoire des Français,' vol. xxv. p. 522.

<sup>2</sup> *Idem*.

the south-eastern outworks of the central plateau of France. Through this region, and especially in the parts looking towards the Rhone and the Mediterranean, the Word of the Lord ran, energising the souls of these poor peasants, until, like Israel of old, they took up arms against their oppressors, and without educated chiefs, but simply led by their prophets, held at bay all the armies that Louis XIV. could send against them, and finally one of their leaders, who, prior to the war, had been a journeyman baker, concluded a treaty of peace with a Marshal of France.

## II.

### THE "NEHEMIAH" OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.

In the summer one may often see the beds of the rivers in the Cevennes almost dry; nothing but an occasional puddle among the smooth stones remains of the living streams that a few months earlier brought fertility to the valleys and plains of Languedoc. Track one of these streams to its source, it will be found falling drop by drop from between the limestone rocks, its waters almost unseen as they ooze beneath the fallen tree, among the tangled brushwood, the prickly brambles, and the masses of nettles. Let the burning drought pass away and the rains begin to fall, the streams will quickly swell again and carry down new life to the dried up plains. But half their power will be lost unless willing hands clear away the brushwood and the brambles, remove the splintered masses of touchwood, and so open the courses for the streams to run in their old channels.

What if the task had to be done in the presence of an enemy determined to keep the courses choked, and who swarmed in every cranny of the neighbouring hills, watching night and day, gun in hand? Indefatigable toil, sleepless vigilance and patience would be required to accomplish the object.

Such, in a moral and spiritual sense, was the work to be done in those days. These qualities were found in Paul Rabaut: the central figure in the story of the Churches of the Desert, and who, in his effort to keep them alive, was under fire more than fifty years.

After the Camisard War, the spiritual life which had been its soul not only died down, but left all its ordinary channels obliterated. Not only were the sources drying up, but their beds were scarcely traceable. Nothing was left of the old Huguenot Churches but a few individuals here and there cut off from the body of the faithful, unable to bear alone the terrible burden of the Divine message.

The need was great. Of these Churches it could most truly be said, "the remnant that are left of the captivity are in great affliction and reproach: the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire." It was time for the advent of a Nehemiah, and one appeared.

Born in 1696, at Villeneuve-de-Berg, in the province of Vivarais, Antoine Court was eight years old when the Camisard War came to an end. At seventeen he was a preacher, and, when only twenty years of age, determined to restore the old organisation of the Protestant Churches of France, to re-establish the former synods and consistories, and to obtain for each Church pastors and elders. It was a most daring project, since, if the mere apparition of a pastor who appeared in France was a crime liable to be sent to the galleys, of what punishment would the man be thought worthy who sought to revive their office all over France?

Yet more, Antoine Court had the people against him; "the Sect of the Inspired," as his opponents came to be called, were still numerous, and accused him of making war against God. A man of poor parentage, and comparatively uneducated, Court was strong in faith, in the possession of a great idea, in a firm will, a clear mind, and great physical

energy. He convoked to a meeting in a lonely place a number of persons, who preached or prophesied. They took an oath of fidelity to the Evangelical maxims and discipline of the Protestant Churches of France as they had existed before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This synod, the first in France for thirty years, was held August 21, 1715. Four days after Louis XIV., lying on his death-bed, fixed his eyes on the clergy who stood round him and affirmed that it was for them to answer to God for all that had been done, whether it was too much or too little, for he had, as an ignorant man, left to them the whole management of the business.

We know not whether the words of the dying monarch made any impression on the clerical authorities, but certain it is that when Louis XV. attained his majority, and they found themselves again influential at court, the persecution recommenced in a more exterminating spirit than ever.

In 1724 a new edict appeared. Not only was death denounced against the pastors, but those who would not denounce them were declared to be worthy of condemnation to the galleys for life in the case of men, or imprisonment for life in the case of women. Priests were required to visit the sick and exhort them alone and without witnesses. If Protestants themselves attempted to exhort their sick friends, the penalty was the galleys for life. "The galleys for life," this was the punishment of people whose religion put them out of harmony with the idea of a despotic State.

All Protestants were comprehended under the title, "New Catholics," the object being to deny Protestants even the citizenship implied in being tried as offenders. They could only be married by observing the formalities prescribed in the *holy canons*. To this they now submitted; but the priests, armed with every power, threw all sorts of insulting humiliations in their way. In many dioceses they required the affianced to curse their deceased parents, and to

swear that they believed in their eternal damnation.

No doubt the efforts of Antoine Court to raise the walls of the ruined Church were partly the cause of these monstrous laws. It does not appear, however, that the people murmured against him, as the Hebrews did against Moses. But if they had, Court was not the man to be daunted. Laws or no laws, he was determined that the Protestant Churches should not any longer be without a duly authorised ministry, and to this end he induced one of his friends, Pierre Cortès, to go to Zurich and obtain ordination from the Presbytery, and he, on his return, ordained Court. Invested with the ministerial character, Court now wrote pressing letters to the refugee pastors in London, Holland, and Switzerland to return and take up the work. But he could not persuade a single pastor to venture his life in France. Much against his will, he was compelled to turn to the weavers, tailors, and shopmen who offered themselves for the work of the Lord, and these men proved themselves no hirelings, but went without a murmur one after the other to the gallows in the sacred cause of the Kingdom of God.

Antoine Court did not, however, relinquish his idea of a learned ministry. He determined to found a College at Lausanne. It must have been with some sort of despair of the Protestant emigrants that he determined to ask Dr. Wake, then Archbishop of Canterbury, to obtain for his project the assistance of the King of England. Whatever the motive, George the First listened to the appeal, a subscription was opened, and the College was founded May 15, 1729, Antoine Court going himself to Lausanne to be its principal.

### III.

#### PAUL RABAUT: HIS EARLY HISTORY AND PERSECUTIONS.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews numbers among the sufferings of the Christians, not only the persecutions they



personally endured, but their companionship with those who were so used. Into this kind of affliction he who was to succeed Antoine Court in his position as the Restorer of French Protestantism, was initiated at the early age of sixteen.

In the year 1734, Paul Rabaut first associated himself with those who exercised the perilous office of the ministry in the Desert. "We were wandering," he says, "in the deserts and the mountains, exposed to every inclemency of the atmosphere, with no covering for our heads but the heavens."

This earnest boy was a native of Bedarieux, near Montpellier. He was born on January 29, 1718. His father, who was a pious man, was a linen-draper. At seventeen he began to preach; at nineteen, according to one author,<sup>1</sup> at twenty-one according to another,<sup>2</sup> at twenty-five according to the most recent authority,<sup>3</sup> he was married to Madeleine Gaidan, who belonged to a family possessing some means, and to whom he continued united until old age. Six months at the College at Lausanne in 1740, with whatever schooling he had before he was sixteen, covered all the human instruction Paul Rabaut ever received. It is clear that his faith did not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. To a mind constituted as his, in which practical ability was combined with intellectual capacity, the active service of the Church, the association with its ministers, the constant and early familiarity with their perils, was, perhaps, the best of all educations. Antoine Court doubtless thought this, or he would not have parted so quickly with his best-loved disciple. He never saw Paul Rabaut until 1744, and then he writes: "The friend Paul Rabaut has not left me, and I cannot live without him." And the young pastor in his turn writes to Court: "What a void I feel when we are not together. It seems to me that I only half exist, and that a part of me has been torn away." And elsewhere:

<sup>1</sup> Charles Coquere'. <sup>2</sup> Bridel. <sup>3</sup> Dardier.

"You are the principal, the first, the dearest of my friends. You know my sentiments, the overturning of the whole world would make no alteration in them."

The occasion of their meeting was, no doubt, the national synod held in 1744, when Antoine Court is said to have preached to an audience of 10,000 persons gathered from all parts of France.

But the war then going on with England rendered the French Government doubly suspicious, for it believed its Protestant subjects were in league with the enemy. It was not unnatural that it should think this, considering how much it had done to alienate them. But patriotism is an instinct which often survives a great deal of injustice; besides, the Protestants believed themselves under religious obligation to honour the king, and as a matter of fact, this very synod had ordered a special day of fasting for the protection of the sacred person of the King, the success of his arms, the cessation of war, and the deliverance of the Church.

The suspicion, however, was enough. Three months before the battle of Fontenoy new edicts appeared even more severe than ever. To attend a meeting for religious worship was in future to be a crime punishable with the galleys, and with the total forfeiture of the convict's property.

What it was to be sent to the galleys we may learn from the following account by a French naval officer, Admiral Baudin. "The convicts," he says, "were chained in couples to the benches of the galleys, and they were employed in moving long and heavy oars, an exceedingly painful service. In the centre of each galley, between the benches of rowers, extended a kind of gallery, on which the overseers constantly walked, each having, as a whip, the nerve of an ox, with which they struck the shoulders of the unfortunate men who did not row with sufficient energy to please them. The galley-slaves passed their lives on their benches; they ate and slept there,

without being able to move farther than the length of their chain permitted, and having no other shelter from the rain and the heat of the sun, or the cold of the night, but a cloth, which was stretched as an awning over them when the galley was not in motion and the wind was not too violent."

In addition to these miseries, they were subjected to a number of regulations calculated to intensify the horror of the position to a sensitive mind. They were clad in a frightful dress of startling colours; their linen was cleansed in a manner revolting to human nature; their heads and eyebrows were kept closely shaved; and to their necks was suspended a cork gag, which in certain manœuvres was applied. They had nothing to eat but bread and water, and unless they paid their keepers a sou a day, they were fastened to a beam by a heavy chain.

To this dreadful fate hundreds of worthymen of all ranks were consigned, and Coquerel, in his book, *Les Forcés pour la Foi*, has given the names of over 1550 Protestants who thus suffered between the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the time Louis XVI. began to reign.

This law came into operation a few months after Paul Rabaut was appointed pastor of the Church of Nîmes, which, according to Coquerel, was about 1743.

To conceive the state of things under which such outrages could be perpetrated, appears to us well-nigh impossible, and we are in danger of reading the story without adequate feeling. Perhaps no great religious cause has ever had two leaders who were so little given to enthusiasm, who were by nature so prudent in conduct and in language, as Antoine Court and Paul Rabaut, yet in writing to his coadjutor, Court speaks of the sufferings under which an infinite number of unhappy innocent people groan, *as producing a despair which is above all human consideration, above religion even.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These are Court's own words.

Paul Rabaut kept a journal, of which two books exist, one written from the end of 1750 to 1754, the other from 1755 to 1756. They record the dangers his congregations ran from the sudden irruption of the troops. The plan of action was to come to the meetings in as great numbers as possible, and when the troops appeared to rise altogether, so as to give the pastor an opportunity to escape. Then it was arranged that one of the congregation should try and induce the commander to be reasonable, and if the soldiers proceeded to arrest any one, the whole congregation were to offer themselves as prisoners.

How difficult it was to carry out this calm method of action among a people so excitable as that of Provence and Languedoc, may be gathered from the following event, which occurred in Paul Rabaut's congregation.

On New Year's Day, 1756, the Church at Nîmes held a service in a gorge in the Desert. The people had scarcely assembled when they were surprised by the soldiers. They flew up the rocks like a scattered flock of goats. Among the more agile was a young man named Jules Fabre. Suddenly he remembered his father, a feeble old man of seventy. He was sure that he could not have escaped. Returning, he found his fears realised; his father and another man had been captured. He ran up to the soldiers and insisted on their accepting him in place of his father. The old man besought him to go. The altercation had gone on some time, when the young man seized his aged parent round the waist and carried him to a stone, where he gently laid him down, more dead than alive. Jules Fabre then gave himself up as a prisoner, was convicted of being present at an illegal assembly, and sent to the galleys, where he might have remained for life, had not the peculiarity of the case touched the hearts of some powerful people, and he was released at the end of six years. That all the incidents were well known to those who condemned him is clear, since the Duc de Mirepoix, then

Intendant of Languedoc, attempted, by the sentiment of sympathetic pity it naturally awakened, to induce Paul Rabaut to leave the country; the pardon of Jules Fabre and the other prisoner being offered to their pastor on that condition. Only those who know what sort of actions were most admired in the eighteenth century, and who can imagine the pain of refusing a request which would have brought joy to a worthy family, will be able fully to estimate the austere courage which could resist this moral pressure.

But Paul Rabaut resisted every tendency in himself, or in his flock, to imperil the one object he and Court seem to have had in view, namely, to affirm, by persistently repeated acts, the rights of conscience, and of the Protestant Church of France as a regularly constituted Christian Society.

They sternly opposed all resistance, and would on no account permit any one to come armed to the meetings. As they recommended calmness and unity to the people in face of danger, so they advised the pastors never to give the slightest appearance of yielding, and never to give up holding their meetings until it were absolutely impossible to do so. Of this union of prudence and courage Paul Rabaut was himself an eminent example.

To some of his early companions in the ministry the opportunity of displaying this patient tenacity was not given. They were sooner called away to shine as the stars in heaven for ever and ever.

Louis Ranc, aged twenty-six, was hanged at Dié in 1745; Jacques Roger, aged seventy, was the next martyr. His body was left twenty-two days on the gibbet, and then thrown into the river Isère. The third was Matthieu Majal, surnamed Désubas. He, like Ranc, was only twenty-six, and suffered February 2, 1746.

His arrest was the occasion of a rising among the mountaineers of the Vivarais. They attempted a rescue; six men were shot dead. The whole district was in arms. The pastors strove to allay their

excitement, beseeching the people to be quiet. But they surged round the prison, determined to deliver their minister. It was only when Désubas himself wrote them a note begging them to withdraw that they dropped their arms and consented to listen to the pastors.

At Montpellier, Désubas was taken before the Judges, who wept as they pronounced his sentence. "It is with grief we condemn you," they said, "but these are the orders of the King." "I know it, sirs," replied the martyr.

But everybody was under the idea that the orders of the King were as a fiat from Heaven. Even the Protestants appear to have had faith in the paternal goodness and innate justice of the King's heart, if his courtiers would only let them get at it. They wrote to Louis XV. (in all probability the letter was prepared by Paul Rabaut), declaring that they threw themselves at the foot of his throne with all the respect of which they were capable, beseeching him to cast a compassionate eye on their deplorable condition. They entreated him of his great clemency to cause the executions of their pastors to cease, to take off the chains from their brothers, and to open the prisons where their sisters lay, exposed to every misery; they besought his Majesty not to permit them to be robbed of their children, not to put them under the hard necessity of doing things contrary to their conscience, and no longer to deprive them of the exercises of a religion, without which life was nothing better than death.

The only answer vouchsafed to this touching appeal was the renewal of the dragonnades in Languedoc, the Court at Versailles resolving on menaces more general and a still more vexatious persecution. The Protestants had come to the King as children to a father; his only reply was to strike a blow at their tenderest affections. He ordered them within a fortnight to carry their children to the parish churches and beg for baptism, on pain of being pursued by the full rigour of the law.

But this was one of the acts on which the Desert Pastors would allow no compromise. Knowing full well the importance attached to it by the Romish Church, and the claims founded on it, they counselled their flock to refuse obedience at all price. On the other hand, the clergy were determined the edict should be enforced. At Lussan they had the children dragged to church by the soldiers; at Cailar the people fled into the mountains, but, unable to bear their misery, they came back and purchased peace by submission. At Ledignan the peasantry rose and killed some priests who fell into their hands. Their conduct, instead of bringing down vengeance, caused the Intendant not only to evacuate Ledignan, but to restore the money he had taken from its people. Cailar, on the contrary, was treated with the utmost rigour, the people being turned into the streets, their goods seized, and their houses locked up.

These things happened in 1751. On the 30th of January, 1752, as Rabaut was returning from a meeting held in the Desert, in company with a young man named François Benezet, a candidate for the ministry, they were surprised and arrested by some dragoons. The lieutenant in command of the troop, fearing that he should not be able to carry off both prisoners, came to the strange resolution of releasing the elder of the two. It was evident that he had no idea of the importance of his capture, for Rabaut's head was worth an immense sum. Writing about six months after this extraordinary escape from the gallows (for his companion was hanged), Rabaut says: "My head was put at 6000 francs; now it has risen to 20,000; and, in place of the cord, they threaten me with the wheel."

In a document issued in 1758 by the police, and attached to the orders which were being continually sent out for the search and capture of the Protestant ministers, he is thus described:—

"Paul Rabaut, minister, aged about forty years, height five feet, less two

inches,<sup>1</sup> visage plain, long and thin, a little sunburnt, black hair, wearing a peruke, nose long and pointed, somewhat aquiline, black eyes rather full, body slightly bent towards the right side, legs very thin, the right one turned inwards. It is asserted that he has lost a tooth in the upper jaw."

This terrible criminal, whose minutest personal defects were thus trumpeted all over the country, seems to have eluded his would-be captors as if he were a spirit rather than a man of flesh and blood. His enemies dogged his path not only with spies, but with disguised soldiers, who were instructed to take him alive if they could, but if not, to get rid of him by assassination.

To avoid these perils he, in common with the other pastors, travelled about under fictitious names. He was at times M. Paul, M. Denys, Pastourel the pastry-cook, Patourel the baker's man, M. Paul Tuabar (anagram of Rabaut); M. Théo, merchant; M. Théophile, merchant of fine pearls. A considerable number of his letters bear the singular address of Mademoiselle Jeannette.

Laughter and tears are near akin, and it is a pleasure to note that in the midst of all their trials, these brave confessors could indulge their humour, and feel almost as merry over their adventures as children after a good game at hide-and-seek.

Obliged constantly to change his costume as well as his name, Paul Rabaut could not stay long in one sleeping place, but was compelled to pass rapidly from place to place, faithful young men preceding, following, and surrounding him, warning him by signals wherever there was a probability of danger. Yet with all these precautions he sometimes only escaped by springing on to a horse; and about the period we have come to, he was driven to hide in a sort of hut partly hollowed out of the ground, and covered with stones and bushes. This miserable hole, in the

<sup>1</sup> The old French foot was equal to 1·06576 English feet.

midst of a lonely heath, served him at once for dormitory and study. But even here he was not allowed to rest in peace, for a shepherd happening to come upon it while leading his sheep over the heath, informed the police.

#### IV.

##### PAUL RABAUT: HIS COURAGEOUS AND PERSEVERING MINISTRY.

But none of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto himself, if he could but fulfil the ministry he had received from the Lord Jesus. Had we more of his utterances, we might by his own words exhibit the secret of his strength. But specimens only of one or two of his sermons have been preserved. Here is a passage from one preached in the Desert about this time. It is dated April 23, 1750:—

“In order to love Jesus Christ as He would have us love Him, we must follow Him to Calvary; we must go with Him to prison and to death; you must love Him more than your goods, your liberty, or even your life. And why should we not sacrifice our goods, since He has made Himself poor that we might become rich? Why should we not sacrifice our liberty, since He has suffered the death reserved for slaves? Why should we not give our life for Him, since He has given His for us? Why should we not love Him with all the power of which we are capable, since He has loved us first, and with a love ours will never equal?”

A few months after he wrote the letter in which he mentions that a reward of 20,000 francs was offered for his head, the news came that the Minister of War was about to pass through Languedoc on a tour of inspection of the shore fortresses. Rabaut determined himself to see the Minister, and put in his hands a memorial of the sufferings of his people. In a letter to Antoine Court, dated September 27, 1752, he relates the interview:—

“Afflicted to the last degree at finding

no one willing to undertake this commission, I resolved, after invoking the Lord, and committing myself to His protection, to execute it myself. To this end I took with me two trusty men, and waited for M. de Paulmy three-quarters of a league beyond Uchan on the 19th instant (a Tuesday). After waiting for him a long time, he at last arrived, about seven o'clock in the evening. When he was sufficiently near for me to make him hear, and that he could see me, I called out that I had something for him. He had the goodness to order his coach to stop, and approaching the door of the carriage, I put the memorial into his own hands. He broke the seal, and, without giving me time to say a word, asked what it was. ‘My lord,’ said I, ‘it is a memorial relative to another prepared in June which you ought to have received. Those to whom the memorial relates dare to flatter themselves that they will experience the effects of that generosity which characterises your Excellency.’ I had scarcely uttered these words before he bowed and asked me my name. ‘My lord, I am Paul, come to pay you my respects.’ ‘Are you not Paul Rabaut?’ ‘The same, my lord, come to pay you my respects.’ ‘I have heard speak of you,’ he said. Then he tried to read the memorial, but seeing that the moon did not give enough light, he folded it up, and putting it into his pocket, took leave of me with a low bow, which I returned, wishing him a prosperous journey. This done, I remounted my horse and turned back again, praising God, and praying Him to bless the effort we had made to procure rest for His Israel.” . . .

Thus this brave pastor won the heart of a man who had only to say the word and Paul Rabaut would have been carried off to certain execution. And who but a man of Rabaut’s courageous faith would have expected otherwise, seeing that this same Marquis had already ordered the death of one of his colleagues, the venerable Jacques Roger.

The story seems to have interested

the great world at Versailles, for the Desert Pastor was invited to a conference on the sufferings of the Protestants with the Prince de Conti, who was of the royal house. Paul Rabaut set out secretly for Paris in July, 1755. He had two interviews with the prince, and made the following requests: "That the galley-slaves, the prisoners for conscience sake, the children of both sexes shut up in convents and seminaries, should go free; that Protestant baptisms and marriages should be declared valid on registration; that worship should be permitted, if not in temples, at least in private houses at some distance outside the towns; that Protestants should be able to sell their estates without authorisation; and that the refugees should be permitted to re-enter the kingdom." One cannot but admire the unwearied courage that could make such demands—very modest, indeed, viewed in the light of Justice, but audacity itself, if we consider the powers with whom he had to deal. We do not know if the Prince de Conti was sincere, but nothing came of the negotiations, and the persecution went on. Yet it is evident that the authorities had begun to respect Paul Rabaut, and to think that his arrest and execution would be bad policy. Henceforth their efforts were rather directed towards forcing him to leave the country.

This had been their object in offering him the pardon of Jules Fabre, and two years earlier in frightening his wife into quitting her home and becoming a wanderer like her husband. To effect this the authorities had not been ashamed to invest the house in the outskirts of Nîmes, where she lived with her mother, with a little army of a hundred men. And to keep her away they continued to repeat their visits.

As a result of this compulsory flight of the mother of his family, we have the following notes in Rabaut's journal: "My children have gone to M. Chiron, the 28th of April this year, 1755." Chiron was a proscribed refugee at Geneva, and the children spoken of here are Jean

Paul, then about twelve, and Jacques Antoine, about eleven. There was a younger child about nine, named Pierre Antoine.<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to observe that in naming his children, the Desert Pastor unites the names of the four leading Apostles with his own and that of his friend Court.

Thus, amidst afflictions sufficient to have broken the courage of the bravest heart, did Paul Rabaut strive to preserve the flickering spark of the French Protestantism. Not that he was alone in this arduous work. We have mentioned the names of some who won even a higher glory than Paul Rabaut, since they were faithful even to the gallows; and there were others we have not named, some of whom were perhaps his superiors in point of talent, and his equals in conscientious courage, but none exercised such an influence. He came to be looked upon by friends and foes as the very pillar of French Protestantism, a position, no doubt, partly due to the fact that his life extended over the whole of this period of its history, so that it is the link between the Camisard War and the Great Revolution.

It is, however, quite in accordance with the simplicity of his character to find that his own estimate of himself was very modest. Writing to a friend in Switzerland in October 1755, he says:—

"You are aware, sir, that fame magnifies objects; it has done so with respect to me. The less I think myself deserving of the character in which I have been represented to you, the more strenuously I shall endeavour to realise it. If Divine grace has given me some little love and zeal for religion, some desire to be useful to my brethren, it is, indeed, necessary that these motives should be as lively and effective as possible. When I fix my attention on the Divine fire for the salvation of souls which burned, I will

<sup>1</sup> These three boys became pastors in the French Reformed Churches, and are known by the names of Rabaut Saint-Etienne, 1743-1793; Rabaut Pommier, 1744-1820; Rabaut Depuis, 1746-1808. They all became distinguished as political men, the eldest to a pre-eminent degree.

not say in Jesus Christ and His Apostles, but in our Reformers and their immediate successors, it seems to me that we are but as ice in comparison with them. Their vast labours astonish me and cover me with confusion. How I should like to resemble them in all for which they are to be commended! The praises which you give me, by showing me what I ought to do, stimulate me powerfully to spare no effort to accomplish it. Be so good as to add to this encouragement the help of your counsels, your exhortations, and your prayers."

## V.

## PAUL RABAUT DURING THE LAST PERSECUTIONS.

And what befell the Government that had treated the servants of God in this flagitious manner? In 1762 the Peace of Paris was signed. In summing up its results the French historian, Michelet, asks: "What had France lost? The world, no more. With Canada and Florida she had lost all hope of a footing in America, with Pondicherry all hope of an Indian Empire. The English flag was planted on French soil, and Pitt wished to take Dunkirk."

Yet such was the blindness of the ruling powers in France, that they chose this moment of their humiliation to recommence the persecution of the Churches of the Desert.

In September 1761 the young pastor, François Rochette, was arrested near Causeade. The next day being the fair, and the people being mostly Protestants, there was a tumult. The authorities rang the tocsin, and the militia being called out, several Protestants were arrested, among others three brothers named Grenier, belonging to a family formerly ennobled for introducing the manufacture of glass into France.

The pastor and the three brothers were sentenced to death. Rabaut made efforts in all directions to obtain the pardon of Rochette, against whom nothing was alleged except the fact that

he was a pastor. He wrote to Madame Adelaide, the eldest daughter of the King; he addressed himself to the powerful Dukes of Richelieu and Fitz-James, and to leave no stone unturned he sent a letter to Rousseau, just then the most popular writer in France, urging him to use his influence in favour of Rochette and the three young *gentilshommes verriers*.

It is somewhat surprising to find Rousseau taking the position of a believer in the divine right of rulers to do wrong. Having expressed his grief and indignation that his brethren should not be allowed the consolation of hearing the Word of God in peace, Rousseau says:—

"Yet," sir, "that same Word of God is express on the duty of obeying the laws of princes. The power of prohibiting public assemblies is incontestably among their rights; and after all, these assemblies not being essential to Christianity, a man may abstain from them without renouncing his faith. He who would be a Christian must learn in the first place to suffer, and every one ought to maintain a course of conduct consistent with his principles."

So, royal lady and sentimental philanthropist having passed by the men who had fallen among thieves, there was no one to look to but the Heavenly Samaritan, whose pitying eye seeks out all such, to bind up their wounds and bring them safely to His Father's house. Rochette and his companions were executed on the 26th of February, 1762.

But the cup of the iniquities of the French authorities was not full. A crime, exceeding in horror anything yet related, roused the indignation of all who retained any sense of justice, and closed for a time this dark chapter in the history of human wickedness.

We refer to the judicial murder of Jean Calas, a worthy Protestant of Toulouse. Calas's eldest son became a Catholic. This was naturally a grief to him, but it was a far greater one when the young man in a fit of despondency hanged

himself; still worse must have been his anguish when the Catholic population of Toulouse began to accuse him of having strangled his son for religious reasons. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a frightful death. This perversion of justice was the result of that ignorance in which fanatical prejudice shuts up men who on other points are sometimes enlightened and not absolutely unjust.

The judges and lawyers of the Parliament of Toulouse, in torturing and then breaking alive on the wheel an old man of sixty-four, were, it seems, under the hallucination that Protestants were not only capable of murdering their children if they became Romanists, but that such was the express teaching of Calvin and Luther.

The President of the Parliament of Toulouse, writing to the First Minister of Louis XV. on the day of the execution, March 10, 1762, having related how Jean Calas had been put to the question, ordinary and extraordinary, how he had then been broken alive on the wheel, and his body then burnt, goes on to say: "The action is of the blackest, and the motives frightful, and of very dangerous consequence to the State. My zeal for the service of the King obliges me to represent to you, Monseigneur, that it would be essential to find means to prevent the entry of the ministers of the pretended Reformed Religion into the kingdom, and to prevent their commerce with those of the same religion which are in foreign countries, where they teach *sanguinary maxims*, which they come to spread in our parts, thus causing frightful crimes."

This accusation was a revelation to the Protestants, and it aroused among them almost more indignation than the shocking treatment of the unfortunate Calas, who many supposed must be guilty.

Paul Rabaut, as their principal pastor, issued a protest, entitled, "Calumny Confounded, a memorial in which is refuted a new accusation levelled against

Protestants on the occasion of the affair of Sieur Calas detained in the prisons of Toulouse, with the motto: 'If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household?' (Matthew x. 25.) In the Desert 1762."

His friends blamed him on this occasion for want of moderation. The Abbé de Cautezat replied to the Protest. He declared that the pastors took care to hide from those whose birth and education would indispose them to receive it, the bloody system which they taught to all their disciples who, from their character or temperament, or from self-interest, might be expected to regard it with favour. It was this dark suspicion which really prompted the murder of Calas.

The Abbé's denunciatory reply was distributed by the Procureur-General to the members of the Parliament of Toulouse, who would gladly have sent Rabaut to share the fate of Calas; but the Government at Versailles were privately warned by the Intendant of Languedoc that "this man is in very great veneration among those who profess his religion, consequently the execution of a warrant for his arrest would not be very easy, because the Protestants, warned by a decree of Parliament, would neglect nothing to protect him. . . . Besides," he concluded, "Paul Rabaut is not a seditious character; on the contrary, he is said to be gentle enough."

In consequence of these considerations, the Parliament had to content itself with ordering Paul Rabaut's memorial to be publicly torn to pieces and burnt. The Government hoped that he would fly the country, and several friends abroad, anxious for his safety, offered him not only an asylum, but a sure competence. On the other hand, the Cevennols were in terror lest he should abandon them. Happily Paul Rabaut stood firm, though his courage was much tried, for it was clear that the authorities at Toulouse were not satisfied that they had done enough to cast out this Huguenot diabolism. On the



very morning after the execution of Calas, the Procureur-General demanded the hanging of the widow, her son, and the guest who supped with Calas on the fatal evening.

However, the terrible suffering of the aged Toulousian merchant had not been in vain. Another merchant from Marseilles being in the city at the end of March 1762, went to Geneva and related the whole history to Voltaire, who threw himself into the matter with ardour, and never rested until he had obtained a reversion of the sentence. For the three years that the effort went on, he exercised all the self-restraint of which he was capable, and was constantly anxious and irritable. But when the news arrived that the reversal of the sentence was actually decreed, the old man embraced the youngest son of Jean Calas, whom he had kept living in his house, and the two wept tears of joy. Writing to one of his friends, he declared that he had never in his life had a joy so pure as at the moment that he received the news. He was declared innocent in 1765, after the Revolution.

It was certainly the purest work Voltaire ever did, and probably the greatest, for it brought the whole cause of the oppressed Protestants before the thoughtful of all opinions, and persecution for conscience' sake was declared an anachronism.

But those who were already condemned had to be delivered. We have already referred to the galley-slaves. The relief of these conscripts of Protestantism was recognised as a duty by all their co-religionists, and Rabaut was commissioned to be its medium. Thus he was in frequent communication with them, and had their cause ever before him.

By means of his friend Court de Gebelin, son of Antoine Court, who was now at Paris in the capacity of *savant* and representative of Protestant interests, the final deliverance of these sufferers was effected. Voltaire rendered effective help in the work. He delivered at least

one of these confessors under the cross. But the authorities sold mercy as they sold justice. They charged for an act of clemency 3000 francs, but as the philosophers got more powerful, it was reduced to 2000. It is difficult to say when the last galley-slave was liberated.

Paul Rabaut's good offices were equally engaged on behalf of the prisoners in the Tower of Constance, near Aigues-Mortes, a dying city on one of the most dismal parts of the Mediterranean. This Tower had two circular apartments, communicating through the ceiling with each other, the upper one communicating with the platform of the tower. The only other inlets for air and light came from narrow loopholes pierced in the thick walls. Here in semi-darkness, during long years, bearing the stifling air of summer and the bitter winds of winter, languished a number of women, guilty of the offence of having a conscience.

The sister of the martyred pastor, Pierre Durand, passed thirty-eight years of her life in this gloomy abode. She wrote to Rabaut in 1760, in 1762, and again 1764. The last will give some idea of the afflictions she endured.

"Sir, very dear and much honoured pastor, it is to you we have recourse; it is to your pastoral kindness I apply for a remedy to prevent an infection which is likely to spread among us. . . . In the name of the Divine mercy, use every possible effort to rescue us from our frightful sepulchre. We are in urgent need of all the help you can give. . . . May God bless you, worthy sir, and your amiable family; may He protect you all, and accomplish by your beloved hands the great work of His most desired peace, and grant me the blessing of the sweetest satisfaction I desire in this world, next to the peace of the Church, the great pleasure of seeing you."

In many churches in France were pictures representing the stations of the cross: in the Tower of Constance, on the galleys at Toulon, beneath the

gibbet at Montpelier, upon the wheel at Toulouse was the reality. How was it that those who preached with fervour and unction on the sufferings of the martyrs under Diocletian, were absolutely deaf to the cry which came up so lamentably from these torture chambers, galleys, and gibbets: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

## VI.

### PROTESTANTISM TOLERATED AND LIBERTY OF WORSHIP DECLARED.

The accession of Louis XVI. opened a new era. A king moral, amiable, well meaning; statesmen enlightened and just; a public opinion growing every day more opposed to the old régime of inequality and intolerance; the Churches of the Desert realised the words of the Psalmist: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

They were well represented at Paris by Court de Gebelin, who, however, did not get much sympathy from any one but Paul Rabaut, who knew his great worth, and stood valiantly by his friend. The Protestants of the south of France, occupied with the one idea of maintaining their existence, and shut out from the professions, were devoted to trade, and so had little in common with a man of immense erudition and an all-embracing philosophic mind. However, a Huguenot was accustomed to such things, and Court de Gebelin had to be satisfied with the opportunity to serve the cause of the persecuted Churches. This he did in many ways. He was one with Paul Rabaut in opposing a dangerous project of founding a Protestant bank. Paul Rabaut would not believe in the good faith of the Government, who proposed to take care of their money, while they refused them a legal existence, and kept some of their fellow-believers in penal servitude. To obtain justice was Court de Gebelin's aim, and he contributed largely to the articles of the edict finally issued in favour of the Protestants.

In this work he was now aided by Rabaut Saint-Etienne, who, also a man of learning, was attracted to Paris by similar motives. In 1786 Lafayette, returning from fighting by the side of Washington, and having to pass through Nîmes, wished to see the old Pastor of the Desert. It does not appear that this wish was gratified, but he saw his eldest son, then co-pastor over the Church at Nîmes, and urged him to come to Paris.

Paul Rabaut was in constant communication with his friend and with his son, and learnt, doubtless, every detail of their frequent interviews with the excellent minister of Louis XVI., Malesherbes; nor would they omit to tell him of the honourable position they held in Parisian society. When the old pastor reflected under what circumstances these two men had been born and brought up, how they were both the sons of outlaws, who had lived during nearly all their lives with a vista of the gallows as the closing scene, could he fail to exclaim with admiration: "What hath God wrought!"

The Edict of Toleration appeared in November 1787, and the thoroughness of the attempt to suppress Protestantism in France may be measured by the fact that what it chiefly did was to restore to those who professed that faith their legal existence. Henceforth they could live in France, choose a trade or profession, could be legally married before certain officials, could register births, and obtain authorisations for burials. But as yet nothing was said about liberty of worship.

But France in those days lived rapidly, and sometimes in one day did the work of a hundred years. Rabaut Saint-Etienne returned to Nîmes, and preached on the occasion of the publication of the edict. He was a man of great eloquence, but this alone would not explain the extraordinary change which now took place in the opinions of his fellow-townsmen. When in 1789 they were called upon to send representatives to

the National Assembly, the people of Nîmes chose among others the son of the man who had been obliged to pass furtively in and out of their city as one guilty of a great crime.

Rabaut Saint-Etienne took his seat in the National Assembly, and soon became a prominent member. Some of his friends thought him a greater orator than Mirabeau; however that might be, his speech on religious liberty with reference to the article in the Declaration of Rights, which secured liberty of conscience and of worship, became famous.

At last the long-expected day arrived. In the latter part of 1792 the Protestants of Nîmes began openly to celebrate their worship inside the city. Their temple had formerly been a church of the Dominicans. It was the culminating point in the joy of Paul Rabaut. He offered the dedicatory prayer, and at the close of the service read the Song of Simeon: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Doubtless, this long-tried man now experienced the delights of "the pilgrims" when they entered the land of Beulah, and as they, doubtless, heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying: "Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold His reward is with Him!" His sufferings had not made him a bigot; he was neither embittered against Roman Catholics, nor did he entertain exaggerated ideas of his own communion. He had such a charitable idea of Christians generally, that he believed that there would be a fusion of all communions, directly toleration began to make progress.

A few years earlier Paul Rabaut, in consequence of increasing infirmities, had asked and obtained from the Consistory at Nîmes an unlimited release from his labours. In granting it they declared him the Apostle and Restorer of their Church, and continued to him the same rights, title, and income he had hitherto enjoyed; so that being possessed of a

house built of the proceeds of some property which belonged to his wife, the Pastor of the Desert had every prospect of a peaceful and happy old age.

## VII.

### PAUL RABAUT'S LAST DAYS.

How often have we watched the sun sinking in the west, and while expecting the closing scene to illuminate the whole landscape, have perceived a long dark cloud appear on the horizon, and the orb of day has faded obscurely. Thus it was with Paul Rabaut. For a while an unwonted glory gathered round his venerable head. He who had bent in sorrow at the knees of a cruel and careless despot, craving but the crumbs of his justice and his pity, now received a message from one of the rulers of his country: "The President of the National Assembly is at your feet."

But this was not the rest suited to one who had fought such a fight, and Paul Rabaut's last days were beset with heavier trials than his first. His faithful wife was taken from him in 1787; but it was in 1793 that the heaviest blow of all fell upon this aged servant of truth and justice.

Rabaut Saint-Etienne, the son who had shared his afflictions and his pastoral labours, whose virtues and talents devoted to the same great cause as his own, promised it a leader exactly suited to the new times—Rabaut Saint-Etienne went to the scaffold with quite a hecatomb of the purest, the best, the wisest persons in France.

The spirit of superstition and tyranny, exorcised for a time, had once more entered into France, a mad travesty, called the Religion of Reason, had been set up, and every other faith being proscribed, ministers of all creeds were required to resign their functions and to retire twenty leagues from the places where they officiated. Paul Rabaut's colleagues, as most other Protestant pastors, bowed before the storm; but though feeble and heart-broken, the Restorer

of the Church at Nîmes said as his prototype, "Should such a man as I flee?"

The alternative was certain; what could be expected of a power that denied the only true and living God? Grey hairs, virtue, patriotism, all that claims the respect of man, went for nothing. Paul Rabaut, seated on an ass, was taken to the Fort of Nîmes, where he was thrown into prison with other victims of revolutionary fury.

He had nothing to expect but the same fate as his son. Perfectly calm as regarded himself, he was anxious about his children. Rabaut Pommier was in the Conciergerie; Rabaut Depuis was an exile. The aged pastor spent his time in consoling the captives who shared his lot, and sustaining them by his example. However, the new tyranny burnt itself out so quickly that the Reign of Terror suddenly ended while the prisoners at Nîmes were still alive and their fate uncertain. Thus Paul Rabaut, after all, was not to die on the scaffold.

Nevertheless, the emotions of these last terrible weeks were too much for his feeble frame, and one autumn afternoon, between two and three months after his imprisonment, he sank to rest. It was the 24th of September, 1794, when this troubled life, menaced at every turn, was thus gathered in like a shock of corn.

But such was the depression into

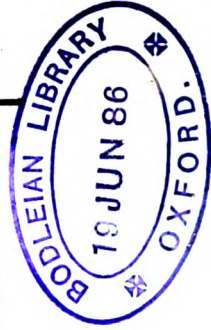
which the late events had thrown the Protestants of Nîmes, that their most distinguished pastor was buried in the cellar of his own house, without any sign to mark the place of interment, and without any record appearing in their church books of the event.

However, that name is written among those "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of the fires, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens;" among those "who were stoned, sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: who went about in sheepskins, in goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy:)" who "wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth."

We may forget this great cloud of witnesses, but they do not forget us. How shall we escape their reproach? Let us, as they did, "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

R. HEATH.

AUGUSTINE,  
BISHOP OF HIPPO.



*From the tomb at Pavia.*

# AUGUSTINE,

## BISHOP OF HIPPO.

---

### I.

#### BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

AUGUSTINE, like Cyprian and Tertullian, belonged to North Africa. Of what race he was it is impossible to say, as the indigenous dark-skinned tribes had been overlaid first by Phœnician and next by Roman colonies. But his father, Patricius, was a burgess of a small Numidian country town, Tagaste, the modern Tajelt. Here Augustine was born on the 13th November, 354, A.D., in the age when the religion of Christ was flooding Paganism out of the Roman world. Augustine's father was a man of warm and genial disposition, but licentious, and subject to violent outbursts of temper, of which his much-enduring wife bore the brunt. He adhered to the religion of Pagan Rome till shortly before his death, but did not interfere with the Christian training of his son. It was from Monica, his mother, that Augustine derived his fineness of organisation, his aptitude for speculation, his reach and ardour of spiritual energy. It was to her also he owed a training which, however it was for a while overlaid, yet restrained and moulded him even when his conduct was causing her the deepest solicitude. At birth she claimed him for Christ by having him signed with the cross and sprinkled with salt, although, in accordance with the custom of the time, he was not baptised. A few years later, on being seized with alarming illness, he desired to be baptised; but while arrangements were being made his sickness abated, and baptism was still deferred—his mother, as he tells us, preferring to expose to the hazards of life rather "the clay out of which he might afterwards be moulded than the very cast itself." This custom of delaying baptism Augustine himself

in the retrospect strongly condemned. A physician, he remarks, might as well say, "Let the patient be worse wounded, for he is not yet healed."

### II.

#### SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS.

His recollections of his school-days were far from agreeable. He was possessed with the terror of punishment which has so often clouded the life of sensitive boys. He used even to pray to God that he might not be flogged. But flogged he often was, for his lively temperament found the enticements of play and good fellowship irresistible. The lessons, indeed, which appealed to his imagination, such as the reading of Virgil, he relished; but the more difficult branches of education which called for dogged application he disliked. He never became a good Greek scholar, although from the first he showed uncommon intelligence, and was aided by a remarkably retentive memory, and the spur of a keen ambition. Many persons will sympathise with and endorse his emphatic expression of indignation that he should have been taught grammar and rhetoric through the medium of books which taint the boyish mind and stir prurient curiosity.

From Madaura, where he had gone for the higher branches of education, Augustine returned home in his sixteenth year. By this time his progress was such as to make his parents anxious that he should pursue his studies. But his father was poor, and the young scholar had to stay at home a year until as much money should be raised as might carry him to Carthage, and maintain him there. This year of enforced idleness unhappily exposed him to the influence of evil companionship. His ever-watchful mother

saw his danger, but her remonstrances seemed to the lad to be "womanish scruples." He became proud of his vice; and in order to win the admiration of his companions, he even boasted of iniquities he had never actually perpetrated.

At this juncture Augustine's father died, and his studies might have been abruptly terminated, had not a fellow-townsmen, Romanianus, generously furnished the young student with means to pursue his academical career at Carthage. With the greater opportunities for dissipation afforded by the provincial capital, it was not to be expected that Augustine would live more correctly than he had done at Tagaste. Though he lived on terms of friendship with the wilder set of students who had formed themselves into a kind of club for the annoyance of respectable citizens, he was nevertheless disgusted with their conduct. Yet his life at Carthage cannot have been wholly a life of gaiety and dissipation, for he took the highest place in the schools. And as early as his nineteenth year he formed an irregular connection which, though not matrimonial, was faithfully respected by himself for more than a dozen years, and by his partner to the end of life. Augustine does not, however, conceal that his time at Carthage was largely wasted in attending the theatres, and in other worse pursuits.

### III.

#### HE BECOMES A MANICHEAN.

It was, however, during his stay at Carthage that he received an indelible impression that for him there was some better thing than pleasure or fame. In the course of his studies Cicero's *Hortensius* had come into his hands, and to this book he owed his first awakening to the ardent longing for truth which never afterwards forsook him. To slake this newly-felt thirst for truth, he turned to the Apostolic writings; but was repelled by a style so far from Ciceronian. He could not, however, rest in

a merely non-Christian philosophy. He had drunk in, as he tells us, with his mother's milk, the mysterious sweetness and hope that cling round the name of Christ; and this name now laid him under a kind of spell, so that nothing held him, no matter how learned, eloquent, or true it was, which did not contain this name.

It was this craving for a Christian philosophy which led him to the Manichæans. Their teaching seemed to him precisely such an adaptation of Christianity as his intellect at that time demanded. It was really very little more than the Persian Magianism in a Christian dress and using Christian phrases. "Manichæanism was Zoroastrianism,<sup>1</sup> feeling a want and void in its own local confinement, beginning to suspect that truth ought to be common to all the world, and so adopting the aim and the scope of a universal religion." To attain its object it strove to incorporate itself with the Christian Church, which already was proving that its destiny was universal empire. But while it sought to win by the alliance all the possessions belonging to the Church, it retained its own dualistic philosophy.

To the modern mind the Manichæan philosophy, or account of the universe, is apt, at first sight, to seem childish, grotesque, and nonsensical. A kingdom of darkness making war upon a kingdom of light; muddy and turbid waters, fiery bodies, pestilent monsters—these seem unpromising materials out of which to frame a philosophy of the universe. But when it is perceived that under this material and pictorial representation there is an attempt made to account for the mingling of good and evil in the world, we recognise that the speculators were engaged with the same problem that permanently exercises the human mind. It is not surprising that in

<sup>1</sup> It taught the existence from eternity of two principles and powers—one good, and one evil: the former the creator of all good, the latter the creator of all evil.



an age when the Christian solution was not widely understood, Augustine should have given ear to the Manichæan mode of accounting for the mixture of good and evil everywhere apparent in the world. Certain it is, that for several years Augustine was, if not satisfied, yet attracted and held by the Manichæan system.

#### IV.

##### HIS LIFE AS A PROFESSOR.

Returning to Tagaste to commence life as a teacher, he so persistently aired his new views and used so many expressions which seemed to his mother blasphemous, that for a time she was compelled to forbid him her house. But she sorrowed for him, and as he tells us, wept for his error more than mothers weep the bodily death of their children. Her prayers in his behalf were answered. First she had a dream which gave her comfort. She saw herself standing on "a wooden rule," while a shining youth approached her, cheerful and smiling, who, after asking her the cause of her grief, assured her "that where she was, there her son also was." On looking up she saw Augustine standing with her "on the rule." She told the dream to her son, and on his endeavouring to interpret it as meaning that she would be with him a Manichæan, she pointed out that the youth of her dream had not said that she would be where Augustine was, but that he would be where she was.

The hope she derived from this dream was confirmed by a conversation she shortly after had with a wise bishop. This ecclesiastic had been brought up a Manichæan; but when Monica besought him to speak to her son and show him his error, he declined, on the ground that Augustine was as yet too much carried by the novelty of his erroneous opinions to listen to argument. The bishop had himself found his own way out of Manichæism, and this he predicted would be the result in Augustine's case also. And when Monica still entreated him

with tears to speak to her son, he replied in words that seemed to come from heaven to her soul: "Go thy way, and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." But for nine years Monica had to wait for her son's deliverance from error.

During these years Augustine followed his vocation as a teacher of rhetoric. His native Tagaste, however, he soon abandoned, as the place had become intolerable to him, owing to the death of a dear friend. Naturally he repaired to Carthage, his *alma mater*, but he found that the manners of the students had not improved since his own undergraduate days, and that it was worse to be a teacher than a pupil among so rude a mob. Here, however, he remained till his twenty-ninth year, when he went to Rome, being induced to do so by the assurance that the students of the metropolis were kept more under restraint than those of Carthage. But before leaving Carthage he met with Faustus, the most celebrated living Manichæan, of whose learning and ability he had frequently heard. From intercourse with Faustus he anticipated much enlightenment, but found only disappointment and disenchantment. He speedily discovered that though sincere, Faustus was ignorant and ill-educated, and could throw no light on the difficulties which Augustine now felt in the Manichæan system. He had only the ability of saying in better language what all Manichæans already accepted. Finding that the promise of certain knowledge which Manichæism had made to him, was thus broken, Augustine conceived a thorough distrust of its teaching. And at this juncture he was strongly disposed to accept the position of the Academics, and abandon all expectation of discovering the truth.

This scepticism, however, was contrary to his nature. He instinctively feared doubt, knowing that for him to live in doubt was to live in misery, in uselessness, in unrest. And providentially his circumstances now favoured his spiritual



emancipation. In Rome he found no such opportunity for tranquil study as he had been promised. If not so rude and coarse as those of Carthage, the students of the metropolis were even worse to deal with, for they came and went with the utmost irregularity, and never remembered to pay their fees. He, therefore, applied for a vacant chair at Milan, and was appointed Professor of Rhetoric in the city where Ambrose was bishop.

## V.

## HE ABANDONS MANICHÆISM.

The impression which Ambrose made upon him at the outset is thus described by himself: "That man of God received me as a father, and showed me an episcopal kindness on my arrival. At once I was attracted by him, not because he was a teacher of the truth (which I utterly despaired of finding in the Church), but because of his kindness to myself. I gave much attention to his preaching also, for though I scorned the matter of it, I was anxious to see whether his eloquence was as remarkable as it was commonly reported to be. Gradually, however, as I said within myself, 'How eloquently he speaks,' there entered this other thought, 'How truly he speaks.'" The first result of the preaching of Ambrose was the emancipation of Augustine's mind from the Manichæan misrepresentations of Christianity. He was convinced that Manichæism was false, although as yet he could not see that Christ was the truth. And he resolved to become a catechumen in the Christian Church, until his mind should reach some fuller knowledge and clearer conviction.

At this juncture his mother arrived in Milan from Africa. She received the news of Augustine's abandonment of Manichæism with composure, and as if she had expected such an answer to her prayers. She saw, too, that though much was gained, much remained to be accomplished ere her son was all she

desired. His progress at this time would have been more rapid had he been able to see more of Ambrose in private. But as often as he went to the cloister where Ambrose sat reading, he shrank from interrupting him, knowing how little time he had for study. He enjoyed, however, the companionship of his two old friends Alypius and Nebridius, both of whom chose Milan for their residence, because there they could be with Augustine, and mutually encourage and help one another in their common search for truth. This free change of residence in obedience to the claims of friendship, this association of three young men to practise virtue and find the truth, is significant of the times, and will stir reflection in every mind.

The picture given by Augustine of their state of mind has the unmistakable air of truth: he represents himself and his friends as to-day resolved to give up all for study, and to-morrow drawn back to the world's honours and business. "Perish everything, dismiss we these empty vanities, and betake ourselves to the one search for truth. . . . Why delay to abandon worldly hopes and give ourselves wholly to seek after God and the blessed life? But wait! Even those things are pleasant; they have some, and no small sweetness. . . . We have store of powerful friends; if nothing else offer, we may at least win a presidentship; and a wife with some money that she increase not our expenses, and this shall bound our desires. Many great men, and most worthy of imitation, have given themselves to the study of wisdom in the married state." At length they resolved to form a small society of ten members, each of whom should contribute to the common stock whatever he possessed, and so enable the household to live wholly for intellectual and spiritual purposes, untrammelled by the cares of business. "But when we began to consider whether the wives which some of us already had, and others hoped to have, would allow this, all that plan which we were so nicely moulding, fell

to pieces in our hands, and was thrown aside."

But although Augustine was as yet held by the pleasures and honours of the world, and felt himself unable to live without them, his mental apprehension of the truth was rapidly widening. His growing acquaintance with the Platonic philosophy, to which so many of the early Christians were indebted for their preparation for Christianity, enabled him at last to conceive of God as a Spirit. At the same time he discarded the last rag of Manichæism, and attained to the belief that the origin of evil lay in the will. And now that he habitually studied the Epistles of Paul for himself he became acquainted with the actual contents of the Christian creed, and could no longer withhold intellectual assent.

## VI.

### HIS CONVERSION.

Most opportunely, as the crisis of his life approached, he was thrown into the company of two judicious, experienced, and well-educated Christians. To the one of these, Simplicianus, the Christian of greatest repute in Milan, he felt himself compelled, by the unrest of his soul, to resort for advice. Simplicianus, on hearing that Augustine had been reading Plato in the translation of Victorinus, told him the story of this Latin writer's conversion to Christ. He told him of his great erudition and eloquence which had won for him a statue at Rome; he told him how difficult he had found it to make public profession of his conversion, always delaying his appearance in church on the plea that "walls did not make the Christian"; he told him how at length, to the great joy of all, and to his own great satisfaction, he did at length proclaim himself a Christian. All this made a deep impression on Augustine, tallying, as it did, in so many points with his own case.

But the conversation of Pontitianus sank even more deeply into Augustine's conscience. Happening to call for Augustine, and finding him interested in such matters, he told him how two of his own friends in the imperial service were so struck with a 'Life of Antony the Hermit,' which they accidentally read, that at once they abandoned their prospects of advancement at Court, and gave themselves to a monastic life. While Augustine listened to this simple narrative, he was smitten with shame at his own weakness and irresolution, and seemed for the first time to see his conduct in its true light. To use his own expression, "Thou, O Lord, didst take me from behind my own back, where I had sheltered myself from my own eye, and set me before my face, that I might see how foul I was, crooked and defiled, spotted and ulcerous." Hitherto he had persuaded himself he delayed owning Christ and giving up all for Him, because he was not quite sure that the truth lay with Christ; now he saw he had been deceiving himself, and that the true reason for his delay was his love of sin. When Pontitianus left him, he fell accordingly into an agonising strife with himself. "How is it," he cried to Alypius, "that the unlearned press into the kingdom, while we, with all our learning, tarry without? Is it that we are ashamed to follow, because others are gone before? But should we not be more ashamed that we do not even follow?" But even the presence of his most intimate friend was too much for him in this critical hour, and he hurried out into the garden. Alypius, however, followed him, and here for a while he was tossed to and fro by his violently contending emotions; at one moment forcing himself to the point of decision, and saying, "Be it done now, be it done now;" the next moment feeling himself drawn back again by the lusts he had indulged, and which now whispered that he could not live without them. Yet amidst this flux and reflux he felt that each effort

was bringing him nearer to final decision. At length, as the full shame of his weakness and sin crushed his heart and compelled him to own the better life, he felt he could no longer resist the gracious hand that drew him on. Breaking away from Alypius, he flung himself, in a passion of weeping, beneath a fig-tree, and cried, "How long? How long? To-morrow, and to-morrow? Why not now? Why not this hour be an end to my uncleanness?" Just then he heard from a neighbouring house a voice, as of a boy or girl, chanting, and constantly repeating, "Take up and read," "Take up and read." Accepting this voice as a command of God, he hastened back to the spot where Alypius was seated, and, taking up the volume he had left, opened it, and read the words, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh." He read no more; at once all doubt and irresolution left him; his mind was made up to follow Christ.

The description which Augustine has himself given of his conversion in his 'Confessions,' is a piece of literature that never grows antiquated or loses its power. It has been an encouragement and a guide to anxious and seeking souls in every age since it was written. His conversion has been accepted as normal, partly because of the obviously genuine character of his experience; and its instructiveness and helpfulness are derived from its impressive exhibition of the reality of a sense of sin; from its recognition of the gulf between a holy and a sinful life, and of the prodigious difficulty and yet absolute easiness of passing from the one to the other; that is, from the clearness with which it exhibits that it is in the will the battle is lost or won, and that by sin the will is bound; and from its constant ascription to God of that watchful, loving aid which makes the soul victorious.

## VII.

## RETIREMENT.

The conversion of Augustine took place in the month of August 386, when he was almost thirty-two years old. He at once resolved to abandon his profession as a teacher of rhetoric at the approaching vintage vacation. Unfortunately he had a too plausible pretext for resigning his Professorship. His anxiety of mind and prolonged study had enfeebled his health, and he was threatened with pulmonary disease. When his determination was made known, his friend Verecundus offered him the use of his villa at Cassiacum in the neighbourhood of Milan. In this delightful retreat he and two or three of his friends realised for a few months the idea they had so often cherished, of abandoning the stir of secular life and devoting themselves to study and spiritual exercises. His mother, his son Adeodatus, his brother Navigius, his cousins Lastidianus and Rusticus, his friend Alypius, and his pupils Licentius and Trigetius formed, with himself, the little community. Here Augustine spent pleasant and health-giving days, reading Virgil with his pupils, and engaging in rustic pursuits and unfatiguing labour. But the characteristic feature of this retirement was the opportunity it gave for the unrestrained interchange of thought on those questions which from age to age stir enquiry in all serious minds. When the weather was too cold to permit of their meeting under their favourite tree, they met within doors in the baths attached to the villa. Here their conversations were frequently prolonged till the lamp was brought in, and sometimes they were adjourned from day to day. One of the company wrote down what was said, a custom adopted, or, at any rate, approved by Augustine, because it compelled him to speak more deliberately, and saved his chest from the injurious strain to which the natural fire of his conversation would have exposed it. It was easy

for him afterwards, with the help of these notes, to throw into shape all that he considered memorable in the discussions. And as the result of these few months of leisure we possess several interesting works; one *Against the Academicians*, another *On Order*, a third, *On the Blessed Life*, and some others. These Dialogues inevitably provoke a most dangerous comparison. But it is not too much to say that a comparison with Plato rather helps us to admit Augustine's high rank as a philosopher and an artist than compels any disparaging judgment. In these Dialogues, and with a less pliable instrument than the Greek language, Augustine shows much of Plato's dramatic power in gracefully introducing his subject, and in adding an interest to the conversation from the circumstances in which it arose, the incidents which interrupted or diverted it into new channels, and the varying moods of the interlocutors. Certainly the treatises to which this period of Augustine's life gave birth stand as a monument of his genius as a metaphysician. No one can read them without seeing the reality and insight with which he attacked the great problems of human life, or without admiring the free play of his mind and its rapier-like rapidity of thrust. "In those works," it has been truly said, "we have phrases which have become household words, thoughts which have formed the text of treatises, and have proved the germs of philosophical systems."

Augustine, though a Christian, was not yet baptised, and as Easter was at that time a favourite season for baptism, he returned to Milan about a month previous to that festival. On Easter-eve, 24-25 April, 387, he was received into the Church by baptism, along with his son Adeodatus and his friend Alypius. Ambrose baptising Augustine was a spectacle which could not fail to stimulate the imagination of the Church; and fancy has been pleased to commemorate the scene by attributing to it the origin

of the greatest of Christian hymns, the *Te Deum*; ecclesiastical legend telling us that Ambrose uttered the first clause and Augustine responded with the second, and so on alternately till the hymn was complete. But the most interested spectator of an event whose importance to the Church could not at that time be understood, was undoubtedly Monica. She now saw the fulfilment of her lifelong desire, and possibly in her soul was saying, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Certain it is that very shortly the saintly and intellectual woman to whom the world owes so much, passed into her rest in the fifty-sixth year of her age, and after a brief illness of nine days.

Monica's death took place at Ostia, the port of Rome, whence Augustine had intended to sail to Africa to devote himself to the service of God in his native land. This intention he carried out in the following year by returning to Tagaste, and establishing himself with one or two friends in a house in the suburbs. Here he spent three years, leading the usual ascetic life of the period, but employing much of his time in study and in writing. And here, too, he lost his only son, a youth of whom he had formed the highest expectations, and whose intellectual capacity affected him, as he tells us, with a kind of awe.

## VIII.

### HIS ORDINATION.

But Augustine was not permitted to devote himself permanently to a private and retired life. It was an apparent accident which compelled him to abandon the quiet life of the house at Tagaste for the busy Episcopal Chair of Hippo. On the African shore of the Mediterranean, close to the point where the territory of Algeria touches the neighbouring state of Tunis, stands a thriving seaport of some 12,000 inhabitants. Slightly behind this busy and beautifully-situated town of *Bona* lie the few half-buried ruins which serve to identify the site

of the ancient Hippo, so favourite a residence of the Numidian kings, that it was known as Hippo Regius, or Royal, but which is better known to Christendom as the town in which the great Latin Bishop spent the last forty years of his life. To this day the inhabitants of the district, Mohammedans though they are, with that facile adoption of all denominations of saints into their own calendar which prevails in some parts of the East, pray to *Roumi Kebir*, the great Christian—a significant and melancholy relic of the times when the religion of Christ was paramount in North Africa, and could boast such names as Cyprian, Tertullian, and Augustine.

In this town of Hippo Regius, Augustine one day arrived from Tagaste to converse with a Government official who had expressed a desire for the monastic life, but who needed some little coaxing to bring him to the point of actually resigning his place in the imperial service and its emoluments. While in the town, Augustine naturally found his way to the church. As he entered, the Bishop Valerius was in the act of intimating to his people that it had become necessary they should add to the number of their clergy a presbyter, who might more efficiently preach and expound than he himself, with his small command of Latin, could. The appearance of Augustine at this juncture seemed an indication of Providence. Without further deliberation the congregation there and then, by common consent, laid hands on Augustine, layman as he was, and declared to the Bishop that this and no other was the man of their choice. He was accordingly ordained, being now thirty-seven years of age. As he himself puts it in a letter to Valerius, pleading for a little delay, "I was constrained to accept the second place at the helm, when as yet I knew not how to handle an oar." But the result fully justified the discernment of the people. And the good Bishop Valerius, so far from being jealous of his presbyter's success, condescended to be

present while his ecclesiastical inferior occupied the pulpit—an innovation in the African Church which excited much indignation among neighbouring bishops. Nay, so alive was he to the service Augustine was rendering, that, fearing some other Church might carry him off, he secured him, after Augustine had for five years served in the ministry, as his own colleague in the Episcopate of Hippo, where accordingly Augustine remained till his death.

## IX.

### PREACHER AND BISHOP.

Of his preaching we have such opportunity to judge as is afforded by printed sermons. Of these we have almost four hundred; short, because as a bishop he sat while his audience stood; simple in style, because, as he said, a simple style is the one to which people can listen with the least weariness; never abstruse, for his audience was composed of sailors, fishermen, boat-builders, quay-porters, peasants, tradesmen, with a small sprinkling of educated persons. He adopted a colloquial style, not only because the congregation frequently interrupted him with applause, and even with questions, but on principle: "I would rather," he says, "that the grammarians found fault with me than that the people should misunderstand me." Yet while he thus aims at simplicity of expression, there is no truth of theology or philosophy which he shrinks from handling in the face of the congregation. His felicity in illustration enabled him to explain what preachers of less vigorous intelligence would do well to leave alone. Discussions which might otherwise be prolix are relieved in his sermons by flashes of genius which irradiate the whole subject, and by appeals to those experiences in which the plain man and the cultured thinker are alike interested. The influence of his preaching is attested by the abolition of party fights and excesses at Church festivals,

against which and other abuses he raised his voice till they were given up.

One or two specimens of his skill as a preacher may be given: "How, you say, shall I put off the old man? Copy the snake's sagacity. How does he rid himself of his old coat? He squeezes himself through a narrow hole. And where, you say, am I to find this narrow hole? Listen! Narrow is the way that leads to life." "Bear ye one another's burdens," he illustrates thus: "When stags cross to neighbouring islands for the sake of pasture, they swim in line, and each lays its heavy-horned head on the one before it, so that only the first has to carry the weight of his own head; and when his strength fails he goes to the rear and rests in his turn." Illustrating the fact that regenerate persons do not beget regenerate children, he says: "The chaff which is separated with great care from the wheat reappears in the corn that springs from the cleansed seed." "Better is it," he says, "to be in doubt about matters that are hidden than to quarrel about things uncertain." Very beautifully he applies the miracle at Cana to the reading of the Old Testament. "The insipidity vanishes when you bring it to the Lord, and what was water becomes wine to you. Read all the prophetic books without seeing Christ in them, and what will you find so insipid and flat? See Christ there, and what you read becomes not only fragrant but even intoxicating." Of the prophecy in the Old Testament he rightly observes that, "not only what the prophets say, but their life and calling, and the entire Jewish kingdom and history, is one prophecy—a prophecy we may well call great, being of the Great One." He often puts, once for all, in perfect language, a thought that needs repetition in every age, as, "A man will say to me, 'Let me understand, that I may believe.' I reply, 'Believe, rather, that you may understand. For understanding is the reward of believing.'" Again, "You ask from God, and say, Lord, give this or that to me. What can He give you

whose hands are filled with other things? God wishes to bestow upon you His gifts and does not see where He can put them." And, on the same subject: "God withholds His gifts for a time, that you may learn greatly to desire great things."

In the other duties of his See, his genius and his character found abundant and congenial exercise. His care for the poor was ceaseless and efficient; he built a *hospice* for strangers; he ransomed captive citizens at the cost of sacrificing the church-plate; he declined all gifts made to himself personally; in every respect he approved himself unworldly, unselfish, devoted to his fellow-men, and to his work in their behalf. His reputation for sanctity, learning, and wisdom brought upon him "the care of all the Churches." He became a kind of referee for the settlement of difficulties that arose in all parts of Christendom. This entailed a very serious amount of correspondence, and laid upon him the still heavier burden of writing upon all current questions, and guiding the Church Catholic to just decisions on controverted points.

His manner of life at Hippo was as simple as it had been at Tagaste. The Episcopal palace of Hippo was a quasi-monastic house for the accommodation of the clergy, and for the training of aspirants to the ministry. No woman lived in it, and such women as had occasion to consult him were received in presence of others. He visited only the sick and the widows and the orphans among his own people; and he never dined out. His own table had no silver on it, save the spoons; the dishes were of wood or common ware. Meat was provided when guests were present; on ordinary occasions the diet, in accordance with common usage, was vegetarian. On the table were engraved the words: "There is no place at this table for any one who loves scandal." And one who lived forty years with Augustine tells us he had seen him ask bishops who were transgressing this rule, whether these words were to be deleted, and had heard

him threaten to retire to his own room rather than hear such conversation. To put a stop to the almost invincible Oriental habit of interlarding the talk with the name of God, he also made a rule that whoever used an oath should forfeit one glass of wine of the regular number allotted to each. His dress was the plain monk's frock he had always worn, and when some of his people presented him with more ornate vestments, he declined to wear them, and intimated from the pulpit that as he and his brethren of the clergy had all things in common, he could wear only what they also could wear, and that if costly robes were again sent him, he would sell them for behoof of the poor.

## X.

## AUGUSTINE AS A WRITER.

But it is as a writer that Augustine has acquired so commanding an influence. All his works were elicited by the exigencies of his own day, but as it was in his day that the deepest questions regarding man's nature and his relation to God first came up for thorough discussion, his mind formed the mould into which the beliefs of the Church were cast. But that which may be accepted as his greatest single work, *The City of God*, was evoked not by a theological so much as by a political crisis. In the year of our Lord 410, after many centuries of unrivalled empire, Rome fell. It is difficult for us to appreciate the shock which was thus communicated from centre to circumference of the whole known world. Christians were at one with Pagans in their sorrow and alarm at this catastrophe. Augustine seized the opportunity of directing men's gaze to that city which was destined to include all nations under its rule, to unite all in a greater than Roman citizenship, and to be as permanent as the race. He teaches men to take wider views of history, and shows them how from the beginning this city of God had been silently gathering strength alongside

of the kingdoms of this world. The plan of the work is thus a really grand conception, and the wide and multifarious knowledge and firmness of touch with which the plan is carried out cannot but command the reader's admiration. It has been called an encyclopædia of the 5th century; and certainly as a store-house of the ideas which were influencing that age, and of facts bearing on the religion and history of Rome, it has no equal. There are no doubt many wearisome chapters, many passages which seem wasted on the discussion of absurd and frivolous opinions, but as a critic has said of another work, "It is one of the seminal books in the history of literature, and of such books the worth resides less in the parts than in the whole." If any one asked what single work of Augustine exhibits most fully his learning, his breadth of intelligence and sympathy, the views which governed his theological thinking, his skill as a reasoner and his eloquence, his devotional feeling and interest in all human affairs, the answer could only be, *The City of God*. So undoubted a judge as the late Mr. Davison, of Oriel College, considered it "the most temperate, exact and judicious of all his works; the least infected either with the violence of acrimonious controversy, or the license of a popular and fanciful abuse of argument. As such it probably contains the truest expression of his opinions, and those opinions such as will be most satisfactory to others. For a monument of Christian learning and reasoning, it is clearly among the most valuable remains of the Primitive Church." Augustine himself would probably have concurred in this estimate, for he devoted to this work thirteen of the maturest years of his life, working at it from his fifty-ninth to his seventy-second year.

The immediate effect of the publication of *The City of God* was to quiet men's minds and inspire them with courage to face the grave political disaster which had fallen upon them. By the attitude taken up by Augustine

towards Rome on the one hand, and the Barbarians on the other, the consequences of the invasion were in many respects mitigated, and the Church retained throughout the Dark Ages much of the respect she now won by her courageous and equitable demeanour. The position of Augustine may be recognised in the following: "I know that some say of me that I should say nothing about Rome. God forbid that I should insult Rome. Had we not many brethren in the city? Can we not still count many there? Has not a great part of the city of God which is sojourning on earth its place there? What can I say then, when I resolve not to be silent, except that it is false that our Christ has ruined Rome and that she was better guarded by her gods of wood and stone? Long ago Alexandria lost her false gods, long ago did Constantinople give up hers, and, nevertheless, reconstructed by a Christian Emperor, she has increased and still increases. She stands and will stand as long as God has determined, for even to that Christian city we can promise no eternal existence." Such passages exhibit the perfect sanity of Augustine's conceptions regarding God's government of nations—a sanity which, combined with wide historical knowledge, fitted him to write this earliest philosophy of history.

## XI.

### THE MANICHÆAN HERESY.

It has sometimes been thought that as a controversialist Augustine appears to most advantage in his writings and discussions against the Manichæans. His nine years' personal experience of that system made him thoroughly earnest and sympathetic in his efforts to disentangle other men from its snares, and also furnished him with the knowledge requisite for this task. But it will scarcely be doubted by those who are intimately acquainted with his writings, that his strength appears rather in the Pelagian controversy. His knowledge

of Scripture and his logical acuteness availed him more in combating men who fought with the same weapons, than in dealing with a system which threw around its positions the mist of Gnostic speculations, or veiled its doctrine under a grotesque mythology, or based itself on a cosmogony too fantastic for a Western mind to tolerate. But however Augustine may have misconceived the strange forms in which this system was presented, there is no doubt that he comprehended and demolished its fundamental principles; that he did so as a necessary step in his own personal search for the truth; and that in doing so he gained possession vitally and permanently of ideas and principles which subsequently entered into all he thought and wrote. In finding his way out of the obscure region into which Manichæism had led him, he once for all ascertained the spiritual nature of God, and the true relation subsisting between the Supreme Spirit and man; he formed his opinion regarding the respective provinces of reason and faith, discovered the true connection between the Old and New Testaments, and perceived that the root of all evil was to be found in the created will.

Mani, Manes, or Manichæus was born—if we adopt the conclusions of the most learned of his biographers—in Carcub, a town of Chaldæa, in the year 240 A.D. He belonged to a Magian family, and while still a youth won a distinguished place among the Persian sages. He was master of all the lore peculiar to his class, and was, besides, so proficient a mathematician and geographer, that he was able to construct a globe. He was a skilful musician, and had some knowledge of the Greek language—an accomplishment rare among his countrymen. But his fame, and even his ultimate popularity and success as a teacher, were due in great measure to his skill in painting, which was so considerable, that in Persia he was known as "Mani the Painter." His disposition was ardent and lively, yet



patient and self-restrained. His appearance was striking, as he wore the usual dress of the Persian sage; the high-soled shoes, the one red, the other green; the mantle of azure blue that changed colour as he moved; the ebony staff in his right hand, and the Babylonish book under his left arm. While still a young man Manes was ordained as a Christian presbyter, and distinguished himself in that capacity by his knowledge of Scripture and by the zeal with which he discharged his sacred functions. But his anxiety to retain the good he found in all systems of philosophy and religion, led him to adopt an eclectic creed which disguised and perverted the fundamental truths of Christianity. This creed he published in an illustrated volume named *Erleng*, which was known as his Gospel. After various fortunes he perished as a martyr to his beliefs. The mode of his death is uncertain, but there seems little doubt that his skin was filled with chaff and hung up in *terrorem*. This occurred in the year 277, and the anniversary was observed as the great religious festival of the Manichæans.

The basis of Mani's system was the dualism on which so much of Oriental philosophy rests. God and matter, light and darkness, good and evil, were considered eternal and irreconcilable principles. The kingdom of darkness, according to Mani, invaded the kingdom of light, and though repulsed, yet succeeded in carrying captive some particles of light. The object of the present strife between the two kingdoms is the redemption of these particles which are now imprisoned in matter. Christ is the primal effluence of Light, and has His dwelling in the sun. He descended to contest with the powers of darkness on earth, and for this purpose assumed a human form in appearance. This form was, however, a phantom. "The light touched not the substance of flesh, but was only shaded with a likeness and form of flesh." The Gospel of Jesus is completed by the Gospel of Mani, who is the Paraclete promised by Jesus.

Augustine, although sometimes bringing serious charges against the morality of the Manichæans, yet on the whole seems willing to acknowledge that in life they were pure and simple. In worship they adhered to Zoroastrian simplicity, disdaining temples and altars and elaborate ceremonial. "A mind well cultivated," said Faustus, "I hold to be the true altar, and pure and simple prayers to be the true way of paying Divine honours." In prayer they turned towards the sun as the dwelling-place of Christ. They observed the Lord's Day and the Sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist.

In opposing the Manichæans Augustine developed his views regarding the connection of God with the evil of the world. All that came from the hand of God was good; every nature was good; but evil was not a nature, but was a violation of nature, or a defect or corruption of nature. These are the lines on which he uniformly builds his justification of God in His relation to the world and its evil. On other questions of permanent interest, such as the "moral difficulties of the Old Testament," much light may be derived from Augustine's book against Faustus.

Augustine, as a young enquirer, had felt these difficulties seriously, and the Manichæans with whom he was thrown in contact made the most of them. The various evil actions which are recorded of some of the servants of God, seemed to them sufficient reason to reject the books in which such conduct seemed to be sanctioned. In reading the superficial and violent objections of Faustus one might suppose he was listening to Colonel Ingersoll. The same instances are cited, the same inferences drawn. In the reply of Augustine there is implicitly contained the germ of all solid defence of the Old Testament. He is, in the first place, careful to show that Scripture does not approve or sanction the evil actions it records. "The mistake of Faustus," he says, "and of Manichæism generally, is in supposing

that these objections prove anything against us, as if our reverence for Scripture, and our profession of regard for its authority, bound us to approve of all the evil actions mentioned in it; whereas the greater our homage for the Scripture, the more decided must be our condemnation of what the truth of Scripture itself teaches us to condemn. . . . The sacred record, like a faithful mirror, has no flattery in its portraits, and either itself passes sentence upon human actions as worthy of approval or disapproval, or leaves the reader to do so."

In reply to more serious objections, such as those based on the wars of Israel, he emphasises the great principle that God varies the lesson to suit the times; that a training was given to God's people throughout their history, and that what was suitable at one stage is unsuitable at another.

## XII.

### THE DONATIST SCHISM.

The Donatist schism was a more serious danger to the Church of Augustine's day than even the Manichean heresy. This schism was the indirect result of the persecution under Diocletian. One of the elements of that persecution was the demand that the Christians should give up their sacred books to be destroyed. Those who did so were branded as *Traditores* by the more severe and unflinching party in the Church. This distinction cleft the Church into two parties, a Latitudinarian or Moderate, and a Puritan party. In 311, while the wounds made by the persecution were yet green, Cæcilian, a traditor, was raised to the important See of Carthage. The Puritan party declared his consecration invalid, on the ground that Felix of Aptunga, the bishop who had consecrated him, had been a traditor. They accordingly chose a rival bishop, Majorinus, who was shortly succeeded by Donatus. By their claim of superior purity the party gained rapidly in numbers; and acting upon the advice of

another Donatus, Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, they accused Cæcilian before the Emperor Constantine, "thus setting the first precedent for referring a spiritual cause to the decision of a civil magistrate." The imperial decision was in favour of Cæcilian, and severe laws were directed against the schismatics. This, as usual, served only to confirm their obstinacy and add to their *éclat*. It also provoked them to retaliation, and in Augustine's time bands of Circumcelliones, Donatist partisans, armed with clubs, which they called *Israels*, made their country the unhappy scene of the worst of civil wars, and the African Church a scandal to Christendom. Augustine himself was more than once waylaid by these miscreants, and though he escaped with his life, others were not so fortunate.

As early as the time of his ordination, the attention of Augustine was strongly turned towards the Donatists; for at that time they were a majority in Hippo, and their bishop prohibited his people from even baking for their Catholic neighbours. The point at issue of course was, which is the true Church, the Donatist or the Catholic? And this led to more careful scrutiny than hitherto had been made of the characteristics or "notes" of the true Church. The Donatists urged that certainly holiness was not only a note, but the essential note of the Church, and that this was to be seen with them. The Catholic party, they affirmed, by admitting those who had shown themselves weak and unfaithful in the day of trial, had forfeited their claim to be a pure and holy Church. To this Augustine replied, not by denying that holiness was an essential mark of the Church, but by denying the Donatist definition of holiness, and by showing that true holiness belonged rather to the Catholics than to the Donatists. The strength of his argument against this schism lay, however, in the clearness with which he brought out that the Lord Himself expected that His Church while in this world would present a mixed appearance.

He referred his opponents to the Parables of the Tares and the Net to convince them that the purity which shall characterise the Church hereafter is not to be looked for here. "The Donatists wished to make the Church, in its visible form and historic manifestation, identical and co-extensive with the true Church which the Lord knoweth and not man." Augustine also affirmed the *identity* of the Church now existing with the final and glorious Church; but he denied that the two were co-extensive. For now the Church is clogged with certain accretions, which shall hereafter be shown *not* to belong, and never to have belonged to it."

### XIII.

#### THE PELAGIAN CONTROVERSY.

Pelagius was a British monk, who found his way to Rome about the close of the 4th century. Being a man of blameless life and sincere Christian feeling, he was shocked with the immorality, laxity, and formalism he found prevalent there, both among clergy and laity. Though himself never in clerical orders, he felt impelled to do what he could to raise the tone of Christian society. And finding that his remonstrances were met by the plea of man's inability to live a holy and perfect life, he proceeded to remove this plea by affirming that human nature can accomplish all that is required of it. Unless, he said, men had the power to please God, it was vain for Him to express His will. "I can, because I ought," was his motto; and he saw that unless men believed they were capable of virtue, they would make no effort to attain it. He was thus led to ascribe too much to human ability, and to restrict the operation of Divine grace.

Starting from the idea that "ability limits obligation," and resolved that men should feel their responsibility, Pelagius insisted that man has a natural ability to do all that God commands, and that there can be no sin where the will is not

free to choose good or evil. He taught that men are born characterless, none the worse for the sin of Adam, without bias either to right or wrong; and he believed that there was no true freedom of the will where there was not at each moment freedom to choose good or evil. Sometimes he used the word "grace" in a sense that seemed orthodox; but on a close inspection and comparison of his various utterances regarding man's natural state, and the grace he receives from God, it becomes apparent that with him grace was not the determining element in salvation. He allowed to grace everything but the initial determining movement towards salvation. He ascribed to the unassisted human will power to accept and use the proffered salvation or grace of God.

It was in opposing Pelagius that Augustine developed the doctrines of grace, and impressed upon the mind of the Church that system of truth which is known as Augustinianism. The keynote of this system is his celebrated saying: "It is not the human will which by its liberty secures grace; but it is grace which secures (or bestows) liberty." Man, according to Augustine, is unable of himself to will anything good. He cannot, without assistance, even accept the grace God offers to him. He is *entirely* dependent on God for deliverance from evil. Regeneration is wholly God's work. This was to Augustine the one reality on which he could build. He was conscious of his own sinfulness and of his own inability. He was convinced that salvation must be wholly of God, and not dependent upon human will. And if so, then all his other peculiar doctrines resulted as necessary corollaries. If the salvation of the individual was God's work, then God must have decreed this work, in common with all His other works, which are all eternally decreed and not suddenly suggested to the eternal mind. It follows further, that the salvation of those who are thus predestinated will be infallibly secured, depending, as their

salvation does, upon God and His eternal purpose. They cannot miss the end to which God destines them; the doctrine of "final perseverance" is a necessary consequence of predestination, as predestination is a necessary consequence of original sin and free grace. Still further it follows that as God decrees the end He decrees also the means requisite to attain the end, and, therefore, renewal of will, holiness of character and life must appear in all the elect.

These doctrines, which are substantially the same as those which are known as Calvinistic, and which formed the back-bone of the Puritan theology, as represented by such names as Owen and Goodwin, and embodied in the Westminster Confession of Faith, have not all been accepted by all evangelical Christians in modern times. It is probable that men will always disagree on points respecting the co-operation of the Divine and human will; and perhaps the utmost the Church can look for is that minor differences should not be allowed to create bitterness and discord among those who agree that the grace of God is free, and that Christ is to be preached to all.

#### XIV.

##### HIS DEATH.

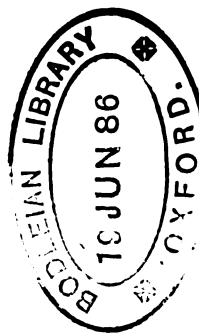
Augustine's last days were embittered by public disaster. How the Vandals or Genseric gained a footing in Africa, and how Augustine's noble but ill-fated friend Boniface was besieged by them in Hippo, has been told by Gibbon. As the flood of barbarians advanced, it swept away much that the Bishop of Hippo had loved and laboured for. But his spirit bore up against this ill-fortune unsubdued, and helped to impart courage to lesser souls. Even after the besieging army had invested Hippo, its Bishop, though now in his seventy-sixth year, remained

at his post, not unsympathetic, as some great thinkers have been, but yet pursuing his studies, and writing to the last. Three months after the commencement of the siege he was seized with fever, which compelled him to keep his bed, and recognising that his end was approaching, he desired that the penitential Psalms might be written in large characters and hung where his eye might rest upon them, and begging that his last days might not be disturbed, he passed away in solitary and humble communion with the God he had so vehemently adored, and so devotedly served.

No theologian has exercised so great an influence as Augustine. The greatest of the mediæval schoolmen and the leading reformers were alike his pupils. His intellect was at once comprehensive and acute; and it was propelled by a spirit of unflagging intensity and ardour, while it wielded as its instrument a style peculiarly his own and eminently effective. He possessed the intelligent and creative eloquence which expands language to ampler meanings, and compels it to a flexibility which fits into every turn of feeling and cranny of thought. He never passes from a thought till he has fitted it with its final and best expression. Often, indeed, it is with prolix labour he arrives at this, but he always does arrive at it, and with one brilliant saying, that makes further discussion superfluous, he wipes out the memory of pages of sterile argument. And even the most wearisome of his pages are to some extent redeemed by the earnest personal presence that shines through them. And happily his character reflected the truth and efficacy of the doctrines he expounded. His life and his writings alike breathe an enthusiasm for God and His grace.

MARCUS DODS, M.A., D.D.

# ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM.



# ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM.

---

## I.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, as he called himself, was born at Rotterdam on the night of the 27th of October, 1467. His father's name was Gerard, which in the Dutch language means beloved, and as it was the fashion of the day for a scholar to bear a learned name, Gerard was translated by the son into the Greek equivalents, *Érasmus*. His father was a native of Tergouw, and his mother, whose name was Margaret, was the daughter of a physician of Zevenbergen in Braban. They were never joined in wedlock, owing to the opposition of Gerard's father, who was determined that his son should enter the priesthood, although the latter was averse to the vocation. On the birth of Erasmus, who was the second child whom Margaret had born to him, Gerard left home and travelled to Rome, where he earned a livelihood by copying manuscripts. While in Rome the tidings reached him that Margaret was dead. Overwhelmed with grief and remorse, at an event which he regarded as a punishment for his sins, he resolved to take the step which had formerly been so distasteful to him. He returned to Holland an ordained priest, but found the mother of his children alive and well, his father having purposely deceived him by a false report. Gerard and Margaret proved faithful and affectionate parents to their two sons. Erasmus was sent to school, first in Tergouw, afterwards in Utrecht, where he filled a place in the Cathedral choir, and lastly in Deventer, where he attended a celebrated school, belonging to the "Brothers of the Common Life." There he made rapid progress, and was regarded as an infant prodigy by his teachers. But while he and his brother Peter were still quite young, his

parents died, first the mother and afterwards the father, and the boys were left alone in the world. Their father had left a little property, which he committed, along with the care of his sons, to three guardians. One of the guardians, a schoolmaster of the name of Winckel, was of opinion that the guardians could best discharge their duty to the boys by placing them in a monastery, and the other guardians did not oppose him. But they met with unexpected opposition from the younger boy, who loved the bright world, and steadfastly refused to enter the school, which was designed to prepare him for the monastery; and he persuaded his elder brother to join with him in the opposition. For a time threats and blandishments alike failed; but at length, wearied out by the persecutions of their guardians, the boys reluctantly yielded. They entered the Augustinian House of Steyn, and in due time took the irrevocable vow by which the world was renounced.

Erasmus entered the monastery in a very different spirit from Luther. But in one respect the result was the same. His residence in the Augustinian monastery made him a life-long enemy of monks and of monastic religion. The bright, clever youth despised the monks among whom he had to live. They were superstitious, and observed carefully all the prayers and fasts, but they were also drunken and dissolute, and Erasmus was far too quick-witted to feel any respect for such a piety. They, on the other hand, looked with suspicion upon the young monk who was so devoted to Latin books and secular studies, and considered him almost a pagan. Finding himself in an atmosphere so unc congenial, Erasmus gave himself to study. He read much and wrote much, both in prose and verse, and laid the foundations

of that wonderful Latin style which was to render him the literary dictator of Europe. But he appears to have received no wholesome religious impressions in the monastery, but rather a contempt for all religious profession, which he never altogether lost.

He was especially impressed by the effect of the monastic life upon the character, even of those monks against whom no special vices could be alleged. They were without that charity which always appeared to him as the true test of a Christian character—more morose and malignant than the dwellers in the outside world. In one of the most famous of his works, "The Praise of Folly," he draws a picture of the appearance of the monks before Christ at the Day of Judgment. They come before the Judge, bearing with them evidences of their monastic austerities, and of their careful observance of all ceremonies. But the Judge says to them, "What new Jews are these? I left you one law, but you seem to have forgotten it. I promised the inheritance of My Father's kingdom, not to hoods, prayers, or fasts, but to the works of charity."

## II.

### OUTSIDE THE MONASTERY.

Erasmus remained in the monastery until he was twenty-four years of age. At the close of that time a door of escape was opened to him, of which he gladly availed himself. The Bishop of Cambray intended to pay a visit to Rome, and desired a scholar to act as his secretary. The Prior of the convent recommended Erasmus, and he took service under the Bishop. The Bishop did not go to Rome as he had proposed, nor did he pay with regularity his pension which he had promised; and Erasmus left Cambray and went to Paris. He spent some years there, studying at the University, while he supported himself by taking pupils. The early years of a friendless scholar are usually full of hardships and privations; but privation was an experience

almost unknown to Erasmus. Outward circumstances were against him, and it seemed unlikely that a low-born Dutch monk would ever find his way into the learned and courtly circles in which he desired to move. But the low-born monk was gifted with powers which enabled him to overcome all his disadvantages. He was able to fascinate every one whom he cared to gain, by means of his wise and witty talk. Among his pupils at Paris were two young Englishmen, Lord Mountjoy and Thomas Grey, the son of the Marquis of Dorset. These young men became much attached to him, and he appears to have been one of the most charming of tutors. He has left an account of the golden days which he spent with his pupils on the banks of the Seine, while he entertained them with stories from the classics, and endeavoured to inspire them with his own love for letters. Erasmus was not slow to avail himself of the kindly regard in which he was held by his friends and pupils. Lord Mountjoy conferred a pension upon him, and it was the first of the many pensions which he enjoyed. Bishops, kings, and emperors, and a multitude of private friends from time to time contributed to his support. The gifts came in the forms of pensions, or presents of money, of valuable rings, or silver plate, and Erasmus was never unwilling to receive them. He is not to be blamed; for in those days a scholar could not live except by the bounty of the great. But it is impossible to acquit Erasmus of a certain meanness of character. Not that he was a miser. He was always ready to help a scholar poorer than himself, but no one can read his letters without feeling that he was greedy for money, and unscrupulous in the use of flattery when he thought that it would open the purse-strings of his wealthy patrons.

## III.

### ERASMUS IN ENGLAND.

After spending some years in Paris, Erasmus went with Lord Mountjoy to

England. He paid a visit to Oxford, where he made the acquaintance of Thomas More, the future Lord Chancellor of England. More and Erasmus were kindred spirits, and they at once became friends. At Oxford, Erasmus met also with John Colet, who was afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, and the founder of St. Paul's School. Colet was a man of gentle manners, and of most pure life, whose goodness impressed all who came within the sphere of his influence. Erasmus, who was always ready to reverence genuine goodness, conceived a great affection for Colet, which was warmly returned by the Oxford scholar. Colet was the advocate and representative in Oxford of Scriptural divinity, as opposed to the divinity of the schools, and was delivering a course of lectures on the Epistles of St. Paul. It is probable that his intercourse with Colet in Oxford deepened the interest of Erasmus in Scripture, and showed him that the study of divinity did not necessarily mean a discussion of those barren and unprofitable questions from which he had hitherto turned away with disgust. Colet formed such a high estimate of the gifts and learning of Erasmus that he endeavoured to persuade him to remain in Oxford, and to give a course of lectures on the Old Testament, such as he himself was giving on the New Testament. Erasmus liked Oxford and England, and found great pleasure in the society of the learned men in Oxford, but he would not part with his liberty. He excused himself by saying that he was not yet sufficiently learned to take upon himself the office of a public teacher. Throughout life Erasmus retained a warm regard for Colet. He wrote a letter after Colet's death to Dr. Jonas of Wittenberg, in which he paid a graceful tribute to the memory of his Oxford friend. He described him as one of the best Christians he had ever known. Only one other man he said deserved to be placed beside Colet, Jehan Vitrier of St. Omer. Compared with Vitrier and Colet all other

Christians whom he had known appeared imperfect. "If you take my word for it, Jonas," he wrote, "you will not hesitate to enrol these two in the Calendar of Saints, though no Pope should ever canonize them." Colet was probably the first scholar whom Erasmus had met who was devoted alike to letters and to divinity. He was a student of the English poets, and was accustomed to say that the true way to learn to write, was not to study the rules of grammarians, but to read the best writers. From Oxford Erasmus went to London, and he became as great a favourite in the courtly circles of the metropolis as he had been in the academic society of Oxford. He wrote to a friend that he had learned to ride and to hunt, and to make as good a bow as any courtier, and all, he adds, "in spite of nature." The natural disadvantages of Erasmus were not so great as he would have his friends to believe. He was always a man of very interesting appearance, with a countenance full of acuteness and intelligence, and in his youth he was handsome. His hair was fair; and he spoke very beautifully, pronouncing the words with great accuracy.

#### IV.

##### ERASMUS WRITES ON PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Early in the year 1500 Erasmus left England, in which he had spent a year and a half, and returned to Paris. He remained there for about six years, spending much time in the study of Greek, which was the new learning which all liberal-minded scholars were then intent upon acquiring. He paid occasional visits to the Low Countries, and sojourned on several occasions in the castle of Torenghens, the residence of the Marchioness of Vere. Erasmus received much kindness and many gifts from this lady, and met agreeable society in her castle. During one of his visits to Torenghens Erasmus met with a military officer, with whom he became intimate. The officer was a man of intelligence, but notorious for his dis-



solute life. His wife, who was a woman of deep piety, observing the influence which the witty scholar had obtained over her husband, begged Erasmus to commit some religious counsels to writing for the use of her husband. Erasmus complied with her request, and the counsels, originally written at her request, were the basis of the *Enchiridion Militis Christiani*, or "Handbook of the Christian Soldier." This book gives us a welcome glimpse of the religious views of Erasmus, of which, until this time, we know very little. The "Handbook" shows that although Erasmus had turned away from monastic piety he had found in the New Testament another religion, at once holy and practical. He represents Christian life as a warfare, in which the Christian soldier wars against the flesh and the devil under his Captain Christ. It is a warfare in which no one can afford to be careless, but in which none need despair of victory. In the description of the armour of the Christian he shows that he had completely rid himself of all Roman superstition, and had already reached the Protestant conception of religion. He dwells on the necessity and the benefits of prayer, but cautions against vain repetitions, and defines the essence of prayer as the earnest desire of the soul. He dwells much upon the importance of the Scriptures for Christian life. They are the living waters which, when they overflow the soul, make it blossom in moral fruitfulness; but in order to derive benefit from them they must ever be approached in a spirit of reverence and humility. While Erasmus speaks with the greatest reverence of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, he points out that it will avail nothing, if the partaker does not become a true partaker of the Spirit of Christ. "You may communicate often," he writes, "but if you live only for yourself, and have no feeling for another's afflictions, your receiving the Sacrament is but a carnal act. But if you become what that holy rite signifies--one spirit and one body

with Christ--then you are a living member of His Church." Of pilgrimages, the worship of relics and of images, Erasmus speaks with disapproval. Instead of worshipping the bones of St. Paul it would be better, he says, if men would gaze at the soul of St. Paul as it looks forth at them from his Epistles; and Christ's image in the Gospels is more beautiful and worthy of reverence than any image of Him which the hand of man ever fashioned.

One of the most striking chapters in the book is that entitled "Christ the Pattern," in which he shows that we must not make great men, or even high ecclesiastics, our patterns, nor do things because they have done them, for Christ alone ought to be the standard by which we form our moral estimates of men and practices. To look, he says, at the examples given even in the professing Christian world is only misleading, for, from what there is to be seen, we should judge that Christ came in vain, or that Christianity is different from that which it appears to be in the pages of the New Testament. The strong feeling which Erasmus always had in regard to the careful moral training of the young appears in the Manual. Let parents, he says, who are Christians, not utter words before their children which give the lie to their faith. Let not the Christian mother indulge in unreasonable grief after bereavement, and let the father beware of praising before his children the man who has made a fortune by doubtful means.

Some of the friends of Erasmus were rather surprised when they read the grave and earnest counsels to practical religion of the witty scholar. One of his friends frankly told him that he found more sanctity in the book than he had ever found in the author. Erasmus, who records the remark, says it hurt him a little, for he was conscious that his example did not always correspond with his precepts; but he adds, there is some goodness in wishing to be pious. During his life, and quite as much since

his death, Erasmus has got less credit for personal piety than is his due. His constant flow of merry wit, his frankness about himself, and his ready avowal of motives, not always the highest, and his reluctance to make a high profession, often concealed from men the under-current of genuine piety, and the desire to make men better, which were the true inspiration of his labours, and which were not without their influence upon his lighter words, in which those who looked no deeper than the surface could see nothing but jests. He was one of those men who seemed to take as much pains to make himself seem worse than he was, as most men take to make themselves appear better.

## V.

## JOURNEYS TO ROME AND ENGLAND.

Erasmus seldom remained for long in one place. His journeys were often occasioned by his desire for knowledge, for in those days it was more needful for the scholar to travel than at present; but often we can assign no reason for them but love of change. He paid several visits to England, besides the visit to which we have alluded. In the year 1507 he paid a visit to Italy, which he had long wished to see. It was the chief seat of the learning of the world at this period, and Erasmus was anxious to converse with the great scholars of whom he had heard so much. He crossed the Alps along with the two sons of Baptista Boier, the chief physician to King Henry VII. He had unpleasant experiences by the way. The attendant of the young men, whose name was Clysto, had a quarrel with the courier of the King of England, who had been sent with the party as their protector. They drew swords upon one another; and although the quarrel was made up, Erasmus lost confidence in them, and this made the rest of the journey unpleasant to him. He consoled himself by writing a poem on the evils of old age, which he wrote on the saddle, and copied out at the inns where he stopped for the

night. He was not an old man; indeed, he was only forty, but his hair was white, and he suffered so much from bad health, that he regarded himself already on the brink of the grave. He remained some time in Turin, and the University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. From Turin he went to Bologna, but he found the famous city of learning agitated by the fear of an ecclesiastical interdict and of siege. Julius II., who was more of a soldier than of an ecclesiastic, had demanded that the leaders of the party opposed to him should be expelled from the city; and a French army lay at Modena waiting the word of the Pope to advance against the city, which had incurred the displeasure of his Holiness. Erasmus left Bologna in haste, for he hated war, and he feared danger. He retired to Florence. He returned, however, to Bologna, when he learned that the danger was over, the Pope's enemies having been expelled. He witnessed the reception of the Pope in Bologna, who made a progress through the streets with all the pride and splendour of an old Roman conqueror, and then celebrated mass in the Cathedral of San Petronio. Erasmus, who had always a quick sense for the contrasts between profession and practice, was disgusted with this exhibition of pagan pride on the part of the Vicar of Christ. He met, however, scholars in Bologna, in whom he found congenial spirits. One of these was a Professor of Greek, Paul Bombasius, with whom he contracted a life-long friendship. From Bologna he went to Venice, where he was received with open arms by the famous printer Aldus. Erasmus lived in the house of Aldus, and he occupied the same room with Jerome Aleander, who is known in history as one of the opponents of Luther. Erasmus and Aleander became great friends; although they afterwards became enemies, which was not an uncommon occurrence in these stormy times. From Venice Erasmus removed to Padua. He went there at the invitation of Alexander, the

young Bishop of St. Andrews and the son of James IV. of Scotland. This promising young man desired to have the assistance of Erasmus in his studies. Erasmus taught him Greek and Latin composition. The tutor and his royal pupil spent many happy days together. Alexander was devoted to study, and was a devout and gentle youth. Had he lived he might have done much for learning and religion in Scotland, but his early death at the battle of Flodden, by the side of his father, disappointed the hopes that had been entertained of his future usefulness. In the year 1509 Erasmus went to Rome, where he was received with much consideration. He was introduced to the Cardinal de' Medici, who afterwards became Pope Leo X. Another Cardinal, Dominio Grimani, conceived a great liking for him, and urged him to remain in Rome, where he was sure to prosper. But Erasmus, fortunately for himself and for the Reformation, did not take up his abode in a city where he would probably have lost all his German earnestness, and too easily have acquired the scepticism and the levity of an Italian scholar. From Italy he went to England, where we find him in the family circle of his friend Sir Thomas More. When living with More he composed, for a jest, what has been truly called "one of the most famous satires of the world." The *Encomium Morie*, or "Praise of Folly," was written in a single week, and was suggested by More's name; but it embodied the varied experience he had gained during his travels, and it shows with what keen eyes he had watched the game of human life in the cities which he had visited. The speaker in the "Praise of Folly" is Folly herself, who celebrates her own praises, and proves that she is the true mistress of the world. The soldier obeys her, and the more a man is a fool the better a soldier does he make. The huntsman obeys her, for, although a knight and noble, he spends whole days in performing the work of a butcher. Indeed, she claims that all classes of men, merchants,

poets, scholars, monks, and theologians, are her humble and obedient servants. She describes the absurd questions on which theologians spend their time; and the inconsistency of the monks with their vows and their professions. Even the highest ecclesiastics were not spared; and Erasmus evidently remembered his Roman experiences, when he wrote that if the representatives of Christ had any wisdom, they would imitate His poverty, toil, and teaching, but that, as Folly says, would be very unpleasant; and she boasts that they leave all these things to Peter and Paul, and spend their days in pleasure, or in turning the world upside down by their ambition and their wars.

A man is sometimes allowed to speak truths in a jesting fashion which he dare not utter without peril in grave seriousness. Erasmus knew this well, and he never desired to be a martyr, as he said himself, and this was one reason why so many of his essays to reform men reached them in the form of merry jests. The "Praise of Folly" was well received, even by those who were most severely handled. Kings and bishops read it with delight, and Leo X. read it through from beginning to end.

## VI.

### THE PUBLICATION OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT.

As Erasmus advanced in years his studies became graver, and the works which he published, if not so amusing, were more valuable contributions to Christian literature. On one of his many journeys he paid a visit to Basle, and made the acquaintance of Froben, the famous printer, and from that time Froben became a kindly task-master, who was always urging him to write for his press. Erasmus had published in the year 1500 a book called the "Adages," in which a number of proverbs were collected from ancient authors. This book was reprinted several times, generally with additional matter, and in its

final form it was an immense collection of the wise and witty sayings of antiquity, with many remarks by Erasmus himself, in which he applied the witty wisdom of antiquity to his own day. It was, at the time, a very useful work, and one for which Erasmus was well fitted. The men of the sixteenth century were eager for the wisdom of the ancients, for they had little else in the shape of literature. But most of the Italian scholars who had gone to antiquity for their inspiration, had cared little to bring out the useful lessons which the ancient writers are fitted to teach, and had often dwelt with most satisfaction upon that which is least worthy of praise. Erasmus went to the authors of antiquity in the spirit of a Christian scholar, and his work, which had an immense circulation, did much to popularise the stores of wit and wisdom which were buried in the classics of Greece and Rome. Another great work which Erasmus undertook, and which was published by Froben, was an edition of the works of Saint Jerome. This enterprise cost him great labour, as it was no light task to restore the text of so voluminous an author. But Jerome was a writer with whom he had much in common, and Erasmus may well have felt that in giving Jerome to the world he was giving almost his own thoughts in language not very unlike what he himself would have employed; for Jerome had the same enthusiasm for scholarship, the same sarcastic tongue which made Erasmus so feared by ignorant men, and Jerome, like himself, had to fight a battle with the dulness and jealousy of those who feared the light.

The edition of Jerome was followed by a much more important work—the most important, indeed, of the sixteenth century. On the 1st of March, 1516, there was issued from Froben's press in Basle the first printed edition of the Greek Testament, of which Erasmus was the editor. For centuries the only Bible of the Church had been the Latin Vulgate, and most men had forgotten that the New Testament Scriptures were

originally written in Greek. When the revival of Letters came beautiful editions of the Greek classics were printed at Italian printing presses, but no one thought of reprinting the Greek New Testament. "The truth is," to quote the words of Mr. Drummond, in his excellent '*Life of Erasmus*,' "that those who were interested in religion cared very little for learning, while most of those who were interested in learning cared not at all for religion. The monks did not wish for the Greek Testament, because they could not have read it, and if they could, would not have trusted it against the Latin; and the learned men, of Italy in particular, where the greatest number of books were printed, did not wish for it, because they were not Christians. Erasmus, however, differed both from the monks and from the learned men. He cared for literature, and for religion too; and for him was reserved the honour of being the first to give to the world an edition of the New Testament in Greek."

Although the honour belongs to a German land of having issued the first printed copy of the Greek Testament, it very nearly fell to a country which has done little for the promotion of Christian learning. At the time the edition of Erasmus was published, the New Testament had been already printed as part of the splendid Complutensian Polyglott, which was in preparation under the patronage of the learned and pious Cardinal Ximenes. It is not altogether to the credit of Erasmus and Froben that they completed their edition with undue haste, and at the expense of blunders that might have been avoided, in order to anticipate the Spanish edition. The edition of Erasmus contained the whole of the New Testament in Greek, a Latin translation corrected by him, and a large number of notes from his pen. Erasmus used, in preparing his first edition, five manuscripts. He was aware that the most ancient manuscripts are usually to be more trusted than those of later date, but it was impossible for

him to apply this principle with much success owing to the poverty of the material to which he had access. A few sentences extracted from the Preface to the third edition will show the spirit in which Erasmus commended the Scriptures to men. He writes: "The words spoken by our Lord and Teacher, Jesus Christ, in the Gospel of Saint Matthew, every one ought to regard as spoken to himself: *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* The Saviour of All does not repel from Him any condition of men, He invites all to His rest, for there are none in this world who do not labour under some kind of trouble. He promises a glorious thing, and makes no mention of any price, but only says, *Come.* Why, then, delay to go to Him, Who for our sakes has come to us? But some may say, how shall we go to Him? We are upon earth, but He sitteth high in the Heavens. We must, therefore, begin our course thither if we would reach Christ. But we have not to go forth to unknown regions to seek Him. The Word of God is with you, in your mouth, and in your hearts. The Kingdom of God is within you. The Pharisees and the Herodians of old time approached to Christ, but the evil men departed from Him rather than came to Him. No one comes to Christ in true fashion, unless he comes with sincere faith, and unless he has a soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Let us come to Him as we ought, and there is no danger that we shall be turned away; for He is present to His own now, and more efficaciously than He was present to the Jews who saw His form. He has left to us His most pure mind in the Evangelical and Apostolical writings. These you can approach as often as you wish, with these you can surround yourselves. We have the fountains of the Saviour, and what can we drink from such fountains save salvation? The Evangelical and Apostolical writings do not require for their understanding the aid of thorny sophists, of pertinacious reasoners, or of adroit philosophers. All

that is wanted is a mind elevated in Christ, and humble with regard to itself." The book was hailed with great satisfaction by all lovers of learning in Europe, and passed into several editions, which appeared with many corrections and improvements, but it excited the wrath of the monks and of all who were opposed to progress and enlightenment. These men affirmed that the Vulgate, the old Bible of the Church, was sufficient for all Christians, and that the publication of the Greek Testament could do nothing but mischief, and would unsettle the faith of many. The notes of Erasmus were very clever, and full of plain speaking, and he lost no opportunity of contrasting New Testament Christianity with the Christianity of prelates and monks. A number of attacks on the work were published, in which Erasmus was charged with favouring Arianism, Pelagianism, and other heresies. One of the most bitter and unscrupulous of his opponents was an Englishman, named Edward Lee. This "British Viper," as Erasmus termed him, attacked the New Testament of Erasmus with great asperity. He especially blamed Erasmus for the omission of 1 John v. 7, the passage which contains the reference to the three heavenly witnesses. Lee saw in this omission a plain proof of the Arianism of the editor, and he invoked the Shepherd of the Church to awake and execute vengeance upon the daring heretic. Erasmus replied in a sarcastic vein. He had not inserted the passage of the heavenly witnesses, he said, because he had found it in no Greek manuscript; but he promised to insert it in subsequent editions, could it be shown that it existed in a single Greek manuscript. Lee produced a manuscript in which the disputed text stood; and although there is some reason to suspect that it was a forgery, executed under the direction of Lee, Erasmus accepted it, and inserted the spurious words in his third edition. But, however opponents might cavil, and although his work was not perfect,

Erasmus had performed an inestimable service to the Christian Church by the publication of the Greek Testament. Henceforth men were no longer dependent upon a New Testament which had Papal sanction, and which might, therefore, be judged as inferior in authority to the Pope, but they possessed a New Testament older than popes and prelates and councils, and which reproduced the very words of the first Apostles to which all Churchmen had ever professed to be subject.

By his Paraphrase on the New Testament, Erasmus made another important contribution to Biblical science. He began with the Epistles of St. Paul, and even scholars acknowledged the great help that his clear paraphrase gave to the understanding of the argument of the Apostle. He was urged by friends to do the same for the Gospels. His good sense told him that the story of the Gospels required no paraphrase, and that to paraphrase them would be like lighting a candle at noon-day. But at length he acceded to the entreaties of his friends, and paraphrased the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. The work became very popular, and did much to enlighten men's minds regarding the true meaning of Scripture, and to prepare the way for the Reformation. In later times it became so popular in England, that an English translation was placed in every church beside the Bible. A part of the work was dedicated to the Emperor Charles V. Erasmus writes in this dedication that he is aware that some would consider it strange to dedicate such a work to a secular Prince, and not to a Bishop or Abbot; but the Gospel concerns all, and a Prince, who is a Defender of the Faith, ought to know what he has to defend. The Gospels were written for all, and ought to be read by all. He adds, that he offers him a better and nobler gift than those who make him presents of rare gems, horses, and dogs for the hunt. "May it be granted to you, Most August Cæsar, to wish and to strive

after those things which are best. May you be able to advance and to protect your mighty empire without shedding human blood, as you have acquired it without bloodshed. May your Majesty always remember that no war, however just the causes for which it is undertaken, can be carried on with such moderation that it shall not bring in its train a whole host of villainies and of misfortunes; and that the evils of war fall, for the most part, upon the innocent." Another portion of the work was dedicated to his friend the Roman Cardinal Grimani, and to him he speaks with the same freedom as to Charles V. He addresses Rome, and calls upon her to feel prouder of her Apostolic Faith than of her remains of ancient superstition, or even ancient literature. "Acknowledged," he continues, "O Roman, what Paul has bestowed upon you, that you may understand what glories are yours to protect. Give heed to his admonitions, that you may know what you ought to avoid. He preaches a faith which has never been so incorrupt. He preaches that obedience which can transform superstition into religion. He summons men from luxury to sobriety, from lusts to chastity, from discord to concord, and from wars to peace. His is the true Roman disposition, from which it is a shame to degenerate. But take heed lest your Rome degenerate into Babylon." Although the Paraphrase of Erasmus and all his writings on the New Testament have great merits, he was not without his faults as an interpreter of Scripture. His mind, acute and rapid in its movements, quickly caught the meaning of passages, and he expressed it with rare perspicuity. But with all its acuteness his mind was somewhat shallow; and he was apt to turn away from the deeper things in Scripture; and to imagine that it was hardly worth the pains to attempt to unravel mysteries either of thought or of deep feeling. He was accustomed to say that what is above us is not for us; and he said that the difficulty of the

Epistle to the Romans almost exceeded its utility.

While he was preparing these works Erasmus resided much at Louvain, which was the seat of a famous university. His labours had gained him the esteem of all the learned men in Europe, and princes and high-placed ecclesiastics did him honour. Henry VIII. and Wolsey invited him to settle in England, and promised him a splendid residence and a liberal pension. Francis I. invited him to Paris; and the young Emperor Charles V. conferred a pension upon him, and offered him a bishopric in Sicily. But Erasmus knew himself and the Church too well to desire ecclesiastical promotion; and he was content to remain in Louvain, where he was allowed to pursue his studies in peace. A curious request or command also reached him, which he must have received with considerable amusement. His brethren in the Augustinian Convent of Steyn had watched the growth of his fame with less pride than jealousy; and on one occasion he received a letter from the Prior, who rebuked him for his way of living, and especially for having left off wearing the dress of the Order, and urged him to return to the quiet monastic retreat in which he would live with less peril to his soul than in the wicked world, of which he appeared so fond. Erasmus replied that he had not been living in a manner to bring discredit upon his Order. He had lived among good and learned men, by whose conversation he had derived much improvement, and he had given himself to the study of letters, by which he had been saved from many vices. His recollections of the convent, he adds, were not of a character to lead him to desire to return among his brethren. He remembered silly talk in which there was nothing of the spirit of Christianity, boisterous drinking-bouts, and a round of lifeless ceremonies. Another reason which he gives for declining to return, was the state of his health, which would not allow him to live in the unhealthy convent.

## VII.

## ERASMUS AND LUTHER.

In the year 1517 Luther began the great conflict with Rome, which led to the German Reformation, by placing his propositions on Indulgences on the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg. The gaze of Christendom was at once directed to the bold monk, and men began to take sides as friends or enemies of the reforming movement. Erasmus watched the conflict from his retreat in Louvain; but he found it more difficult than most men to decide under which banner he should range himself. He approved of many of Luther's aims, and had been protesting all his life against the very evils which Luther denounced. Like Luther, he expected a reform of the Church to proceed from a return to the doctrine and practice of the New Testament. But he was essentially a man of compromise, and he was too timid and irresolute to join in an act of defiance to the Church. Moreover, he disliked controversy, at all events boisterous controversy, and he felt no sympathy with Luther's vehemence. On the other hand, it was impossible for him to join the party opposed to Luther; for he recognised in their outcry the same bigotry and self-interested motives which had opposed his own efforts to reform the Church, and to disseminate Christian knowledge. Indeed, his old enemies recognised so great similarity between the writings of Luther and his own, that they circulated the rumour that he was the secret ringleader of the movement, and that Luther was but the vulgar spokesman of a more subtle spirit. Luther had not much personal sympathy with Erasmus, but it was important to secure the adhesion of his great name to the party of Reform. He wrote an unusually politic letter to Erasmus, in which he thanked him for the great benefits he had derived from his writings, and expressed a hope that they might become better acquainted. Erasmus wrote a very friendly letter in reply.

He made it clear that he knew that Luther's enemies were his own enemies—the ignorant monks and the proud divines of the Universities, who feared to see light spreading among the people. He recognised in Luther and in his followers true preachers of Christianity. But he warned Luther against the use of intemperate language, which, he said, would only damage the cause which they both had at heart. He counselled him with great wisdom to avoid all anger, hatred, and vain-glory, as such feelings were opposed to the spirit of true religion. Erasmus also wrote a letter to Albert, the Archbishop of Mainz, in which he pleaded the cause of Luther with signal courage and generosity. He was careful, it is true, to say that he had nothing to do with the movement, and that he had not even read Luther's books; but of Luther's adversaries he speaks with open scorn. They were trembling, he said, for their money-boxes, and for their reputation; and Luther was not to blame for the conflagration which had set the Church on fire, so much as those who had so corrupted the Church, that it was impossible to be any longer silent. If Luther had written sometimes intemperately, he was at all events a true friend of the Gospel of Christ, and as such ought to be regarded as a friend by the Roman Pontiff. All true theologians, he continued, should endeavour to convert a brother, whom they consider to be in error, and not to clamour for his blood, as if they were butchers. Erasmus wrote in a similar strain, but with more caution, to Pope Leo X. He assured Leo that he had not read Luther's books, and that he was no friend of his bad qualities, but only of those qualities in him which were deserving of esteem. "I have favoured his good," he writes, "not his bad qualities, or, as I should rather say, I have favoured Christ's glory in him!" He informs Leo that he had admonished Luther to observe Christian meekness, and not to disturb the peace of the Church; but he expresses his disapproval

of the manner in which Luther had been assailed. It would have been better to have refuted him by argument. It had been suggested by Luther's enemies that Erasmus himself should answer Luther. This honour he declined. He was occupied with other studies, he was not a controversial divine, and unwilling, he sarcastically remarked, to rob the Universities of the honour of refuting the arch-heretic.

The controversy between Germany and Rome had, however, reached a point at which no reconciliation was possible, and when the most skilful mediation was vain. And Erasmus could but watch with disappointment and uneasiness the progress of the great schism. When the Bull against Luther was published he feared the worst. For Luther he cared not much, but for the cause which Luther represented he cared a great deal, and he feared that if the antagonists of Luther triumphed they would extinguish both the Gospel and learning. "I am grieved," he exclaimed, "to see the Gospel doctrine oppressed."

### VIII.

#### ERASMUS SETTLES IN BASLE.

One effect of the ecclesiastical controversy was to strengthen the defenders of the "old ignorance" in Louvain. Moderate men, who had been friendly to Erasmus, became alienated from him, and, finding his position in the University city uncomfortable, he migrated to Basle in the year 1521. The presence in Basle of his friend Froben, who had the best printing press north of the Alps, led him to fix upon Basle as a residence. In Basle he devoted himself to writing, and endeavoured to shut his ears as far as he could to the discordant voices of controversy. Erasmus wrote in the same wise and witty strain as formerly. He did not advance with the Reformers, but he did not withdraw from any of his old positions, nor was he less severe upon the faults of the Church.

He wrote in Basle one of the most



famous of his books, "The Familiar Colloquies," in which he held up to ridicule the follies of the age, and endeavoured to teach wisdom in a pleasant fashion. It was dedicated by Erasmus to one of the youthful sons of Froben, and was specially intended for young people, and it was long used as a class-book in schools in most countries of Europe. It is one of the most interesting of the works of Erasmus, and shows his fine observation of life, and some dramatic power. The views propounded on certain ethical and social questions are more enlightened than can be found in any writer of the sixteenth century. One of the Colloquies is entitled, "The Abbot and the Learned Lady." An Abbot visits a lady, whom he finds surrounded with Latin books. He reproves her, and says that he does not encourage even his monks to read books, as he finds that reading has a tendency to render them less obedient to his rule. He adds that he does not read himself, for his time is fully occupied with prayers, hunting, the cares of house-keeping, and attendance at Court. The lady defends her studies, and says that the Latin books which the Abbot condemns, furnish her with wisdom for the management of her household, and for the education of her children. She quotes the names of ladies in former times who had been both pious and learned, and concludes by saying that if unlearned Churchmen do not take care, they will soon see ladies presiding in schools of divinity, preaching in the churches, and wearing mitres! Another Dialogue is named "The Parliament of Women," and it gives a humorous and sarcastic account of an attempt made by women to secure for themselves legislative rights. A number of women who have met together begin to talk of the disabilities under which their sex labours. Men have daily meetings for transacting their affairs, but women have to sit all day long by their spinning-wheels, and have no opportunities of discussing and determining those questions which concern their own sex.

They resolve to form a female Parliament in which all such questions shall be discussed, and suitable laws enacted. Having themselves long suffered under disabilities, they begin, as is the custom with such persons, by imposing disabilities on others. They exclude from the Parliament all unmarried women, and all women who have been more than thrice married. Even after the Parliament is formed there is some delay in getting to business, owing to the difficulty of obtaining silence. At length chairwomen are appointed, and a rule is made that no one shall speak until asked to speak by the chairwoman. If this rule is transgressed, the offender is to be expelled. It is also resolved that the proceedings of the Parliament shall be kept secret from the outside public. If any member discloses them, she shall incur the penalty of three days' silence. The first business taken up by the new Parliament is the all-important subject of female dress. Many complaints are addressed to the House that servants dress as well as their mistresses, and that it is no longer possible to recognise a lady by her attire as in the good old times. This subject occupies the whole time of the Parliament during its first sitting; but hopes are expressed that the House will be able afterwards to take up other business. One speaker predicts that the day will come when women will possess greater influence, not in their own families alone, but in public affairs, and that they will be allowed a share in the administration of public offices. The speaker appeared to have great faith in the power of Talk. "Let us deliberate," she says. "We will sit *de die in diem* till we have concluded the session." More serious and laborious works than the 'Colloquies' issued from Froben's press with the name of Erasmus on the title-page. He edited a series of splendid editions of the Christian Fathers, Basil, Augustine, Chrysostom, etc. On these works he bestowed much labour, for he was desirous to place the writings of the great teachers of the Christian Church

in the hands of scholars. They seemed to him to be, after the writers of the New Testament, the best teachers of faith and morals; and he was not sorry to be able to show that there existed differences of opinion even among the early Fathers, and thus to silence the dogmatism of the theologians of Rome.

It was of course impossible for one who had such a high position as Erasmus to remain quite apart from the controversies of the outside world. Leo X. was succeeded by Adrian VI., a learned and decorous ecclesiastic. Erasmus corresponded with him, and gave him excellent advice; but declined to accede to his request that he should write against Luther. On the death of Adrian Clement VII. ascended the Papal throne. When Erasmus heard of his election he wrote that if the new Pope showed himself zealous for the honour of Christ, he would have his support. Strange words from one who professed to regard the Pope as the Vice-Regent of Christ; but Erasmus always tempered his theoretical views with much common-sense and shrewd observation. The relations of Erasmus with the Reformed Party did not improve as time went on. The leaders, especially Melancthon, always treated him with the respect due to his immense services to the cause of Christian letters, but their followers were less forbearing towards the wise, irresolute, and to them, unintelligible old man, who was neither a good Romanist nor a good Protestant. The irritation their attacks caused him, led him at length to take up his pen against Luther, which he had so often refused to do. He did not attack his person or the general principles of his teaching, but merely his views on free-will, which certainly contained a good deal that must have appeared very questionable to a thinker like Erasmus. The controversy was conducted with considerable moderation on both sides, but the difference between the men became very manifest when Erasmus, on the one

hand, said that Luther ought to have concealed his views on the subject of free-will even if he thought them true, because they were so very dangerous; and Luther replied that he would speak the truth, even if he knew that it would fill the world with conflict, and bring chaos back again.

Erasmus had a troublesome controversy with Bedda, a theologian of the Sorbonne, at whose instigation some of his works were condemned by the Faculty of Theology in Paris. Erasmus did not, when in controversy, observe the Christian meekness which he was so fond of recommending to Luther. He seemed to forget that biting sarcasm is quite as unpleasant reading to an antagonist as boisterous denunciations. Erasmus was assailed in Italy and in Spain as well as in France. Albertus Pius, Prince of Capri, a personage of influence at the Roman Court, wrote against him with great bitterness. In Spain the Dominicans and Franciscans raised a tumult against him, and made a great outcry against his writings. One result of their hostility, was that the *Enchiridion* was translated into Spanish, and was circulated by thousands among the Spanish people. The monks collected a number of articles from the writings of Erasmus, and laid them before the Archbishop of Seville, the Arch-Inquisitor. But the Archbishop was an enlightened and learned man, and seems to have been ashamed of the ignorance displayed by the monks in their attacks. After listening to their accusations, he found a pretext for dismissing the assembly. Erasmus was by no means intimidated by the threats of the monks, and by the terrible name of the Spanish Inquisition. He told the monks that they were more ignorant than school boys, and that for the future he would neither read nor refute their trash. He was a decrepid old man, they said; but he assured them that he hoped, with the help of God, to live many years yet, and to show himself, as formerly, the foe of ignorance and superstition. He speaks with pardonable pride of his own services

to Christian Letters, which were likely to be remembered when the calumnies of his ignorant detractors were forgotten. Erasmus, no doubt, spoke with more freedom, writing from the banks of the Rhine, than he would have ventured upon, had he been writing in Spain, under the shadow of the Inquisition. But his fame was so great, and he stood so high in the favour of eminent personages, that it is not likely that even the Spanish Inquisition would have ventured to burn Erasmus.

## IX.

### DECLINING YEARS AND DEATH.

The declining years of Erasmus were not unhappy, although he felt his position of alienation, and suffered much from a cruel disease, to which he had been subject most of his life. His religious faith was very genuine if not very profound, and he had a wonderful elasticity of spirit which enabled him to triumph over pain and trouble. His love for his work never cooled, and he was able to labour on to the end. His life in Basle was one of great comfort, and he was surrounded by a circle of friends by whom he was held in much affection. He spent most of his leisure in the garden of his friend Froben. Froben was an enthusiastic lover of literature, whose delight it was to publish worthy books. He refused to publish the controversial tracts of the time, by which other publishers made great profits, and he devoted his press to the production of works of abiding value. Froben died in 1527, and Erasmus wrote to a friend that his death was a greater sorrow to him than the death of his own brother had been; but the business was continued by Froben's sons, with whom Erasmus lived on terms of closest friendship.

Erasmus was at length driven from Basle by the progress of reform. The Reformed Party made such progress under the guidance of *Eccolampadius* that the Swiss doctrine of the Sacrament

was accepted by the Civic Council, the mass forcibly abolished, all images of saints removed from the churches, and the frescoes covered with whitewash. Erasmus left Basle to show his disapproval of this violence, and removed to Friburg, where he bought a house. But even when showing his disapproval of the conduct of the Reformers in so marked a manner, expressions escaped him which proved that he was more in sympathy with them than he himself was aware. He joked about the patience with which the saints submitted to the indignities put upon their images, and compared it with the prompt manner in which they had punished such indignities in former days. He was not even certain that the Swiss were not right in their opinion about the Sacrament. He considered, he said, that there were many strong arguments in its favour, and he would not have been averse to it had not the consent of the Church been on the other side. But he abhorred violence, and was unable to bear such a complete breach with the past, and with the Church in whose communion he had lived all his days. He did not remain very long in Friburg, but returned to Basle, intending to go and settle in Brabant; but when in Basle he became very ill. When lying on his death-bed tidings reached him of the death of his English friends, Fisher and More. Most of his early friends were now dead, and he expressed a hope that God would soon take him to Himself, for he desired to live no longer. He expired on the 12th of July, 1536.

He had amassed considerable wealth by his writings and pensions. He left legacies to friends, but directed that the bulk of his fortune should be used for the relief of the aged poor, in marrying poor girls, and educating young men of promise.

## X.

### CHARACTER.

Erasmus was hardly judged by many of his contemporaries, and he has often

got scant justice from posterity. Neither Protestants nor Catholics have had much praise to bestow on one who was not a good partisan of either side. He has had the misfortune of being often compared with Luther and the other great Reformers, beside whom his character appears unheroic and his zeal lukewarm. But Erasmus ought rather to be compared with the scholars of the Renaissance, and in their company he appears a veritable saint. That he had grave faults of character it is impossible to deny. Some of these faults were singularly out of place in one who was a Christian teacher. He was fonder of money and of worldly honours than became a servant of Christ; and he was always somewhat too solicitous about his own ease and comfort, and complained of personal discomfort in a very unheroic fashion. He has often been called a coward; and we can hardly blame those who attributed to fear his vacillation during the Reformation controversy. But it was probably due less to timidity than to a certain latent scepticism which often comes out in his writings. He had not the assured convictions, the undoubting faith in the doctrines of the Reformation which enabled Luther and his fellow-labourers to defy the anger of kings, and the more awful terrors of the Church. It has been truly said that the Reformation would never have been brought about by Erasmus; the voice of a Prophet was needed, and not that of a critic, however keen and trenchant, to shake the vast fabric of medieval superstition. But when Erasmus spoke of matters regarding which he felt certainty, he showed no want of courage. In matters of scholarship he was fearless; and he was always a brave champion of the principles of Christian morality. He spoke of dishonesty in business, of the oppression of the poor, with whom he felt deep sympathy, and of the evils of war, in terms which often anticipated the most advanced views of modern philanthropists.

If Erasmus was not a great Reformer, he, more than any man of his century, prepared the way for the Reformation. He had a passion for light and knowledge; and unlike many scholars, he was not content to enjoy them himself, but sought to diffuse them among the people. Luther was not more anxious than he to place the Scriptures in the hands of all men. His passion for the spread of Scripture knowledge, and of pure literature, made him one of the benefactors of his century, and Luther and the other Reformers could never have accomplished their work had not the winged words of Erasmus first gone into every corner of Europe, bringing superstition and vice into discredit, and awakening admiration for noble thoughts and pure life.

If Erasmus cannot be pronounced free from the taint of meanness, and of what other men could hardly be blamed for regarding as cowardice, he had many personal virtues. He was a kind and generous friend; and he won the affectionate esteem of all who lived in familiar intercourse with him. He was eminently a lover of good men. He bestowed no grudging praise on those who spent their lives in useful work or holy services.

It is better to dwell upon what a man has done rather than upon what he has left undone. But many who have written upon Erasmus have forgotten this rule, and have never ceased to blame him for his uncertain views, and for his refusal to advance with the party of Reform. But such criticism shows a misunderstanding of his character. He was unfitted by natural character as well as by his want of deep spiritual experience, to explore to profounder depths of Christian doctrine; and even if he had been willing to face the task, he could not have founded a new Church on the ruins of the superstitions which he did so much to destroy.

JOHN GIBB.

HUGH LATIMER,  
THE APOSTLE OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.



# HUGH LATIMER,

## THE APOSTLE OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

### I.

#### BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE. 1485-1510.

HUGH LATIMER was born at Thurecaston, a little village at the foot of the Charnwood hills, a few miles from the town of Leicester. "My father," he told King Edward VI., when preaching before him in 1549, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own: only he had a farm of three or four pounds by year; and thereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty-nine. He was able, and did find the King a harness, with himself and his horse . . . . He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds or twenty nobles apiece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor."

"Wise Solon," says Thomas Fuller, "would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry a 'fortunate condition,' living in the temperate zone betwixt greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England." Certain it is, that for centuries this class have best represented the sturdy independence and general character of the nation. In after days, too, Latimer delighted to claim for men of his condition a still higher praise. "By yeoman's sons," he told King Edward VI., "the faith of Christ is, and hath been maintained chiefly. Is this realm taught by rich men's sons? No, no. Read the chronicles: ye shall find sometimes noblemen's sons which have been unpreaching bishops and prelates, but ye shall find none of them learned men."

The good yeoman had a large family:

six daughters and some boys, who all died in infancy. Hugh was the sole surviving son, and probably the youngest. There is some uncertainty as to the year of his birth, but assuming 1484 or 1485 to be the most likely date, little Hugh came into the world about the close of the brief reign of Richard III.

Latimer seems to have been a sickly child, but gave early promise of mental ability. "Even at the age of four, or thereabout," says old Foxe, "he had such a ready, prompt, and sharp wit, that his parents purposed to train him up in erudition and knowledge of good literature." Accordingly he was kept to school, instead of early following his father to the fields. One part of his son's education, indeed, the good man himself undertook. "My poor father," says he, "was as diligent to teach me to shoot as to learn me any other thing; and so I think other men did their children. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to draw with strength of arms as other nations do, but with strength of the body. I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger: for men shall never shoot well except they be brought up in it; it is a goodly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic."

One incident only of his early years is recorded, and that by himself.<sup>1</sup> His father was hastily summoned by King Henry VII. to aid in putting down the rebellion of the Cornish men, in 1497, and "I can remember," says he, "that I buckled his harness when he went unto Blackheath Field." This battle took place June 22nd of that year, when

<sup>1</sup> Rev. R. Deman's (p. 8) admirable biography of Latimer.

the boy was about twelve or thirteen. The insurgents were defeated, and the sturdy yeoman in due time returned to his family, doubtless with many a tale of adventures in the field, to beguile the long winter evenings by his own fireside.

At the common schools of his county little Hugh made such good progress, that, at the age of fourteen, his father resolved to send him to the University. Accordingly, somewhere about the year 1506, he was removed from home, and became a Cambridge student. No record of his undergraduate days has come down to us, except that, in 1510, he was elected to a Fellowship in Clare Hall, at an unusually early period, before he had taken his B.A. degree—a sufficient testimony to his learning and ability. He proceeded in due course to the higher degree of M.A. in 1514, became what was styled a Regent in the University, taking some share in the education of the students, and after “some continuance of exercises in other things,” made choice of the clerical profession, and the study of Divinity, and was ordained at Lincoln. In 1522 his ability as a preacher seems already to have been recognised, for we find him appointed by the University one of the twelve Cambridge preachers licensed to officiate in any part of England; and, in 1524, at the ripe age of forty years, he proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

## II.

### LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE AND CONVERSION.

1510–1529.

During the eighteen years of Latimer's University life, two great changes were at work in the world and the Church: the revival of learning and the Reformation of religion. The scholars of the day were devoting themselves to the study of the great classical writers of Greece and Rome, long neglected and forgotten; while among men of more earnest and spiritual natures there was increasing a deep and heartfelt longing for truth and reality in religion, and a

thirst for the knowledge of Christ and His pure Gospel. Both these new movements of mind were felt in the English Universities, and to Cambridge especially, Erasmus, the great Greek scholar, by his residence there, had imparted an impulse alike in favour of classical learning and of Scriptural study. His famous edition of the New Testament in Greek, with its Latin translation and notes, which appeared in 1516, after his departure from England, was hailed with delight by the new generation of scholars and learned men; but to the devout study of it by one solitary member of the University, Thomas Bilney, Fellow of Trinity Hall, the origin of the Reformation movement in Cambridge may be traced. “At the first reading,” says he, “as I well remember, I chanced upon this sentence of St. Paul: ‘It is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be embraced, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am the chief and principal.’<sup>1</sup> This one sentence, through God's instruction and inward working, which I did not then perceive, did so exhilarate my heart, being before wounded with the guilt of my sins, and almost in despair, that immediately I felt a marvellous comfort and quietness, insomuch that my bruised bones leaped for joy.”

It was a repetition of the experience of Luther, in his monk's cell at Erfurt—and Bilney, having found peace and comfort to himself, desired to draw to the same knowledge of God in Christ Jesus all who came nigh him. Gradually the leaven of his teaching began to work. A society of Scripture students was formed in Cambridge, of which Bilney was the centre, and when Luther's books began to be known and circulated in England, copies were eagerly read by this little band. One of Bilney's disciples, George Stafford, being made Reader in Divinity, introduced a startling innovation. Discarding the old scholastic text-books, he not only read Lectures from St. Augustine, but ex-

<sup>1</sup> 1 Timothy i. 15.



pounded Holy Scripture itself, both Old Testament and New, in the original languages, to crowds of listening students!

The advocates of the old system of things—and they were not a few in Cambridge—alarmed and scandalized by these heretical novelties, at once set themselves in opposition to them. Among the most zealous and able of the alarmists was Hugh Latimer. "All the days of his University life he had bestowed his time in the labyrinth study of the School Doctors, such as Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas, and Hugo de St. Victor," etc., and, as he afterwards confessed, "I was as obstinate a Papist as any was in England." For his gravity of life and undoubted orthodoxy he had been chosen University Cross-bearer, and no priest more scrupulously and conscientiously observed all the regulations of the missal, or conformed more devoutly to the rites of his Church, than he. Stafford's lectures stirred him to the utmost indignation. "Standing in the schools when Master Stafford read," says Foxe, "he bade the scholars not to hear him; and, also, preaching against him, exhorted the people not to believe him." Not content with this, on occasion of receiving the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, his whole oration before the University "went against Philip Melancthon" and the newly received Lutheran opinions. "But," says the old chronicler, "such was the goodness and merciful purpose of God, that when Latimer thought by that his oration to have utterly defaced the professors of the Gospel and true Church of Christ, he was himself, by a member of the same, prettily, yet godly, caught in the blessed net of God's Word. For Master Thomas Bilney, seeing Master Latimer to have a zeal in his ways, although without knowledge, was stricken with a brotherly pity, and bethought by what means he might best win this his zealous yet ignorant brother to the true knowledge of Christ." The expedient he adopted may be best

described in Latimer's own words: "Pre-tending as though he would be taught by me, he sought ways and means to teach me. He came to me in my study, and desired me for God's sake to hear his confession. I did so, and to say the truth, by his confession I learned more than before in many years. So from that time forward I began to *smell the Word of God* and forsook the School Doctors and such fooleries."

Whatever Latimer did, he did heartily. Slow and even timid in embracing a new opinion, his mind once made up, he never hesitated to act, and to act decidedly. When convinced of his former errors he went again to the Divinity School, and there, before the students, humbly begged pardon of Mr. Stafford, the lecturer, for "his former fierce and causeless fury against him." He openly joined the little despised band of whom Bilney was the leader, and soon became his ardent friend and helper in all his labours of piety and charity. Together they visited the sick and the lepers—and the prisoners in Cambridge jail, "exhorting them," he says, "as well as we were able to do: moving them to patience and to acknowledge their faults." And so well known was the friendship of these once widely separated opponents in the University, that their place of meeting, nigh to Cambridge, was known long after as "the Heretics' Walk."

"After this his winning to Christ," says Foxe, "he was not satisfied with his own conversion only; but, like a true disciple of the blessed Samaritan, pitied the misery of others, and therefore he became both a public preacher and also a private instructor to the rest of his brethren within the University by the space of two years, spending his time partly in the Latin tongue amongst the learned, and partly amongst the simple people in his natural and vulgar language."

We must not, however, suppose that at this period Latimer's opinions were as Scriptural and Protestant as they



afterwards became. Bilney and his friends were not separatists from the National Church, had no new creed, no new form of worship. Latimer was still as before a priest of Rome. On two points, however, he saw clearly and spake out boldly. (1.) That Christ's atonement for sin, being all-sufficient, penances, invocations of saints, and man's merits, must not be suffered to take the place of it. (2.) That the current ideas of holiness were thoroughly unscriptural and unsound, and that "voluntary works," "creeping to the Cross on Good Friday," decorating images, and offering candles at shrines, pilgrimages, ceremonies, Pope's indulgences, oblations, and monkish vows and devotions, were no substitutes whatsoever for doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God.

His fame was soon very great in Cambridge as a preacher. He was ardent, energetic, eloquent—above all, downright and plain spoken,—from the first "a seditious fellow," as a noble lord called him in later life—highly troublesome to evil-doers and unjust persons in authority, specially to such as made a trade of godliness. We have the testimony of a young student of St. John's College, Thomas Becon, an eager listener to Latimer's University Sermons, as to the effects they produced in those days: "Oh! how vehement was he in rebuking all sins, idolatry, false and idle swearing, covetousness! How was he wont to rebuke the beneficed men for neglecting and not teaching their flock, and for being absent from their cures! How free was his speech against buying and selling of benefices, against promoting unlearned, ignorant men to livings; against Popish pardons, and reposing our hope in our own works or other men's merits! None except the stiff-necked and uncircumcised ever went away from his preaching without being affected with high detestation against sin, and moved to all godliness and virtue."

In his "audacious simplicity" he

addressed himself always to his individual hearers, giving his words a personal application, and often pointedly addressing men by name. As might be expected, he soon raised up a host of furious enemies. "Swarms of friars and doctors flocked against Master Latimer on every side. Openly in their unsavoury sermons, they resisted his godly purpose," and loud complaints were made against him of heretical doctrine to his Diocesan, Dr. West, the Bishop of Ely. That prelate, curious to hear the truth, determined with himself to come to the church, "withouten any intelligence to be given to Latimer;" and so it came to pass, that on a time he "came secretly and suddenly from Ely" and entered into the University Church, "accompanied with certain men of worship, Latimer being then well entered "into his sermon." Latimer, surprised, but not disconcerted, calmly waited till the Bishop and his train were seated, then resumed his discourse, but adroitly changed the subject. "A new auditory," he said, "being of more honourable rank, requireth a new theme." Then taking for his text the words, "Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come,"<sup>1</sup> etc., he drew from them the picture of an ideal bishop, as a bishop ought to be, the features of which, though he did not say so, were strikingly unlike those of his hearer. The Bishop, "never a whit amended by the sermon," spoke civilly to Latimer, but ever after bare a secret grudge against him. He soon forbade his preaching in the University pulpit, and not long after complained to Cardinal Wolsey (then in the height of his power) against him, as one "infected with the new fantastical doctrine of Luther, and doing much harm among the youth and other light heads of the University by it."

Wolsey summoned Latimer before him, but with his keen shrewd sense quickly perceived him to be very different from "the light-headed fellow without learn-

<sup>1</sup> Hebrews ix. 11.

ing" whom his enemies had depicted. After some talk, he enquired what it was that he had preached before the Bishop to have given such offence; and Latimer, "plainly and simply (committing his cause unto Almighty God) declared to the Cardinal the whole effect of the sermon which the Bishop of Ely had heard." Wolsey, "nothing at all misliking the doctrine of the Word of God thus preached," said unto him: "Did you not preach any other doctrine than you have rehearsed?" "No, surely," said Latimer. Then said the Cardinal: "If the Bishop of Ely cannot abide such doctrine, as you have here repeated, you shall have my license and preach it to his beard, let him say what he will." Thus fortified, Latimer went on his way, careless of the University authorities, and the next holiday after entered into the pulpit and showed his license to preach throughout England, contrary to all men's expectation.

On the disgrace of Wolsey, however, not long after, Latimer would certainly have been silenced; and had he fallen into the hands of the King's new Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, that heretic-hunter would have beyond question antedated his martyrdom by at least a quarter of a century. But at this time the Providence of God raised him up unexpected friends in higher quarters.

### III.

LATIMER, COURT CHAPLAIN TO HENRY VIII.  
1530-1531.

Amongst the controversies every day waxing louder and fiercer in the Universities and the whole realm, there rose up one which, for a time, absorbed every other, and divided all England into two hostile camps, *the question of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of King Henry VIII.'s divorce from Catharine of Aragon*. We need not enter into the complications, beside the main question, with which men's religious and political views entangled this subject. Suffice it to say, that just at this particular time, the con-

troversy had come to turn on this one point: If the marriage with a brother's widow be forbidden in Holy Scripture, has, or has not, the Pope, notwithstanding, authority to permit it? The English Reformers answered at once: "The Pope cannot allow what the Word of God forbids. The King's marriage, therefore, with his brother Arthur's widow, having been contracted contrary to the Divine Law, though allowed by Papal dispensation, is *ipso facto* null and void.

In 1530, by the advice of Dr. Cranmer, this marriage question was referred for decision, not to the Court of Rome, but to the Universities of Christendom, and amongst others to Cambridge. Twenty-seven delegates, of whom Latimer was one, were chosen to discuss the matter, and on February 15th it was argued before the Commissioners. Sir William Butts, the King's physician, who was present, struck by Latimer's courage and ability, highly commended him to the King on his return. Henry, of whom it was said that he never was mistaken in a man—loving "a man," when he could find him, with all his heart—invited Latimer to preach before him at Windsor on the second Sunday in Lent, March 13, 1530. His sermon was "greatly praised," and, as Latimer himself tells us, "after it was done His Majesty did most familiarly talk with me in a gallery." He was shortly after put on the Royal Commission of twelve learned men of Cambridge, for examining printed books, and a little later made one of the Royal Chaplains.

Latimer now left Cambridge, and removed to Windsor, but only to treat his Royal patron as freely as he had treated the Cambridge friars and doctors—not with an absence of respect, for he was most respectful, but with that highest respect which dares to speak unwelcome truth, when the truth seems to be forgotten. "You that be of the Court, and especially ye sworn Chaplains," he said long afterwards, "beware of a lesson that a great man taught me at my first coming to Court. He told me for good

will; he thought it well. He said to me, 'You must beware, howsoever ye do, that ye contrary not the King; let him have his sayings; follow him; go with him.' Marry! out upon such counsel! Shall I say as he says? *Say your conscience, or else what a worm shall ye feel gnawing!* What a remorse of conscience shall ye have when ye remember how ye have slacked your duty! Yet a prince must be turned not violently, he must be won by a little and a little. He must have his duty told him, but with humbleness, with request of pardon, or else it were a dangerous thing."

As an example of Latimer's own practice in this particular, the noble and dignified letter of remonstrance still remains, which he felt it his duty to write to King Henry on the Proclamation, December 1530, against the having and reading of the English New Testament. An address, says an eminent writer, "of almost unexampled grandeur," showing how a poor clergyman, for conscience sake, could brave the wrath of that king which his highest counsellors never dared to stir up by ill-timed faithfulness. Our space prevents more than one quotation of a single paragraph: "And take heed whose counsels your Grace doth take in this matter, that you may do that which God commandeth, and not that which seemeth good in your own sight without the Word of God: that your Grace may be found acceptable in His sight, and one of the members of His Church, and according to the office that He hath called your Grace unto, you may be found a faithful minister of His gifts, and not a Defender of His Faith: for He will not have it defended by man or man's power, but by His Word only, by the which He hath evermore defended it, and that by a way far above man's power or reason."

But though assured of the favour and respect of his Sovereign, the atmosphere of a Court soon became wearisome to a man like Latimer, and on the King offering him, in the year 1531, the benefice of West Kington, near Chippenham, and

some fourteen miles from Bristol, he gladly accepted it, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of his Court friends, "he would needs depart and be resident at the same."

## IV.

LATIMER, A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.  
1531-1535.

Whether or no Latimer came down to his little country cure looking for rest and retirement, he certainly did not find these blessings at West Kington. He continued there four years, and they were years of constant work, exciting controversy and personal danger. The ordinary pastoral work of a country parish he found to demand much time and pains; and he often wondered, when so "much was to be done in a small cure," how men could "go quietly to bed who had great cures and many, and yet peradventure were in none of them at all." The gross ignorance and superstition of the West Country folk deeply moved him. "I dwell within half a mile of the Foss Way," he writes, "and you would wonder to see how they come by flocks out of the West Country to many images, but chiefly to the blood of Hales. And they believe verily that it is the very blood that was in Christ's body, shed upon Mount Calvary for our salvation, and that the sight of it with their bodily eye doth put them out of doubt that they be in clean life and in state of salvation, without spot of sin, which doth bolden them to many things. You would wonder if you should commune with them, both coming and going, what faiths they have; for as for forgiving their enemies and reconciling their Christian brethren, they cannot away withal, for the sight of that blood doth requite them for the time."

It was not in Latimer's nature to keep silence under such circumstances. Accordingly we find that in public preaching and teaching he was instant in season and out of season, both within his parish and without. Having a special license from the University to preach in any

diocese, with the King's express sanction, he freely availed himself of it. Though in feeble health, troubled with "head-ache, pleurisy, colic, and stone," he struggled on manfully, journeying and preaching wherever opportunity offered. There are traces of his labours in Marshfield, Derham, and the city of Bristol. In the London Diocese also, and even so far away as Kent, we are told of his preaching, "at the instant request of certain curates." But the more he did, the more angry the idle superstitious clergy round West Kington became, and the whole time he was among them he was subject to their petty worrying attacks and attempts to stop him from doing good. But it was in London, and subsequently in Bristol, that he had to encounter his bitterest foes and his greatest dangers.

Stokesley, Bishop of London, a zealous Papist, of whom even Bonner complained as "a vexer and troubler of poor men," had long wished to get Latimer into his clutches, and at last succeeded. For a sermon preached in St. Mary Abchurch, City, "at the request of a Company of merchants," he was summoned from West Kington in January 1532, and compelled to appear before the Bishop, who, with other prelates, examined him at various times, offering for his signature Articles on the points wherein his orthodoxy was suspected. On his refusal to sign, he was brought before Convocation, pronounced contumacious, excommunicated, and imprisoned under charge of Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Clergy felt that he was the most dangerous opponent they had in the kingdom, and sought in every way to entangle him into compromising confessions, which might lead him at last to the stake. But the protecting care of God seems to have been always round him, and he was as keen and shrewd, as he was brave and faithful. His enemies were marvellously restrained from carrying their malice to extremities, and he baffled his inquisitors with their own weapons. At the last moment Latimer appealed to the King.

"Ye would have raked me in the coals," he afterwards told the Convocation, "because I would not subscribe to certain Articles *that took away the supremacy of the King.*" To the *theological* propositions submitted to him, Latimer told the Archbishop he was ready to subscribe, as lawful in themselves; but scrupled to do so, lest he should seem to sanction the abuses which had arisen from them. Henry heard his appeal, recommended him to submit generally to Convocation, and to promise to be more careful in his preaching. He also intimated to Convocation that it was his pleasure that the matter should proceed no further. Latimer obeyed, and Convocation obeyed. He subscribed the obnoxious Articles, made his submission, was absolved from excommunication, and went back to his country parish after a detention of many months, "a brand" literally "snatched from the burning."

Latimer's troubles in Bristol happened later, and though not exposing him to such imminent danger as in London, made considerable stir at the time, and threatened to jeopardize the peace of the city. In March 1533 he was invited to preach by several of the parish clergy. The effect of these sermons was such that all Bristol was in an uproar. Latimer had as usual attacked the popular abuses of the Church's doctrines which tended to superstition and immorality, and as usual was denounced by such as had a vested interest in those abuses as a heretic and almost an atheist. An inhibition was secretly procured by certain of the clergy against any preacher without the Bishop's license, to hinder his ministry, and "not content therewith," he says, "they procured certain preachers to blatter against me." These perverted Latimer's words in the grossest manner, and preached up "purgatory, pilgrimages, saint-worship, and image-worship, the deadness of faith without works, and the sinlessness of the Mother of our Lord," with much heat and violence. But not content with abusing Latimer, their zeal for the Pope urged them upon

the dangerous ground of politics, and they assailed the King's supremacy in such wise that the loyal citizens of Bristol took great displeasure thereat. Disturbances arose, which attracted the attention of Government. A Commission was sent down to Bristol to investigate, and several of the most disloyal of the offenders were committed to prison. Latimer was permitted to answer for himself, and was not only vindicated, but received the new Primate's license to preach anywhere in the province of Canterbury. Thus his adversaries were ashamed and confounded.

Meanwhile events of the gravest importance for England had been taking place; Queen Catharine's divorce; Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn; Cranmer's elevation to the See of Canterbury, and Thomas Cromwell's to the office of Secretary of State—and the final rupture between the Crown and the Popedom. The "old order" rapidly passing was giving place to the "new"; and the men of the "new learning" were coming to the front, occupying spheres of wider activity and responsibility. Chief among these was Latimer. He was called from his retirement, and associated with Cranmer and Cromwell in the work of the Reformation. We find him on the Commission appointed to detect the imposture of the Nun of Kent; nominated preacher before the King on the Wednesdays in Lent for 1534; invested with authority by the Primate to administer the Royal Injunctions on the supremacy to all licensed preachers within the Province of Canterbury; and finally consecrated Lord Bishop of Worcester, September 26, 1535, at the ripe age of fifty-one.

#### V.

LATIMER, BISHOP OF WORCESTER.  
1535–1539.

Never did diocese more urgently need the watchful care of an able, zealous, and godly bishop than the Diocese of Worcester. Of great extent, including the counties of Worcester, Warwick,

Gloucester, and the city of Bristol, it was the most neglected See in England, even in those days of negligence. For the past forty years it had been held by a succession of Italian bishops, all non-resident, and its administration committed to men who were either greedy to make the most of its secular revenues, or blind persecuting advocates of the ancient superstitions. No See abounded more in monks and monasteries, and the ignorance of the clergy was deplorable, well nigh incredible. When Bishop Hooper,<sup>1</sup> in 1551, examined the dean, prebendaries, vicars, and curates of Gloucestershire, he found that out of 311 clergy, 168 were unable to repeat the Ten Commandments; thirty-one of the 168 could not state in what part of Scripture they were to be found; forty could not tell where the Lord's Prayer was written; and thirty-one of the forty were ignorant who was the Author of it. Such an Augean stable needed the arm of a Hercules to sweep and purify it, and what one brave and able man could do in such times, doubtless, Latimer did. Foxe speaks highly of "his pains, study, readiness, and continual carefulness in teaching, preaching, exhorting, visiting, correcting, and reforming either as his ability could serve, or else the time would bear;" but Latimer held his office only four years, and in so brief a period vital and permanent changes could hardly be looked for. We catch glimpses, however, in his published correspondence and contemporary records, which show him to have been wholly unspoiled by promotion to honour, and the same man as ever, "always faithful, always simple-minded, always about his Father's business, always labouring to do good to souls."

Notwithstanding the large revenue of his See, he appropriated nothing to his own benefit, and at the time he relinquished his office, he was probably nearly penniless, if not actually in debt. He kept open house and an hospitable

<sup>1</sup> Bp. Hooper's "Visitation Book" Works (Park Soc.) Vol. II. p. 150.

table; but rather for the poor than the rich. "I am more inclined," he writes, "to feed many plainly and necessarily than a few deliciously and voluptuously. As for plate and hangings, they have not cost me *twenty shillings*. In plate my New Year's gifts doth my need with glass and byrral; and I delight more to feed hungry bellies than to clothe dead walls."

In 1537 we find him on Visitation, and seeking to remedy the evils brought to light in the diocese. Clergy without Bibles—not even the New Testament in English; preaching set aside on any pretext or none; communicants unable to repeat the Lord's Prayer in the vulgar tongue; children untaught in the elements of the Christian faith; parish priests non-resident, or leading scandalous lives; squires and landlords persecuting the few clergy brave enough to do their duty, and only too ready to defame and defy their new Bishop; friars turned out of monasteries transformed into "sturdy beggars or lubberly loiterers," or fomenters of rebellion and high treason! Here was work enough for strength and patience. Latimer's injunctions go to the root of all these evils. Feeling the great need of England to be the Word of God, his constant care was that this Word should be known, read, and preached throughout his diocese.

During his short episcopate he had the satisfaction of seeing the Bible printed in English, and allowed by Royal License "to be sold or read of every person without danger of any act, proclamation, or ordinance heretofore granted to the contrary." He also witnessed some of the more intolerable abuses and impostures detected, exposed, and swept away for ever. Famous images and relics, by which a crafty priesthood had deceived the ignorant and credulous people, he himself was a main instrument in holding up to scorn and devoting to destruction. The "holy rood of Bexley," "the sweet rood of

Ramsbury," the famous "Sibyl," a very sacred image of the Virgin in Worcester Cathedral, "her old sister of Walsingham, her young sister of Ipswich, with their other sisters of Doncaster and Penrise, and the great Welsh idol 'Dderfel Gadern,' and others beside," met with ignominious ends; and the "great abomination of the blood of Hales," an object of adoration of so many deluded country folk, was "bolted and sifted" by the Bishop himself, and proved to be "a few drops of yellowish gum-like birdlime," probably "melted honey, coloured with saffron." Such an exposure of imposture and of ignorant fetish worship had never before been made in England, and much of it was due to the zeal and activity of the Bishop of Worcester.

But Latimer not only attacked evil, but fostered and established the good. He succeeded in dividing his work, by obtaining the aid of a suffragan Bishop of Bristol; he invited able preachers to visit "the blind corners" of his diocese; he had a hand in the composition, with other prelates, of a work calculated to advance the Reformation a step farther among the people, 'The Institution of a Christian Man;' and above all, he preached himself constantly and indefatigably. A tradition still lingers, in the neighbourhood of the Episcopal Palace at Hartlebury, of his custom of preaching near a ford by the river, where many used to come and go; and the spot is still pointed out where, in "an hermitage in a rock by the Severn, able to lodge five hundred men," the good Bishop used to gather his congregations to listen to the Word of God. But his labours were not confined to the Diocese of Worcester; his influence was felt throughout the kingdom, and specially by his preaching in the Court, before the clergy in Convocation, and in the London churches to the citizens, the truths of the Gospel, as understood by him at the time. His mind was not too far in advance of his age, but just enough to secure the sympathy and at-

Latimer to Lord Cromwell Works (Parker Soc.) Vol. II. p. 412.

tention of his countrymen; while the outspoken practical tone of his discourses was best of all adapted to the national character. His name was in every one's mouth, and his doctrines everywhere the theme of discussion.

His boldness in rebuking even the King's Majesty himself during these years for conscience sake, is shown in a well-known anecdote. At the time of Henry's neglect of Queen Anne Boleyn, and his undisguised preference for Jane Seymour, the bishops brought, according to custom, their New Year's gifts to Court. "Some," says the old chronicler, "did gratify the King with gold, some with silver, some with a purse full of money, some one thing, some another. But Master Latimer, being Bishop of Worcester, then among the rest, presented a New Testament for his gift, with a napkin having this motto upon it, "*Fornicatores et Adulteres judicabit Dominus*"—"Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

The many various and burdensome toils of his high office began to tell upon his health, which was never strong, and might have shortened his days, had not the Providence of God withdrawn him for a time into retirement. In 1539, his episcopate suddenly came to a close. King Henry, in one of the reactionary states of mind common with him in his later years, put forth the celebrated "Act for abolishing diversity of opinions," better known now as "The Act of the Six Articles," enforcing, under cruel penalties, (1) Transubstantiation and the Real Presence; (2) Communion in one kind only; (3) Clerical celibacy; (4) Vows of chastity; (5) Private masses; (6) Auricular confession. Latimer and others strenuously withstood both King and Parliament during the debates upon this Act, but in vain. Three days afterwards he and Bishop Shaxton of Salisbury resigned their Sees, to the great displeasure of the King. Foxe tells us that "at the time Latimer put off his rochet in his chamber among his friends, he gave a skip on the floor for joy, feeling his shoulder so light, and being dis-

charged, as he said, of such a heavy burden. Howbeit, neither was he so lightened but that troubles and labours followed him." His first trouble was his committal to the custody of Sampson, Bishop of Chichester, in whose house he was detained for some time a prisoner.

## VI.

LATIMER'S TIME OF OBSCURITY. 1539-1547.

Of the next seven years of Latimer's life we have very little account. From vague hints here and there among the State Papers, we may gather that he was from time to time in great danger, being "molested and troubled of the Popish Bishops," and it is certain that he was a prisoner in the Tower when King Henry died and Edward VI. succeeded to the crown. After a detention of nearly a twelvemonth in the Bishop of Chichester's house, he seems to have been released in the year 1540, but "forbidden to preach, or to come within five miles of his old diocese, or of the two Universities, or of the City of London." Thus reduced to silence and obscurity, we may conjecture that he spent his time in visiting among his friends in various parts of the country. Report says that for a time he was entertained in the hospitable mansion of the Dowager Lady Latimer—better known afterwards as Queen Catharine Parr; and Thomas Becon, who was in hiding about 1545, mentions having met Latimer in Warwickshire with other godly learned men, and "methought," says he, "when in their company, I was clean delivered from Egypt, and quietly placed in the New Jerusalem." Probably about this period the accident happened to him mentioned by Foxe, when "he was sore bruised—nay, almost slain, by the fall of a tree," and incurred great danger by coming up to London for medical advice. After the excitements of the years before, this season of quietness and comparative rest would doubtless be of use to him for study, reflection, and prayer. His servant tells us it was his habit to be

"ordinarily every morning, both summer and winter, about two of the clock in the morning, most diligently at his book;" and when he again appeared in public as the famous preacher of the reign of Edward VI., we may discern, in his greater purity of doctrine and depth of spiritual experience, the rich harvest of those silent years of rest and leisure.

What caused his committal to the Tower in 1546 was the support he gave to Dr. Crome, who boldly attacked purgatory in the spring of that year, in the Mercer's Chapel, London. He was brought before the Council May 31, and though he appealed to, and was probably heard before King Henry, his appeal was of no avail. He was pronounced intractable, and remanded as a prisoner. In the Tower he remained till the death of Henry, within a twelve-month after. Thus closes all we know of Latimer during those dark and troublous days. On the day of the coronation of the boy-king, Edward VI., the prison doors were opened; he was at once released, and treated with every mark of respect.

## VII.

LATIMER UNDER KING EDWARD VI.  
1547-1553.

The accession of the youthful Edward brought days of hope and promise to the friends of the Truth in England. Hitherto the Reformation had struggled on painfully, sometimes almost hopelessly, against the overwhelming ignorance and superstition of the country. But the strong hand that had so long kept back the Reformers was at last cold in death, and the work of English Protestantism rapidly advanced. The young King was wholly on their side. "Brought up with noble counsellors," says Latimer, "and excellent and well-learned school-masters, was there ever king so noble, so godly? I will tell you this, and I speak it even as I think, His Majesty hath more godly wit and understanding, more

learning and knowledge at his age, than twenty of his progenitors that I could name, had at any time of their life."

On Latimer's release from prison, his former bishopric was offered him; but he was now "above threescore and seven years of age, and a sore-bruised man," and he felt himself too weak for a burden that had well-nigh crushed him in by-gone years, and he refused to accept it. Moreover, he wisely considered wherein his true strength lay. God had specially gifted him for a preacher of the Gospel, and as a preacher henceforth he laboured.

"For nearly eight years silent," says Froude, "he now entered upon the fiery course, which earned him the name of the 'Apostle of England.' He preached in the Court, in the city, and in the country, and his sermons shook the whole land." Wherever he went crowded audiences hung upon his lips. "The character of the man," says the Roman Catholic Dr. Lingard, "the boldness of his invectives, his quaint but animated eloquence, were observed to make a deep impression on the minds of his hearers." When he preached before the King it was found necessary to set up a pulpit in the Royal gardens, in order to admit of space for the multitude that thronged to hear him; and on one occasion when he preached at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the crowd was so great that the pews were broken in pieces. During the former part of Edward the Sixth's reign he resided chiefly in London, under the hospitable roof of his old friend Archbishop Cranmer, and few figures were more familiar or more welcome to the Londoners than that of the stout-hearted old preacher, staff in hand, his Bible in his girdle, "his spectacles hanging by a string at his breast." We are told "that as he passed along the streets, the very boys cheered him as he went, while the citizens struggled for a touch of his gown, and as he approached his pulpit, greeted him with some hearty word of encouragement 'to say on.'" In the latter part of Edward's reign we find him mostly in the Midland counties of



England: Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and specially in Lincolnshire, preaching wherever his services seemed most required. "This, perhaps," says Bishop Ryle, "was the most useful period of his life. No one of the Reformers probably sowed the seeds of sound Protestant doctrine so widely and effectually among the middle and lower classes as Latimer," and no one was so well fitted to do it. Plain, even to bluntness, sprung from the body of the people, sympathising strongly with their wants and their feelings, and boldly uttering their sentiments. A man, too, of large acquaintance with books, with the Bible most of all; with Patristic and School Divinity also, and history, sacred and profane; a shrewd, keen observer of the condition of English men and women of his time in all ranks and classes, from the palace to the prison, with large experience of life and of the world. One of the most fearless men, too, that ever lived; like John Knox (whom he much resembled), ever speaking out frankly as he thought, in whatever presence, whether of poor or rich, priests or laymen, bishops or kings; *directly*, if necessary, to particular persons whom he saw before him, respecting their own deeds. Stern in denouncing wrong, grim and unsparing enough, and yet not sour—on the contrary. Just as with Knox, "with the grimmest and sternest truth you find a beautiful sense of humour in him, and sometimes a great deal of laughter. Some of the sunniest glimpses of things come out of him that you may see in any man."

Some forty or more sermons of his have come down to us; and though it is as difficult to form an idea from these imperfectly reported discourses, what they were when spoken, as it is to gather from an old dried and withered garland, what the flowers must have been in their fresh and fragrant brightness, still the attentive reader will, by degrees, form a tolerable estimate of the power of his words. In doctrine he was thoroughly clear and Scriptural; ruin by the fall, redemption by the precious blood of

Christ, renewal by the Holy Spirit, are constantly set forth. In seeking for fruits, he never forgets the root; but he never neglects to insist on fruit from all who profess to have the root of the matter in them. "It is the duty of a preacher," he says, "to exhort his hearers that they be Christians after such a sort, that, suffering here together with Christ, they may reign with Him in heaven; teaching them that to be otherwise a Christian is to be no Christian at all. If dead faith makes a catholic, the very devils belong to the Catholic Church; for they, according to St. James, 'believe and tremble.'" As a *practical* preacher he has never been surpassed, and his boldness in rebuking the characteristic faults of his hearers few have ever even imitated. Scarcely a sin of the day in any rank of society was unnoticed and unproved by this unsparing man of God. Rapacious nobles, greedy church-despoiling courtiers, bribing judges, non-resident landlords, debasers of the coinage, government officials who delay the payment of their workmen, patrons of livings who put a fool or an idler into a benefice, unpreaching bishops, clergy who neglect the sick and poor, or make a religion of "holy bells and holy water," "crossings and setting up of candles and such fooleries," aldermen keeping up the price of coal, rent-raisers, extortioners and usurers who take forty per cent., rogues who make false returns in taxing papers, graziers who "sell barren cows, by putting another calf with her as if it were her own," corn merchants who keep back corn for high prices, wool sellers who make wool heavier than it really is by deceitful weights, cloth makers who by "flock powder and racking make a piece of seventeen yards an extra yard longer," sly preachers who "sometimes preach a good sermon and then slip in one little piece of Popery like a blanched almond to powder their matter with;" and on the other hand the "carnal gospellers" who bear the name but "grudge the deeds of the true gospeller,"

"card gossellers," "dice gossellers," "pot gossellers," who "do what they can to buckle the Gospel and the world together, to set God and the Devil at one table"—all these hear of their deeds, and are rebuked face to face. Even the women "who rule their husbands" and "apparel themselves gorgeously" in "vardingales" and "roundabouts," and "lay their hair in tussocks, tufts, and curls," to nourish pride, are sharply condemned and bidden to obey their husbands, keep at home, and look to their children. Bishop Ridley might well say of Latimer and such as he: "England! thou didst hear thy faults of all degrees and sorts of men never more plainly told than in King Edward's time!"

That such preaching bare fruit we have abundant witness. The mere fact of large sums of money brought in to the Treasury to make restitution for frauds committed, being of common occurrence, would show the plain words of Latimer had not fallen to the ground; but there can be no doubt that the practical element of the religious character of the English Reformation is, under God, mainly due to the faithful ministry of this true setter forth of God's Word.

And now King Edward, having finished his short but saintly course, his sixteenth year not yet completed, commended his people to God, especially beseeching Him that "He would defend his realm from Papistry;" and then, as he sunk in the arms of Sir Henry Sidney, he exclaimed: "I am faint; Lord, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit," and so departed, July 6, 1553. After a brief struggle, his elder sister, Mary, succeeded to the throne of England.

### VIII.

LATIMER THE MARTYR: UNDER MARY.  
1553-1555.

Latimer was in Warwickshire when the news of the young King's untimely death reached him, but though deeply

grieved, he was not surprised. He had long foreseen some such calamity impending, and so far back as 1549 had uttered this prophetic warning: "Oh, what a plague were it, if a strange king of a strange land should reign over us! Where now we be governed in the true religion, he would extirp and pluck it away altogether, and then plant again all abomination and Popery. God keep such a king from us! . . . To avoid this plague let us amend our lives, and put away pride, covetousness, lechery, and other excessive vices, *provoking God's wrath to take from us our natural king and liege lord—yea, and to plague us with a stranger king for our unrepentant heart!* If then, as ye say, ye love your King, amend, and then ye shall be a mean, that God will lend him to us, long to reign over us. . . . Make haste, make haste, and let us learn to convert, to repent. If not I fear lest for our sins and unthankfulness, a hypocrite shall reign over us, which shall bring in again all Papistry, hypocrisy, and idolatry."

He had been wont to affirm that the preaching of the Gospel would cost him his life, and that Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, would be the means of bringing it about. He quietly waited, therefore, for the summons which he felt sure would not be long delayed, and on September 4, two months after Edward's death, it came. A pursuivant was sent to require him to appear before the Council at Westminster, and he at once obeyed. As he passed through Smithfield, where so many had suffered martyrdom before, he "merrily" remarked that "the place had long groaned for him."

On the 13th September Latimer stood before the Council, where his "demeanour" was what they were pleased to call "seditious." His own account is: "I had nothing but scornful jeers, with commandment to the Tower." To the Tower he was committed accordingly, and there remained a close prisoner all through the autumn and cold winter of

1553, till the spring following. Ridley was already there, and Cranmer was consigned to the same prison the day after Latimer. At first the three distinguished Reformers were kept separate, though permitted to communicate with each other by writing; but after Wyatt's insurrection, the Tower becoming overcrowded with prisoners, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, "as men not to be accounted of," were "put altogether in one prison," and John Bradford, Latimer's convert and Ridley's friend, was soon after added to their company. "God be thanked," says Latimer, "it was to our great joy and comfort." For nearly two months, from the beginning of February to the end of March 1554, they thus continued, and "we did together read," says Latimer, "the New Testament with great deliberation and painful study."

In March 1554, after a six months' imprisonment, Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley were brought down to Oxford, to dispute before the Queen's Commissioners on the following questions:—

1st. Whether the natural body of Christ was really in the Sacrament?

2nd. Whether any other substance did remain after the words of consecration than the body of Christ?

3rd. Whether in the mass there was a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of quick and dead?

The day fixed for the disputation to commence was Monday, April 16. The place chosen the University Church of St. Mary. On that day Cranmer disputed; on the Tuesday, Ridley; on the Wednesday, Latimer was summoned to answer for himself. Upwards of seventy years old, weak with long imprisonment and sickness, he declared he was as "unfit to dispute as to be Captain of Calais," and offered instead a statement of his opinions in writing. This was refused with derision, and from eight till eleven of the clock he was challenged, questioned, contradicted, interrupted, pressed with syllogism on syllogism, in order to his confutation. "Divers had snatches at him, and gave him bitter

taunts, and he did not escape hissings and scornful laughings. He was very faint, and desired that he might not long tarry. He durst not drink for fear of vomiting."

But weak as he was, nothing shook his resolute adherence to the Truth. "The Queen's grace is merciful," said the Prolocutor at last, "*if ye will turn.*" Latimer answered: "You shall have no hope in me to turn. I pray for the Queen daily, even from the bottom of my heart, that *she may turn from this your religion.*"

The three prisoners were formally condemned for heresy, and sent back into separate confinement; but for *eighteen months* longer the execution of Ridley and Latimer was delayed. We catch a glimpse or two of old Latimer and his behaviour during this weary time of expectation, from the words of his faithful servant Bernher: "I did note," he says, "that he most of all did rejoice that *God had given him grace to apply his office of preaching*, and assisted him without fear or flattery to tell unto the wicked their faults. The other thing I did notice was his earnestness and diligence in prayer, wherein so long he continued kneeling that he was not able to rise without help, and amongst other things he prayed for three principal matters. The first that God would help him to stand to his doctrine until his death. *The other thing* was that God would restore the Gospel of Christ unto this realm once again. And these words, 'once again, once again,' he did so inculcate and beat into the ears of the Lord God, as though he had seen God before him, and spake unto Him face to face. The third thing was that God would make the Princess Elizabeth, whom he was wont to mention by name, and even with tears, a comfort to the comfortless realm of England."

At last, at the end of September 1555, the Pope, having issued a commission for a *fresh* trial of the two heretics, three bishops, delegated by Cardinal Pole, came down, either to accept the recantations of Ridley and Latimer, or to confirm the former sentence and deliver them to

death. This latter office they were speedily called on to discharge, for the two prisoners were not men to flinch from the flames. They were condemned, degraded, and on Wednesday, October 16, led forth to die.

It was a sunny autumn morning when Ridley and Latimer reached the place of execution on the north side of Oxford, over against Baliol College. First came Ridley in his black-furred gown and velvet cap, walking between the Mayor and an alderman. After him came Latimer, making what speed he could, "in a poor Bristol frieze gown, all worn, with his buttoned cap and a kerchief on his head all ready to the fire." Below his gown, and reaching down to his feet, the old man wore a long new shroud. Ridley ran to him and embraced him, saying: "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame or else strengthen us to abide it." Then they kneeled down both of them, and prayed very earnestly. After that they arose, and the one talked with the other a little while, till they which were appointed to see the execution removed themselves out of the sun. "But what they two said," adds Foxe, "I can learn of no man."

After listening to a brief and foolish sermon from a Dr. Smith, an apostate from Protestantism, they were commanded to make ready. Ridley gave away his apparel, a new groat, some nutmegs, rases of ginger, his watch, and such things as he had about him, the bystanders but too happy to get "any rag of him." Latimer, who had left it to his keeper to strip him, now stood in his shroud bolt upright, "and whereas in his clothes he had seemed a withered and decrepit old man, he now stood by the stake as comely a father as one might lightly behold."

At last the fire was brought. Then prayed Ridley: "O Heavenly Father, I give unto Thee most humble thanks, for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee even unto death. Have

mercy, O Lord, on this realm of England, and deliver the same from her enemies."

Latimer "lifted up his eyes with a most amiable and comfortable countenance, and said: "God is faithful who suffereth us not to be tempted above that we are able." Then he added the memorable words: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Latimer died first. He received the flame as it were embracing it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and, as it were, bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died, as it appeared, with very little pain or none. "And thus," says Thomas Fuller, quaintly, "though he came after Ridley to the stake, he got before him to Heaven. His body made tinder by age, was no sooner touched by the fire, but instantly this old Simeon had his '*Nunc Dimittis*,' and brought the news to Heaven that his brother was following after."

But Ridley lingered and suffered far more pain, the fire about him being not well made. Yet in all his torment he forgot not to call upon God, still having in his mouth, "Lord, have mercy upon me." His brother-in-law, who meant it in mercy, heaped upon him more fuel, which only kept down the fire. At last, some one pulling off the wood from above, made a way for the fire to escape. The red tongues of flame shot up fiercely, Ridley wrested himself into the midst of them, when the gunpowder with which he was furnished did its work. He stirred no more, falling down dead at Latimer's feet.

"And so we leave them going up to Heaven, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire."

"And thus much concerning Master Hugh Latimer, that old and blessed servant of God, for whose labours, travails, fruitful life, and constant death, this whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to Almighty God."

CHARLES MARSON, M.A.

# WILLIAM COWPER.



# WILLIAM COWPER



## I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

THE name of William Cowper will always hold a distinguished place in English literature, and in Christian biography. Southey calls him "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers." The poems retain their popularity amidst all the changes of literary taste and critical opinion. The verdict of Southey as to the letters has been confirmed by men so different as Francis Jeffrey and Robert Hall. Lord Jeffrey praises "the sweetness and felicity of the diction;" while Hall, whose judgment took into account higher merit than mere literary composition, said that he considered the letters of Cowper as "the finest specimens of the epistolary style in our language." It is chiefly, however, on the poems that the claim for enduring fame will rest. There are many reasons why they pleased on their first appearance, and why they must continue to please. The genuine love of nature shown in the descriptions of English scenery, the charming pictures of country life and of home happiness, the hearty outbursts of patriotism and the glowing praises of liberty; the polished satire with which follies and vices are attacked, and the manliness with which support is given to every public and private virtue; these are among the moral qualities which would command respect, even apart from the genius and humour and culture for which his works are conspicuous.

The contrast between the naturalness of his poetry and the artificial stiffness of the successors of Pope, arrested notice, while the matter as well as the manner of the new poet pleased the public. Above and beyond these merits, obvious to the many, there is an excellence that endears

this author to the few who look for higher purpose in poetry than the art of pleasing. The views of religion known as "evangelical" were, a century ago, poorly esteemed by men of taste and of culture. Literature had done little in support of the truths which Whitefield and Wesley had laboured to revive among the people of England. These truths were now heard in the high places of learning and taste, not as mere doctrinal statements, but as motive forces for the progress of the nation and of the world. In the advocacy of religious education, of missions at home and abroad, of toleration, of the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, the pen of the recluse of Olney proved no mean weapon, and helped to ripen public opinion on questions which philanthropists and statesmen dealt with in public life and before Parliament. In him the platform and the pulpit had an unseen but powerful ally, and no English history is impartial and just which fails to make mention of the influence of the poetry of Cowper.

The poets of the present century have been so numerous, and the variations of literary art and taste so great, that we must expect old favourites to be sometimes forgotten or neglected. It may be so to some extent with the poetry of Cowper. But that taste is little to be envied which does not return with pleasure from the romantic and spasmodic and other schools of modern poetry, to the sweet naturalness, and the descriptive beauty, and the charming geniality of "The Garden" and "The Timepiece," the "Winter Evening" and the "Winter Morning's Walk," of Cowper's "Task." To enjoy his poetry the mind must indeed be in sympathy with his quiet tastes and his devout spirit, and must share his views as to what is true happiness:

"He is the happy man, whose life even now  
Shows something of that happier life to come;  
Who, doom'd to an obscure and tranquil state,  
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,  
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace,  
the fruit  
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,  
Prepare for happiness: bespeak him one  
Content indeed to sojourn while he must  
Below the skies, but having there his home."

## II.

## BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS.

The branch of the Cowper family from which the poet sprung had borne distinguished names from early times of English history, but we need not go further back in the genealogical tree than his great-grandfather, Sir William Cowper, Baronet. He had two sons: William, who rose to be Lord Chancellor in 1707, and Spencer, who became a Judge of the Common Pleas. Spencer Cowper died in 1728, and his second son, John, was father of William Cowper, the poet. John Cowper entered the Church, was chaplain to George II., and Rector of Great Berkhamstead. Here William Cowper was born, November 15 (O. S.), 1731. His mother, Anne Donne, was daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludham Hall, Norfolk, a descendant of the celebrated Dr. Donne, the poet. Mrs. Cowper died in 1737 at the age of 34, leaving, of several children, only two surviving; the birth of John, the younger, being the occasion of the mother's death. William was old enough to be deeply affected by this, his first sorrow. He himself has told in the touching and beautiful poem, written late in his life, "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture," the impressions and recollections of her whom he had lost when so young. He remembered her constant flow of love, her unwearied kindness, her looks, her smile, her voice, and his own sad disconsolate grief on her death:

"I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu."

It is in the same exquisite poem that the lines occur which are so often quoted in Christian biography:

"My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents passed into the skies."

The Rector of Berkhamstead may have been a good man, but he was not a wise father to his orphaned boy. Very soon after the death of the mother, the boy was sent to the boarding-school, or "academy," of Dr. Pitman at Market Strete. By what advice or from what motive the place was chosen we are not told, but it was an unfortunate change for the poor little fellow, delicate in constitution, sensitive in feeling, and accustomed to the most tender care at home. In the brief autobiography left of his early life, Cowper says of this school that he had "hardships of various kinds to contend with, but my chief affliction consisted in being singled out from the other boys by a lad of about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. I choose to conceal a particular recital of the many acts of barbarity with which he made it his business continually to persecute me. It will be sufficient to say, that his savage treatment of me impressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind, that I well remember being afraid to lift my eyes higher than his knees, and that I knew him better by his buckles than by any other part of his dress. May the Lord pardon him!"

This cruelty was at length discovered, and the bully was expelled the school, and the poor little victim was taken home. His health being impaired and his eyesight affected, he was sent for two years to be under the care of a surgeon-oculist, and thence went to Westminster School, under Dr. Nichols. The joys and comfort of home-life he thus knew little of; but the years passed at Westminster seem to have been, on the whole, happy and well-spent years.

He thus alludes to the time in his "Table Talk":

"At Westminster, where little poets strive  
To set a distich upon six and five,  
Where Discipline helps opening buds of sense,  
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,  
I was a poet too."

And in one of his letters he says, "I was a schoolboy in high favour with the master, received a silver groat for my exercise, and had the pleasure of seeing it sent from form to form, for the admiration of all who were able to understand it." Even in his poem "Tirocinium," written in censure of public schools as compared with home education, he refers with fond recollection to his Westminster days:

"Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,  
We love the play-place of our early days.  
This fond attachment to the well-known place  
Where first we started into life's long race,  
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,  
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day."

In one of his letters he says, "When I was a boy I excelled at cricket and football, but the fame I acquired by achievements that way, is long since forgotten." He formed friendships and attachments among his schoolfellows, some of whom became noted in after-life: Bonnell Thornton, Warren Hastings, Churchill, Cumberland, Colman, Sir Richard Sutton, and, most loved of all, Sir William Russell, whose sudden death a few years after greatly affected him. Joseph Hill was another of his companions, who after a long interval renewed the intimacy, and proved the faithful and devoted friend of his latter years. Thus his school life passed, till he was eighteen, when he returned to Berkhamstead for eight or nine months, and then left home to begin life in London, where the next fourteen years were passed.

### III.

#### EARLY MANHOOD.

The law being chosen for his profession, he went to the office of Mr. Chap-

man, a solicitor. Another of the articulated clerks was a young man from Canterbury, Thurlow, afterwards the famous Lord Chancellor. There seems to have been little work for him in the office, and little supervision or discipline, for Cowper, in writing to his cousin Lady Hesketh many years after, tells how he and Thurlow were "constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law." He was three years with Mr. Chapman, but he spent most of his time in Southampton Row, at the house of Mr. Ashley Cowper, his father's brother, long the chief clerk to the House of Lords. Mr. Ashley had three daughters, two of whom, Harriet and Theodora, were at home during these years; the youngest, Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Croft, was still at school. Harriet, a brilliant beauty in her youth, became the wife of Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart. Cowper lost his heart to Theodora, not so beautiful a girl, but most refined and affectionate. When the father learned the state of matters, he put a decided veto on the engagement, partly it is said from disapproving of the marriage of first cousins, more probably from the very uncertain prospects of the young law student.

In 1752 Cowper left Mr. Chapman's and took chambers in the Middle Temple. For two or three years he continued to see Theodora occasionally, and to send verses to her; but the love is not very absorbing or urgent which vents itself in sentimental poetry. A more peremptory order from the father put an end to the intercourse. Theodora cherished the love to the end of a long life, but Cowper, after a short season of vexation and regret, found diversion for his mind in the gay society of some of his brother Templars. We even hear of his having been stricken with admiration of a West Indian school girl, whose departure, he says, left him nothing but sighs and tears. It was poor Theodora who was the sufferer, and who deserves our pity.

In 1754 he was called to the Bar, but



his tastes and habits, and the whole bias of his mind, were against any serious purpose of making the law his profession. He probably regarded it only as a step to some appointment for which a legal qualification was necessary. The death of his father, in 1756, put him in possession of a small patrimony, and on this he lived for several years, in frivolous if not indolent leisure. In 1759 he purchased chambers in the Inner Temple, and there he amused himself with literary pursuits, and the society of companions as devoid as he himself was of professional ambition. He belonged to the "Nonsense Club," limited to seven in number, all old Westminster scholars, including Colman, Lloyd, and Bonnell Thornton. Joseph Hill was the only one in the club whose literary pursuits did not interfere with his legal studies. They dined together once a week, and Cowper was the liveliest of the set at their festive meetings. Colman and Thornton had started a periodical, "*The Connoisseur*," in imitation of the *Spectator* and *Rambler* of other days. To this and to the *St. James's Chronicle*, of which Lloyd was editor, Cowper was a contributor. Churchill was not a member of the club, but was often associated with his old schoolfellows. Cowper had the highest opinion of his talents, but shrunk from intimacy with a man whose character was inconsistent with his profession as a clergyman. His own life was as thoughtless and purposeless as that of Churchill. To a friend he wrote, "My resolution is (I would advise you to adopt it), never to be melancholy, while I have a hundred pounds in the world to keep up my spirits. God knows how long that will be; but in the meantime, *Io Triumpe!*" This reckless spirit could not long be kept up. His slender resources were already ebbing away, and with them his buoyant spirits and heedless merriment. A terrible reaction was soon to be witnessed. Meantime something must be provided for maintenance. A commissionership of Bankruptcy had been offered, but the

appointment never seems to have been completed or the duties undertaken. His kinsman, Major Cowper, had the patronage of several offices in the House of Lords. Two of these, reading clerk and clerk of committees, were offered to Cowper, but he preferred the less lucrative but more private duties of clerk of the journals. The right of Major Cowper as patentee and patron of this office was challenged, and the objectors demanded that his nominee should appear at the bar of the House to be examined as to his fitness for the post. The announcement of this ordeal, coming at a time of nervous depression, utterly upset the timid candidate's mind. The more he thought of it, and the nearer the time approached, his mental disturbance increased. He lost his rest, and soon lost his reason. The horrible experience of that time he afterwards narrated with distressing minuteness of detail. Repeatedly he attempted suicide, from which he was saved by providential hindrances. At last he was awakened to a conviction of the heinousness of the crime which he had meditated, and the agonies of his contrition settled into gloomy melancholy. Some friends saw the dangerous state in which he was, and sent for his brother from Cambridge. It was determined to adopt instant measures for his safety, and he was removed to St. Albans to be placed under the charge of Dr. Cotton, who had a high reputation for the treatment of such patients, and kept an establishment for their reception.

It is of importance here to note the circumstances under which this first attack of mental disease took place. Through ignorance or malice it has been sometimes said that Cowper's insanity was the result of religious enthusiasm. Up to this period of his life he had been almost a stranger to religious thought and feeling. He told his cousin Lady Hesketh that he "left Westminster School with no more religion than the satchel on his back," and his subsequent life in London till

past his thirtieth year had been a life of worldliness and frivolity. Every candid mind will admit that up to the time of his leaving London religion had no part in causing his malady, which was the result of constitutional disorder, brought to a crisis by mental anxieties which overpowered his reason.

#### IV.

##### AT ST. ALBANS.

He went to St. Albans in December, 1763, and was under treatment for about seven months, during which time his bodily health improved, but with little abatement of his mental depression. In July his brother, the Rev. John Cowper, Fellow of Bennet College, Cambridge, went to see him, and remained with him for a day. This visit proved the turning point of his recovery. Speaking of it afterwards, he said that it "put to flight a thousand delirious delusions," and that "he rose the next morning a new creature." There still remained, however, the depressing despondency arising from sense of guilt, and the burden of unpardoned sin. When in this state he opened a Bible in search of instruction and comfort. "The first verse I saw," he afterwards said, "was the 25th of the 3rd chapter of Romans: 'Whom God hath sent forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.' Immediately," he says, "I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement He had made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fulness and completeness of His justification. In a moment I believed, and received the Gospel."

Dr. Cotton was as remarkable for his sound judgment and his Christian spirit as for his professional skill. On hearing of the change in his patient, he feared lest the sudden transition from despair to joy might prove injuriously exciting;

but, on watching the case, he was convinced that all was going on well. Appreciating the value of his kind and wise physician's care, at his own desire, he remained for a year at his house, and quitted it with regret. His only fear, he said, was that "a convert made in Bedlam was more likely to be a stumbling-block to others, than to advance their faith." It was a groundless fear: even men of the world can understand a change so marked as was here evident. Mr. Robert Bell, one of Mr. Cowper's editors, remarks on this period: "There is nothing more remarkable in his life than the calm and rational views of Christianity which supervened upon those melancholy feelings that had for years been slowly consuming him. His heart was touched by the Divine mercy, and his understanding awakened to Divine truth. He not only felt, but reasoned; and, seeking the means of confirming his convictions with earnestness and thoughtfulness, became a practical Christian in the highest and best sense. The use he made of the Scriptures in his frequent references to them, shows that he did not interpret them in a narrow and dogmatic sense, but in a benevolent and tolerant spirit. Cheerfulness was no longer inconsistent with the religious character: and his voluminous correspondence attests alike the sincerity of his faith and the playful gaiety of his nature."

Cowper always reverted with gratitude to his sojourn at St. Albans, and felt the warmest regard for Dr. Cotton as a spiritual counsellor, as well as a medical adviser; and, both in his letters and in his poems, speaks of his high character and the obligations he owed to him.

#### V.

##### REMOVAL TO HUNTINGDON, AND RESIDENCE WITH THE UNWINS.

Although perfectly restored to health, Cowper had lingered at St. Albans, mainly for the advantage of Christian fellowship with good Dr. Cotton. With his change

of views and feelings, he recoiled from return to London. He said, "I am determined to see London, the scene of my former abominations, no more." We do not suppose that more is implied in this strong expression, than a painful remembrance of years of spiritual death and bodily misery. Nothing appears to have been chargeable in regard to his purity of life or uprightness of character. His chief wish now was to be where his new spiritual life could grow and prosper. The only tie that still bound him to London was the office of Bankruptcy Commissioner, an appointment which he seems still to have held, although his ignorance of law had prevented him taking the oath required for the office, which he therefore now formally resigned, with the salary of £60 attached to it. He then asked his brother to find lodgings for him at Cambridge. Failing to obtain what seemed suitable, he recommended his living at Huntingdon, where they would be near enough to each other for frequent intercourse. To Huntingdon, therefore, he went in the summer of 1765. Here he had time to think of some of the friends of former years, and one of his first letters was to his cousin, Lady Hesketh. In a letter dated July 1st, he gives her an account of his experience since the day when she had last called to see him at the Temple, and found him in gloomy despondency. He tells what had happened to him since, and especially of the new life in his soul. In case she might suppose him unhappy and forlorn in his solitary abode at Huntingdon, he says, "My affliction has taught me a road to happiness, which, without it I should never have found; and I know, and have experience of it every day, that the mercy of God, to him who believes himself the object of it, is more than sufficient for the loss of every other blessing." He told his cousin to inform any friends who inquired as to his state, that he was well and happy. A reply was immediately sent, and a brisk correspondence ensued, but soon ceased; apparently from Lady

Hesketh at that time feeling little sympathy with the religious topics to which his letters were mainly confined.

While this correspondence was going on a change occurred in Cowper's position which affected his whole subsequent life. In his solitary rambles he met with a young man, William Unwin, son of a clergyman who had been master of the Free School at Huntingdon, and taking occasional duty at churches in the town and neighbourhood. Visiting at their house, he was charmed with their society, and the liking being mutual, a proposal to become a member of the family as a boarder was gladly accepted. In a letter to his friend, Joseph Hill, date October 25, 1765, he describes his new friends, while he was yet only an occasional visitor: "They are the most agreeable people imaginable, quite sociable, and as free from the ceremonious civility of gentlefolks as any I ever met with. They treat me more like a near relation than a stranger, and their house is always open to me. The old gentleman carries me to Cambridge in his chaise. He is a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as Parson Adams. His wife has a very uncommon understanding, has read much to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess. The son belongs to Cambridge, is a most amiable young man, and the daughter quite of a piece with the rest of the family. . . . Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon so well before I knew them, and am apt to think I should find every place disagreeable that had not an Unwin belonging to it."

Such was the beginning of his intimacy with the Unwin family, and especially with her who, in the providence of God, was destined to be his friend and guardian for more than thirty years of his life, Mary Unwin, whose name is inseparably associated with that of William Cowper. In subsequent letters he tells how pleasantly and profitably the days were spent in his new home. One of them, to Lady

Hesketh, thus concludes: "We are all happy and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial affection for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our Salvation for such companions, and for such a life; above all for a heart to like it. I have had many anxious thoughts about taking orders, and I believe that every new convert is apt to think himself called upon for that purpose; but it has pleased God, by means which there is no need to particularize, to give me full satisfaction as to the propriety of declining it; indeed, they who have the least idea of what I have suffered from the dread of public exhibitions, will readily excuse my never attempting them hereafter. In the meantime, if it please the Almighty, I may be an instrument of turning many to the truth, in a private way, and hope that my endeavours in this way have not been entirely unsuccessful. Had I the zeal of Moses, I should want an Aaron to be my spokesman."

This period of quiet enjoyment came to an abrupt end by a sudden calamity. Mr. Unwin, while riding to a church one Sunday morning where he was to conduct the service, was thrown from his horse, and died after a few days' suffering. The first result of Mr. Unwin's death was a resolution to leave Huntingdon, which would now be associated with painful remembrances. In the interval that passed before any change could be made, William Unwin left to enter the ministry, and his sister was married to a clergyman in Yorkshire. The survivors, the widow and her friend, resolved not to part, but together to find some place of retreat, where they might enjoy each other's society, and where they could have the advantage of religious associations. Dr. Conyers, who had learned all the circumstances from young Unwin at Cambridge, wrote to the Rev. John Newton, recently settled at Olney, requesting him to call on Mrs. Unwin when pass-

ing through Huntingdon. The result was that Mr. Newton was charged to find a suitable abode for them at Olney, and thither, in the autumn of 1767, the widow and her friend removed from Huntingdon.

## VI.

### COWPER AND MRS. UNWIN.

It may be convenient here to bring together in one place what has to be said regarding the relations of Cowper with Mrs. Unwin, both in her early widowhood and throughout the long period when they lived together. The union at first was only that of mutual esteem, confirmed by Christian fellowship, and strengthened by the sympathy called forth in the time of sorrow and anxiety. We have seen how he described the motherly kindness shown to him from the first by Mrs. Unwin, and his own filial attachment to her. It might be expected that the fact of two persons, even in middle age, thus continuing to live together, would be the subject of comment, and we find from one of Cowper's letters to Newton that such neighbourly remarks had been made. It is also natural to suppose that so close an intercourse could scarcely be maintained, without the suggestion to one or other, or to both, of a still nearer union. There was a difference in age of only six or seven years, and they appeared to be one in heart and feeling, as well as in constant companionship. That marriage would strengthen and consecrate a union otherwise somewhat remarkable, might be anticipated, and was so likely under ordinary conditions that one of the best of Cowper's biographers, Mr. Robert Bell, says that "theirs was, in many respects, an exceptional case, and cannot be judged by ordinary standards." Mr. Southey states strongly that there never was any idea of matrimony, and that "if such an engagement had existed it could not have been concealed from Mr. Newton."

In the 'Life of Newton,' by the Rev. Josiah Bull, the error of Southey is

demonstrated, and the whole affair is put in a new light from the clearest evidence. In manuscript records left by Mr. Newton and used by Mr. Bull in his memoir, the engagement is referred to, and Mr. Bull's statements settle the question decidedly. "We copy," he says, "from the original before us;" and he gives this extract from Newton's diary, then recently discovered:—"They were congenial spirits, united in the faith and hope of the Gospel, and their intimate and growing friendship led them in the course of four or five years to an engagement for marriage, which was well known to me, and to most of their and my friends, and was to have taken place in a few months, but was prevented by the terrible malady which seized him about that time" (1773). Mr. Bull adds that he had again and again heard his father say that Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were betrothed, and about to be married, when his illness prevented it; and that Mrs. Unwin herself made this statement to his grandfather, the friend of Cowper and of Newton.

Having now clear knowledge of this fact, we see new beauty and fitness in the poem "To Mary," inspired by tenderness of love as well as warmth of friendship. It was in 1793, exactly twenty years after the calamity which forbade their marriage, that he wrote the lines, unrivalled in their kind:

"The twentieth year is well-nigh past  
Since first our sky was overcast;  
Ah! would that this might be the last!  
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
I see thee daily weaker grow;  
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,  
My Mary!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thy silver locks once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary!

And still to love though prest with ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,  
My Mary!"

But we must return to the time of the removal to Olney, and briefly narrate the chief events of his long residence there.

## VII.

### EARLY YEARS AT OLNEY. 1767-1773.

The house which Newton secured for Cowper at Olney is well known to all readers of his poems and his letters, and through them has become one of the classic spots of England. To this day pilgrims visit it, not only from all parts of the island, but from other lands where his writings are known and his memory honoured. Hugh Miller, in his 'First Impressions of England,' devotes more than one chapter to Olney, and the other homes and haunts of Cowper. "This tall brick house was his home for nineteen years. It contains the parlour, which has become such a paragon of snugness and comfort, that it will need no repair in all the future, and the garden behind is that in which the poet reared his cucumbers and Ribston pippins, and in which he plied hammer and saw to such excellent purpose, in converting his small greenhouse into a summer sitting-room, and in making lodging houses for his hares. He dated from that tall house not a few of the most graceful letters in the English language, and matured, from the first crude conceptions to the last finished touches, 'Truth,' 'Hope,' 'The Progress of Error,' 'Retirement,' and 'The Task.'"

The early years at Olney were not, however, devoted to poetry and literature. The zeal of his new-found life, and the earnestness which, after his conversion, had prompted him to desire to enter the ministry, found ample scope in the parish. He acted as the "lay helper" of Newton, and entered into all his plans and proceedings. He attended and took part in the weekly prayer-meetings. Andrew Fuller says "he knew a person who heard him pray frequently at these meetings; and of all the men he ever heard pray, no one equalled Mr. Cowper." It was for the

services at the "Great House" that he wrote some of his most beautiful hymns. He was an active visitor of the poor, and was able, through the munificence of John Thornton, to relieve as well as to counsel them. Newton says: "He loved the poor. He often visited them, sympathised with them, consoled and comforted them in their distress; and those who were seriously disposed were often cheered and animated by his prayers." "The Lord evidently sent him to Olney, where he has been a blessing to many, a great blessing to myself." Cowper himself says at this time, "God has given me such a deep impressed persuasion of the truth, as a thousand worlds would not purchase from me. It gives me a relish to every blessing, and makes every trouble light." Mrs. Unwin entered into all his pursuits, and often joined him in his cottage visitations as well as in his rural walks. He was truly and unreservedly happy in the early years at Olney.

There was an anxious time during these years, when he was summoned to be with his beloved brother, on what proved to be his death-bed at Cambridge. He has himself left a full and touching record of his intercourse with his brother, and tells of the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that he died in the same faith and hope which were at that time his own joyful possession.

In all this we have additional proof of the groundlessness of the charge that has been made against good John Newton, that it was due to him and his peculiar views of theology, that Cowper's mind in 1773 became again disordered. It may be that, in the earnestness of his work, the sensitive and delicate lay helper paid too little heed to his own health; and Newton, himself robust in body and mind, might have checked his friend's zeal; but the charge as usually made is quite unfounded. It has even been said that in composing the "Olney Hymns," in conjunction with Newton, he was dealing with subjects that upset

his mind; in short, that his madness was due to what in those days was styled "Methodism." No one who knows Cowper's life, and who knows the "Olney Hymns," will now make this assertion. The cause of the attack at Olney is as mysterious as that more terrible attack in 1752, which was not caused by religion, although on both occasions the deep dejection took the form of despair of his own salvation.

The last hymn composed before the invasion of the malady was the grand one, "God moves in a mysterious way," the solemn tone of which almost seems anticipatory of the dark cloud that was about to fall on his mind, and as if he were making a last effort of faith in entering the valley of the shadow of death.

## VII.

### ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

The last letter, in November, 1772, was to Joseph Hill. It chiefly refers to money matters. He had debts which troubled him, including expenses still due at St. Albans since his residence there. Among other means of clearing off the debt he had thought of taking pupils, which would have been intolerable drudgery to him. It is just possible that anxieties as to ways and means, in prospect especially of his intended marriage, may have weighed on his mind, and have thus added to the depression predisposing to recurrence of his constitutional malady. However this may be, and whatever the immediate causes, the crisis soon came. We are chiefly indebted to Newton for information as to the events of this sad time.

The fact is that the poor sufferer's mind was utterly unhinged, and became possessed of such delusions that some of his friends could only explain them as suggestions of the tempter. The origin of mental delusions is mysterious; it is enough to state what were the notions by which insanity was in the present instance marked. The idea possessed him that it was the Divine will that he

should imitate the faith of Abraham, and offer himself as a sacrifice in obedience to God's command. When he was providentially saved from this temptation being carried out, and the maniacal paroxysm had passed, another dismal and more abiding temptation was borne upon his mind, that in consequence of having not instantly obeyed the Divine command he was doomed to perpetual desertion and to final perdition.

For many weeks this condition remained, fear and hope alternating. Gradually the suicidal tendency disappeared, but the doleful melancholy and self-condemnation remained. On the 12th of April, which was the Annual Fair day at Olney, Newton suggested that Cowper and Mrs. Unwin should come to the vicarage, where they would be less exposed to the noise and disturbance of the fair. When there he suddenly expressed his wish and determination to stay; and he remained at the vicarage for more than fourteen months.

It was a merciful arrangement for him, but a heavy tax on Mr. and Mrs. Newton to have the invalid and Mrs. Unwin their guests so long. Writing to Mr. John Thornton, to whose generous help the curate of Olney was indebted for most of his income, he says: "Mr. Cowper's long stay at the vicarage has been, upon many accounts, inconvenient and trying. His choice of being here was quite unexpected, and his continuance is unavoidable, unless he was to be removed by force. Mrs. Unwin has often tried to persuade him to return to their own house, but he cannot bear to hear of it. He sometimes begs, and weeps, and pleads to stay, with such earnestness, that it must be submitted to. I make myself easy by reflecting that the Lord's hand is concerned, and I am hoping weekly for his deliverance. His health is better; he works almost incessantly in the garden, and while employed is tolerably easy; but as soon as he leaves off he is instantly swallowed up by the most gloomy apprehensions; though in everything that does not con-

cern his own peace he is as sensible, and discovers as quick a judgment, as ever."

About a fortnight after this letter was written, there appeared further signs of amendment, and he was even seen to smile. At last, about the end of May, 1774, with the same abruptness and determination which had marked his proposal to stay, he resolved to leave the vicarage and return to his own house.

It was soon after his return that he amused himself with the tame hares, whose names and history the pen of his genius has celebrated. The letter describing his pets, Puss, Tiney, and Bess, and their several characters and ways, which is appended to most editions of his poems, and has charmed generations of readers, appeared first in a communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The cloud gradually passed away, although it was several years before he recommenced his ordinary literary pursuits or resumed his correspondence.

## VIII.

### COWPER'S LETTERS.

In the years following his recovery from this prolonged illness, the pen of Cowper was seldom idle. The best and brightest of his ever-delightful letters were then written. Of his more formal writings, especially his original poems, we shall presently speak, but the briefest sketch of his life would be imperfect without special notice of his correspondence. The letters in his earlier life, at least after his first settlement at Olney, are largely concerned with his personal feelings and experiences, and are mainly religious in their strain, even when writing to his lively cousin, Lady Hesketh. In the last of this earlier series, addressed to Joseph Hill, his school friend, he says, "I have not done conversing with terrestrial objects, though I should be happy were I able to hold more converse with a Friend above the skies. He has my heart, but He allows a corner of it for all who show me kind-

ness, and therefore one for you. The storm of 'sixty-three made a wreck of the friendships I had contracted in the course of many years, yours excepted, which has survived the tempest." This was written from Olney on September 25th, 1770. From this time there is a blank in the published correspondence for nearly eight years. In the letters that were written after that interval there is little reference to his own personal religion; in fact, it was a subject avoided, owing to the lamentable despondency he cherished as to his own condition. Yet there is always the same benevolent zeal for the salvation and the happiness of others, while there is a far wider and more varied range of topics, and far more frank and genial utterances about life and literature, men and manners, with other usual subjects of correspondence. Not that he had less sense of the importance of spiritual things, but for reasons which he explains in one of his letters to Lady Hesketh. "When I left St. Albans," he says, "I left it under impressions of the truth of Scripture that I had never felt before. I had unspeakable delight in the discovery, and was impatient to communicate the pleasure to others. This eagerness of spirit, natural to persons newly informed, and the less to be wondered at in me, who had just emerged from the horrors of despair, made me imprudent, and I doubt not, troublesome to many. . . . But, as in affairs of this life, so in religious concerns likewise, experience begets some wisdom in all who are not incapable of being taught."

The first letters preserved are to his faithful friend Joseph Hill, who had always inquired about him in that dark period, but had got no direct tidings from November, 1772, till May, 1776. As the recovery advanced, Mr. Hill sent books as formerly, and on New Year's Day, 1778, on receiving a packet along with a letter from Mrs. Hill, Cowper says, "I shall take care to acknowledge the receipt of her obliging letter, when I return the books. Assure yourself, in the meantime, that I read as if the

librarian was at my elbow, continually jogging it, and growling out, 'make haste.' But, as I read aloud, I shall not have finished before the end of the week, and will return them by the diligence next Monday."

The range of topics in his correspondence is wonderful in its extent and variety. Subjects not touched in his poetry are here presented in the most charming style, strong sense alternating with playful humour.

A letter written to Lady Hesketh, November 27th, 1787, may be quoted as one that is thoroughly characteristic. It describes the visit of the clerk of All Saints, Northampton, to obtain verses to append to the annual Bills of Mortality. "On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and being desired to sit, spoke as follows:—

"Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints, in Northampton, brother of Mr. Cox, the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You will do me a great favour, sir, if you would furnish me with one."

"To this I replied, 'Mr. Cox, you have several men of genius in your town; why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, Cox the statuary, who, everybody knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose.'

"Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him; but he is a gentleman of so much reading, that the people of our town cannot understand him."

"I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, 'Perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too, for the same reason.' But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of



my Muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him. The wagon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton, loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written *one* that serves *two hundred* persons."

In similar humorous style we have accounts of an election canvass at Olney, of the end of a fox-hunt, of the escape and capture of one of his hares, and other local incidents. Other letters deal with public affairs, in which Cowper took the deepest interest, although looking at the big world only through his "loopholes of retreat." The Independence of America, the India Bill of Fox, the trial of Warren Hastings, the Lord George Gordon riots, with the strifes of party and various successive changes of Government, are discussed in his letters, while his opinions are also given on social and literary matters. He was a diligent reader and judicious critic of new publications, which he greatly enjoyed, especially books of travel and adventure, biography and history. Captain Cook's 'Voyages,' Dr. Johnson's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' Boswell's Life, the histories of Robertson and Gibbon, and the poems of Robert Burns, are among the books referred to. So many topics are touched in the correspondence that every intelligent reader must be instructed as well as amused by "Cowper's Letters."

## IX.

### PUBLICATION OF THE POEMS.

In 1780, Mrs. Unwin, who had been unwearied in her watchful care, encouraged him to resume his literary efforts, and suggested his writing a poem of moral satire. The "Progress of Error" was the first production of that kind; this was followed by "Truth," "Table Talk," and the other pieces usually classed as his minor poems. These, with

some shorter pieces, were published in a volume entitled "Poems by William Cowper Esq., of the Inner Temple." This appeared in 1780. In the previous year Newton had published the "Olney Hymns," to which Cowper's contributions numbered sixty-eight. By these two works he was first introduced to the world as a poet. John Newton shortly afterwards left Olney, having been presented by Mr. Thornton to the Rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth in Lombard Street. The departure of his friend made a great blank to Cowper, and he describes the sadness which even the sight of the vicarage now filled him. A new friend, however, was soon sent, who proved more than a compensation in his present state of mind, and who had wonderful influence on him in the years that followed. He became acquainted with Lady Austen, sister of Mrs. Jones the wife of a clergyman near Olney. She was a widow, clever, cheerful, and accomplished. Her bright presence and lively conversation broke the monotony of the home at Olney, and for a time she was as great a favourite with Mrs. Unwin as with the poet. It was she who in one of her lively sallies told the anecdote of John Gilpin, which she had heard in her girlhood, and which so touched the poet's fancy that he wrote, almost impromptu, the immortal Ballad. Henderson, a clever actor of the day, took it up as a "reading," and spread the amusing story throughout the country. A far more important service to literature was performed by Lady Austen in suggesting a poem, which from the slight incident out of which it arose, received the title of "The Task." "Try blank verse," said sister Anne, as she was familiarly called by the poet. He pleaded the want of a subject. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "*you* can never be in want of a subject; you can write on any—write upon this sofa." The suggestion was acted on, and Cowper began "The Task," "the work," as Southey says, "which made him the most popular poet of his age, and raised him to a

rank in English poetry, from which no revolution of taste can detrude him." The poem was completed in 1784, and published in 1785. From its first appearance, it became universally popular. No book ever exerted a more immediate and permanent influence in literature. The long reign of artificial poetry which had lingered since the age of Dryden and Pope, was closed, and the new poem, so natural and so pleasing, inaugurated a new era in literary taste. Public opinion had formed its decision before the critics had time to express an opinion. The former volume, which had hitherto been little noticed, now shared the popularity of the new poem. New editions of both volumes were rapidly called for, and there has ever since issued from the press countless copies of "Cowper's Poems."

Cowper's aim and ambition in all that he wrote, was the praise of God—not of man :

"Tis not in artful measures, in the chime  
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,  
To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart,  
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,  
Whose approbation—prosper even mine."

It is to the Christian reader that such poetry commends itself, and he rejoices in the clear and simple statements of evangelical truth, such as in these well-known lines :

"O how unlike the complex works of man  
Heaven's easy, artless, unincumbered plan!"

It stands like the cerulean arch we see  
Majestic in its own simplicity.  
Inscribed above the portal, from afar  
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,  
Legible only by the light they give,  
Stand the soul-quickening words—*Believe and live.*"

After all, it will be found that Cowper's name is most widely known as the author of hymns, which have expressed the praises and helped the devotion of countless worshippers, wherever the English language is spoken. We have but to mention the first lines of a few of these hymns, which are in every collec-

tion of sacred song, and are dear to many hearts :

"Jesus, where'er Thy people meet."  
"There is a fountain filled with blood."  
"I will praise Thee every day."  
"O! for a closer walk with God."  
"What various hindrances we meet in coming  
to the mercy seat."

These and many more we owe to "the sweet singer of Olney."

## X.

### RENEWED INTERCOURSE WITH HIS RELATIVES.

One result of Cowper's popularity was the renewed interest awakened in him on the part of his relatives in London. Mr. Ashley Cowper, General Cowper, and a few others, had not ceased, through Mr. Hill, to contribute to his maintenance, although considering, no doubt, that they were only acting a charitable part towards a poor kinsman. For eighteen years he had heard nothing from his cousin Harriet Cowper, Lady Hesketh. The correspondence, interrupted since 1767, partly from want of sympathy in their views, and afterwards from her absence on the continent, was resumed. Lady Hesketh, now a widow, wrote to congratulate him on his successful authorship, and after some pleasant letters had been exchanged, proposed to visit him at Olney. She had already inquired about his resources, and on learning his straitened means, largely helped to put him at ease on this point. A chief associate in this kindness desired to remain anonymous, but circumstances led Cowper himself to conclude that this was no other than Harriet's sister, his own first love, Theodora. In one of his letters, without referring to her by name, he desired Lady Hesketh to make his acknowledgments of gratitude and love. The cousins had never met since the sad days at the Temple, nor had he ever spoken of her during the years that had elapsed. She long survived the object of her early attachment, and seems to have borne to her last days the remem-

brance of her unchanged love. She died at Richmond in 1824, having a year or two previously committed to the care of her niece, a daughter of Lady Croft, some cherished letters and relics of one who had been her admirer and lover sixty-five years before.

The arrival of Lady Hesketh at Olney marked a new epoch in Cowper's life. She proved a friend almost as lively as Lady Austen, and far more solid and trustworthy in character. The depressing influence of the residence at Olney, which had long been felt by Cowper, was evident to his cousin, and by her advice the invalids removed to a more cheerful and healthy house at Weston Underwood, the property of the Throckmorton family, by whom much kind attention was shown, and gratefully accepted. The loss by death of his friend William Unwin, caused a short relapse into melancholy, but other happier circumstances occurred to restore his peace of mind. The friendship and society of the Rev. William Bull, of Newport Pagnell, had been a source of great comfort and pleasure ever since the departure of Mr. Newton. The renewal of intercourse with members of his mother's family proved a still more gratifying diversion from morbid thoughts. The appearance at Weston, at Christmas 1789, of John Johnson—Norfolk Johnnie, as he called him—a Cambridge undergraduate, grandson of his maternal uncle the Rev. Roger Donne, of Catfield in Norfolk, re-awakened his regard for his mother's kinsfolk. For John Johnson he soon felt a warm affection, and found in him a willing and useful companion in his declining years.

## XI.

### CLOSING YEARS.

We must pass rapidly over the incidents of his latter years. The translation of *Madam Guion's* poems was suggested to him by Mr. Bull. The translation of *Homer* was a task of greater magnitude, occupying him for several years, and only ending in the year before his death.

During the residence at Weston his literary studies were seldom interrupted, and he found pleasant recreation in rural rambles and in the agreeable society of the Throckmorton family. In all the literary events, and in the political movements of the time, he took a lively interest, as his letters show. It is in these letters and in his poems that the inner life, the true biography of Cowper can be best read. In his old age he had a correspondence with Thurlow on the comparative merit of rhyme and blank verse. That he equally excelled in both let the citation of two passages prove, which will also serve as specimens of the prevailing bent of his mind, and the tone of his poetry from first to last. In the closing lines of "Truth" he speaks from his own experience :

"All joy to the believer! He can speak,  
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.  
Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy  
foot,  
And cut off all my follies by the root,  
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,  
Nor hoped but in Thy righteousness divine:  
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,  
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;  
How'er performed, it was their brightest part.  
That they proceeded from a grateful heart.  
Cleansed in Thine own all-purifying blood,  
Forgive their evil and accept their good;  
I cast them at Thy feet—my only plea  
Is, what it was, dependence upon Thee;  
While struggling in the vale of tears below,  
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now."

Our other extract touches a theme always dear to Cowper, the cause of freedom; and even in this he rises from the earthly to the divine aspect of the subject :

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their  
lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
And let it circulate through every vein  
Of all your empire; that where British power  
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.  
\* \* \* \* \*

But there is yet a liberty unsung  
By poets, and by senators unpraised, [powers  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the  
Of earth and hell confederate take away;

A liberty which persecution, fraud,  
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;  
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.  
"This liberty of heart derived from heaven,  
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,  
And sealed with the same token.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves besides. There's not a chain  
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,  
Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers: his to enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'

These are noble lines, but the poet rises  
to yet higher strains in the last book of  
"The Task," as in the description of  
Paradise restored:

"O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,  
Scenes of accomplished bliss; which who can  
see  
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel  
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?"

Come then, and added to Thy many crowns,  
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,  
Thou who alone are worthy!"

Such was the range of his genius,  
from lightest ode to loftiest epic, and  
almost always breathing heavenly spirit  
as well as human sympathy and natural  
eloquence. It is indeed a remarkable  
feature in Cowper's case, that his intel-  
lectual power and cultivated taste re-  
mained, even when the melancholy gloom  
respecting his own condition and destiny  
settled on him. The very last original  
poem, "The Castaway," suggested by  
an incident in Anson's 'Voyage,' is con-  
spicuous for its exquisite taste, its tender  
feeling, and felicitous diction, although  
closing with the utterance of darkest  
despair as to his own doom:

"We perished, each alone;  
But I beneath a rougher sea,  
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he."

His own increasing feebleness of health

and the illness and helplessness of Mrs.  
Unwin, hastened the depression of his  
closing years. There were gleams of  
the old brightness, when Lady Hesketh  
and his cousin John Johnson, and other  
friends, strove to interest and please  
him. Some of the letters about "Nor-  
folk Johnnie" are the most playful and  
genial in the whole correspondence.  
But the shadows of evening were gather-  
ing. A visit to Hayley at Eartham, the  
final removal from Weston, in 1795, the  
search for renewed health on the Norfolk  
coast, the death of Mrs. Unwin in 1796,  
the completion of Homer in 1799, are  
among the chief events of the latter  
years, the prevalent tone of which was  
that of gloom and sadness. Even the  
announcement of a pension of £300 a  
year, in 1794, had elicited little expres-  
sion of satisfaction. His feelings shared  
the decay of his physical strength, and  
in the spring of 1800, he was seized  
with illness, and the dropsy which  
ensued proved fatal. He died on April  
25th of that year, and was buried in the  
church of East Dereham.

It had been his own wish in other  
days to have been laid at Olney or  
Weston:

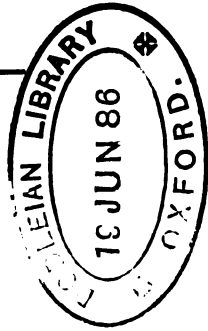
"At last  
May some disease, not tardy to perform  
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,  
Dismiss me weary, to a safe retreat  
Beneath the turf that I have often trod."

To others it might seem that West-  
minster Abbey would have been a fitter  
resting-place for one of England's truest  
worthies.

It was the wish of Dean Stanley that  
a bust at least might have graced Poet's  
Corner. The pious purpose was not  
fulfilled, but a memorial window has,  
through the generosity of an American  
citizen, G. W. Childs of Philadelphia,  
been placed in the Abbey, in joint  
remembrance of George Herbert and of  
William Cowper, both of them West-  
minster scholars, and two of the sweetest  
and best of England's sacred poets.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D.

# WILLIAM TYNDALE.



*From the monument on the Thames Embankment.*

# WILLIAM TYNDALE,

## TRANSLATOR OF THE NEW TESTAMENT AND MARTYR.



"THE true servant and martyr of God, who, for his notable pains and travail, may well be called the Apostle of England." These are the words that Foxe places at the head of his sketch of the life of Tyndale, and no truer description of the man can be given. For, bold as the statement may seem to those who have not carefully studied the wonderful story of his life and work, England to-day owes more to no man whose name stands on her roll of fame than to Tyndale. To be honoured and revered the man's character and work need only to be known.

### I.

#### EARLY LIFE.

Of Tyndale's youth and early manhood very little is known. Foxe says, he "was born about the borders of Wales, and brought up from a child in the University of Oxford, where he, by long continuance, grew up and increased as well in the knowledge of tongues and other liberal arts, as especially in the knowledge of the Scriptures, *whereunto his mind was singularly addicted*, inasmuch that he, lying then in Magdalen Hall, read privily to certain students and fellows of Magdalen College some parcel of divinity; instructing them in the knowledge and truth of the Scriptures. His manners also and conversation being correspondent to the same, were such that all they that knew him, reputed and esteemed him to be a man of most virtuous disposition and of life unspotted."

Later research has added little to Foxe. It seems to be established that Tyndale was born about 1484, most probably in Gloucestershire, possibly at the village of Slymbridge. It is certain that he was not born at the place fixed

on by tradition—the village of North Nibley, and equally certain that he began life in some part of the beautiful landscape over which ranges the eye of the traveller who stands beside the monument erected in Tyndale's honour on Nibley Knoll.

Tyndale, like Athanasius, Luther, Knox, and Wesley, was specially fitted by God to do the work most needed in the days when he lived. The bonds of Rome were beginning to lose their hold on the English intellect and conscience. Political events were fast hastening to a rupture with papal authority. Wycliffe had prepared the way, and his MS. Bible and tracts had begun to dispel the darkness of superstition and ignorance. "Midnight being past," to use Fuller's words, "some early risers were beginning to strike fire and enlighten themselves from the Scriptures." The English people were ready and waiting for the Gospel in their mother-tongue, and through the first thirty years of Tyndale's life God was training him and qualifying him by a stern discipline for his noble work. In his splendid treatise, *The Obedience of a Christian Man*, Tyndale gives us a glimpse of his boyhood. "Except my memory fail me, and that I have forgotten what I read when I was a child, thou shalt find in the English Chronicle, how that King Adelstone (Athelstone) caused the Holy Scripture to be translated into the tongue that then was in England, and how prelates exhorted him thereto."

Although Tyndale's memory did fail him probably to the extent that he wrote Adelstone when he meant Alfred, yet the picture is life-like. Even as a boy he loved to read of a king who caused the Bible to be translated into a tongue "understanded of the people, and of prelates, unlike those of Henry

VIII.'s day, who "exhorted him thereto." The child was thus father of the man.

Tyndale entered Oxford about 1508 or 1509, and recent researches have discovered that he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts July 4th, 1512, and that he was created Master of Arts July 2nd, 1515.

From Oxford Tyndale passed to Cambridge, where "he was further ripened in the Word of God." Why he went is not known. It may be that he found it prudent to go because the authorities had heard of his habit of "instructing in the knowledge and truth of the Scriptures." Perhaps the fame of Erasmus, who was at that time teaching the supremacy of Scripture and pouring ridicule upon the traditional theology of the day, drew him thither. A group of remarkable men were then in residence at Cambridge: Cranmer, Latimer, Stephen Gardiner, and Bilney, who was first to deny and then to die for the truth. Here, he doubtless diligently pursued the study of Greek and quietly but most efficiently fitted himself for what, all unknown to him then, was to be the great work of his life.

## II.

### LITTLE SODBURY.

How long Tyndale lived at Cambridge is not certainly known, nor why he finally left it, but "he resorted," most probably about 1521, "to one Master Welch, a knight of Gloucestershire, and was there schoolmaster to his children, and in good favour with his master."

"Master Welch" lived at the manor-house of Little Sodbury, in Gloucestershire, which still stands, and has the honour of being the only place to which the traveller can go with the certainty of seeing the rooms in which Tyndale once lived and talked. It was in this house also that he finally decided to translate the Scriptures into English.

In all probability he acted, after the fashion of those days, rather as a chaplain to the household than as tutor to

"Master Welch's," or, to give him his full title, Sir John Walsh's children. The residence at Little Sodbury proved the turning-point in Tyndale's life. Again we quote Foxe: As Sir John Walsh "kept a good ordinary commonly at his table, there resorted unto him many times sundry abbots, deans, archdeacons, with divers other doctors, and great beneficed men; who there, together with Master Tyndale sitting at the same table, did use many times to enter communication, and talk of learned men, as of Luther and of Erasmus; also of divers other controversies and questions upon the Scripture. Then Master Tyndale, as he was learned and well practised in God's matters, so he spared not to show unto them simply and plainly his judgment in matters, as he thought; and when they at any time did vary from Tyndale in opinions and judgment, he would show them in the book, and lay plainly before them the open and manifest places of the Scriptures, to confute their errors, and confirm his sayings. And thus continued they for a certain season, reasoning and contending together divers and sundry times, till at length they waxed weary, and bare a secret grudge in their hearts against him."

It was at this time that Tyndale began his work as a translator, and thinking that he might convince some by the authority of Erasmus, who refused to be persuaded by his own arguments and by Scripture, he rendered into English a book written in Latin by Erasmus, called *The Manual of a Christian Soldier*. This was a famous book at that time, and had been translated into many European languages. It was a bold, outspoken protest against the whole method of theological study of that age, and against the wicked lives of so many of the monks and friars. "Those things which pertain to faith," it asserts, "let them be expressed in the fewest possible articles; those which pertain to good living, let them also be expressed in few words, and so expressed that men

may understand that the yoke of Christ is easy and light, and not harsh; that they may see that in the clergy they have found fathers and not tyrants, pastors and not robbers; that they are invited to salvation, and not dragged to slavery."

This translation was never printed, but Tyndale lent it to others to read, and especially to Sir John Walsh and his wife; and "after they had read and well perused the same, the doctory prelates were no more so often called to the house, neither had they the cheer and countenance when they came as before they had; which thing they marking, and well perceiving, and supposing no less but it came by the means of Master Tyndale, refrained themselves, and at last utterly withdrew, and came no more there."

Having won over Sir John Walsh and his wife, and thus established himself firmly at Little Sodbury, Tyndale began preaching in the surrounding villages, and on the College Green in Bristol. This practice at once aroused the hostility of the ignorant and violent priests, who "raged and railed" against him in the alehouses, and misrepresented his teaching. The bishop of the diocese, after the fashion of that day, was an Italian prelate, living in Italy; and Wolsey, who farmed the revenues, was also non-resident, so that Tyndale might have been left in peace, had not the chancellor who administered local matters happened to possess a keen scent for heresy. At a special sitting all the priests of the neighbourhood were summoned to appear, Tyndale being of course included. He went, and has himself told what took place. "When I came before the chancellor, he threatened me grievously, and reviled me, and rated me as though I had been a dog; and laid to my charge whereof there could be none accuser brought forth." He seems to have successfully refuted the charges, and to have escaped without any penalty. But he began to see that ignorance and superstition and wicked-

ness die hard. The men with whom he reasoned were more likely to turn and rend him than to prize the pearls of truth he cast before them. He unburdened his soul to a friend in the neighbourhood, a man who had held the post of chancellor to a bishop, who put into language what Tyndale had long been thinking. "Do you not know," he said, "that the pope is very antichrist, whom the Scripture speaketh of? But beware what you say; for if you shall be perceived to be of that opinion, it will cost you your life."

A train of thought like this having once been started, Tyndale was not the man either to miss the evidences of its soundness or to shrink from its logical issue. Scripture had taught him, and could teach others. He had begun to know the truth, and the truth was setting him free from the spiritual tyranny of Rome and from any fear of man. In his *Preface to the Five Books of Moses*, written long years afterwards, Tyndale has traced for us his mental experience at this time. Speaking of the desire felt by the papists to suppress the Scriptures, he states: "A thousand books had they lever (rather) to be put forth against their abominable doings and doctrines than that the Scripture should come to light . . . which thing only moved me to translate the New Testament. Because *I had perceived by experience*, how that it was impossible to establish the lay-people in any truth, except the Scriptures were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother-tongue, that they might see the process, order and meaning of the text: for else whatsoever truth is taught them these enemies of all truth quench it again."

Hence, not long after his visit to his friend, in a discussion with a divine, "recounted for a learned man," Tyndale drove him to this rash assertion: "We were better without God's laws than the pope's." To this Tyndale rejoined, "I defy the pope and all his laws; if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost."



of the Scripture than thou doest." These words set forth the toil to which henceforth he was to devote himself, in the accomplishment of which he was to be "in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils among false brethren," and for which he was at last to lay down his life.

Demaus, in his most able and comprehensive *William Tyndale: A Biography*, points out that this noble saying is expressed in words almost identical with a passage in the writings of Erasmus. "I totally dissent," wrote the great Dutch scholar, "from those who are unwilling that the Sacred Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue, should be read by private individuals. . . . I wish they were translated into all languages. . . . I wish that the husbandman may sing parts of them at his plough, that the weaver may warble them at his shuttle, that the traveller may with their narratives beguile the weariness of the way."

It is true that Erasmus published the Greek New Testament, but he never, so far as we know, lifted his finger to bring about the accomplishment of his wish. The work needed a sterner type of character than his, and the difficulties in the way were such that they could only be surmounted by an enthusiasm to which he was a stranger, and by a love to Christ and to his fellow-men that Erasmus never knew.

### . III.

#### TYNDALE IN LONDON.

As Tyndale's purpose became known, his opponents grew more and more bitter against him, and at length he resolved to go to London and there see what help he could get for his great undertaking. He reached London in July or August 1523. The first flush of Henry VIII's successes was over and troubles were beginning. Wars and pleasures had emptied the treasury, and

Wolsey, who had little love for parliaments, was compelled to summon a parliament and then to submit to a tardy and partial grant of his demands for money. Into the midst of the angry discussions, the rival sections, the pomp, the pleasure, the wickedness of the capital, Tyndale came. He looked out upon all things with the clear, unclouded vision of a pure soul, and he saw much in the actions and words of men which, when tested by Scripture, became utterly corrupt. We cannot do better than tell in his own words how he fared.

Tunstal, Bishop of London, had a reputation for learning and liberality to scholars, and had been praised by Erasmus. "Then thought I," writes Tyndale, "if I might come to this man's service, I were happy. . . . But God (which knoweth what is within hypocrites) saw that I was beguiled, and that that counsel was not the next way to my purpose. And therefore he gat me no favour in my lord's sight, whereupon my lord answered me, his house was full, and advised me to seek in London, where he said I could not lack a service. And so in London I abode almost a year, and marked the course of the world, and heard our praters (I would say preachers) how they boasted themselves and their high authority; and beheld the pomps of our prelates, and how busy they were, as they yet are, to set peace and unity in the world, and saw things whereof I defer to speak at this time, and understood at the last not only that there was no room in my lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England, as experience doth now openly declare."

"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." How little did my lord of London, the prelates in their pomp, or the crowds who jostled the quiet, studious man as he walked through the streets "marking the course of the world" with a keen eye, think that the humble student was to confer a boon upon his nation, far

more precious than any benefit that has resulted from the labours of the king, cardinal, prelates, or legislators of his day! What a satire upon the times that to do his work he could also see that there was no place in all England!

#### IV.

##### THE FIRST PRINTED ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.

In May, 1524, Tyndale went to Hamburg, and then, in all probability, visited Wittenberg, and during a stay of some months completed there his translation of the New Testament. He doubtless saw much of Luther and was greatly influenced by his writings, but modern research has demonstrated that Tyndale was no mere translator of Luther's German version. He was, for his age, a skilled Greek scholar, and he translated from the 1522 edition of Erasmus' Greek Testament, using at the same time, the Latin translation of Erasmus, the Vulgate, and Luther's New Testament. For reasons that can only now be guessed at, when the work was nearly finished he went to Cologne, a town then famous for its printers, to get the book in type.

At first all went well. A man named Quentel undertook the work, an edition of 3000 was decided upon, and day by day Tyndale saw the end of his long labour of love drawing near. But he was once again to feel the bitterness of hope deferred, and once again to find how powerful to hinder good work one misguided man may be. At the very time when the New Testament was taking on its English dress, Quentel was also printing a book for one of the most watchful and rancorous enemies of the Reformation, John Cochlaeus. This man, in a book written years afterwards, tells us that he learnt that in Cologne "were two Englishmen lurking, learned, skilful in languages, eloquent, whom however, he never could see or converse with. Inviting, therefore, some printers to his lodging, after they were excited with wine, one of them in private conversation

disclosed to him the secret by which England was to be drawn over to the party of Luther, viz., that there were at that very time in the press 3000 copies of the Lutheran New Testament, translated into the English language, and that they had advanced as far as the letter K in the order of the sheets."

This information, correct in all points except that the work being printed was *not* a translation of the "Lutheran New Testament," at once enraged Cochlaeus and aroused him to instant action. An order prohibiting the printing was obtained from the Senate of Cologne, but Tyndale and Roze, warned of their danger, collected the sheets already printed and sailed up the Rhine to Worms. Cochlaeus sent tidings of his discovery to Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, and to the Bishop of Rochester, in order that the English ports might be strictly watched.

Nothing daunted, Tyndale was no sooner safe in Worms than he began to urge on his great undertaking. The size and style of the book were altered, and 3000 copies of an *octavo* edition were printed, and probably very soon afterwards the original *quarto* edition was completed, making in all 6000 precious volumes. There are many interesting details connected with these two editions which we have no space here to consider, and which belong more to the bibliographer than to the general reader. The problems are rendered more difficult of solution from the fact that of the 3000 *quarto* copies only one mutilated fragment has come down to us, and of the 3000 *octavo* copies only two are now known to exist, and of these only one is perfect.

In the British Museum, justly esteemed as one of its greatest treasures, is a little book known as the Grenville Fragment. In 1836 a London bookseller, Thos. Rodd of Great Newport Street, took in exchange a tract by Ecolampadius, to which were attached some leaves in English black letter containing a prologue and twenty-one

chapters of Matthew's Gospel. Accidentally noticing that a curious initial at the beginning of the prologue occurred in another book printed at Cologne in 1534, he was led to an examination that convinced him that the book was printed by Quentel about that time. Other investigations, which we cannot stay to trace, have established beyond doubt that this fragment is a part of the sheets printed under Tyndale's supervision at Cologne, which Cochlaeus tried to seize and which Tyndale and Roze carried with them up the Rhine.

How is it that no other portions of this wonderful book are known to exist? It probably reached England about the middle of 1526. During the summer of that year a copy fell into the hands of one of the bishops. A conclave was summoned, Tunstal, the bishop of London, denounced it, and it was resolved that the book should be burnt wherever found. A sad instance this of religious zeal misapplied and of the inability of the bishops of Henry VIII.'s day to discern the signs of the times or to judge righteous judgment!

Tunstal preached against the book at Paul's Cross, which was hard by where now stands the Depository of the Religious Tract Society. He declared that he had found in it over 3000 errors, and at the close of his discourse the book was flung into the blazing bonfire. But there were not a few even among the witnesses of this scene who muttered "that the book was not only faultless but very well translated, and was devised to be burnt because men should not be able to prove such faults as were at Paul's Cross declared to have been found in it were never found there indeed but untruly surmised."

Commenting in after years upon the criticisms passed on his work, Tyndale said "there is not so much as one therein if it lack a tittle over his head, but they have noted it, and number it unto the ignorant people for an heresy." On October 24th, 1526, Tunstal proclaimed that all in his diocese possessing

the book who did not at once deliver their copies to his Vicar-General would be excommunicated, and a similar proclamation was issued on November 3rd by the Archbishop of Canterbury. All the authority of the Church was exerted to arrest the circulation, to punish those who sold, and those who bought it, and to destroy the volume which by a kind of instinct the prelates of Henry VIII.'s day felt would be ruinous to their influence and a constant rebuke to their pomp and pride.

Add to this fierce hostility, the many risks of destruction that a book runs in the course of three centuries, and the marvel is that any copies of these two editions have survived to our day.

Tunstal, quite unwittingly, in his relentless warfare against the book, not only did Tyndale a good turn, but gives us a glimpse of the great translator as a man who could appreciate a joke and catch the humorous side of a very serious transaction. Tunstal had visited Cambray in company with Sir Thomas More, on business connected with the English realm, and in 1529, on his way home through Antwerp, tried to deal another deadly blow against the English New Testament. The story, true doubtless in its leading facts, is well told by the old chronicler, Hall. "It happened that one Packington, a merchant and mercer of London, was in Antwerp, and this Packington was a man that highly favoured Tyndale, but to the bishop utterly showed himself to the contrary. The bishop commenced of the New Testaments and how he would gladly buy them. Packington said to the bishop, 'My lord, I know the Dutchmen and strangers that have bought them of Tyndale and have them here to sell; so that if it be your lordship's pleasure to pay for them I will then assure you to have every book of them that is printed and here unsold.' The bishop said, 'Do your diligence and get them; and with all my heart I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you.' Packington came to Tyndale and said, 'William, I

know thou art a poor man, and hast a heap of New Testaments by thee for the which thou hast both endangered thy friends and beggared thyself, and I have now gotten thee a merchant, which with ready money shall despatch thee of all that thou hast.' 'Who is the merchant?' said Tyndale. 'The Bishop of London.' 'Oh, that is because he will burn them,' said Tyndale. 'Yea, marry,' quoth Packington. 'I am the gladder,' said Tyndale, 'for these two benefits shall come thereof; I shall get the money to bring myself out of debt, and the whole world will cry out against the burning of God's Word; and the overplus of the money that shall remain to me shall make me more studious to correct the said New Testament, and so newly print the same once again, and I trust the second will much better like you than ever did the first.' And so, forward went the bargain: the bishop had the books, Packington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money."

We can well imagine that many a time in after years Packington smiled at the way in which by his ready wit, he had helped a friend and defeated a bishop. Sir Thomas More had vainly tried to prevent Tunstal from thus playing into Tyndale's hands. Later on Tunstal began to see the results of his action. When the new edition appeared he was naturally surprised and indignant. Sending for Packington and demanding an explanation, the latter replied, probably finding it no easy task to do so with a grave face, "Surely, I bought all that were to be had, but I perceive they have printed more since. I see it will never be better so long as they have letters and stamps; wherefore you were best to buy the stamps too, and so you shall be sure," at which answer the bishop smiled and so the matter ended.

Since 1526, Tyndale's English New Testament has been one of the mightiest influences upon English life and thought. The comparison of a passage taken at random from the Grenville Fragment and compared with the Authorised and

Revised versions, will help the reader to appreciate not only how greatly Tyndale influenced all subsequent translations, but how much of our 'New Testament' still stands as he left it over 350 years ago. Take Matthew xviii. 19-27, which is here printed *exactly* as it stands in the Grenville Fragment, except that the spelling and type are modern. The words in italics remain in both the Authorised and the Revised versions.

*Again I say unto you that if two of you shall agree in earth in any manner thing whatsoever they shall desire, it shall be given them of my father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them.*

*Then came Peter to him, and said, Master, how oft shall my brother trespass against me and I shall forgive him? shall I forgive him seven times? Jesus said unto him I say not unto thee seven times but seventy times seven times. Therefore is the Kingdom of Heaven likened unto a certain King which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon one was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents: but when he had nought to pay the lord commanded him to be sold and his wife and his children and all that he had and payment to be made. The servant fell down and besought him saying Sir, give me respite and I will pay it every whit. Then had the Lord pity on the servant and loosed him and forgave him the debt.*

Thus much more than half of our New Testament, even in its latest form, stands as it came first from Tyndale's pen. And what is even more important, the style, the simplicity, the character and spirit of the translation are what he made them in his singleness of purpose, in his devotion to his labour, and in his dependence upon God. He who can measure what the New Testament has been to England can measure what the nation owes first to Tyndale and in a less degree to those who carried on and completed his work.

In the margin stand brief notes and comments, the "pestilent glosses" which Tunstal and his colleagues were never

weary of denouncing, which exhibit a keen insight into the very heart of Scripture and throw a vivid light upon many a passage. For instance, against the verse, "Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven," Tyndale notes "Here *all* bind and loose," a statement cutting at the root of all the high sacerdotal claims of the pope. Against the words "If thine eye be single all thy body is full of light," he writes, "The eye is single when a man in all his deeds looketh but on the will of God and looketh not for land, honour, or any other reward in this world; neither ascribeth heaven or a higher room in the heaven unto his deeds: but accepteth heaven as a thing purchased by the blood of Christ and worketh freely for love's sake only."

But in some respects the most touching and most suggestive part of this fragment is the prologue prefixed to it. Through this we can look into Tyndale's very heart. It is through writings like this that we, in the enjoyment of our manifold religious blessings and privileges, can see what manner of men they were who died in the dark ages of the past to win them.

Tyndale's modesty and singleness of purpose appear clearly in the opening paragraph, where he exhorts the readers "if they perceive in any places that I have not attained the very sense of the tongue or meaning of the Scripture or have not given the right English word that they put to their hands to amend it, remembering that so is their duty to do. For we have not received the gifts of God for ourselves only or for to hide them; but for to bestow them unto the honouring of God and Christ and edifying of the congregation which is the body of Christ."

Later on he shows how Christ sets men free from the judgment of the Law. "When we hear the law truly preached, how that we ought to love and honour God with all our strength and might, from the low bottom of the heart; and our neighbour (yea, our enemies) as

ourselves, inwardly, from the ground of the heart, and to do whatsoever God biddeth, and abstain from whatsoever God forbiddeth with all love and meekness, with a fervent and a burning lust from the centre of the heart then beginneth the conscience to rage against the law and against God. No sea (be it never so great a tempest) is so unquiet. It is not possible for a natural man to consent to the law that it should be good or that God should be righteous which maketh the law; man's wit reason and will are so fast glued, yea, nailed and chained unto the will of the devil. Neither can any creature loose the bonds save the blood of Christ."

"This is the captivity and bondage whence Christ delivered us, redeemed and loosed us. His blood, His death, His patience in suffering rebukes and wrongs, His prayers and fastings, His meekness and fulfilling of the utmost point of the law, appeased the wrath of God, brought the favour of God to us again, obtained that God should love us first, and be our father, and that a merciful father that will consider our infirmities and weakness, and will give us His spirit again (which was taken away in the fall of Adam) to rule, govern, and strengthen us, and to break the bonds of Satan, wherein we were so strait bound."

"When the woeful consciences feel and taste how sweet a thing the bitter death of Christ is and how merciful and loving God is through Christ's purchasing and merits, they begin to love again and to consent to the law of God that it is good and ought so to be and that God is righteous which made it, and desire to fulfil the law even as a sick man desireth to be whole."

From the time of its first issue until his imprisonment Tyndale constantly laboured to translate the Old Testament and also to improve his version of the New. The best proof of this is a comparison of the editions of 1525 and 1534. It is hardly too much to say that he succeeded as if inspired from above for this special

work, and he toiled at it with a persistence that sprang from intense love for the work, the keenest sense of its supreme importance, and a self-sacrifice culminating in martyrdom nobly met. Canon Westcott, than whom no scholar is better fitted to pass judgment, says of Tyndale, in his capacity as a translator :

"In rendering the sacred text, he remained throughout faithful to the instincts of a scholar. From first to last his style and his interpretation are his own, and in the originality of Tyndale is included in a large measure the originality of our English Version. . . . It is of even less moment that by far the greater part of his translation remains intact in our present Bibles, than that his spirit animates the whole. He toiled faithfully himself, and where he failed he left to those who should come after the secret of success. . . . His influence decided that our Bible should be popular, and not literary, speaking in a simple dialect, and that so by its simplicity, it should be endowed with permanence."

### V.

#### "THE WICKED MAMMON," AND "THE OBEDIENCE OF A CHRISTIAN MAN."

During 1527 and 1528, Tyndale seems to have lived in quiet retirement at Marburg. Roye, who had helped him in seeing the New Testament through the press, had published a coarse satire on Wolsey which, for some time, was thought to have been written by Tyndale. The Cardinal used his great influence to get Tyndale into his power, but without avail. In his quiet retreat, Tyndale heard with indignation of the burning of the Testament, but in no way ceased his toil in the cause of the Gospel.

*The Parable of the Wicked Mammon*, the first of Tyndale's books, was printed at Marburg in 1528. It purports to be a comment on the parable of the unjust steward; it really is a powerful setting forth of the doctrine of justification by faith, and a careful examination of those

passages of Scripture considered to tell against and for that doctrine. It abounds in passages like the following :

"If thou wilt be at peace with God and love Him, thou must turn to the promises of God, and to the Gospel. . . . For faith bringeth pardon and forgiveness, freely purchased by Christ's blood, and bringeth also the Spirit; the Spirit looseth the bonds of the devil and setteth us at liberty. For 'where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;' that is to say, there the heart is free, and hath power to love the will of God; and there the heart mourneth that he cannot love enough."

How strange, how bold, and yet to souls hungering after righteousness, and beginning to be enlightened by the New Testament, how full of comfort must have been teaching like the following !

"See therefore thou have God's promises in thine heart, and that thou believe them without wavering; and when temptation ariseth, and the devil layeth the law and thy deeds against thee, answer him with the promises, and turn to God, and confess thyself to Him. Remember that He is the God of mercy, and of truth, and cannot but fulfil His promises. Also remember that His Son's blood is stronger than all the sins and wickedness of the whole world; and therewith quiet thyself, and thereunto commit thyself, and bless thyself in all temptation (namely, at the hour of death) with that holy candle. Or else perishest thou, though thou hast a thousand holy candles about thee, a hundred ton of holy water, a ship full of pardons, a cloth-sack full of friar's coats, and all the ceremonies in the world, and all the good works, deservings, and merits of all the men in the world, be they or were they never so holy."

"Some man will ask, peradventure," says Tyndale in his preface to the book, "why I take the labour to make this work, inasmuch as they will burn it, seeing they burnt the gospel. I answer, in burning the New Testament they did none other thing than that I looked

for: *no more shall they do if they burn me also, if it be God's will it shall so be.*" Tyndale was beginning to see that even on the Continent the room was getting too strait for work like his. The four years of exile were telling upon him, the shadow of the end was beginning to fall upon his path. But he goes bravely on, knowing that his duty to God and to his fellow men constrained him to do just those things that most enraged against him the great officials and the almost resistless power of the Church of Rome. His life is a noble comment on his doctrine. In this treatise he sets forth the principle upon which he suffered exile, lived in constant peril, and counted not his life dear unto himself if he could but bless others. "It is a wonderful love wherewith a man loveth himself. As glad as I would be to receive pardon of mine own life, (if I had deserved death) so glad ought I to be to defend my neighbour's life, without respect of my life or my good. A man ought neither to spare his goods, nor yet himself, for his brother's sake, after the example of Christ."

Tyndale's foresight as to the reception his work would meet in England was only too correct. The Archbishop of Canterbury denounced it as containing "many detestable errors and damnable opinions." The united wisdom and piety of prelates and scholars condemned it. Sir Thomas More called it "The Wicked Book of Mammon, a very treasury and well-spring of wickedness."

Nothing daunted by the reception of *The Wicked Mammon*, Tyndale shortly afterwards sent forth from the press his longest and most elaborate composition, *The Obedience of a Christian Man*. This treatise stands second in power and importance only to his great translation. Next to God's Word, it was one of the most potent influences on the side of the Reformation in England. It raised the anger of the Church authorities to fever heat. It rendered them all the more frantic because they could neither prevent its circulation nor could they confute

its terse, homely, telling arguments. Tyndale threw all his force into the book, and in its pages we see that exile had not deadened his true love for England, and that the study of God's Word had made him wise to discern the signs of the times.

The "Preface to the Reader" sets forth the view that God's Word has always been persecuted by the world and always upheld by God himself, that "as the weak powers of the world defend the doctrine of the world, so the mighty power of God defendeth the doctrine of God." He reviews God's dealings with the children of Israel, and from the wonderful deliverances He wrought for them Tyndale draws lessons of comfort and hope.

"Prosperity is a right curse, and a thing that God giveth to His enemies." "Tribulation for righteousness is not a blessing only, but also a gift that God giveth unto none save His special friends." He then concludes the "Preface" by setting forth clearly and powerfully the reasons why Scripture should be given to the people in their mother tongue. In the "Prologue" Tyndale confutes the statement that God's Word "causeth insurrection and teacheth the people to disobey their heads and governors;" he shows that it is not the reformers who are causing the troubles and dangers that must always accompany such seasons of upheaval as the first half of the sixteenth century, but that on the contrary they are due to the ignorance, the prejudices, the greed and the evil lives of pope, and prelate, and priest.

He then in the body of the book examines the kind of obedience the Word of God enjoins upon children to their elders, servants to masters, subjects to rulers, etc., and passes on to argue against "the pope's false power." He next turns to the converse, how a father, a husband, a landlord, a king, a priest, ought to rule, working out finally with great elaboration the conclusion that the pope is antichrist himself, and after a minute examination of the vices,

errors, unscriptural doctrines and practices of the priesthood from the pope downwards, he reaches this conclusion; "Remember that Christ is the end of all things. He only is our resting-place, He is our peace. For as there is no salvation in any other name, so there is no peace in any other name. Thou shalt never have rest in thy soul, neither shall the worm of conscience ever cease to gnaw thine heart, till thou come at Christ; till thou hear the glad tidings, how that God for His sake hath forgiven thee all freely. If thou trust in thy works, there is no rest. Thou shalt think, I have not done enough. . . If thou trust in confession then shalt thou think, Have I told all? . . . Likewise in our holy pardons and pilgrimages gettest thou no rest. As pertaining to good deeds therefore, do the best thou canst, and desire God to give strength to do better daily; but in Christ put thy trust, and in the pardon and promises that God hath made thee for His sake; and on that rock build thine house and there dwell."

This teaching stirred the earnest hearts of those who received it like a trumpet call; it came like the sweet pure air of Heaven to dwellers in the loathsome atmosphere of a charnel-house. To us the tyranny, the abominations, the ignorance, the slavery under which Englishmen in the sixteenth century groaned are but matters of history. To the men who first read *The Obedience of a Christian Man* they were so many chains that could only be broken by risking all that was most precious, even life itself.

The book came to thoughtful men at the universities who were recoiling from scholasticism on the one hand and the wickedness of the Church on the other, and won their hearts for Christ; it put clear, convincing arguments into the minds of those who felt that popery was unchristian and evil, but who could not always see where and why; it appealed to the common sense, to the conscience, to the heart of the unlettered reader of

the Word of God; it kept men faithful even when the stake and fire were in full view, and more than one who had failed in loyalty to Christ in the hour of trial were by its noble pleading brought back to a confession that was only sealed by death.

Several incidents of special interest are recorded in which it figures prominently. Bilney, one of the early converts to Protestantism in Henry VIII.'s reign, in 1529 recanted from fear of Tunstall's threats, and for two years suffered the stings of an accusing conscience. At the end of that time "he came at length to some quiet of conscience, being fully resolved to give over his life for the confession of that truth which before he had denounced. He took his leave in Trinity Hall of certain of his friends and said he would go up to Jerusalem. . . . And so, setting forth on his journey toward the celestial Jerusalem, he departed from thence to the anchoress in Norwich and there gave her a New Testament of Tyndale's translation and *The Obedience of a Christian Man*, whereupon he was apprehended and carried to prison, there to remain till the blind bishop Nix sent up for a writ to burn him."

Bainham, a London lawyer, had also recanted, but afterwards "was never quiet in mind or conscience until the time he had uttered his fall to all his acquaintance and asked God and all the world forgiveness. And the next Sunday after he came to St. Austin's with the New Testament in his hand in English and *The Obedience of a Christian Man* in his bosom, and stood up there before all the people in his pew, there declaring openly, with weeping tears, that he had denied God." "After this," adds Foxe, "he was strengthened above the cruel death by fire with remarkable courage."

Incidents like these are no mean testimony to the power of Tyndale's teaching and the influence he was exerting in his exile over the religious thought and action of the noblest men of his day.



write mo there, PENTATEUCH.  
TRANSDARTS af

No sooner rep<sup>ed</sup> books referred to in the last se<sup>mb</sup>undersued, than Tyndale proceeded to translate the Old Testament, and published in 1530 the Pentateuch. The one perfect copy of this book which has come down to us is in the British Museum, and the colophon reads, "Emprinted at Malborow, (Marburg) in the lande of Hesse, by me, Hans Luft, the yere of oure Lorde, M.CCCC.XXX., the xvii dayes of Januarij." Where it was translated and under what circumstances are questions not easy to determine, both from the scanty information we possess, and the conflicting nature of it. Of much greater importance is it to get a clear conception of the book itself.

As in the case of the New Testament, Tyndale translates direct from the original, and while using the Vulgate, Luther's German Bible, the Septuagint and in all probability Wycliffe's version, he does so with complete independence. Wycliffe's manuscript Bible was an all-powerful agent in preparing the way in England for the Reformation. Dr. Mombert,<sup>1</sup> an American scholar, in the prolegomena to his splendid reprint of Tyndale's Pentateuch of 1530 says: "I fully concur in the statement of the learned editors of the superb edition of Wycliffe's Bible that 'the versions of Wycliffe and his followers . . . contributed largely to the religious knowledge which prevailed at the commencement of the Reformation; and at that period they supplied an example and a model to those excellent men who in like manner devoted themselves at the hazard of their lives to the translation of Scripture, and to its publication among the people of the land.'" Notwithstanding this statement, the evi-

<sup>1</sup> This scholar has made one of the most important contributions of recent years to the study of the Bible in his book *William Tyndale's Five Books of Moses called the Pentateuch*, Being a verbatim reprint of the edition of M.CCCC.XXX. By the Rev. J. T. Mombert, D.D. New York and London: Messrs. Bagster & Sons.

dence that Tyndale saw or used a Wycliffe version of the Old or New Testaments is not very conclusive, and he was probably less indebted to it *directly* than to any of the other helps he used. There are even fewer traces of Luther's influence in Tyndale's Pentateuch in the New Testament. But the martyr's forms equally the basis of our present English Bible. Much the larger part of the words so familiar to us from childhood are fixed in our memories as they were printed in Marburg more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

From the famous prologues we have only space for one extract, taken from the beginning of the prologue to Genesis, and teaching a truth as needful now as the day it was written. "Though a man had a precious jewel and rich, yet if he wist not the value thereof, nor wherefore it served, he were neither the better nor richer of a straw. Even so, though we read the Scripture, and babble of it never so much, yet if we know not the use of it, and wherefore it was given, and what is therein to be sought, it profiteth us nothing at all. It is not enough, therefore, to read and talk of it only, but we must also desire God, day and night instantly, to open our eyes, and to make us understand and feel wherefore the Scripture was given that we may apply the medicine of Scripture, every man to his own sores; unless that we intend to be idle disputers and brawlers about vain words, ever gnawing upon the bitter bark without, and never attaining to the sweet pith within."

## VII.

"THE PRACTICE OF PRELATES" AND THE CONTROVERSY WITH SIR THOMAS MORE.

During 1530 Tyndale among other things found time to write his renowned *Practice of Prelates*, a book which points out the *practices* by which the pope and his priests, from being the humblest and poorest of all, managed to become the haughtiest and richest of men. The oft-quoted "Proper similitude to describe our holy Father" is a fine speci-

men of Tyndale's controversial style: He likens the pope to the ivy first clinging to and then "sucking the moisture so sore out of the tree and his branches that it choketh and stifeth them," and closing with the words, "The nearer unto Christ a man cometh, the lower he must descend, and the poorer he must wax. But the nearer unto the pope ye come, the higher ye must climb, and the more riches ye must gather." The book also shows how the power, when obtained, was kept, and how England fared under the rule of Thomas Wolsey, as he calls Wolsey, who had become "even porter of heaven so that no man could enter into promotion but through him." It concludes with a solemn appeal and warning to Henry VIII. and the English people.

But we have anticipated somewhat. The circulation of such books as the *English New Testament*, and *The Obedience of a Christian*, convinced the Church authorities that the Romish doctrine and practice must be defended, not only by authority, imprisonment, and the stake, but also by argument and literary skill. To one of the most finished scholars and cultured minds of the day was the task entrusted, and to Sir Thomas More, in order that he might refute them, "a formal licence was given to read the heretical books," by Tunstal. The first result was a folio volume, entitled *A Dialogue of Sir Thomas More, treating of "many things touching the pestilent sect of Luther and Tyndale,"* published in June, 1529. In 1531, Tyndale published an *Answer*, which met the argumentative subtleties, the submission to Church authority and tradition of More, by one of the best exhibitions in the English language of reasoning under the guidance of "sanctified common sense." The most telling evidence of the power of Tyndale's *Practice of Prelates* and *Answer* is the fact that More, occupying the great office of Chancellor, at once set about a *Confutation* which ultimately extended to 500 folio pages, and which even the author later on admitted, men

found "over long, and <sup>kept</sup> men <sup>tedious</sup> to read."

Tyndale, misinformed on several points, and smarting under his wrongs, had used strong language in several parts of his *Answer*; but in this he was no match for his opponent. More describes him as "a shameful, shameless, unreasonable, railing ribald," as one who learned his heresies "from his own father, the devil, that is in hell," as being one of the "hell-hounds that the devil hath in his kennel."

## VIII.

### TYNDALE AND FRITH.

Tyndale's friendship with Frith is one of the most touching and sacred experiences of his life. It is hardly possible that they can have met at Oxford, but most probably in London, whilst Tyndale was "marking the course of the world," he became acquainted with the young, enthusiastic student, and sowed "in his heart the seed of the Gospel and sincere godliness." From that time until the end of his life Frith was Tyndale's "dear son in the faith." He, like his master, found England an ill place for earnest, godly men, and in 1528 he joined Tyndale at Marburg. After the fall of Wolsey and the elevation of Cromwell, Henry VIII. seems to have been anxious to detach him from Tyndale, and utilise his abilities in his own service. Stephen Vaughan, the English envoy, saw Tyndale on several occasions, and did his best to induce Henry VIII. believe in to the true patriotism and noble character of the exile Tyndale. It was through Vaughan that Tyndale sent the wonderful message, "If it would stand with the King's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of Scripture to be put forth among his people, like as is put forth among the subjects of the Emperor in these parts, and of other Christian princes, be it of the translation of what person soever shall please his Majesty, I shall immediately make faithful promise

never to write more, nor abide two days in these parts after the same; but immediately to repair into his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his Royal Majesty, *offering my body to suffer what pain or torture, yea, what death his Grace will, so that this be obtained.*" Henry VIII. turned a deaf ear to his envoy's pleadings, to the touching appeal of Tyndale; and Frith refused to be charmed by an offer of Royal favour involving unfaithfulness to his spiritual father.

Frith in 1532 set out, for what reason is not known, on a journey to England. He was arrested, kept in prison for a time, condemned, and on July 4, 1533, died at the stake.

Tyndale wrote him two letters, full of fatherly affection and Christian encouragement. The second closes with the statement full of deep faith and tender pathos, "Sir, your wife is well content with the will of God, and would not, for her sake, have the glory of God hindered."

But three years were to pass and then the master himself was to tread the fiery path along which he was thus exhorting his son in the faith with courage to tread.

## IX.

### THE ARREST AND MARTYRDOM.

There is an intensely tragic interest in the last months of Tyndale's life. In England events were rapidly marching towards the consummation he so ardently longed for—the royal permission for printing and publishing the Bible in English. The years of exile seemed likely to end in a joyous return to his native land. But at the very time that the clouds were lifting over England they were becoming darker over the Netherlands. And after becoming familiar with Tyndale's character and work one feels that the sacrifice of his life for the cause to which he had devoted it was the only fitting and appropriate end.

In 1534 Tyndale returned to Antwerp. Of the details of his residence there

Foxe gives the only complete account that has come down to us, and we shall tell the story very largely in his words.

Tyndale lived in the house of an English merchant named Pointz, and while thus sheltered a plot against his life seems to have been formed in England, and a certain Henry Philips sent over to execute it. Tyndale occasionally went out to dinner or supper among the English merchants, and Philips managed to make his acquaintance and get on such terms with him that Tyndale invited him to Pointz's house. The latter distrusted Philips, but Tyndale, slow to think evil of any man, defended him. Philips, having prospered so far in his iniquity, visited Brussels and arranged for the betrayal of Tyndale into the hands of the emperor's officials. Pointz was compelled to leave Antwerp for a few days on business, "and in the time of his absence Henry Philips came again to Antwerp, to the house of Pointz, and coming in spake with his wife, asking her for Master Tyndale, and whether he would dine there with him; saying, 'What good meat shall we have?' She answered 'Such as the market will give.' Then went he forth again (as it is thought) to provide, and set the officers whom he brought with him from Brussels in the street, and about the door. Then about noon he came again and went to Master Tyndale and desired him to lend him 40 shillings; 'for' said he 'I lost my purse this morning, coming over at the passage between this and Mechlin.' So Tyndale took him 40 shillings, which was easy to be had of him, if he had it; for in the wily subtleties of this world he was simple and inexpert. Then said Philips 'Master Tyndale, you shall be my guest here this day.' 'No' said Tyndale 'I go forth this day to dinner, and you shall go with me, and be my guest, where you shall be welcome.' So when it was dinner time Tyndale went forth with Philips, and at the going forth of Pointz's house was a long narrow entry, so that two could not go in afront.

Master Tyndale would have put Philips before him, but Philips would in no wise, but put Master Tyndale before, for that he pretended to show great humanity. So, Master Tyndale being a man of no great stature, went before, and Philips, a tall comely person, followed behind him; who had set officers on either side of the door upon two seats, who, being there, might see who came in at the entry; and coming through the same entry, Philips pointed with his finger over Master Tyndale's head down to him, that the officers who sat at the door might see, that it was he whom they should take, as the officers that took Master Tyndale afterwards told Pointz, and said to Pointz, when they had laid him in prison, that they pitied to see his simplicity when they took him. Then they took him and brought him to the emperor's attorney, or procuror-general, where he dined. Then came the procuror-general to the house of Pointz, and sent away all that was there of Master Tyndale's as well his books as other things; and from thence Tyndale was had to the castle of Filford (Vilvorde) eighteen English miles from Antwerp, and there he remained until he was put to death."

Tyndale lingered in prison for over a year, and during that time wrote the only letter that has come down to us in his own handwriting. It is written in Latin and addressed to the Governor of the Castle of Vilvorde. We give Demaus's translation:

"I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me (by the Council of Brabant); therefore I entreat your Lordship and that by the Lord Jesus; that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggins; my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind

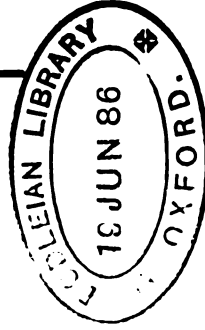
enough to send it. I have also with him leggins of thicker cloth for putting on above; he also has warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return, may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit, I pray, may ever direct your heart. Amen.—W. TYNDALE."

Many efforts were made to save Tyndale both in Belgium and in England. But it was not to be. "At last after much reasoning, where no reason would serve, although he deserved no death, he was condemned by virtue of the emperor's decree, made in the assembly at Augsburg, and, upon the same, brought forth to the place of execution, was there tied to the stake, and then strangled first by the hangman, and afterwards with fire consumed in the morning, at the town of Filford A.D. 1536; crying thus at the stake with a fervent zeal and loud voice 'Lord! open the King of England's eyes!'"

Thus closed this life of faith, occupied up to the last with that labour of love which has been ever since its completion the source of countless blessings to the English-speaking peoples, and through them to the world. To a great extent Tyndale's marvellous work and incalculable influence have been scantily recognised as *his* by his countrymen. But like the highest lives, his influence grows and grows as generation follows generation. His greatness becomes more and more clear as he is looked at more and more closely in his work. He was simple in his childlikeness; unceasing in his labours; Christlike in his compassionate efforts to do good to all: heroic in his death.

RICHARD LOVETT, M.A.

# RICHARD BAXTER.



Master Tyndale would have put Philips before him, but Philips would in no wise, but put Master Tyndale before, for that he pretended to show great humanity. So, Master Tyndale being a man of no great stature, went before, and Philips, a tall comely person, followed behind him; who had set officers on either side of the door upon two seats, who, being there, might see who came in at the entry; and coming through the same entry, Philips pointed with his finger over Master Tyndale's head down to him, that the officers who sat at the door might see, that it was he whom they should take, as the officers that took Master Tyndale afterwards told Pointz, and said to Pointz, when they had laid him in prison, that they pitied to see his simplicity when they took him. Then they took him and brought him to the emperor's attorney, or procuror-general, where he dined. Then came the procuror-general to the house of Pointz, and sent away all that was there of Master Tyndale's as well his books as other things; and from thence Tyndale was had to the castle of Filford (Vilvorde) eighteen English miles from Antwerp, and there he remained until he was put to death."

Tyndale lingered in prison for over a year, and during that time wrote the only letter that has come down to us in his own handwriting. It is written in Latin and addressed to the Governor of the Castle of Vilvorde. We give Demaus's translation:

"I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me (by the Council of Brabant); therefore I entreat your Lordship and that by the Lord Jesus; that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings: my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind

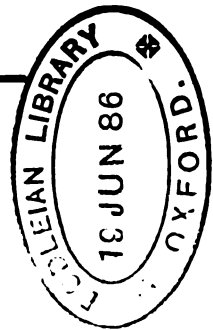
enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he also has warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return, may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit, I pray, may ever direct your heart. Amen.—W. TYNDALE."

Many efforts were made to save Tyndale both in Belgium and in England. But it was not to be. "At last after much reasoning, where no reason would serve, although he deserved no death, he was condemned by virtue of the emperor's decree, made in the assembly at Augsburg, and, upon the same, brought forth to the place of execution, was there tied to the stake, and then strangled first by the hangman, and afterwards with fire consumed in the morning, at the town of Filford A.D. 1536; crying thus at the stake with a fervent zeal and loud voice 'Lord! open the King of England's eyes!'"

Thus closed this life of faith, occupied up to the last with that labour of love which has been ever since its completion the source of countless blessings to the English-speaking peoples, and through them to the world. To a great extent Tyndale's marvellous work and incalculable influence have been scantily recognised as *his* by his countrymen. But like the highest lives, his influence grows and grows as generation follows generation. His greatness becomes more and more clear as he is looked at more and more closely in his work. He was simple in his childlikeness; unceasing in his labours; Christlike in his compassionate efforts to do good to all: heroic in his death.

RICHARD LOVETT, M.A.

# RICHARD BAXTER.



# RICHARD BAXTER.

## I.

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS. A. D. 1615-1640.

RICHARD BAXTER was the son of a Shropshire yeoman of the same name, and of Beatrice Adeney, of Rowton, in the same county, at which latter place he was born, on 12th November, 1615. His mother's name was Beatrice Adeney, daughter of Richard Adeney, of Rowton, near High Ercall. About the time of his birth his father had been converted, mainly through the reading of the Scriptures. To his instructions and influence, Richard owed his first religious impressions. At a very early period he came under the power of Divine truth. A book called 'Bunny's Resolution,' by a Jesuit named Parsons, corrected by Edmund Bunny, was the means of the decisive change.

The neighbouring clergy during Baxter's early years were usually both ignorant and careless, and little of any kind was to be learned from them. What Baxter knew of divine truth was gathered chiefly from books, among which Sibb's 'Bruised Reed,' Perkins 'On Repentance,' 'On Living and Dying well,' and 'On the Government of the Tongue,' and Culverwell's 'Treatise on Faith,' were pre-eminently useful. His education was conducted in a somewhat fitful and irregular way. Ill-health and other causes deprived him of the benefits of University training. What he knew of Greek, Latin and Hebrew (and it was not much), and what he acquired of logic and metaphysics, for which he had a great liking, was attained mainly through his own exertions.

At an early period, he became the victim of ill-health, and during all his life he suffered from a complication of diseases that often inflicted acute and terrible suffering. His unprecedented activity

indicates very forcibly what prodigious vitality of spirit he must have had, to labour as he did, in spite of such an accumulation of bodily infirmities.

In early years he was troubled with grave doubts as to his spiritual condition. His lapses into sins which were condemned by his own conscience, were the main causes of his perplexity. When he came to understand how "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh," he was more satisfied of the genuineness of his faith. He came to see that "he who would rather leave his sin than have leave to keep it, and had rather be the most holy than have leave to be unholy, or less holy, is neither without true repentance nor the love of God."

On the 10th of May, 1634, Baxter lost his mother. From his saying nothing of her religious character, we infer that she was not remarkable in that respect. From this time, his desire to be a minister of the Gospel became very strong. From his own ill-health, and uncertainty of life, he became familiar with unseen realities, and his spirit came more and more under the powers of the world to come. Hitherto, though he found little to admire in the neighbouring clergy, he had conformed to the Church; and, indeed, he had at first a dislike to nonconformity. It was his becoming acquainted with some nonconformist ministers of eminent godliness, and learning that they were persecuted by the bishops, that turned his sympathies into another channel. But he had no difficulty in subscribing the Articles, nor in receiving ordination at the hands of a bishop. Accordingly, in 1638, Baxter was ordained by Thornborough, Bishop of Worcester, and received a license to teach in the school of Dudley. After a year, he removed to



Bridgnorth, where he acted as assistant to the minister with considerable success. He was led at this time to examine more carefully the grounds of controversy between the Church and nonconformists, with the result that in many points he came to agree with the latter, on whose side, gradually but decidedly, and without either bigotry or bitterness, he came to stand.

## II.

FIRST KIDDERMINSTER MINISTRY,  
A.D. 1640-1642.

Baxter's youth and early manhood extended over the reign of Charles I. The church was still undivided; but the Puritan portion gave it but a wavering allegiance, as their requests for reforms were so little regarded.

In 1640 the town of Kidderminster petitioned against their vicar, an ignorant and drunken fellow, and he, to compromise the matter, offered to allow sixty pounds a year for a preacher, on whom the main part of the duty of the parish would fall. The people concurring with this offer, gave an invitation to Baxter, who willingly accepted it. It was a large and necessitous field; the congregation was numerous, but rude and ignorant, and at first the faithfulness of Baxter raised up enemies against him. His doctrines were misrepresented, and sometimes atrocious charges were brought against his character. Besides preaching, he held meetings in his house both with young and old, for going over the sermon, removing difficulties, and making fuller explanations. Two days every week were devoted to family catechising and conference. With each family he spent about an hour, not allowing any stranger to be present, in order that there might be no hindrance to the frank expression of his people's views. Every first Wednesday of the month he had a meeting for parish discipline; every first Thursday the neighbouring ministers met for prayer and conference. But the details of Baxter's ministry at Kidderminster will be given more suit-

ably in connection with the second and longer ministry which he exercised in the place. Two years after his first settlement there as lecturer he was obliged to withdraw. In connection with a Parliamentary order for defacing images of the Trinity in churches, and removing crucifixes, for which Baxter was held to be accountable, a violent attack was made on his life, and on that of a churchwarden. Baxter had not yet had time to live down calumny, and make his true character to be universally known and respected. It was judged best, therefore, that he should retire for a time from Kidderminster, and find employment in some other sphere. An attempt, a few weeks afterwards, to resume work in Kidderminster, had such ill-success, that Baxter was fully persuaded that a change was necessary.

## III.

WITH THE ARMY, A.D. 1642-1646.

The breach with King Charles I. had become so serious that an army against him was in the field. Baxter, when he left Kidderminster penniless, hardly knew where to turn, but having a friend at Coventry, he went to spend a few weeks with him. While at Coventry, he was asked to preach to the soldiers of the Parliamentary army stationed there, and, as he says, the offer suited well to his necessities. But he resolved that he would not be chaplain to a regiment, nor accept a commission; he merely preached once a week to the soldiers, and once to the people, taking nothing from either, but what sufficed for food. This continued for about two years, but at the end of that time Baxter got a more specific invitation to be chaplain to the troops. In accepting this invitation it was not easy for him to get over the fact that, in taking the oath of allegiance, he had sworn to be faithful to the King and his heirs. But it was at this time the common opinion in the army that the Parliament was faithful to the King, having no other desire but to restrain

him from unconstitutional exercises of his authority. So Baxter decided to go among them. "As soon as I came to the army," he says, "Oliver Cromwell coolly bade me welcome, and never spoke one word to me more while I was there."

Baxter set himself, he tells us, to find out the errors and corruptions of the soldiers, and to discourse and dispute them out of their mistakes, both religious and political. He found that the spirit of disputation, both on political and religious questions, was very rampant. His account of the army is by no means flattering, and conveys on the whole an unpleasant impression of the kind of religion that prevailed in it. One would suppose from it that there was much more of vainglorious disputatiousness among those who made a profession of religion than of the faith that works by love, and purifies the heart. It is supposed by some that his account was coloured by disappointment, from his not being more successful in his dealings with the men of this class that he came in contact with. Even of Cromwell, Baxter had a very qualified opinion; he found him not disposed to dispute with him, and much more fond of making discourses of his own on free grace, than of listening to arguments against Antinomianism or Anabaptism.

While with the army, Baxter was not exempt from those calumnious charges of which he had had experience in Kidderminster. A very specific charge was circulated, to the effect, that after a battle, Mr. Baxter and one Hurdman came on a dying Royalist; that Hurdman ran him through the body in cold blood, and that Baxter, looking on, called him a popish rogue, and took from his neck a picture of the King, calling it his crucifix. Baxter gave the story the most explicit denial: declared he had never seen the man in question; that he was not in the field at the time; that the picture had been bought by him of a common soldier, and that whenever he found out to whom it had belonged, and

that the owner had recovered, he gave it up to him. Baxter might be thankful for the incredible barbarity of the false accusation; for, except among those who were steeped in prejudice, its very monstrosity was its refutation.

If it be thought that because Baxter devoted so much energy in the army to controverted subjects the tone of his own spirit must have been cold and carnal, that notion is put to flight by the fact that at the end of this period, after a severe illness, the first and perhaps the most spiritual of his books was written—'The Saint's Everlasting Rest.' "While I was in health," he says, "I had not the least thought of writing books, or of serving God in any more public way than preaching; but when I was weakened by great bleeding, and left solitary in my chamber at Sir John Cook's, in Derbyshire, without any acquaintance but my servant about me, and was sentenced to death by the physicians, I began to contemplate more seriously on the everlasting rest, which I apprehended myself to be just on the borders of. That my thoughts might not too much scatter in my meditation, I began to write something on that subject, intending but the quantity of a sermon or two; but being continued long in weakness, where I had no books and no better employment, I followed it on till it was enlarged to the bulk in which it is published."

Except a Bible and a Concordance, Baxter had not a single book to help him in writing 'The Saint's Rest.' Afterwards he added references in the margin. "The transcript of the heart," as he remarks, "hath the greatest force on the hearts of others." It was the truth that had been so useful and so acceptable in his own time of need that he passed on to others, with the image and superscription of his own experience. Of all the books that have come from uninspired pens, it has been one of the most useful. Distinguished Christian ministers, like Doolittle and Janeway, traced their conversion to it. How many of God's servants it has

at once soothed and stimulated, it would be vain to surmise. Its popularity began from the very first, and can hardly be said to have abated to this day. And it was not a book fitted or intended to carry men to the clouds, so as to unfit them for the toil and drudgery of this earthly life. "The world," says one of his editors, "think that these heavenly musings must unqualify the mind for present exertion. But this is a mistake, arising from ignorance of the nature of heaven. The happiness of heaven is the perfection of those principles that lead to the discharge of duty, and therefore the contemplation of it must increase our sense of the importance of duty. . . . Its repose is like the repose of nature; the repose of planets in their orbits. It is a rest from all controversy with God; from all opposition to His will. His servants serve Him. Farewell, vain world. No rest hast thou to offer which can compare with this. The night is far spent; soon will that day dawn, and the shadows flee away."

#### IV.

##### SECOND MINISTRY AT KIDDERMINSTER, A.D. 1646-1660.

The fourteen years which we are now to survey, from the age of thirty-one to forty-five, may be called the golden period of Baxter's life. While he was lying sick and feeble from an attack of hemorrhage, after leaving the army, the people of Kidderminster had renewed the fight with their old vicar and his curate. Again they looked to Baxter, and the living having been sequestered they offered it to him. But Baxter would hear of nothing of the kind. He had insuperable scruples about what was called the "*et cetera* oath." All that he was willing to do was to resume the lectureship he had held before, for which he would expect a stipend of a hundred pounds. In point of fact, he did not get more than eighty or ninety pounds, and a few rooms to dwell in at the top of another man's house. In his settlement at Kidderminster he

showed the same disinterestedness which afterwards appeared in his refusing a bishopric. At a subsequent time Baxter was willing to continue his work at Kidderminster for nothing, if he had only been permitted to remain. While, however, Baxter did not desire to commit himself to the Church more closely than was necessary for enabling him to exercise his ministry, it must ever be remembered that both now, and during the rest of his life, he was unswerving in his personal loyalty to the King. The execution of the King he always regarded as a grievous crime; and notwithstanding all that was repulsive in his son, and all that he himself and his brethren suffered at the Restoration, his allegiance to Charles II. could never be reasonably challenged.

Baxter's account of his ministry at Kidderminster is a most remarkable document. His methods of work were very characteristic. After the war, he preached but once on the Lord's day, and once every Thursday, besides occasional sermons. But a sermon in those days was like a little book. Mention has already been made of the meetings that were held at his house to go over the sermon, and of the two days spent by him and his assistant in catechising the people. Having some knowledge of medicine, and as there was at first no physician in Kidderminster, he had to look after the sick in more ways than one, and sometimes as many as twenty would be at his door at once; but for this service he never took a penny. All these labours, however, he tells us, were but his recreation, and as it were, the work of his spare hours; his *writings* were his chief daily labours. But his bodily weakness contracted sadly the time which he was able to give to these. Owing to infirmity, he could not get up before seven in the morning, and afterwards not till much later; he needed an hour for dressing, an hour for walking before dinner, and the same before supper; and after supper he could rarely study. Yet there never was a year of Baxter's life, after he

began to publish, but he gave to the world some treatise or treatises, often very elaborate works, and full of learning. The total list of his publications amount to a hundred and sixty-eight, being on an average about four *per annum*, for the fifty-two years of his literary activity.

His labours were abundantly appreciated. The brunt of opposition was broken during his first ministry; ever after he found the people tractable and unprejudiced. In the beginning of his ministry he was wont to keep a list of conversions; but soon the list exceeded his ability to count. Five galleries had to be added to the church to accommodate the increasing congregation. The private meetings, too, were all full. "On the Lord's day there was no disorder to be seen in the streets; but you might hear a hundred families singing psalms and repeating sermons as you passed through them. In a word, when I came thither first, there was about one family in a street that worshipped God and called on His name, and when I came away there were some streets in which there was not one poor family in the side that did not do so. And in those families that were the worst, being inns and alehouses, usually some person in each house did seem to be religious."

His personal dealings with families were also very successful. Few went away without tears, or seemingly serious promises for a godly life. Some of the poor people became excellent theologians, and many of them were very able in prayer. Their lives, too, corresponded to their professions. "The professors of serious godliness were generally of very humble minds and carriage; of meek and quiet behaviour unto others, and of blamelessness and innocency in their conversation."

Round about Kidderminster, too, the blessing spread. When he preached at some of the neighbouring towns, the people not only crowded the churches, but hung on the windows and the leads in the intensity of their desire to hear.

Baxter had his own way of accounting

for all this success. First, such preaching and such methods were new to the people. Then, being himself in the vigour of his spirits, having naturally a familiar moving voice, and yet speaking in the consciousness of his infirmity as a dying man to dying men, he riveted their attention and arrested their hearts. The success of his party in the war gave him a more advantageous position, as people are wont to give more attention to the supporters of a winning cause. His own character too helped his preaching. He tells us that he was greatly aided by the zeal and diligence of the godly people, and by their holy, humble, blameless lives. The unity and concord of the brethren was a further help. His medical practice among the poor; the books he wrote; his being unmarried, so that he could take his people to his heart as his children, so to speak; his not meddling with public business; and his having nothing to do with tithes, are all enumerated by him as secondary causes that contributed to his success. Perhaps in this enumeration, he hardly lays stress enough on what under God must have been the great cause, namely, the purity, sincerity and ardour of his own convictions, and the whole-hearted simplicity with which he poured them out to his people. No preacher was ever more free from the vices of self-seeking and men-pleasing. It is the men of deepest faith and purest zeal and warmest fervour that have usually been most successful both in awakening and deepening spiritual life in others. Baxter's familiarity with the unseen world, the profound sense he had of the reality of spiritual things, and the unimpeded freedom and fervour of soul with which he spoke of them to his people, were evidences of the highest gifts of the Spirit of God, and contributed to the wonderful impressiveness for which his ministry was remarkable. "When he spoke of weighty soul concerns," said one of his contemporaries, "you could see his whole spirit drenched therein."

In the selection of his subjects he ever

kept near to the deepest wants of the soul. His three classes of topics were, things to be believed, things to be done, and things to be desired. The effects of his labours at Kidderminster were seen long after he left the place, and even after the termination of his life. In an edition of the 'Saint's Rest,' in 1759, almost a century after he left Kidderminster, it was said that the religious spirit which he introduced was yet to be traced in some degree in the town and neighbourhood. Of a life retaining its fragrance and its influence so long, it cannot be doubted that it was in closest and most vital contact with the Son of God.

## V.

### BAXTER AND THE COMMONWEALTH.

Baxter occupied a peculiar position in relation to the Commonwealth and its heads. While he agreed in the main with the Parliamentary party in the steps they took for securing the liberties of the country, even when opposition had to be offered to the King, his loyalty to the King's person remained unshaken, and the King's execution appeared to him a great national crime. In that dreadful event "appeared the severity of God, the mutability and uncertainty of earthly things, the fruits of a sinful nation's provocations, the infamous effects of error, pride, and selfishness prepared by Satan, to be charged hereafter upon reformation and godliness, to the unspeakable injury of the Christian name and Protestant cause, the rejoicing and advantage of the papists, the hardening of thousands against the means of their own salvation, and the confusion of the actors when their days come."

Though he had once taken the Covenant, Baxter came to disapprove of it, as a snare to conscience, and a premium on insincerity. So also he disliked the "Engagement" which the Independents promoted. In regard to Cromwell, he could not but be pleased with his intense love of the Gospel and desire to see the realm of Great Britain governed accord-

ing to the law of Christ. But he believed that, notwithstanding all his godly sympathies, and perhaps under the influence of hope that he might the better advance the Gospel, Cromwell was influenced by an ambition that would not rest till the whole government of the country were brought into his own hands. Personally, Baxter looked on Cromwell as a usurper. Yet he could not but acknowledge it as a marvellous fact that under the government of a usurper he and other servants of the Lord had enjoyed unbounded freedom in preaching the Gospel, and had seen the Divine blessing descend almost visibly upon their labours; while a legitimate sovereign had driven them from their pulpits and parishes as nuisances not to be tolerated, and set an example of personal lawlessness and debauchery which served only to corrupt and degrade the nation.

Baxter was constantly endeavouring to conciliate church parties and unite them into one. Though he held Presbyterianism to be the mode of church government which was most in accordance with the Word of God, he was by no means an extreme Presbyterian, as many were in his time. In some respects he differed from the Presbyterians, and especially in these two: he disliked their intolerance, and he did not accept their view of the office of ruling elder. The Presbyterians wished to compel men to uniformity; Baxter had no confidence in such compulsion. The truth, in his view, could prevail only by its own inward victories; it was no service to Christ to compel men to accept it. Baxter would have been willing to accept a form of church government which borrowed features from Episcopacy on the one hand or from Independency on the other. He was willing, with Archbishop Usher, to have a government in which bishops should exercise functions corresponding to those of the superintendent in the early Reformed Scotch Church, though far below those of the prelate. We shall have by-and-

by to notice his efforts in this direction after the Restoration. All his life Baxter endeavoured to reconcile and unite, wherever he thought such a course legitimate and possible; and, for this reason, he was less liked by the leaders of parties than he would have been had he been the rigorous champion of some one method.

## VI.

### THE KING'S RESTORATION.

The cordiality with which all classes united in welcoming Charles II. was very remarkable. The Puritan section of the nation expected very different treatment from that which they soon came to experience. They were deceived by the King's solemn promises and assurances, given only to simplify his way to the throne, and flung aside by him as soon as his purpose was gained. Some were even inclined to believe that he was now a regenerate man, for Charles, while on the continent, had been mean enough when Puritans were within hearing, to pretend to extraordinary fervour in his private devotions, wishing them to believe that he was a converted man. Baxter and his friends were full of hope that an ecclesiastical compromise would be effected, by means of which the various parties would be embraced in a single church. And at first it seemed as if things were tending in that direction. The Puritans were a powerful body, and it was desirable not to offend them at first. Baxter and others were appointed chaplains to the King; and once Baxter preached before his Majesty. In an interview with him he urged his views very solemnly and powerfully in favour of liberty and of union, and besought the King not to imagine that the Puritans were actuated by want of regard for him, but solely by a regard for the highest welfare of the kingdom. The King listened very attentively, and gave a gracious answer, expressing his desire to forward all that had been laid before

him, inasmuch that one of the ministers present, Mr. Ash, burst into tears, and could not forbear expressing what gladness the promise of his Majesty had put into his heart.

At the King's request, proposals for settlement of the church question, on the basis of Archbishop Usher's form of government, were drawn up by the ministers, with a view, as it was believed, to a conference with the Episcopalians. They did not indicate what they altogether approved of, but rather what they could accept, and what the other side, as they believed, could accept likewise. They were disappointed, however, in regard to the conference. After some delay the King communicated his intentions in the form of a long document called a Declaration, to which the Puritans were permitted to offer their objections. There were some encouraging things in the Declaration, but the Puritans saw little in it that could be a basis of agreement. At last a meeting was brought about, the famous Savoy Conference, between certain bishops and certain Puritans; but on the part of the bishops there was no attempt at conciliation. They defended things as they were, and it became apparent that they did not wish for union. The Savoy Conference, after much discussion, broke up without leading to any result. On the part of the Puritans, Baxter was the chief speaker, and he spoke at great length and with great explicitness. His chief opponent was Bishop Gunning, who drew him into many subtle logical disputes, in which the great practical matters at stake seemed to be forgotten.

Before the Savoy Conference, the King had offered bishoprics to Baxter and two other members of the Puritan party, Calamy and Reynolds. Baxter and his friends were of opinion that if some such concessions as to the episcopal office as they sought were made, there was no sufficient reason why they should not accept. Personally, Baxter did not wish the office. He was full of literary employment; writing books was the chief

function of his life, and he did not wish to be called from it. Besides, even then he had a foreboding that the best and godliest of the ministers would be cast out, and he did not wish to be severed from them. He saw that the bishops would have the painful duty of silencing these ministers in their dioceses, and he was afraid that even if any modification were conceded as to the bishop's office, it would be withdrawn in a short time. For himself Baxter explicitly refused. Calamy declined also, but Reynolds accepted the offer, on the understanding, as he told Baxter, that a bishop and a presbyter did not differ *ordine sed gradu*, and that he accepted the place as described in the King's declaration, and not as it stood before. The result of the Savoy Conference showed that if Baxter and Calamy had accepted, they would have been in a very false position, and Reynolds soon found that whatever his own understanding or wish might have been, no change was really effected in the character of the office.

Having refused the bishopric of Hereford, Baxter's request for himself was simply that he might be allowed to remain at Kidderminster. The existing vicar was a man of such character that Baxter dared not ask that he should be preferred to any charge of souls; but if there were any vacant prebend or other place of competent emolument, he asked that he might be appointed to it, and that he himself might become vicar. But if there should be any insuperable barrier to that arrangement, Baxter was willing to return to Kidderminster as curate, for his sole desire was to continue his ministry among his beloved flock. Did ever such a thing happen before or since in the Church of England or anywhere else? A man in the same breath declining a bishopric, and humbly craving to be allowed to serve as curate to an incapable vicar!

The Act of Uniformity came into operation in 1662, and two thousand of the best ministers of the country came out of

the Church. For various reasons Baxter had not waited to the last, but left before the fatal 24th of August, 1662. Of him it could hardly be said that he was ejected from his living, for he was but a lecturer, and the ninety pounds a year he had from the old vicar was all that the Church gave him. At the same time he was incapacitated from holding even the office of curate. His desire to continue at Kidderminster was sternly refused. The persons who instigated the refusal were Sir Ralph Clare, an old royalist, and Dr. Morley, bishop of the diocese. Baxter offered to the vicar to do his work for nothing, but in vain. He made a last appeal to him for leave to administer the sacrament once more to his people, and preach a farewell sermon; but that too was refused. When he appealed to the bishop, he was told by him that he would take care that the people of Kidderminster were no losers by his removal. For a while he procured the most acceptable preachers he could get to keep up the lecture, till the smallness of the audience furnished him with an excuse for putting it down. One day the bishop was at the pains to preach to them himself, inveighing fiercely against them as Presbyterians, and against Baxter, their minister. Calamy tells us in his 'Life of Baxter' that a while after, the dean, Dr. Warmerstry did the like, and spent three hours upon the people to cure them of their admiration of Mr. Baxter, and within a month he repeated his invective, taking a great deal of pains to persuade them that they were Presbyterians and schismatical, and led to it by overvaluing Mr. Baxter. Their lectures ran much in the same strain generally, which instead of winning upon the people, drove them from the lecture; and then they accused them as deserting it, and so put it down. For their stated preacher, the bishop set up one of the best parts he could get, but he was quickly weary, and went away; then he put in one that had been a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, who died in a little time. Then he put

in a young man, who sought to gain upon the people by kind and gentle usage, and applauding Mr. Baxter. The people were glad of one that had some charity, and yet were not even by love or gentleness to be won upon."

Thus ended the ministry of Richard Baxter in the Church of England. The work of St. Bartholomew's day was a grievous blow to the cause of evangelical truth and life. The effects of it were felt in England for more than a hundred years. No doubt a great testimony was borne to Christian principle and Christian conscience; it was a marvellous act of allegiance to conscience that, rather than violate it, two thousand men abandoned their means of living, under circumstances and conditions, too, that rendered it almost hopeless for them to attempt to make a livelihood in any other way. After all, it was not the mere ejection of the ministers from their livings that constituted the blow to evangelical religion, but the law that forbade their continuing to live near their flocks, or minister to them, or continue that influence which they had exercised so long with the best results. We shall see how it fared with Baxter, who removed to London, and tried there to find some field for the exercise of his ministry, but was harassed nearly the whole remainder of his life with vexatious opposition and interruptions, and even in his old age treated as an alien and an enemy.

## VII.

BAXTER IN AND ABOUT LONDON, A.D. 1662-1671.

It is hard to believe that within three weeks of St. Bartholomew's day, Baxter was married to a youthful wife. Miss Margaret Charlton, daughter of a county gentleman in the neighbourhood, had been greatly benefited by his ministry while residing with her widowed mother at Kidderminster, and notwithstanding Baxter's known sentiments in favour of ministerial celibacy, an affection had sprung up between them, of which

marriage was the natural result. This event would probably have happened sooner, but the negotiations with the King, the Savoy Conference, and other public transactions had interfered, and it was only after Baxter had been separated from his pastoral charge that the purpose was carried into effect. As his wife had a small portion, and as Baxter, from his books and otherwise, was in possession of some means, they were not confronted with that spectre of poverty which so many of the ejected ministers had to face. Still, the nineteen years they spent together was a troubled time, and but for their warm affection for each other, and enjoyment of the peace that passeth understanding, there would have been little sunshine in their wedded life.

The prohibition to exercise the ministry was carried out with great rigour and harshness. Once, when Baxter was expected with a few others at a friend's house, to pray for a dying woman, two justices of the peace came with the Parliament's serjeant-at-arms to apprehend them, but fortunately missed them. Some of the Puritans had been hoping for a relaxation of the law, but in place of this being granted, an Act was passed in June, 1663, to the effect "that every person above sixteen years old, who should be present at any meeting, under colour or pretence of any exercise of religion, in other manner than is allowed by the liturgy, or practice of the Church of England, where there are five persons more than the household, shall, for the first offence by a justice of peace be recorded, and sent to jail three months till he pay five pounds; for the second offence six months till he pay ten pounds; and for the third time, being convicted by a jury, shall be banished to some of the American plantations, excepting New England or Virginia."

Baxter was mainly occupied during his first three years' residence in London with his books. He occupied himself likewise with endeavours to promote the work of John Eliot, the noble missionary to the American Indians.



At a time when missions to the heathen were but little thought of, his heart was profoundly interested in them. In a letter to Mr. Eliot he says, "There is no man on earth whose work I think more honourable and comfortable than yours; to propagate the Gospel and kingdom of Christ into those dark parts of the world is a better work than our devouring and hating one another. There are many here who would be ambitious of being your fellow-labourer, but that they are informed that you yourself have access to no greater number of the Indians than you yourself and your present assistants are able to instruct. . . . The industry of the Jesuits and friars, and their successes in Congo, Japan, China, &c., shame us all save you. . . . We very much rejoice in your happy work, the translation of the Bible, and bless God that strengthened you to finish it. . . . Methinks that the Assemblies' Catechism should be, next to the Holy Scriptures, most worthy of your labours."

At the end of 1665, things looked ill for the country. "War with the Hollanders, which yet continueth; and the driest winter, spring, and summer, that ever man alive knew. . . . The plague hath seized on the famousest and most excellent city in Christendom, and at this time nearly 8,300 die of all diseases in a week. . . . Oh, how is London, the place that God hath honoured with His Gospel above all places of the earth, laid low in horrors, and wasted almost to desolation by the wrath of God, whom England hath condemned!" With beautiful devotedness several of the ejected ministers of London returned to the scenes of their former labours, and preached to their flocks from the pulpits from which their successors had fled in terror. Yet in the midst of these scenes, the Parliament, which had gone to Oxford to avoid the plague, was busy with an Act fitted to make the cases of the silenced ministers more intolerable than before.

Baxter himself was now at Acton, a few miles out of town, which continued

for a time to be his place of abode. In 1666 another fearful calamity befel London—the fire which consumed a large part of the city. One good came out of this catastrophe. The churches being burnt, and the parish ministers gone, the nonconformists were now resolved to brave all dangers and preach till they were imprisoned. Some of the churches that were not burnt had able and earnest ministers, among whom were Dr. Stillington, Dr. Tillotson, and Dr. Whichcote. Baxter regarded this as a source of satisfaction; but the prominent men in the Church fancied themselves quite competent for the whole work of the country, and they were desirous to silence the rest. Good Lord Chief Justice Hale prepared a Bill with a conciliatory tendency, but the bishops were alarmed, and nothing was done.

Baxter's friendship with Chief Justice Hale was one of the happiest episodes in his life. His integrity, patience, and soundness as a judge were admitted by all. He was the great means of rebuilding London, judging of all disputed questions, and removing a multitude of hindrances. His style of living was plain and simple. His diligence as an author brought out books extending to four volumes in folio. His conversation on religious subjects was most interesting and edifying. Towards Baxter he showed the greatest respect, and even when he saw that the people were crowding into Baxter's house to hear him preach, Hale, instead of trying to hinder them, seemed pleased and happy.

But the clergyman of the parish was a man of very different character. He hated Baxter, and was shocked to find many of his parishioners going to his preachings. In 1670 Baxter was arraigned for holding conventicles, and thereafter committed to prison. After a time he was discharged on a technical ground. But his residence at Acton could not be continued, and he removed to Totteridge, near Barnet. The Act against conventicles had expired, so that nonconformists were hoping for more

liberty in preaching; but ere long it was renewed with more restrictive enactments than ever. But though Parliament was more severe, the King became more lenient. Through the personal interposition of his Majesty, what was called "the indulgence" came into operation in 1672, and Baxter and his friends found more liberty to preach the Gospel. Baxter returned to London, and endeavoured, as we shall see in the next section, to find a more regular sphere for his ministry.

The nine or ten years that had now elapsed since he left Kidderminster had been ill-fitted for regular work. The sad condition of the ministers and congregations that had suffered on St. Bartholomew's day was a continual source of depression. Moving about from place to place was unfavourable for writing books. The plague and the fire were additional elements of disturbance and distraction. Occasionally hope would revive that an accommodation might be brought about, whereby the more moderate of the various schools might find a place in the Church; but all such hopes were doomed to disappointment.

Baxter's chief employment was writing books, and it is marvellous how much he accomplished. He laboured under the disadvantage, which one might have thought fatal to him as a writer, of being separated from his library. On leaving Kidderminster he had had to store his books in some old cellar, where damp and the rats made sad havoc of them; it was twelve years before he was able to get them removed to London, and very soon after, they were attached by process of law. Between the years 1665 and 1670 Baxter laboured diligently on some of his most important works.

During this period, too, he had a discussion and correspondence with Dr. John Owen, about terms of agreement among Christians of all parties. Out of this, however, no practical result came. With a man of very different character, the Scotch Earl of Lauderdale, he had some correspondence, in which Lau-

derdale asked him to go to Scotland, to try to bring about some settlement there, and offered him a bishopric or a professorship, or such other position as he might desire. Baxter excused himself, partly on public grounds, and partly on the ground of health, as he did not think he could live in Scotland. Strange to say, his opinion of Lauderdale was not altogether unfavourable, though the earl turned out so cruel a scourge to his co-religionists that his name became a by-word. Baxter's charitable temper hoped the best in regard to men who had some compensating qualities, but the general drift of whose lives was too plainly evil.

## VIII.

FURTHER RESIDENCE IN LONDON, 1672-1691.

In 1672, King Charles issued a declaration to the effect "that his Majesty, in virtue of his supreme power in matters ecclesiastical, suspends all penal laws thereabout, and that he will grant a convenient number of public meeting places to men of all sorts that conform not." Under protection of this declaration, Baxter began a Tuesday lecture in a church near Fetter Lane. The Parliament declared the King's proclamation illegal, and soon after passed the Test Act, a new and very serious blow to the nonconformists.

Baxter continued preaching at various places in London with encouraging success, as far as the wretched state of his health allowed. He was especially cheered by a meeting in St. James' Market-house, where "most of the congregation were young men of the most capable age, who heard with very great attention, and many that had not come to church for years received so much and manifested so great a change (some papists and divers others returning public thanks to God for their conversion), as made all my charge and trouble easy to me."

Baxter was not allowed to pursue such useful labours in peace. Some of his brethren complained that he used too

much of the English service, and it was given out confidently that he had conformed. On the other side he was harassed with prosecutions and threats of imprisonment. So vexatious were these proceedings, that, finding it injurious to have any goods that might be distrained, he parted with all he had, including his library, which a year or two before he had at last got from Kidderminster. This must have been a serious blow. But Baxter quietly remarks, "We brought nothing into this world, and we must carry nothing out. The loss is very tolerable."

Still Baxter persevered with his preaching, and now, through the kindness of his friends, a commodious place of meeting was built for him in Oxenden Street. It happened, owing to the vigilant malice of his enemies, that he never preached but once in this place. He was obliged to let it stand empty, paying thirty pounds per annum for the ground rent, and glad to preach for nothing near it, in Swallow Street, in a chapel which some one had built on speculation. The neighbourhood was extremely populous, and Baxter's soul yearned on the souls of its ignorant thousands; but the old opposition continued. And to vary the process, one person trumped up a ridiculous charge against Baxter of having shot a tinker at his door who disturbed him in his study by hammering kettles. Soon after, a new element of public excitement was introduced, by the effort to declare the Duke of York, who had avowed himself a papist, disqualified for the throne. In 1681 Baxter was visited by a great domestic trial—the death of his beloved wife, to whom he was deeply attached, and who had been a great comfort to him. Mrs. Baxter was taken away just before the storm broke on her husband in its greatest severity.

The worrying efforts to bring Baxter to account for continuing to preach in London went on more fiercely than ever. On 14th August, 1682, after a short period of retirement, he had returned in

miserable health, and on the 24th, after preaching, when in an extremity of pain, he was suddenly surprised by an informer, accompanied by many constables and officers, who rushed in, apprehended him, and served on him one warrant to seize his person for coming within five miles of a corporation, and other five, to distrain for a hundred and ninety-five pounds for five sermons. He was on his way to prison when he met his medical attendant, who sent him back, and took oath that he could not go to prison without danger to his life. But his goods were seized, and he had to take secret lodgings in another place. An awful aggravation of his illness followed. "As waves follow waves in the tempestuous seas, so one pain follows another in this miserable sinful flesh. I die daily, and yet remain alive. God, in His great mercy, knowing my dulness in health and ease, doth make it much easier to repent and hate my sin, loathe myself, condemn the world, and submit to the sentence of death with willingness than otherwise it was ever likely to have been. O, how little is it that wrathful enemies can do against us, in comparison of what our sin and the justice of God can do! And O, how little is it that the best and kindest of our friends can do for a pained body, or a guilty sinful soul, in comparison of one gracious look or word from God! Woe be to him that hath no better help than man; and blessed is he whose help and hope are in the Lord."

Baxter was worried also in money matters. In 1672, he had lost nearly all that he possessed, the King having caused his Exchequer to be shut, where Baxter had deposited his money. His goods and books had been distrained for payment of fines. His chapel had had to be closed. And now a sum of six hundred pounds, which had been bequeathed to him to be paid to sixty ejected ministers, was sued for in Chancery, and given to the King.

When James II. succeeded to the throne, the Puritans were chastised with

scorpions. Baxter was one of those against whom a determined effort was made. His trial, under Judge Jeffreys, at the beginning of the reign of James II. may well be regarded as the most flagrant instance of the miscarriage of justice, and the most scandalous outrage on the forms of law and the dignity of a judicial court, that our history supplies. The scene is graphically described in the first volume of Macaulay's *History of England*. The charge against Baxter was that his 'Paraphrase of the New Testament,' which had been published shortly before, was a seditious and scandalous book. He had had the hardihood to say something against the sufferings of the nonconformists! When the trial came on at Guildhall, Jeffreys first attempted to browbeat Pollexfen, Baxter's advocate. "Pollexfen, I know you well. . . . This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the liturgy. He would have nothing but longwinded cant without book": and then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying: "Lord, we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people." Pollexfen gently reminded the Court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. "And what ailed the old blockhead, then," cried Jeffreys, "that he did not take it?" His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city.

When the lawyers were silenced, Baxter himself attempted to put in a word. "My Lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops." "Baxter for bishops!" cried the Judge, "that's a merry conceit, indeed! I know what you mean by bishops, rascals like yourself, Kidderminster bishops, factious, snivelling Presbyterians!" Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys bellowed: "Richard, Richard,

dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the Grace of God, I'll look after thee!" One of the junior counsel tried to show, by reading the context, that the words objected to in Baxter's book did not bear out the construction put on them. In a moment he was roared down. "You shan't turn the court into a conventicle." The noise of weeping was heard from some of those that surrounded Baxter. "Snivelling calves!" said the Judge.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty. On a following day sentence was pronounced. Baxter was fined five hundred marks, condemned to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound to his good behaviour for seven years. He was unable to pay the fine, and he knew that even if he did he might be prosecuted again on any pretext; so with the weight of seventy years on his head, and a worse burden in the form of sore, continuous, harassing disease, to prison he went. And there he lay for nearly two years. A sadder, a more humiliating spectacle can hardly be conceived. Yet his imprisonment was not so dreary as we might think. His prison was not one of those pestilential holes that, in the following century, Howard was doomed to witness, and strove in the interests of humanity to abolish. Baxter was allowed to occupy part of a private house near the prison. When it was seen that he would neither pay the fine, nor petition for release, a private application appears to have been made to the King to relieve him. Coming events were now casting their shadows before, and the Court was finding more occasion for the good feeling of dissenters. On February 28, 1687, Baxter returned to his house, and as far as his health would permit, to his public labours.

For some four or five years he resided at his house at Charter House Yard, assisting his friend, Mr. Sylvester, whose meeting-house was in that neighbour-

hood. When unable to go out, he threw his doors open at family worship, praying and reading and expounding the Scriptures with all who chose to come in. It was his joy to see at last a Government established in England which at least gave toleration to the dissenters. Baxter must have been disappointed that no place was found for them in the Church, and still more disappointed that the Test Act remained unrepealed, for though King William desired its removal, his counsellors were of another mind. Whether Baxter, with the strong legitimist convictions he had always cherished, was quite convinced of the validity of the title of William and Mary to the throne, is not very clear. For the most part he stood aloof from public business, but as his autobiography is not continued during the last part of his life, his sentiments are less certainly known. It must have been matter of thankfulness to him that after so long a time of cloud and tempest, the sky of England became comparatively clear. But as Baxter had a very large and catholic heart, and was accustomed to cast his eye far and wide on other countries, he must have felt a constant sadness at the thought of the sufferings of his fellow-Protestants in continental countries, and especially in France, bleeding in every province and almost in every parish, through the awful deeds that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

At last the hour came of Baxter's release. His death-bed was not one of raptures. While he had long and earnestly taught that the enjoyment of God was the great end and reward of true godliness, he did not in his own case have much experience of the sensible delights of Divine communion. The peace in which he died was less a thing of the feelings than a conclusion of faith. He knew whom he had believed, and he knew that of God's infinite mercy all was well with him. He felt himself to be a great sinner, and saw that if he were to be tried by his works, it would be easy for God to condemn him for the

best of them all. His whole hope was in the free mercy of God in Christ. Yet he felt the value of a life that had been spent, as his had been, in the earnest endeavour to do God's will. By this means it had been easier for him to exercise a steady faith in Jesus Christ as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. The last hours of Baxter, like so much of his life, were hours of terrible pain. But on the morning of Tuesday, December 8, 1691, the last of his many pains was over, and through the valley of the shadow of death the wearied sufferer passed at last into "the saint's everlasting rest."

## IX.

### BAXTER'S CHARACTER.

There are not many men that can be classed with Richard Baxter. Even among Puritans he stands alone. In many respects he was a combination of opposites. Intensely controversial, yet in heart most catholic; as devoted to logic as Thomas Aquinas, as soaring and ethereal as Bernard of Clairvaux; combining an intellect as clear and sharp as a diamond with the burning soul of a seraph; wasted and diseased in body, yet working with the energy and unweariedness of perfect health; uncompromising in his maintenance of the Gospel of the grace of God, yet with a charitable feeling to men on every side, who in many points were opposed to him; partly Calvinist, partly Arminian, mainly Presbyterian, but partly Episcopalian, and partly Independent—Baxter indeed presented combinations unknown in any other man. The most remarkable of these combinations was intensity of conviction with great catholicity. There is something very beautiful in this combination, although it exposed Baxter to many a disparaging remark even from those with whom he had most in common, but who could not see why, if his convictions were so intense, his charity should diffuse itself over so wide a field.

Evidently, Baxter belonged, as we have already remarked, to the order of reconciling minds. He thought far more of the things in which men agreed than the things in which they differed. He was ever trying to bring harmonious elements together, not to drive discordant elements asunder. Much though he loved congenial fellowship, he saw clearly that in a vast institution like the visible Church of Christ, it was vain to hope that all should be found to conform to a single type. He was prepared to make room for greater diversities than evangelical champions generally would allow. On the subject of regeneration he held very high ground. No one could enter the kingdom of God unless he were born again. The change must not be merely formal or ecclesiastical, but real, inward, personal. In the sight of God no one could be a member of the Church who had not undergone this change. Yet Baxter held very decidedly that the administrators of the Church are not entitled to demand evidence of *this* change before receiving a man into fellowship. They are bound to have regard, and to give effect to, the desire of the applicant, if there be nothing to show that he is making a false profession. You can never secure that the Church as seen by man shall be precisely the same as the Church as seen by God.

From the very beginning of his career, Baxter was characterised by intense fervour and profound devotion. As years rolled over him, his personal feelings became only deeper and stronger, but he was less demonstrative. In an interesting account he gives of his experience, he tells of the change between youth and old age. In youth, his style was more careless and flowing; afterwards more careful and guarded. In youth he was more confident of the correctness of all he uttered; afterwards he saw his ignorance more clearly. In his riper years, he saw more evil and more good

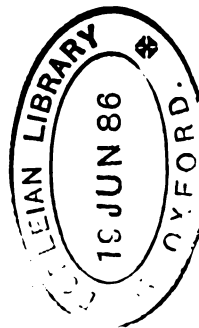
than in his youth, more evil in good men, and more good in those that had seemed wholly evil. As his life advanced, he grew in toleration. The sharp lines of separation that he had drawn in his youth had to be modified, and he felt more and more incapacitated for the task of judging men, and more and more disposed to commit judgment wholly to God.

What we have called the reconciling tendency of Baxter's mind may in some degree account for the peculiarities of his theology. His desire seemed to be to find a common ground on which devout men of all churches, not excepting even the Church of Rome, might come together.

The practical works of Baxter have been collected in twenty-three octavo volumes. If all that he published were brought together, the number of volumes would probably be sixty or seventy. Three of his books retain an undying vitality, the 'Call to the Unconverted,' the 'Saint's Rest,' and 'The Reformed Pastor.' It is beyond doubt that Baxter exercised a powerful influence on the Christian life of his own time, and that his writings have continued to do the same during the two centuries that have followed. Yet it is obvious that it was but a fragment of his force that operated on his fellows. His usefulness was miserably curtailed by persecution, worry, imprisonment, and all kinds of social disability. It was a frightful series of crimes that silenced and imprisoned such a man. While our compassion is called forth by the miseries of his public life, and the grievous ailments of his body, our admiration rises all the higher as we mark the manifestations of his courage and activity, and the patience and meekness with which he bore his trials, and the mellow fragrance of spirit at the close of his life which showed that, after all, God had "led him forth by the right way, that he might go to a city of habitation."

W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

# DR. BUGENHAGEN.



# DR. BUGENHAGEN

## THE MINISTER OF WITTENBERG.

---

### I.

#### WHO WAS DR. BUGENHAGEN?

FOUR hundred years have gone—on the 24th of June, 1885—since a little boy opened his eyes for the first time on the summer light lying warm along the coasts of Pomerania, beside the Baltic Sea. Not in a cottage in the cool shadow of forests where some of the roses by the window might, a month or two later, have tempted his child-looks upward: but in the busy town of Wollin, in the house of one of its chief magistrates, and among the close streets and pressure of the people deep in the bartering business of their thriving port. His neighbours, hearing the councillor had a son, would greet him and wish him well. There was nothing then to forecast the boy's future—so much better than their congratulations,—which was to give their town an interest and a repute; and to save the good magistrate's name from oblivion. No one could foresee that his little boy was yet to turn out, in the great Revolution fast coming on Europe, one of the foremost men:—the close and trusted friend of Luther and Melancthon, the pastor of Wittenberg, the ecclesiastical and educational organizer, without whose activities work so great even as theirs would have been half wasted—the statesmanlike, genial and devoted Dr. Bugenhagen.

Yet to most it is a forgotten name; if indeed it has been ever known. To other names—those of his own friends—as to home-like words we still listen; and their faces and forms are familiar—Melancthon's eager eye, and Luther's powerful and impressive face; but this is a stranger's story, and an unheard-of name. Readers of D'Aubigne's picturesque page may recall the minister of Wittenberg, and recollect that it is he whom, with playful allusion to his northern home,

Luther used affectionately to call Dr. Pommer. And as memory's mist rolls off a little, he may become more visible and distinct. Ever beside and half-behind his chief, it is evident he is so near the front rank of foremost men because he is indispensable to them: and so little conspicuous only because notoriety is not his aim. Like his own low-German speech, blunt and strong in his simplicity, he has not minded high things: and were it not that high things have needed him, his sturdy form would not have been found among the crowd of reformers. But in that case Germany would have lost the services of one of her most deserving sons; and the cause of liberal learning one of its steadiest and most sagacious friends.

There is indeed amplest reason for a memorial sketch on the 400th anniversary of his birth. Just as Luther was the embodiment of reformation energy, and Melancthon personified its culture, Bugenhagen was its organizing form and order. Luther was the preacher; Melancthon was the scholar; Dr. Pommer was the pastor and the overseer. If the first reformed theology, and restored the saving simplicity of a forgotten gospel: and the second illustrated and ennobled learning: it was the third who revived the pastorate, and exemplified in ministerial activities a spiritual ideal worked out by the help of ecclesiastical polity. And in proportion to the value attached to those services in which a sound divinity is brought close to actual life, and the preacher becomes the friend, will Bugenhagen's share in the work of the Reformation be estimated and remembered.

### II.

#### THE STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS.

He was born, as has been said, at Wollin in Pomerania; it was on the 24th of



June, 1485. When the little fellow grew old enough to make his own observations on his surroundings, he found streets full of shops and merchant folk, and a town busy with the trade of the North Sea. Outside the suburbs, westwards, stretched the level waters, so far as he could conveniently see, of the Haff, and he learned that that land-locked bay, receiving from the south the waters of the Oder, opened on the north to the deep flood of the Baltic; across which rose on clear days, in distant, undulating lines of blue, the coast of Sweden. To the east of the town stretched sandy shores, nearly as level in their uniform flatness as the Haff itself, and rich in season with corn-fields; but oftener there were wind-swept heathy stretches, alternating with shallow lakes between, and, further away inland, fringed by forests. Coming nearer home the lad learned that his father was one of the town council, and that he, with his brother Gerhard, and his sister Kate, ought to behave themselves as people would expect a magistrate's children to do. Gerhard reappears in later days as himself a councillor in a neighbouring town; and Kate's future husband—a certain John Lübbeke—bore the same dignity. In the meantime these things were not in the children's thoughts: long summer days on the heathy flats, as the ships went by, and bees hummed drowsily, and the sun went down all a blaze of glory away towards Rugen, made for them a more substantial world. Across these sands, and listening to the bee's song, their Mother must have often passed, with the children's hands in hers, and her kind eyes watching their faces; but from the dim distance of four hundred years ago, that face—even the name—seems to have faded utterly. How real and present then—now gone!—like so much else of that good which, while it lasts, for its brief day, seems all of earth we most desire to endure, and which is the first to leave us.

To that vanished and unchronicled Friend of childhood's earliest day, may have been mainly owing what was assuredly its most hopeful possession—a

gentle heart, loving even then the Book of God's love. "I loved," he says, on a later day, "the Holy Scriptures from my youth." And though he adds that in the spiritual darkness of the times he knew little how to use them, such love was wisdom, and held the golden key of all that the years could bring. He went to school, and there, with such learning as was common, he picked up something of music. Boys with good voices, and a sensitive ear, were marked out for the church choir; and on Sundays when he was grown up, Councillor Bugenhagen may have heard as the anthem rose and fell, a young voice as familiar as it was dear. The dim broken story does not tell us what passed during these years of boyhood. Perhaps he was sent to school at Stettin, when the master at Wollin reported his pupil ripe for a higher grade. It is certain that when he was thirteen, Bugenhagen was one of the crowd watching the entrance into his capital of Duke Bogislav on his return from Palestine. But it is unsafe to infer that the schoolboy who gazed and shouted with the crowd was a resident. Schoolboys then, as now, could contrive, for the sake of seeing a duke with all his soldiers, to get over the fifteen miles which separated them from a sight so splendid.

But there is no doubt that when seventeen he went to study at Greifswald. It was worth his while. Looking from Wollin, the University town lay towards the sunset; but in the intellectual day breaking over Europe, Greifswald was bright in the dawn. To enrich his college with their varied gifts, the Duke had brought from Italy both John and Vincent of Ravenna, and a more notable scholar had just been added to the academic staff in Hermann Busch. That accomplished man—one of the earlier Humanists to whose enthusiasm and learning Germany readily owns her debt—had been driven from Cologne by the same faction whose zeal—much in advance of their knowledge—Reuchlin

had experienced; and, perhaps happily for the very cause he so faithfully served, became in town after town of the Fatherland—in Münster, Hamburg, Lübeck, Rostock—an apostle of the new Gospel of Learning. And, fortunately for Bugenhagen, just when *he* arrived in Greifswald, Hermann arrived also. The lad's mind was receptive and eager, and with all his youthful ardour, he threw himself into the noble task set before him. "It was the aurora—the dawn—of the better learning," says Melancthon, "and to generous spirits a period full of joy." With Hermann the student read Caesar and Lucan; and in alternation with the story, told in verse or limpid prose, of battle and strategy—studied the grammatical criticism of Priscian. It could not but be that every one was more or less interested; but Bugenhagen, while all were ardent, became absorbed. He pondered, by night and day, the classical authors within his reach; wrote Latin verses, and, as is at least probable, studied the rudiments of Greek. But Latin was his principal acquisition. Many years later, when the Reformers were laboriously translating the Bible, Dr. Pommer was the authority on the language of old Rome; and, in his biographical sketch of his friend, Melancthon—himself the prince of scholars—praises him as an accomplished grammarian. In fact his very success and eminence among the students seems to have indirectly shortened his stay—for an offer of the head-mastership in Treptow on the Rega, could not be refused. His college life in Greifswald was thus short. It was on January 24th, 1502, he matriculated; and by the spring of 1504, after graduating M.A., he had removed to Treptow to take charge of the gymnasium there.

### III.

#### HEAD-MASTER AT TREPTOW.

Eastwards, therefore, the new avenue of life opens before him. The traveller going by land from Greifswald passes

on the left the Haff, with its shores of sand and shrub; then, crossing the Oder at Stettin, and striking northwards with Wollin in his way, he finds, only a dozen miles distant, with its surroundings of sandy hillocks next the shore, and shallow lakes and woods inland, past which the Rega flows, the town of Treptow. Treptow on the Rega is the *Treptoria nova* of earlier times; and there were in Bugenhagen's day more vivid memorials than now of the contact between an outworn past and a new future. Across the river and on one of the heights to the north-west stood the monastery of Belbuck, the name of which recalled an earlier foundation, dim in the vanishing mists of heathenism, where the northern Goddess of Light found worshippers and a shrine. And though the grey superstitions of Gothic idolatries had yielded to mediæval catholicism, there had lain along these shores for many generations of men a superstition scarcely better than the old. With its bands of clergy and settled state and wealth, the Church was strong in Pomerania; but there as elsewhere, the absolute dearth of higher life, with the immoralities of many of the clergy and formality of the ecclesiastical order, were to a large extent like freezing seams of moisture, slowly rifting the old rock of papal state, and preparing for its rupture and fall. The appointment of Bugenhagen, however, showed that a better spirit was abroad. Abbot Bolduan of Belbuck was a man who knew the value of learning, and, hearing of the Wollin councillor's son whose student course at Greifswald was so promising, he secured his appointment to the High School of Treptow, beside his own monastery. When Bugenhagen inspected his new field of work, he found much to be done and to be desired, and he threw himself into the congenial task with characteristic tact and energy. In his earliest prime—for it was in his twentieth year—tall and physically vigorous, and with his mind inspired by contact with Hermann's enthusiastic spirit and the learning he

loved, the new head-master was just the man to carry out Abbot Bolduan's liberal policy, and restore the best traditions of a popular college. A friendly and congenial assistant was already in office, and Andrew Knopke remained to the end Bugenhagen's co-worker and friend. And they prospered wonderfully. From so far off as Westphalia and Livland students began to come to the Treptow gymnasium, led by its reputation as a school of excellent latinity. From the first, the head-master was sound and clear on the higher uses of education: through his study of the Scriptures, he had already in Wollin made some acquaintance with the highest literature of all; and he was not, even in these early days, in much danger of forgetting that Greek and Latin are principally useful as they furnish better methods for cultivating the higher life and for purifying the heart. Accordingly in all his work on Priscian or on Cæsar he never lost sight of the development of his boys' character, and the utilising for the highest purposes the resources of classical learning.

For ten years following his appointment at Treptow, the records of Bugenhagen's outer life are very scanty. But for his mental development and for all his future it was a period of extreme importance, and though the details of the inner history are faintly sketched they are suggestive. Attractive as the Latin authors were, they proved less potent, happily for their teacher, than the writers the charm of whom he had so early learned; and a copious history of his spiritual development is given in a single sentence of Melancthon's, descriptive of these schoolmaster years in Treptow: "He studied eagerly and with hungry heart the books of the prophets and apostles, in connection with the commentaries of Jerome and Augustine: and as he studied he would ever pray for light and guidance, and live a life of genuine piety." It was the secret of all his better success and the preparation for his future. Himself a scholar

of the divine learning, he was fitted to be such a teacher to the lads of Pomerania as the times and their own hearts required: and many a devoted Christian—the Reformer of a parish, the Luther of a little congregation, whose activities have found no history—may have lit the torch which he held aloft in dark days at the glowing fires of Bugenhagen's zeal. Often, we cannot doubt, when some of the scholars found their chief among his books, they saw—not a Latin grammar—but the Bible, lying beside one of the Fathers, from which he raised his head; and in their walks across the sandy levels by the sea, when Andrew Knopke and the head-master took an hour's recreation, you might, joining their company, have been as likely to hear a discussion on the meaning of a passage in the Gospel, or on the evils of the Church, as on some knotty question connected with prosody or parsing.

As might be expected, all this absorbing attention to the highest matters soon bore practical fruit. To his boys' natural surprise, but it can hardly be doubted with their hearty approval, the master announced that he would lecture on the Bible. The book to many must have been less familiar than Cæsar, and they would soon find it marvellously different. As the months passed they read Matthew, the Epistle to Timothy and the Psalms: in what order, or with what intervals, we do not know; but the motive for such choice is both evident and admirable. The chief place would naturally be taken by the History of Redemption; while in the Letter to the Young Preacher, and in the unfathomed depths of the Psalms there were ample materials for instruction and stimulus for every age. Along with his lectures on these nobler classics Bugenhagen gave expositions of the Ten Commandments and the Creed. No one can wonder that the Scriptural Classes became popular, and that a crowd filled the room in the High School when the rector lectured on the Bible or on Divinity. "So welcome," says Melancthon, "were the readings that the townsfolk

as well as the scholars came to hear; and with them such of the priests and monks as were not atheists." A significant qualification in these last words: showing at once how little likely the good citizens were to hear such lectures elsewhere, and how much they were needed.

No one can wonder that such work ended in Bugenhagen's ordination as a regular preacher. The Abbot of Belbueh, always his sturdy friend, saw that such instruction should have fullest scope for development, and he felt that whatever the citizens or the schoolboys might need, his own monks needed biblical culture still more. With admirable wisdom he had founded a Divinity Lectureship, and in order at once to qualify Bugenhagen for its duties, and to open to him the pulpits of the churches, he had the head-master admitted to the status and the college of the clergy. It was in connection partly with his educational and partly with his pulpit work during these years that two of his earliest books were produced—the *History of Pomerania*, on which he spent much of the years 1517 and 1518; and the *Passional*, a little manual of devotion, based on the story of our Lord's sufferings and death, and which has had in the Fatherland a wide and fruitful circulation.

The Reformation was by this time near at hand; and it is interesting to recall if but the names of that band of young men who were standing ready in Treptow for the approaching revolution. In their centre, and confessedly the most vigorous and gifted of them all, is the head-master of the gymnasium, whose burly physique seems to mark him as a leader, even amidst the pressure of a spiritual war. Beside him, his ally both in educational and in spiritual work, is the tutor, Andrew Knopke, who in later days became chief in the Reformation work in Riga, and some of whose hymns, the expression of his devotional and poetic temper—are yet sung in Germany. Beside these are Otto Slutow, the deacon, and John Curreke; and Stralsund may well remember another of the

band, Christian Ketelhodt, for he was in that city one of the earliest apostles of a revived Gospel. To all these the Abbot Bolduan lent the weight of his influence and protection; and, when fast-maturing events had scattered the friends, each to his appointed sphere, the Abbot found congenial employment as a preacher in Saxony.

It must, however, be remembered that as yet the distinctive truths of the Reformation were, even in Treptow, practically unknown. Of himself, and of his opinions about this period, Bugenhagen does not hesitate to say that both were involved in much darkness. He was a moral reformer, eager and resolute, but little more. He was a zealous churchman. To get rid of manifest abuses was his aim; but the truth he believed had been already received and promulgated. His was that darker and legal way—so often leading to the sunny Gospel—in which, by many a duty and a penance, he sought peace of heart. With much that was true and noble, and with a world of excellent work already accomplished, there was yet one thing wanting, and one work undone. The decisive day came in the year 1520, and the story of how the light broke on his mind has often been told.

It was one day in October of that year when Bugenhagen was dining with Otto Slutow. The talk may have turned, as it often did, on the state of affairs in Church and State; and on this day Slutow had something which he was sure would interest his friend. A new publication had been sent him from Leipzig, just issued by Dr. Luther of Wittenberg, of whom everybody was at the time beginning to hear. He reached the pamphlet across the table. We can imagine the interval of silence while the rector was slowly scanning the paragraphs, and Slutow was watching the expression of his face. And we can see the slow knitting of the brows, and hear at last the resounding slap of his hand on the pages as he exclaims: "Many a wretched heretic, since our Lord suffered, has vexed

the Church, but one more pestiferous than this—never!” It was a downright verdict; still, something about the book led him to take it home, to see, perhaps, the full extent of its daring. But when they next met a marvellous change had come. “What am I to say?” and his deep tones were full of meaning; “the whole world has been in darkness; this man alone sees the truth and tells it.” The second verdict was more deliberate than the first, and it was more enduring. The pamphlet, we may be sure, was read again and again, and by all the circle of friends. Warmest in his advocacy of the truth he had discovered, Bugenhagen urged it on the acceptance of every one within his range.

The Abbot Bolduan had first set him to teach the youth; he would now win over his old friend to the way which seemed to him so clear: and he did not argue in vain. But there was one result of the pamphlet at which the Treptow people had little cause to rejoice. Bugenhagen determined to pursue the subject; and, in order to get at the spring and highest authority, he resolved to go to Wittenberg, and see Luther himself. He resigned the rectorship, wrote a touching and instructive valedictory letter to his pupils, and in the spring of 1521 he was in the Saxon University.

#### IV.

##### EARLY YEARS AT WITTENBERG.

When Bugenhagen arrived in Wittenberg the Diet of Worms was at hand, and Luther soon left to attend its sittings. But there was time to see and make the acquaintance of the reformer, and to talk over some of the burning questions in which both were so interested. It is well known that on his way back Luther was carried off to the Wartburg, and thus for some two years was absent from his post. But though he was absent, Melancthon was in Wittenberg, and his friend from Pomerania must soon have learned how effectually, in matters of theological diffi-

culties and to an inquiring student, he could fill the vacant place. In the meantime, Bugenhagen fell back on his old and favourite activities. Among the students he found some from his own northern province, and, to help their sacred studies, he invited them to his lodgings to read with them the book of Psalms. The story of his lectures in Treptow began to repeat itself. By the time he had reached the Sixteenth Psalm his rooms could not hold those who came; and Melancthon began to hint that he must remove to a college class-room, and become one of the professorial staff. Bugenhagen had come to the university to be a learner, but things were likely to lead him in quite another way, and he felt he should follow whither duty seemed to direct him. Accordingly the lecturer and the lectures were transferred to a more fitting sphere. Their popularity and usefulness were continued; and the manuscript was afterwards published in a stout volume, which collectors of Reformation literature rarely now can find, and which they justly prize. Melancthon, who himself had attended some of the lectures, prefaces the book with a brief note of commendation, and Luther adds a characteristic epistle. He may call Bugenhagen, he says, the first man who really has explained the Psalms. Other people gave their own views, but here you are told what is the actual truth—what the Psalms really mean and are. It has been a fine reward, he ironically adds, to the zeal of his friends the Romanists, who, knowing that he himself was going to write, thought to carry him off, and quench the few drops of water of life he might have tried to sprinkle on thirsty ground. What would they think of the cataracts of living truth, with thunder and rain of convincing argument, they had got here!

But these lectures on the Psalms by no means represent all the work crowding fast on the reformers' new friend. What seemed a misfortune to Bugenhagen personally, proved to others that he came to Wittenberg not too early or

too late, but just in time. In Luther's absence great disturbances arose in connection with Carlstadt's crude attempts at a fuller reformation. He wanted, says Melancthon, to show that there could be reformers as well as Luther, quite as bold, and quite as thorough; and for a while the popular mind was greatly excited, as he urged with an irregular but contagious enthusiasm of his own, that all the old should be thrown aside, and all the new—as he and his friends taught it—should be the life and law of the future. The minds of the people were in an inflammatory and wavering state, and for some critical months the gravest disasters threatened the head-quarters of Reform. And in this hour of difficulty, when Melancthon, shy and sensitive, felt the popular forces above his strength, it was fortunate that Bugenhagen was beside him. With his commanding presence, his knowledge of men, his tact, his balanced judgment and persuasive address, he rendered effective service; and though no one but Luther could effectually calm the disturbance, it might, but for Bugenhagen's influence, have been beyond even his control.

The *Psalms* had already been the occasion of his entering the circle of the academic teachers; in 1522 Bugenhagen was invited by the unanimous vote of the Senate and Council to the pastorate of the High Church. The new appointment was even happier than the first. His *forte* lay in ministerial activity, in the practical dealing with the multifarious work and with the difficulties connected with church life, and in which his organizing talent and unflinching tact were uniformly successful. From the day when he took his place in the pulpit of the city church, he held a recognised place in connection with the chief reformers and their work. Without one so specially gifted to consolidate and organize the new church life, which in a hundred spheres needed such control, the loss to the Reformation would have been great. Never, save with unwillingness and waste of delicate sensibility, could

Melancthon be withdrawn from his professorial employ; and when necessity compelled him from time to time to visit the churches, though his services were exceptionally great, they were rendered under compulsion at the sacrifice of congenial service in his own academic sphere. And Luther, though seeming to embody every capability, had evidently a sphere from which he could not safely be withdrawn. But what neither one nor other of these gifted men could find time or profess special capability for, was the most congenial service for Bugenhagen. As the years passed we shall find him almost everywhere but in Wittenberg; and though nothing could tempt him to leave that "little nest"—Melancthon's genial word—he was ready to go wherever the difficult work of organizing churches required his aid. Nothing could be more suitable than the appointment made in 1536, when he was nominated General Superintendent of the churches within the ducal territory. No one could value more highly his pastoral services than the most notable of his parishioners, Dr. Luther himself. When the plague of 1537 drove professors and students from the city, both Luther and Bugenhagen remained, and in the same house. "It may have seemed," Luther says, "I invited him to come to me for his sake; it was really for my own." The *Table Talk* shows that a friendship so hearty could easily bear an occasional rally from either side: Luther sometimes would broadly hint that Dr. Pommer preached too long; and at other times, when some of the reformer's gloomy fits mastered him, and when he sent for his faithful pastor, Bugenhagen could, now and then, administer a characteristic admonition. It is an often-told story that, on one occasion when they were together, and when Luther's faith was for the moment eclipsed, his friend looking up exclaimed, as if in despair of making any impression on him—"The Lord God is perplexed to know what to do with you! He says, 'What am I to make of this man?' I

have given him so many and so rare gifts, and he won't believe in me!" And it was one of the pleasantest traits of a friendship so frank and deep, that it never suffered even temporary estrangement. It was not always easy to live with Luther, and Melanchthon, with all his affection for him, felt the difficulty keenly; but between Dr. Pommer and Dr. Martin there was never the shadow of a misunderstanding. With complete agreement on theological points, there was considerable community of character and taste, and it must not be forgotten, that if Luther was often impetuous and overbearing, one of Bugenhagen's characteristics was his tact. Not so sensitive as to be wounded by a hasty word, he was far too sagacious to suffer a passing irritation to disturb the even tenour of a relationship so full of honour and of enjoyment.

It was in such engagements as those brought to him in connection with his pulpit, and his duties as superintendent, that the earlier Wittenberg years passed away. Happily it was not a solitary life. One of the most familiar friends of the reformer's, and an efficient helper in the work of Bible translation, was George Rörer; but Eva Rörer made a deeper impression on Dr. Pommer than her brother, and they were married in the October of 1527. With Luther's and with Melanchthon's Kate, Eva completes a trio not to be forgotten in the history of their famous husbands; and though her personality is less distinct than either of theirs, she has equal share with them in enduring and gentle memory.

## V.

### THE LETTER TO ENGLISH CHRISTIANS.

In 1525 Bugenhagen wrote a Letter to the friends of the Reformation in England. He had heard, with natural gladness, that they were numerous and increasing, but that reports were being industriously spread that the German reformers were hopelessly at variance with each other, and that the new gospel was fast turning into the old lawlessness

and evil. His own position in Wittenberg, as well as the unusual influence he enjoyed, specially fitted Bugenhagen to deal with rumours like these: and the Letter is an admirable reply. More than this, it is an exposition of the Gospel, brief but clear; and those who object to the intellectual variations of Protestantism may still be reminded—to put it in Dr. Pommer's common-sense way—that, after all there is just "one article" that is vital, and about that there is no difference of opinion. The English edition of this kindly little missive is extremely scarce—one copy is treasured among the rarest books of the British Museum—and it is at once befitting and seasonable that this 400th anniversary a long silenced voice should be heard once more in England, in the delivery of a message which, unfortunately, is still needed. What follows is taken from the Black Letter Tract of 1536:—

"A COMPENDIOUS LETTER WHICH JOHN POMMERANE CURATE OF THE CONGREGATION AT WITTENBERG SENT TO THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION IN ENGLAND. (1536.)

"Grace be with you and peace from God our Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ. We could not but rejoice when we heard that in Englanad as in other countries the joyful message of the glory of God was very well taken of diverse. Notwithstanding this also is shewed us that many weaklings yet be drawn back again because of unknown rumours that there be noised of us by them that withstand the Gospel of God. This is our rejoicing. Nevertheless I think it not need to withstand such lies as be uttered against the preachers of the Gospel. For whereto should this blessing be mete else—namely—Blessed be ye when men curse you and revile you &c.? But we do not allow and support, if anybody under pretence of christian liberty behave himself unchristly; for all they that have taken upon them the name of Christ have also put on Christ. And this we marvel of—why some with you

fear to take upon them the holy Gospel of Christ by reason of the misreport that we are misreported: not remembering that it behoveth the Son of God to be reproved of the world, and the preaching of the cross to be counted foolishness. Though it were true that men do falsely surmise upon us, for Christ's cause, should not they therefore accept the glad tidings of health so freely offered them of God? What point is more foolish than this, namely, that you be more curious unto my wickedness than to your own health? Wilt thou therefore be no Christian because I am a sinner? Why do not they rather follow the rule of Paul saying Prove all things, and keep that which is good. If I shall have respect to man's righteousness or unrighteousness when shall I be delivered from error (whereby the whole world did near perish) and know the righteousness of God? Now will the rude say who can perceive these doubtful things?—for men dispute of man's freewill, of vows, and monastical sects, of shrift and satisfactions, of the abuse of the blessed sacrament, of worshipping of saints that be dead, and such like. Some other say we fear lest under this variance be some poison hid and mischief. As though we went about with enticing words of man's wisdom and not with evident scriptures against whom the gates of hell hitherto could not prevail. Or as though our adversaries brought anything else for them against us save statutes and traditions of men, the which God doth damn—Isaiah xxix, and Christ—Matt. xv. But what poison do ye fear here while we attempt nothing in secret, but we propose all our doings to the whole world's judgment. And because thou shalt not excuse thyself with the diversity of doctrines, to be short—we teach but one article; though we preach much daily and write much, and do many things for our adversaries that they also may be saved. And this is the Article, namely:—

CHRIST IS OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

For He is become unto us of God the

Father wisdom, justice, satisfaction, and redemption. He that doth not grant us that is no Christian man; and he that doth grant us it will soon give over all righteousness of men. Here shall the heresy of Pelagius nothing avail, wherewith (though they have altered the words) those persons are infect, which boast themselves only to be Christians. The confidence of sects and outward works as are now-a-days shall not profit us, the which our Pharisees have brought unto us refusing the shame of Christ's cross in that they set our works in Christ's stead.—Against whom and against the whole kingdom of Satan we bring forth this most sure argument with Paul saying—'If rightwiseness come by the Law and our own free will, then died Christ in vain.' Gal. ii. This rightwiseness, which is Christ, hath witness of the law and prophets. But they that follow their own rightwiseness do never attain to the true rightwiseness, as the Jews did. For they can not be brought subject under the rightwiseness of God. This rightwiseness of Christ is thine if thou receive Christ by faith. For Christ died not for Himself or for His own sins: but for thee and for thy sins. Therefore what other thing soever thou attemptst to be made righteous by (that is) to be made free from the displeasure of God—from sin, from death, and from hell, it is all but hypocrisy, falsehood, and wickedness, hath it never so fair a pretence of holiness. For it shall strive against the grace of God and deny Christ.—Peradventure thou wilt ask what our opinion and teaching is of customs, of worshipping of God, of the sacraments and such like. To this I answer that Christ who is become our rightwiseness is also our Teacher: whatsoever He hath taught us by His word that counsel we to be observed, like as He Himself hath commanded in the last chapter of Matthew. First of all He hath taught this to be the work of God that we believe in Him whom the Father hath sent us. And whoso believeth in Him he is a good tree, and



can not but bring good fruit at his season:—not that fruit which hypocrisy feigneth but that fruit which the Spirit of God bringeth forth there of His own accord. For they which be led with Christ's spirit they be the children of God. Wherefore he shall live soberly godly and righteously; he shall worship God in spirit and truth, and not in elements of this world, not in change of meats and diversity of vesture or other hypocrisy. He shall believe or feel of the sacraments that which God hath taught and ordained. He shall serve his neighbour in teaching, counsel, prayer, in his substance: yea with the peril of his life also, not to his friend only but also to his enemy. These things hath Christ taught. To these draweth the nature of the spirit the hearts of them that believe; and all these teach we to be done. And forasmuch as we be yet in the flesh, whatsoever is not done by the motion of these doth not satisfy and recompense God. And because we sin daily therefore we teach with Christ that forgiveness of sin be continually desired. Christ's commandment to pray was—Forgive us our debts, &c. And for this faithful trust in God we assure them that the sin which resteth yet in the flesh shall not once be imputed unto them. Paul sayeth—I find in me (that is in my flesh) no good. But thanks to God that Christ is not come hither for the righteous but for the unrighteous and sinners. For publicans and whores shall enter into the kingdom of heaven before the Pharisees, supposing them righteous by their works. What will the wicked mouth babble and say scornfully, seeing we preach nor teach other things? God sayeth by Moses—Whoso doth not hear that Prophet (meaning Christ) I will be avenged upon him: let those enemies of the Gospel think this sentence spoke against them. The Father also sayeth of Christ, Hear Him. And Christ Himself sayeth—My sheep shall hear my voice and not the voice of strangers.—This have I written to you, brethren, in few words, to testify unto you the re-

joicing that I have of you, and also to give accounts unto you of the good hope that we have to God against them that with unshamefast lies pervert and overthrow all that we build. Pray ye to God for us and for all the saints and for all our adversaries that the word of God may be known and grow in the world to His glory and the health of men through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour—to whom be glory and power for ever and ever. Amen."

## VI.

### VISITS TO THE CHURCHES

In the year 1528, Bugenhagen was invited to Brunswick to organize and direct the church life. It was one of the earliest instances of those missions which subsequently occupied him year after year, and in which so much of his peculiar service to Reformation work consists. In every such case the transition from the old order of things to the new is critically dangerous and difficult. What the old was, from which the people were driven, was known, and it had the conservative attraction of many a tradition woven with family histories and memories for many a year; but what the new would be, who could tell? While some cling hopefully to the ancient way, others believe nothing good that has not the zest of novelty. When everything is in motion, there is most need of the piloting hand to guide. And it was just in such cases that Bugenhagen rendered his most effective service. He had wide knowledge of men, he was sagacious, bold and strong. With much tact and skill he was uniformly and genuinely devout. He inspired belief, and rewarded confidence; he was good as well as wise. With his burly form and jovial humour, and a pulpit eloquence second perhaps, among the Saxon theologians, to Luther alone, few men could better assume the responsible guidance of Churches when they passed from the old Egypt of mediæval catholicism to the promised lands of the new

life and age. Of this his earliest visit to distant churches, an interesting memorial still survives. In the Royal Library at Berlin a faded manuscript has been discovered, containing in Bugenhagen's autograph the notes of his sermons preached in Brunswick. They are dated, and with a slight imaginative revival of departed days, it is possible to follow him from week to week and recall the services to which the people thronged. With excellent judgment he constantly urged the broader essential truths of Christianity, and based upon them the duties and the feelings of common life. In his organization of ecclesiastical affairs, two things are perpetually provided for—the education of the young and the care of the poor. With an instinct that never failed him, he thought of the undeveloped future, and, in training the lads and girls, he secured the men and women of the future. And whatever else might be arranged about finance, he took care to have a treasury with its custodian for those who—friendless or fatherless—were bearing the burdens of poverty.

From Brunswick Bugenhagen went, and on similar business, to Hamburg. It was in Hamburg that Albert Krantz laboured, and who when he read, just before his death, the theses of Luther, could only say sorrowfully, "You are right, good brother: but you will do no good; better go into your cell and say, 'May God have mercy on us!'" But the forecast was not to be realized; and had the good but despondent theologian but lived to welcome Bugenhagen, no one would have received him more warmly. As it was he had a cordial reception, and subsequently wrote to Luther about his work in the city in the most hopeful way. The next year, 1530, we find Bugenhagen in Lübeck, where he spent some two years, returning in April, 1532. It was on Sunday, the 30th of October, that in St. Mary's Church to a vast multitude he preached the first sermon, and every succeeding week had its work of instruction and of

conference, of organization and of prayer. Three years later, and busied with a similar task, he was in his native province. Like so many other of the countries, in these days of revival, Pomerania was stretching out her hands to God; and with a sense and reverent gladness much too deep surely for words the man who as a child watched the ships in the Haß, and as a youth studied in Greifswald and Treptow, now returned to these early scenes to give the young Christianity of his people such guidance and help as he might. Nowhere could he have preached more joyfully, or laboured with more watchful zeal for every interest involved, than in the old land.

But of all his missionary journeys, the longest, and in some respects the most notable, was to Denmark. It was at Flensburg, in the year 1529, that Bugenhagen made the acquaintance of Christian III., and the acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship which lasted to the end of his life. A long correspondence still exists between the king and the theologian; and it is one of the most interesting memorials of the Reformation times. He went to Copenhagen in July, 1537, with his wife and children, and with his nephew, John Lütbecke, and was received with distinguished cordiality. The next month, with much magnificence and stately ritual, he conducted, at their special request, the coronation service of the king and queen, and crowned them with his own hands. The university next absorbed his attention; he organized its constitution after that of Wittenberg, and undertook the position of rector, delivering courses of theological lectures, and presiding at the disputations in which the Danish youths were to sharpen their faculties for polemical conference or war. The following year he returned for a short time, to Wittenberg; but with only occasional intervals his mission to Denmark extended to some five years. Visits to Brunswick and Hildesheim followed. At length, in the autumn of 1542, with an Evangelistic tour in

the Duchy of Brunswick these special services of Bugenhagen to the churches ended in the same locality as they began.

## VII.

### LATER YEARS IN WITTENBERG.

From this period Bugenhagen's home was the old university town. It was dear to him for the best and most universally true of all reasons, that where our truest friends are is ever the favourite home of the heart. And in the little Saxon city he had wife and child; he had Dr. Martin and Philip; and Jonas and Cruciger and his brother-in-law George Rörer. There, also, he had his congregation, in which old and young honoured as they loved and knew good Dr. Pommer; there were his students; there the endless concourse of visitors from every land; there, was the work, in all its accompaniments and surroundings, for which he had lived and in which he hoped to die. And on the whole, till the shadows of later days fell, it was a life made delightful by the sense of service, and by a trust in God as robust and real as it was child-like; and as well as by the natural happiness of a generous mind. No evidence is needed to convince us that Dr. Pommer had a jovial humour as well as a devout heart; but evidences sufficient exist. We can still picture the old sitting-room in Luther's house lit up and warm again, some evening that Philip is coming for a quiet supper along with Dr. Pommer and Dr. Jonas. When he came back from Denmark, he was cross-questioned about the habits of the country; and the Doctor astonished the company by affirming that the Danes were in the habit of drinking oil, and eating grease: it was puzzling news for well-read men; but they discovered that the traveller was playing off their ignorance of Danish in a linguistic pun.<sup>1</sup> In Melancthon's ear, accustomed to the liquid music of his

beloved Greek, the Pomeranian-German must have been half barbarous, but on one occasion he suggested that Dr. Pommer should teach him something of its philological peculiarities. "Where you use *s*," Bugenhagen replied, "we have *t*, as *dat* for *das*, and so on." He could hardly be prepared for Philip raising his wine-glass and addressing him with a grave smile in a sentence of unheard-of uncouthness constructed according to the new rule. The doctor could only shake his head and reply in Latin, "No rule without some exceptions." One afternoon the three friends had supper with Camerarius; and it occurred to Luther to ask who could furnish the briefest and pithiest "grace." His own was *Dominus Jesus, Sit potus et esus*,—"May the Lord Jesus be our Meat and Drink,"—and it must have been accepted as both short and suggestive. Nothing can do justice to Bugenhagen's but his bluff Pomeranian: *Dit und Dat, Drocken und Natt geseyne uns Gad*,—"This and that, dry or wet, bless us God." Melancthon's was briefest, and surely pithiest and profoundest of all: *Benedictus benedicat*,—"May the Blessed One give His blessing," and the sententious benediction is still familiar in many a college hall. Brief and vanishing reminiscences of the departed days!—yet sufficient to some minds to remind us that in the deserted and decaying chambers of old Wittenberg there was once a life of tempered pleasantries as well as of conflict and prayer.

But whatever might be the conversation at the supper table, family worship would close the evening; and while little remains to recall many a family talk, there are copious survivals of the household devotions. We still sing the hymns which Luther wrote, and sang; and it adds an interest to *Ein Feste Burg* to imagine it sung full-voiced in Dr. Pommer's or in Luther's own parlour, where he himself may have taken the treble and Bugenhagen with his deep voice, the bass. From his early days

<sup>1</sup> The German words he used meant, in Denmark, Beer and Butter.

in Wollin he was fond of music; and the common taste drew the two friends still more closely together. These evening gatherings would occasionally be joined by Paul Eber, some of whose hymns are the deepest and tenderest of the time; and whose slight form and weaker voice would serve to set off the robust Pomeranian. May we imagine that we see—chatting of their household affairs, or moving from friend to friend—the forms of Luther's and of Melancthon's Catherine, and the face—which to judge by the name should be fair—of Dr. Pommer's Eva?

As to the daily work, that went forward as before, endlessly varied yet substantially the same. Week by week there were sermons to meditate, pastoral visits to pay, candidates to examine or ordain, churches to visit, pastors to advise or direct, lectures to deliver in the college, and Boards to attend. It was a life full of labour; but also full of goodwill and trust and prayer, and so full of hopefulness and of peace. And as the days went quietly by, the Doctor was growing old. As the winter of 1548 began to freeze the shallow lakes of Wollin, and sweep the Wittenberg streets with its chill blasts, he wrote a letter to his friend and correspondent, King Christian of Denmark. "Will your Majesty grant me a great favour?—I want a good Swedish fox-skin lining for a long gown and body-coat, so that I may manage to keep this old Bugenhagen warm so long as God wants him for Christ's service; it will likely be the last outfit I will need in this weary world." Ten years were still before him; but the closing words were not formal, for two years before this letter Luther had died. No one, perhaps, felt the death of his old and dear friend more keenly than Bugenhagen. When Dr. Jonas sent the news to the Elector, he suggested that he should with his reply send a letter of consolation to Dr. Pommer, who would suffer from the loss more than any other. As he preached the funeral sermon, tears—his own and

those of the vast crowd—interrupted his words. The golden age of freer and hopefuller work, as Melancthon says, was over: the age of iron had begun.

## VIII.

### THE SIEGE AND THE END.

Luther had hardly died before it became too clear that he had been taken away from the evil to come. Civil war followed on theological strife. The wisest of men were full of fears, if not for themselves, all the more for others. The Schmalkald war broke out, and in the autumn of 1546 Wittenberg was besieged. The students had gone as well as most of the professors, but Bugenhagen could not desert his post, and he, with Cruciger and Paul Eber remained. Many of the people sought refuge elsewhere: others would live or die beside the grave of Luther. In the meantime, the fatal ring was drawn more closely round the little city.

A photographic account of these dark days survives in Bugenhagen's Narrative (1545). With faithful accuracy he describes the progress and incidents of the siege. We see him thrown across the bed in agony of prayer, or pacing the room in depressing thought. But these are his worst times; he is happiest—if there were any happiness then—when praying with the people or preaching to them in the church. We watch him passing from house to house in visits of comfort. During the night he rises to pray, and wonders as he looks out on the moonlit city street then looking so peaceful, whether his prayers are being answered. Sleep seems at first impossible; but he is surprised and thankful he can rest so well. The military men can seldom come to service, but the civilians are naturally devout and subdued. So the winter wears over, with much sickness and sorrow, and in the spring they hope Duke Frederick may relieve them. But in April the fatal battle of Muhlberg ruins their hopes: they hear the Duke is a prisoner, and

that the Emperor is advancing against the town. It is but too true: there is no hope; but it is not easy to surrender with a Spanish soldiery outside the walls. On the gloomy day when negotiations are pending, the bell of the Castle church fills it with a silent crowd, and Bugenhagen standing at the desk addresses them. They are commanded to surrender; the Duke himself urges it; but he cannot advise what course to take. There is one thing, however, they can and must do—they can pray. How fervently they prayed need not be said. But when the people pour out of the door there is a light in every face. "Our affairs cannot go wrong—we have put them into God's hands."

Shortly afterwards, on the understanding that none but German soldiers should enter, the town was surrendered to the Emperor, and handed over to Duke Maurice. He assured the people and specially the professors of his goodwill and desire not to take from them but to give. In October the university was reopened, the benches were again filled by the students, and the classes went forward as before. To his deep gladness and relief Bugenhagen had his banished wife and children restored; and strove in the new peace and freedom to forget the strain and sufferings of the past.

But there is a time which comes in the later life of many when all the being is filled with the sense that the spring of earthly existence is broken. Some great sorrow passes over; and, were we but twenty or forty years younger, we might throw its influence off like a dream; but the elasticity of spirit is gone; for though the burden is lifted off, it has broken, while it crushed us, so much of the heart's delicate machinery, that though we live on it is with "labour and sorrow" to the end. And Bugenhagen knew his good days were substantially over. Well for him, indeed, that Eva was beside him, that his children met him at the door; now also there were little grandchildren, for his

married daughter, a young widow of twenty-three, had returned to the old home. The loss of Dr. Luther was not the only sorrow of these later days. Those who have read the story of the Reformation know how painful is that chapter which narrates the contentions of the Church leaders—smaller and shallower men—who followed the larger-brained and larger-hearted men who had gone before. The Osiandrian and the Flaccian worries are small matters to us; but they effectively embittered many a year in the life of Bugenhagen and his colleagues which but for them might have been filled with more fruitful activity, and with that peace which on earth, in the lives of just men, fitly precludes the eternal rest. And it may have been owing not a little to the blended forces of loss and of vexation that, towards the end, a lethargic decay slowly crept over his faculties. When one day Melancthon came to see him and found him so altered, his mind was filled, as he left, with the deep but sorrowful prayer that in his own case such painful loss of vigour might bespare him. The burly Pomeranian, with his clear sagacity and jocund humour, was already a tradition among his surviving friends. But still the best part of the man remained. Though with intermittent leaps and glow, the flame of a life hid with Christ in God burned steadily on. The neighbours never failed to mark the old man, when his own strength and a glimpse of spring allowed him, leaning on a friendly arm on his way to the High Church to bow with them as before in prayer. But the winds of spring which blow in young lives a song of hope and happiness, are often too keen for the existence sinking towards its close. On the night of the 20th of April, 1558, between twelve and one, Bugenhagen died. He had often said during the last days—"This is Life Eternal to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent;" and at length he proved how true and glorious were the noble words.

## X.

## MEMORIALS.

With that peaceful departure seem also to have slowly disappeared most of the personal memories of the Reformer's home. Already—now, indeed, for twelve years—Eva has passed out of sight: and the faint glimpse of survivors,—as they linger for a while near the old home, and then are lost among strangers—is a quickly vanishing dream. One by one the old faces fade; just as one by one those also who watch them—young for a little while themselves—fade in turn, and can be found again by no diligence of search. There are still Bugenhagens in Pomerania: but it is one of the most uncertain of surmises that they have any connection with the little people who, awestruck, watched good Dr. Pommer's funeral in the April of 1558.

The same fate has virtually overtaken most of the Reformer's literary labour. Not a few volumes of commentary were issued during his life, rich in theological teaching, and helpful towards practical piety, but they are known nowadays only to few. Once in a year some antiquarian book-list revives a forgotten title: and the treasure is borne off to the quiet library, in town or country, of the scholar who still cherishes an appreciation for a learning too many have lost. But to all intents and purposes the place which knew Dr. Pommer as an author will know him no more.

Better, however, than the actual work of a good man—often in its very nature temporary—is the spirit of his life. When he was dying Bugenhagen repeated with fervid heartiness the words which speak of the knowledge of Christ as the only true and eternal life; and in that respect the close of his career

was of a part with all its course. His motto embodies the spirit of all, and the terse Latin words cannot be out of place here:—

"Si Jesum bene scis, satis est si cetera nescis;  
Si Jesum nescis nil est quod cetera discis."

"If you know truly Christ the Lord,  
Small loss though you know nothing more;  
But fail to learn that living word,  
Then vain the highest earthly lore."

The year in which his friend and Luther's died Melancthon celebrated his memory in a short poem, which has the interest of its own merit and of its authorship as well as the attractiveness of an affectionate tribute, by way of epitaph, to the good man who had just gone. It may fitly close this sketch, not in its own finer form, but in an English paraphrase which poorly recalls Philip's beautiful words:—

"Like that sweet bird which bears—when age  
has spent  
His outworn mate—her body on his wings:  
So, Friend, well worthy!—in thy languish-  
ment  
The Church shall guard thee, whate'r sorrow  
brings.  
Good Doctor Pommer!—every Christian heart  
Crowns with just love and praise thy silvery  
hair  
Thine, who hast sown in many a foreign part,  
The seed of heavenly truth to ripen there.  
And even as John, the Preacher of the Wild,  
Pointed out Him who bears sin's heavy  
load;  
Thou, breaking falsehoods, also shewed us,  
mild  
Yet strong to save, the gentle Son of God.  
And just as—while, below, a wintry sea  
Tumblös and boils—her nest the Haleyön  
lays  
High on safe rocks—so Denmark, wise through  
thee,  
Unfolds her House of Peace, her Gates of  
Praise.  
God's hand upheld thee, Friend, through  
life's long strife,  
Now thou art with him in Eternal life."  
GEO. WILSON, M.A., F.L.S.

# SIR DAVID BREWSTER.





# SIR DAVID BREWSTER,

FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

## I.

FEW are the names, however brilliant during life, which shine with lustre unfaded many years after death. That of Sir David Brewster is one which will ever remain bright in the records of science, and in the pages of history. The biographer of Sir Isaac Newton, he was second only to Newton himself in the importance and variety of his researches into the nature and properties of light. These studies he turned to practical use. The late Sir Alexander Grant, the successor of Sir David Brewster as Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, in his eloquent opening address said, "Every lighthouse that burns round the shores of the British Empire is a shining witness to the usefulness of Brewster's life."

Another claim to living remembrance is the fact that Brewster was the founder and father of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, an institution fraught with many benefits to the arts and industries as well as to the knowledge and science of England and of the world.

Of the position which Brewster held during the greater portion of his life, the words of Lord Brougham well expressed the opinion of his contemporaries, when he thus wrote to Lord Palmerston: "Sir David Brewster is in fact at the head of our men of science for the originality of his researches and the importance of his discoveries." That the same high estimate was held by others besides his own countrymen, no stronger proof could be given than his unanimous election as one of the eight foreign members of the French Institute; while there was scarcely one scientific society, in the old world or the new, which did not honour itself by inscribing his name on

its roll of honorary members. The honour of Knighthood he received from William IV. in 1831.

Rare and remarkable as were his scientific attainments and honours, a higher distinction belonged to Sir David Brewster in his being a firm believer in the Bible, and a true Christian. There was to him no difficulty in reconciling philosophy and faith, or harmonizing natural science with revealed truth. He knew too well the limited range of human reason, not to be thankful for light and knowledge which man could not by searching attain to. One of his addresses as President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh closed with these words: "We may rest assured that truths that are demonstrated will never rush into collision with truths that are revealed." To one of his colleagues in the University, in his later days, he expressed his "deep regret that so many scientific men were setting themselves in opposition to the doctrines of Scripture, and expressed his own thankfulness that he had none of their doubts about the truth of Christianity as revealed in the Bible, but had simple faith in the Saviour whom God had provided, and looked to Christ alone for pardon and everlasting life." To recall the history and review the character of such a man, is a useful and suitable study for these times of agnostic indifference and superficial scepticism. In the life of Sir David Brewster we have the true portrait of a Christian Philosopher.

## II.

### BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

Sir David Brewster was born December 11, 1781, in the Scottish border town of Jedburgh. His father, the head-master



or rector of the Grammar School there, was a fair classical scholar and an able teacher, an upright and godly man, respected by all, but held rather in awe by his pupils on account of his strong will and quick temper. The vigorous intellect and touchy temper were inherited by the son, but combined with extreme sensibility and remarkable tenderness, which he derived from his mother, a gentle and gracious Christian woman, whom, however, he lost before he was ten years of age. The tenderness of spirit which is here referred to, was not always apparent, for he was throughout most of his life quick in temper, and he had the reputation of being combative and sometimes even ill-natured; but the severity was on the surface, and came only from the lips or the pen. The thought of giving pain never occurred to him, and he cherished no feeling of bitterness. He would hail with the utmost cordiality, or put himself about to serve, those whom he had recently met in what seemed fierce controversy. It was an odd duality of temper, which strangers to him did not always readily understand.

### III.

#### EARLY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

At home and in his father's school he received his early education, of the kind common in old Scottish times, when the usual elementary teaching was always united with careful grounding in the doctrinal truths set forth in the Shorter Catechism. This catechetical teaching has been the custom in Scotland, as in all Protestant lands, ever since the days of Martin Luther and John Knox. But Brewster's mind was trained under special influences, not within reach of all boys at Scottish parish schools, or in average Scottish Christian homes. Jedburgh at that time, now nearly a hundred years ago, was redolent of the old border spirit of legend and romance, with stirring tales of fierce feuds and daring adventures, not untinged with weird stories of mystery and superstition.

"I did not believe in ghosts," he afterwards said, "but I was afraid of them." In an atmosphere like this the genius of this child of bright intellect and quick imagination was nurtured, as was that of his contemporary and friend Sir Walter Scott. But while the early bias led Scott to the regions of romance and poetry, another stronger influence in his early years led Brewster to the study and the love of science.

In the neighbourhood of Jedburgh, on a small property inherited from his fathers, lived a friend of the Brewsters, James Veitch; a plain, pious, worthy man, who followed the humble trade of a plough-wright. This village carpenter, as we might call him, had a mind superior to his station and his work. He had given his leisure hours to the study of the higher mathematics, and had exercised his skill in constructing telescopes, the excellence of which was known not in his own country only but all over Europe. With Herschell and Brisbane and other princes of science he was in familiar correspondence. He knew how to use, as well as make his instruments, for his name is associated with several discoveries, and he was the first to descry, with one of his own telescopes, the famous comet of 1811. "A self-taught philosopher, astronomer, and mathematician!" says Sir Walter Scott, "he was certainly one of the most extraordinary persons I ever knew."

It was a singular advantage for young Brewster to be brought into frequent intercourse with such a man. Mr. Veitch soon saw the curiosity and intelligence of the boy, and encouraged him to be a constant visitor to his workshop at Inchbonny. Thither he hastened after school, and there he passed many a holiday. Sometimes he was rewarded by seeing the wonders of the starry heavens through Mr. Veitch's best telescope. The boy made good use of his opportunities, and so well did he employ hands as well as eyes that when only ten years old he had finished a telescope all of his own making. Meanwhile his

regular school studies had not been neglected, but a taste was thus early formed for the pursuits in which he afterwards rose to eminence.

Another early influence was that of the parish minister of Jedburgh, the Rev. Dr. Somerville, a man of varied culture, whose *Reminiscences of his own times* form a volume of interesting records of Scottish life and character. Brewster often assisted Dr. Somerville as his amanuensis, and to the hours spent in the manse-study much of his own literary skill and power may be fairly attributed. There were many other residents and visitors at Jedburgh in those times, which gave it a literary atmosphere superior to most towns of the size, and to what its present condition would indicate. All these advantages young Brewster was enabled to turn to good account.

#### IV.

##### AT THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

In accordance with the general custom in Scotland at that period, young Brewster went at a very early age straight from school to college. He was only thirteen when he matriculated at the University of Edinburgh. With the previous training of his scholarly father, he was better qualified for entering than most of the lads who came from average parish schools. This early entrance on University life in Scotland, while partly due to the absence of intermediate schools in most rural districts, had special bearing on those intended for the clerical profession. Every minister of the Scottish Church has to pass through a course extending over eight years: four in the faculty of arts, including classics and philosophy, and four in the Divinity Hall. Hence in some cases there is temptation to begin the curriculum at a very early age. For the Church of Scotland young Brewster was intended. It is the highest ambition of fathers and the pious wish of mothers in humble Scottish life to see their sons in the ministry. The worthy schoolmaster of

Jedburgh had four sons, and all four were dedicated to the service of Christ in the Church. The annual college classes are only held in the winter months, and in the long summer vacation it is common for the theological students to assist in teaching, either in their own parishes, or as tutors in private families. Brewster's holiday time was partly occupied in teaching, but he was often at home, and he continued to enjoy the congenial companionship of Mr. Veitch.

By this training he possessed a wider range of knowledge than most of his fellow-students, and the professors took special interest in a pupil of such talents and acquirements. Some of the chairs were then filled by men of high distinction, such as Playfair, Robison, and Dugald Stewart. Their fame attracted pupils from all parts of the empire, many of whom were afterwards celebrated, — as Palmerston, Russell, and Brougham. With the most eminent of his professors and fellow-students Brewster formed lasting friendships. It was a touching sight, in his old age, when he was Principal of the University of Edinburgh, to see him welcome as Lord Rector the Henry Brougham beside whom he had sat on the class-benches more than sixty years before. In all branches, both of his preparatory and professional study, he was industrious and painstaking, as his college certificates and his class note-books showed.

#### V.

##### GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY AND LICENTIATE OF THE CHURCH.

There were no competitive examinations nor class lists of graduates in those days, but it is proof of Brewster's diligence and proficiency that he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts when only in his nineteenth year. In due time he completed his theological curriculum, and after examination was admitted as a licentiate or "preacher" in connection with the Kirk of Scotland. He did not often appear in the pulpit.

Through extreme nervousness or shyness he shrunk from facing even a country congregation, and his doing so was attended with such intense and increasing discomfort that he resolved to discontinue preaching. He may have been blamed at the time, but looking back we now see he was reserved for being in other ways an expositor of the truth and a defender of the faith. His leaving the ministry arose from no hesitancy in receiving revealed truths, as is sometimes the case, but from conscientious sense of his inability adequately to proclaim them. He held firmly all his life the doctrines of the Christian system, as he had first received them from his parents and teachers. But till long afterwards his faith was only the intellectual belief of an honest and thoughtful mind.

## VI.

### ENTRANCE ON SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY CAREER.

Having chosen his way of life Brewster at once entered with energy into the pursuits of science. Even in his student days he had been a frequent contributor to scientific journals, and before he was of age he was himself editor of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, a periodical devoted both to science and literature. He had also already made his first discovery in Optics, the department in which his greater triumphs were afterwards to be achieved. For eight or ten years successively he announced new facts due to his researches in optics. These discoveries, which attracted everywhere the notice of scientific men, were turned to practical use in his *Treatise on Polygonal Lenses*, the appearance of which led to important results in navigation. Up to this time lighthouses were everywhere fitted with reflectors, but Brewster demonstrated that by the use of lenses the light would have not only far greater intensity but far wider range. His statements attracted the attention of his contemporary Fresnel, by whose recommendation the improve-

ment was at once introduced in his own country. English boards and departments are more difficult to move, and it was only after several years, and after the exhibition of experiments from the heights near Edinburgh, that the lighthouse authorities availed themselves of the discoveries of their countryman. It was demonstrated that one polygonal lens, consisting of a central disc with concentric zones built in pieces around it, had ninefold the illuminating power of the parabolic reflectors then in use. One such lens with four concentric circles gave a light equal to nine parabolic reflectors, the same argand burner being employed. The trial was made from the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, to Gulane Hill, about twelve and a half miles distant. Brewster's advocacy of the new system could no longer be resisted, and the improvement is one of which the ships and the commerce of all nations have found the benefit, in addition to the lessening of danger and the saving of life, through the greater security given to navigation. Brewster never got the full credit due to him for the improvements, partly because the changes were gradually made, and the engineers and boards were not aware at the time how much had been done by others in consequence of his early experiments.

## VII.

### RESEARCHES ON LIGHT.

From this time his researches were mainly connected with the properties of light, in connection with which he made many discoveries, which were honoured by unusual scientific distinctions. He had already in 1807 received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen, and in the following year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In 1813 he sent to the Royal Society of London a paper on the polarization of light, a subject to which attention had recently been directed by the researches of the French philosopher Fresnel. Two years after-

wards he received from the Royal Society the Copley medal for his paper on the polarization of light by reflection, and was elected a Fellow. Honours now came thick and fast upon him. In 1806 he received a reward of fifteen hundred francs by an adjudication of the Institute of France. In 1818 he was awarded by our Royal Society the Rumford medal, for further researches on the polarization of light.

During these years his pen was constantly busy in describing and illustrating his optical discoveries; but these contributions to scientific journals brought little advantage beyond increase of fame, and it was necessary to think of ways and means, in the absence of any profession, and when he had now undertaken the responsibilities of family life. In 1810 he had married the daughter of James Macpherson, the celebrated author or editor of the *Poems of Ossian*. To meet the expenses of an increasing family, the philosopher was compelled to devote his time to a variety of literary undertakings. Of these the most important was the editorship of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, which had been commenced some years before, and the publication of which was not completed till 1828. The time and labour expended on this work were enormous. His own articles were very numerous, and the mention of some of the biographies contributed by him shows the wide range of knowledge of which he was master. He wrote, among many others, the biographies of D'Alembert, Bailly, Bernoulli, Bradley, Buffon, Condorcet, Copernicus, Euler, Galileo, Halley, Tycho Brahé. In many instances the authors to whom articles had been assigned failed to supply them, and the editor had to take the work upon himself. The literary cares were not the only burden in this undertaking. In the financial affairs he was deeply involved, with the additional weight of a tedious lawsuit. The responsibilities might well have crushed a mind less powerful and plodding. He had at last the satisfaction of bringing the work to a close.

By the rapid advance of science and the increase of knowledge in every department, this Encyclopædia has had to yield place to other newer and larger works, but it contains a mass of valuable matter that can never be superseded, and is still worthy of being studied and consulted. One happy incident is worthy of being remembered. It was at the request of Dr. Brewster that Thomas Chalmers, then parish minister of Kilmany, prepared the article on Christianity. It was in performing this task that the mind of Chalmers settled down into heartier belief in the truths of revelation. Of these he had been convinced, through reading Wilberforce's *Practical View of Christianity*. In studying them more deeply, and in applying them to his own life and experience, fuller light entered his soul. It proved in fact a turning-point of his history, and from the time of his writing that article for the Encyclopædia he became a humble believer in the doctrines of the Gospel. By his genius and eloquence he soon stood forth as the champion of Christianity, and the leader of the great revival of evangelical religion, which became almost a Second Reformation in Scotland.

This article by Chalmers was reprinted in separate form, and is found in the collected editions of his works. While one of the earliest, it is one of the best of all his numerous writings. In style it is simple and terse, free from the diffuseness which marks the later publications after he had become the eloquent preacher as well as the profound thinker; and in its tone it has the fervour and glow of the author's fresh spiritual life. So far as Brewster was concerned, it proved the commencement of a long and cordial friendship, which only terminated with the death of Chalmers in 1847.

## VIII.

### THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

Amidst the toils and labours of these years of straitened means, it is provoking

now to look back upon an incident by which not only the *res angusta domi*, the pinch of home poverty, might have been removed, but a large fortune been accumulated.

In 1816 Dr. Brewster invented the scientific toy known as the Kaleidoscope. The novelty, beauty, and simplicity of this instrument led to its becoming at once universally popular. He took a patent for it, but its very simplicity caused the patent to be evaded. Had he made the machine more mysterious and complex his rights as inventor might have been more secure. As it was he made not a shilling, while immense sums were realized by makers who could supply the demand fast enough. The kaleidoscope for a time was all the rage, every child possessing the toy, and cargoes of them being sent to every region of the globe. When Dr. Brewster went to London to see if no advantage could be secured for the inventor, he was told by Sir Joseph Banks that if the patent had been properly protected he might have been the possessor of more than £100,000! We can only regret that this good fortune did not fall to one so worthy, and who would have made so worthy a use of it. The disappointment was naturally keen, but it did not affect his diligent application in making other instruments for the benefit as well as the amusement of the world. From the huge lenses built for the ocean lighthouses down to the most delicate instruments for the laboratories and workshops of science, there was a constant flow of inventions supplied by Brewster's busy brain and skilful hands. Unfortunately these brought little addition to his resources, and he had long to continue his laborious researches and unflagging industry. It was not till he was past middle life that he was free from the difficulties and anxieties of his home expenses. Nor did the rewards of his genius and labours come before he had lost some of those for whom, through long years, he had toiled with patience and with hope.

## IX.

## VARIED ATTAINMENTS AND PROLIFIC AUTHORSHIP.

In an appendix to the Memoirs of her father, Mrs. Gordon has given a list of all the miscellaneous writings of Sir David, as far as they could be ascertained. These writings had been published in Transactions of the Royal and other learned societies, and in various scientific journals. The titles of 315 such papers are given. But the list is far from complete, for it does not contain any of the numerous articles prepared for the Encyclopædia and for the *Edinburgh Review*, nor contributions to minor compilations and scientific periodicals, nor reports and minutes on topics apart from his usual scientific researches. Neither are the titles given of the separate volumes, such as the *Notes on Mechanical Philosophy* (4 vols.), *A Treatise on Optics*, *The Letters on Natural Magic*, *The Lives of Galileo*, *Tycho Brahé*, and *Kepler*, the book *On the Plurality of Worlds*, nor the successive Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton. The enumeration of all his publications would fill a bulky pamphlet.

More remarkable than the number is the variety of subjects dealt with by his pen. The contributions to the *North British Review*, seventy-five in number, afford evidence of his marvellous range of knowledge and accomplishment. No subject seems strange to him, and none are treated in a cursory or superficial way. He was nearer than any one to Lord Brougham's idea of a perfectly educated man, "who knows something of everything, and everything of some things." Professor J. H. Gladstone gave the following graphic description of some of his varied contributions to the *North British Review*, in his obituary notice read before the Royal Society: "The first number of the *Review* commences with an article by him on Fleurens' *Eloge Historique de Cuvier*, and further on, in the same part, he discusses the *Lettres Provinciales* and other writings of Blaise Pascal. In the second number he

describes the Earl of Rosse's great reflecting telescope; and shortly we find him engaged with such serious works as Humboldt's *Cosmos* or Murchison's *Siluria*; the rival claimants for the honour of having discovered Neptune divide his attention with Macaulay's *History of England*, or the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. With Layard he takes his readers to Nineveh, with Lyell he visits North America, and with Richardson he searches the polar seas. The Exhibition of 1851, the Peace Congress, and the British Association, come in turn under his descriptive notice; or turning from large assemblies to individual philosophers he sketches Arago, Young, or Dalton. In one number we have 'The Weather and its Prognostics,' and 'The Microscope and its Revelations;' elsewhere he describes the Atlantic telegraphs, whilst in a single article he groups together the 'Lifeboat, the Lightning-conductor, and the Lighthouse.' He reviews in turn Mary Somerville's *Physical Geography*, and Keith Johnston's *Physical Atlas*; the *History of Photography* engages him at one time, and at another Weld's *History of the Royal Society*. Under the guidance of Sir Henry Holland, he investigates the curious mental phenomena of mesmerism and electro-biology, and under that of George Wilson he enquires into colour-blindness. He criticizes Goethe's scientific works, expounds De la Rue's *Treatise on Electricity*, and Arago's *On Comets*; or, turning from these severer studies, he allows Humboldt to exhibit the *Aspects of Nature* in different lands to the multifarious readers of the *Review*."

## X

### BOOKS FOR POPULAR READING.

While the larger proportion of his works were prepared for scientific readers, there were some which were expressly intended for popular use. One of the earliest of these was a *Treatise on Natural Magic*, written in the form of letters to his friend Sir Walter Scott. In this

curious volume explanations are given of numerous wonders of nature, with clear accounts of the principal errors to which each of the senses are prone, whether through natural illusion or by crafty arrangement. The explanation will here be found of most of the marvels which form the attraction of the professors of magic and mystery.

Another popular volume, of later date, arose out of the revival of the old speculations as to the inhabitants of other worlds. A book was published anonymously, but which was afterwards known to be by Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, *Of the Plurality of Worlds*, a subject which Fontenelle had treated in the eighteenth century in a masterpiece of light literature. Whewell's book was also a masterly treatise, both in matter and style. Its object was much misunderstood and much misrepresented; his statements and arguments going no further than to demonstrate the impossibility of the existence in other parts of our solar system of living beings at all similar or analogous to terrestrial life. What may be the conditions of other satellites of other suns is beyond our knowledge. Sir David Brewster led the attack upon the book as if it denied what is understood by the plurality of worlds, and entitled his work, "More worlds than one, the creed of the philosopher and the hope of the Christian." The controversy is more apparent than real. Whewell was certainly right as to the absence of evidence from Science, while Brewster was right in supposing, as Newton had done, that it was inconceivable that intelligent life should be confined to any limited portion of the created universe. Both of the books will be read with delight, as being full of information and glowing with eloquence.

Among other popular volumes by Brewster were, *The Martyrs of Science, being biographies of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler*, and *The Life and Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton*, the work to which the author devoted much of his best time and labour.

## XI.

## LIFE AND MEMOIRS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

From his early years the life and works of Sir Isaac Newton had exercised a strange fascination on Brewster. The grandeur of his ideas and the importance of his discoveries filled him with wonder, while the humility and modesty of his character attracted the warmest sympathy of his admirer. It was indeed a labour of love to write for the "Family Library" a biography of Newton. No living writer was more capable of describing the scientific work of the greatest of English philosophers, while the genuine humility of Newton had an appreciating eulogist in one who had kindred intellect and character. After quoting the well-known saying uttered by the philosopher shortly before his death, "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me," he adds: "What a lesson to the vanity and presumption of philosophers—to those especially who have never even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell! What a preparation for the latest inquiries and the last views of the decaying spirit—for those inspired doctrines which alone can throw a light over the dark ocean of undiscovered truth!"

And the biographer puts into italics this brief and characteristic sentence in a letter of Sir Isaac to Dr. Hooke, as expressive of his personal humility and appreciation of others, "*If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.*" A pilgrimage to Newton's birth-place and the scenes of his early discoveries and researches was among his most cherished recollections of travel, and he continued to collect materials for his larger work, *Memoirs of the Life, Memoirs, and Discoveries of*

*Sir Isaac Newton.* For this great work a rich and unexpected mine of information was opened to him. In 1837 he applied to the Hon. Newton Fellowes, one of the trustees of the Earl of Portsmouth, for permission to inspect the MSS. and correspondence of Newton, which through his grand-niece, Miss Conduitt, afterwards Lady Lymington, had come into the possession of that family. Among these precious remains he found many valuable papers illustrating the researches of Newton, as well as the occupations of his public life, and the controversies in which he was occasionally engaged. While correcting some of the misstatements and misconceptions to which the memory of the philosopher had been subjected, he took special pains to come to a clear understanding of the religious opinions which he held. He could not endure that Newton should remain under the vague charge of heresy or at least of heterodoxy, which most of his biographers had admitted, on the assertion of his detractors. On this subject his investigations were less conclusive than he desired to find them. He did not find any statement in Newton's writings that recognised the divinity of Christ in the fulness of the terms of the Athanasian creed, although holding that "Jesus was the Son of God, as well by his resurrection from the dead, as by his supernatural birth of the Virgin." The biographer nevertheless believed that the proofs of Newton's Arianism were negative, and maintained that there was no distinct declaration of rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity. He lived in communion with the Church of England, and his reverence for the Word of God was known to all. One of the bishops who was contemporary with him, described him as "knowing more of the Scriptures than them all," and another spoke of him as "the whitest soul he ever knew." He was often consulted, we are told, by his friends as to their spiritual condition, and his prayers craved in their behalf. More than once eminent men ascribed to him

their spiritual life, and spoke with grateful sense of his counsel and aid in the life of penitence and faith. With the exact doctrinal tenets of Newton we are not here further concerned, but the anxiety of his biographer to vindicate his memory is a notable proof of the clearness and soundness of his own faith.

## XII.

### OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

When Dr. Brewster had relinquished his professional prospects as a minister of the Scottish Church, he was wholly dependent for his support on his literary exertions. The researches of pure science rarely bring great material benefit, but in the paths of scientific literature there was hope of his labour being rewarded. A chair in one of the Scottish Universities is among the few prizes open to the cultivators of science, and this was an early object of Brewster's ambition. As early as 1805, when only in his twenty-fifth year, he was spoken of as a candidate for the chair of mathematics at Edinburgh, then vacant by the resignation of Professor Playfair. The claims of Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leslie, were too great to be passed by, and Brewster had to continue his laborious work as an author and editor. A much greater disappointment befell him in later years, when his fame far outshone that of any contemporary, and when he was candidate for the chair of natural philosophy, to which Sir John Leslie had been translated, and which he had held to his death in 1833. It was almost universally admitted that Brewster was the worthiest to fill the chair, and few doubted but that the appointment would be made. The patronage, however, was then in the hands of the Town Council, and the election was settled by family and political influence, not by scientific work or fame. It turned out that the new professor, although a mere youth compared with Brewster, was signally qualified for his post, and Edinburgh in after years had no reason to regret the choice

of Professor James D. Forbes for the chair. The disappointment was severely felt by Brewster, but there was some reparation made in an additional grant from Government of a sum which made a pension of £300 a year, and he also received the Crown appointment of the Principalship of the united Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, in the University of St. Andrew's. This was in the year 1838.

From that time he possessed a fixed income sufficient to relieve him from pecuniary anxiety as well as from incessant mental labour in authorship. The appointment he held for above twenty years, till he was appointed Principal of the University of Edinburgh, in 1859. It was only after much anxious deliberation that he consented to the removal, although it was a promotion to the highest academical honour of his native land. On his first assumption of office at St. Andrew's his honest zeal as a reformer had brought him into many a conflict with the upholders of old abuses, and his post was not a peaceful one. But long before his leaving St. Andrew's all these disputes had been forgotten, and he was revered and loved by the students and professors alike. He was loth to leave the friendly circle, but the call to Edinburgh was insisted on. With maturer judgment and chastened spirit, he managed the affairs of his new post, and he came to be as much honoured and loved by his Edinburgh colleagues as he was at the last by those at St. Andrew's. The office of Principal was filled with the greatest dignity, while his frequent kindness to the humblest students was known to many who still cherish his remembrance. One of his students, gratefully remembering this kindness, says, "A more gentle and accommodating spirit to the young never glowed in a human bosom."

## XIII.

### HOME AND FAMILY LIFE.

Of the details of his domestic habits and ways we have many interesting glimpses



in the charming volume by his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Gordon, entitled, *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster* (Edmonstone and Douglas). He was twice married, his first wife, as we have stated, being the daughter of "Ossian" Macpherson, the mother of several surviving children. Her death, in 1850, after long years of delicate health, was the second great trial that bent down the afflicted father. In 1857 he was united in marriage to a lady whose society he had greatly enjoyed during a tour on the continent in the previous year, and it is pleasant to quote the words of the daughter of his first wife, when she says it was "a marriage which brought a great accession of happiness to his future life; he found in her a most attached and appreciating companion during the years of brilliant life, social and scientific, which yet remained."

During the twelve years of his tenure of the office of Principal, he resided most of the year at his loved home at Allerly, keeping house in Edinburgh during part of each session. He was the conspicuous chief and representative man of science, and as President he maintained the old renown of the Royal Society at Edinburgh. Science did not now, however, as once it did, occupy all his thoughts. As a member and office-bearer in the Free Church of Scotland, he took warm interest in the various schemes of beneficent and evangelistic effort, and few important committees of that active Church were without the reinforcement of Brewster's mature wisdom and conscientious work.

Vigorous in intellect, and tolerably robust in health, he was accustomed long after middle life to make frequent journeys, sometimes to the continent, and often to London and other English resorts of his earlier days. His letters and journals abound with delightful records of places visited, and of notable people he met. His enthusiasm in art was almost as great as that shown in science, and he enjoyed the Exhibitions at South Kensington and at Burlington

House with equal delight. His favourite place of rest was at the Athenæum Club, where a group of loving friends often was gathered round the venerable visitor. Dr. Chalmers, who was also a member of the Athenæum, had similar pleasure in his occasional runs up to town, and we have heard both of them speak of the recreation and repose of these metropolitan visits, an enjoyment which could be snatched less frequently in their declining years. The visits to various meetings of the British Association were also red-letter times in Brewster's annals.

#### XIV.

##### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The establishment of the British Association for the Advancement of Science we have already spoken of. It was one of the most signal public services of Sir David Brewster. That the foundation of this great institution was mainly due to him, is universally admitted, and has on various occasions been formally and officially recognised. He it was who, in a letter dated Allerly, February 23, 1831, wrote to Mr. Phillips, curator of the museum at York, stating the design, and inquiring "whether York could furnish accommodation for so large a meeting, which might, perhaps, consist of one hundred individuals." "The principal objects of the Society," he added, "would be to make the cultivators of science acquainted with each other; to stimulate one another to new exertions; to bring the objects of science before the public eye; and to take measures for advancing its interests and accelerating its progress." The reply being favourable, invitations were issued, and announcements made, and the first meeting of the scientific congress took place on September 26, 1831. At the inaugural meeting no fewer than 353 persons were present, under the presidency of Lord Milton, as President of the York Philosophical Society, Sir David Brewster having moved that he should occupy the

chair. The whole number of members enrolled was 359. The next annual meetings were held successively at Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Bristol. The number of members steadily increased, and in some of the towns where subsequent meetings were held the attendance of members and associates rose to above 2000. The benefits of the Association were not confined to the period of the meetings, but important researches and undertakings were carried on by committees from year to year, with ample grants made from the funds annually obtained. Other permanent institutions, such as the School of Mines, and the Observatory at Kew, sprung from the Association, the important national benefits of which have long been familiar to the public. To the part taken by Sir David Brewster graceful reference was made by the noble President, the Marquis of Northampton, at the Swansea meeting in 1848. Two years afterwards the Association met for the second time at Edinburgh, in 1850, and the presidency was by unanimous assent held by Sir David, as the most distinguished of Scottish men of science. When the jubilee meeting was held at York, in 1882, a just tribute was paid to the memory of the illustrious founder, who had till the close of his life continued to take an active and earnest interest in its welfare. One of his last appearances in public was at the meeting in Dundee, in 1867, where his venerable presence was welcomed with affection by his friends, and seen with reverence by a new generation of scientific workers. It was at this meeting that Brewster went up to Sir Charles Wheatstone, saying, "We have had much disagreeable discussion together, but I hope it is all forgotten now," upon which the veterans shook hands cordially. He shortly afterwards proposed at the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh that Sir Charles should be elected an honorary Fellow, thus showing the sincerity of his kind feeling towards an old opponent.

## XV.

## RELIGIOUS LIFE.

The history of the religious life of Sir David Brewster was so strongly marked, and has been so clearly recorded, that it may be useful to refer to it in a connected statement, separate from the general facts of his biography. This is done not only on account of the distinguished character of the man, but as furnishing a remarkable illustration of the rise and progress of spiritual religion in the soul, in one possessing more than usual natural gifts.

We have seen how from his early childhood he had known the Holy Scriptures, and had been trained in sound doctrine. At school, and at college during his preparation for the ministry, his orthodox belief was confirmed, by the study of the Bible and of the Standards of the Scottish Church. But there was too abundant evidence, that in him, as has been confessed by others even after entering the ministry, there was little beyond an intellectual belief, and the formal acceptance of certain dogmas supposed to be orthodox. The truth had no positively marked influence on his life, although negatively it may have withheld him from outward offences and sins. The love of the world, in the form of literary and scientific pursuits, absorbed his thoughts and satisfied his desires, and left scant time or room for the service of God, or the care of his soul. This alienation of mind lasted for years, although even in his busiest time his reason was convinced of the truths of revelation, and his sympathies were always strong, and occasionally his voice heard in defence of the special doctrines of the Gospel.

For example, his indignation was roused by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which an attack was made on the doctrine of man's lost state by the fall, and the necessity for renewal by the Holy Spirit, through the preaching of the Gospel. He wrote to Mr. Napier, then editor of the *Review*, a strong letter of protest; and on the editor attempting

to justify the article, Brewster wrote in reply an earnest defence of evangelical preaching.

A similar feeling was shown in regard to some statements by Dr. Blair in his correspondence with Ossian Macpherson. Brewster thought that Blair made unworthy concessions as to points of faith, seeming to show his religious interest to be only professional, as was too much the case among the "moderate" clergy of those days.

In the earliest literary writings of Brewster there often occur proofs of this respect for the truths accepted as orthodox, and of readiness to defend and maintain them. For instance, in his volume on *Natural Magic*, after showing how large a proportion of the marvels recorded in ancient history were due to natural causes, he gives caution as to attempting thus to explain "those events in sacred history which Christians cannot but regard as the result of Divine agency." And he closes that book with the following eloquent words:—"In every region of space, from the infinitely distant recesses of the heavens to the dark unfathomed caves of ocean, the Almighty has erected monuments of miraculous grandeur, which proclaim the power, the wisdom, and the beneficence of their Author. The inscriptions which they bear—the handwriting which shines upon their walls—appeal to the understanding and to the affections, and demand the admiration and the gratitude of every rational being. To remain willingly ignorant of these revelations of the Divine power is a crime next to that of rejecting the revelation of the Divine will. Knowledge, indeed, is at once the handmaid and the companion of true religion. They mutually adorn and support each other; and beyond the immediate circle of our secular duties, they are the only objects of rational ambition. While the calm deductions of reason regulate the ardour of Christian zeal, the warmth of a holy enthusiasm gives a fixed brightness to the glimmering lights of knowledge.

"It is one of the darkest spots in the history of man that these noble gifts have been so seldom combined. In the young mind alone can the two kindred seeds be effectually sown; and among the improvements which some of our public institutions require, we yet hope to witness a national system of instruction in which the volumes of Nature and of Revelation shall be simultaneously perused."

Such was the condition of Brewster's mind up to his middle age—a reverent and earnest student of the works of God, and a sincere believer and zealous defender of the Word of God. That this mental state was due to the work of the Holy Spirit, it would be wrong to doubt, any more than in the instances of Dr. Johnson or Bishop Butler, or other giants of intellect, who yet did not till late in life become true believers in Christ, in the evangelical sense. But to such minds personal faith is sure to come sooner or later. Into the form of godliness, the dry bones of orthodoxy, the breath of the Spirit of God enters, and the men live, and know the Lord as their God and Saviour.

By a variety of trials, and cares, and bereavements, the mind of Brewster was led to deeper thoughts of the importance of things spiritual and eternal, and a less undue proportion of his time and interest was given to secular pursuits. He took greater pleasure in reading and in conversing on religious topics. Very touching are some of the glimpses we have of these inner workings of his spirit. When he lost his second son, a youth of sixteen, much loved and of high promise, James Veitch came to visit the sorrowing father. He was delighted to see the instructor of his early years and his scientific friend, but it was now as the godly and experienced Christian he welcomed him, the bearer of sympathy and comfort. The old man was "thankfully impressed with the apparent deepening of religious feeling in the bereaved father," who had been reading with extreme interest Baxter's *Dying Thoughts*,

and gave a copy of it to his friend. From this time the intercourse with Mr. Veitch was closer than ever, and the friendship was knit by a closer tie, during the short time that he survived.

In after years Brewster was brought, through public events—especially the controversies concerning Scottish ecclesiastical affairs, resulting in the formation of the Free Church,—into frequent companionship with Dr. Chalmers and other distinguished Christian ministers and laymen. The interest in his scientific researches never was lessened, but the increased delight in religious communion with men like-minded was apparent to all. Of him it could be now truly said that what things were gain he counted loss for Christ; and he might have said, with the Apostle, “Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.”

“Night after night,” says his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, referring to this time of earnest seeking the conscious enjoyment of the presence and the peace of believing, “night after night the Word of God was brought from its place, and studied with commentaries and notes, even as in the early days. If ever there was a seeking of God with ‘strong crying and tears’ it was by Brewster at this time. Frequently in the earliest morning, when the writing, and the microscope, and the Bible-reading were over, have I been awakened to listen in awe to the sounds of prayer and weeping below.”

One memorable incident we can only give in the words of his loving biographer. She is recording a conversation which her father had with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Macpherson, who says, “I had a long talk with dear papa upon the suffering of Christ, from which we passed on to speaking of the gratitude due to God. . . . We spoke of the possibility of feeling any love towards God, and agreed that such a sentiment of love as is possible between man and man, was impossible between man and God. ‘How can we

love Him,’ he said,—‘One whom we have not seen? We admire Him in His works, and trust from the wisdom seen in these that He is wise in all His dealings—but how can we LOVE Him?’” After this conversation, his daughter-in-law, being herself led to understand how alone the love of the unseen Christ can be shed abroad in the heart by the working of the Holy Spirit, felt that she must confess this change in her views and feelings. “He listened most attentively, and when I had finished, took me in his arms, kissed me, and said, in such a child-like manner, ‘Go, now, then, and pray that I may know it too.’”

Many striking incidents are recorded which show how real was the work of grace in his soul. On one occasion he was listening to a brief memoir of a man of science, a medical man, of whom it was said that “notwithstanding his high talents and his great literary and scientific attainments, he received Christ as his Saviour.” Brewster interrupted the reader with an exclamation of vehement disapproval. “*Notwithstanding his talents!* That disgusts me,” he said; “a merit for a man to bow his intellect to the Cross! Why, what can the highest intellect on earth do, but bow to God’s word and God’s mind thankfully?”

At another time he spoke with deep regret of a conversation he had with one who held what are called broad church views. Tears filled his eyes as he said, “Oh, is it not sad that all are not contented with the beautiful simple plan of God’s salvation—Jesus Christ only, who has done all for us?”

Of the atonement, he said to a friend, “It is everything to me: it meets my reason, it satisfies my conscience, it fills my heart.”

The spread of what is now called agnosticism among men of science, was viewed by him with astonishment as well as regret. An avowed atheist or materialist he could understand. But the opposition to religious belief on the alleged ground of want of *scientific* proof, showed strange confusion of thought, and

ignorance of things outside of the physical laboratory. The world of mind has its own laws, processes, evidences; and these are independent of "scientific" research, if only physical science is meant. But the true philosopher looks at what Butler calls "the whole system of things," at the world of mind as well as of matter.

"Such was thy wisdom, Newton, child-like sage!  
Sagacious reader of the works of God;  
And in His Word sagacious."

Such was the spirit of the fathers of the British Association—of Dalton and Herschell, of Forbes and Faraday, of Sedgwick and Brewster.

Concerning difficulties of belief, the Rev. Dr. Herdman, who had been one of his students at St. Andrew's, records his saying that what are called the Christian mysteries gave him no trouble. "Why should they? We are surrounded by mysteries. His own being was a mystery—he could not explain the relation of his soul to his body. Everybody believed things they could not understand. The Trinity was a great deep; so was the atonement; so was eternity; so was providence. It caused him no uneasiness that he could not fully account for them. These were secret things that belonged to God. He made no attempt to reconcile the sovereignty of grace with the responsibility of man; they were both true. He could wait to see their harmony made clear; they were not contrary to reason, however incomprehensible. When he found a doctrine plainly stated in the Bible that was enough; God knew; he could depend on God's word; we should not expect in this world to be free from things obscure to us and beyond our ability to explain. He thanked God that the way of salvation was clear and simple; no laboured argument, no hard attainment was required. To believe in the Lord Jesus Christ was to live; he trusted Him and enjoyed His peace."

This peaceful and calm assurance he did not fully possess till near the close of his life, but he never wavered in his

faith in the Divine promises, even when his own frames and feelings were not bright with joy. "I feel my faith much increased," he said, after a careful reading of *Les Adieux*, or *Farewell Discourses*, of Adolphe Monod, a book which has been of use to many, setting forth as it does the experience of a man of high intellect and devout spirit in the prospect of leaving life.

He loved also to read and to listen to hymns, of which two of his favourites were "Rock of Ages," and "There is life for a look at the crucified One." The duty and wisdom of instant coming to Christ, instead of waiting for any attempt at reformation, he expressed by a homely simile: "Think of any one coming from the antipodes to consult a physician, and then trying for a week to make himself better before sending for the doctor!" "Height of folly," was his emphatic comment; "go at once." This was uttered in the same spirit as the precious and familiar hymn, "Just as I am," by Charlotte Elliott, some of whose writings he highly valued.

It ought to be mentioned that with the clearer views and stronger faith of his closing years, the sanctifying power of the truth manifested itself. With him, "old things passed away," and he was indeed "renewed in the spirit of his mind." It was very touching to observe the gentleness and meekness of one whose natural temper had been the reverse of sweet, and who had even been bitter in controversy. Some of the scientific opponents of former days who still survived, he approached, either personally or by messages of good will, and by his tenderness and generosity of spirit proved the sincerity of his regret and the depth of his charity.

The Rev. William Cousin, Free Church minister at Melrose, was much with him in his last days, of which he has left a most affecting record. "His family," he says, "had been summoned around him, and, thenceforward, in the innermost circle of his love, his remaining hours were spent with unclouded

intellect and in unclouded peace. For the last day or two he was attended by his friend Sir James Young Simpson, a man of kindred genius and of kindred Christian hopes. 'The like of this I never saw,' Sir James Simpson said to Mr. Cousin after he had left the dying chamber. 'There is Sir David resting like a little child upon Jesus, and speaking as if in a few hours he will get all his problems solved for him.' For in that supreme hour of dawning immortality his past studies were all associated with the name and person of the Redeemer. 'I shall SEE JESUS,' he said, 'and that will be grand. I shall see Him who made the worlds,' with allusion to those wonderful verses in the Epistle to the Hebrews, which had formed the subject of the last sermon he had heard a few weeks before. Thus tracing all to the Creator and Redeemer, he felt no incongruity even in these hours in describing to Sir James Simpson some beautiful phenomena in his favourite science. Reference was made to the privilege he had enjoyed in throwing light upon 'the great and marvellous works of God.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I found them to be great and marvellous and I felt them to be His.'"

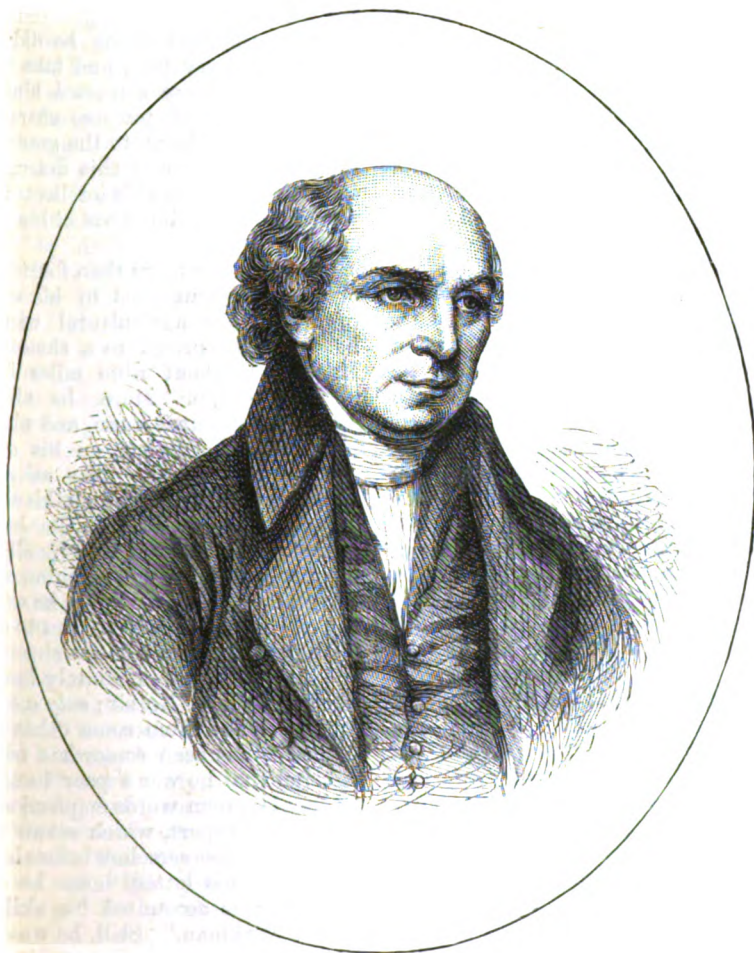
He had little pain in his last hours, except what came from intense weakness. The light was with him all through the valley. "I have had the light for many years," he whispered slowly, and with emphasis, "and oh, how bright it is! I feel so safe, so satisfied." And so in child-like reliance, and adoring love, he gently fell asleep in Jesus on the evening of Monday, 10th February, 1868.

Other affecting incidents of the closing scene are given by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. To a friend who made a remark about his quiet waiting for the Master's call, he said, "Ah, yes, what should I have done *now* had I to find a Saviour at this time?" It had been his habit in earlier times to speak of "the Lord," and "our Saviour," in a guarded, reverential way; but when the end drew near, and earthly relationships were being loosed, the life-long habits of reserve disappeared, and he only spoke of Jesus as a personal, present, waiting "Friend." Once, as if the waters seemed deeper for crossing, he said, "Jesus will take me safe through," with restored confidence. His daughter also refers to his saying, "I shall see JESUS, and *that will be grand*." This expression conveys fuller meaning than the English word; it is in Scotch the homely expression for what is supremely delightful, and he uttered the word with an ineffably happy cheerful look. In such way the spirit passed from earth to the life everlasting.

On the Saturday following the Monday on which he died the body was laid beside kindred dust. Never since the great minstrel of the border was borne from Abbotsford to Dryburgh Abbey has the valley of the Tweed been so moved as when the sage of Allerly, amidst sorrowing crowds of friends and neighbours, and representatives from the seats of learning and science, was carried to his tomb in the old abbey of Melrose. There he rests till the resurrection morn, and the stone that marks the spot where he lies bears the simple and appropriate words—THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

JAMES MACAULAY M.A., M.D.

# WILLIAM CAREY.



intellect and in unclouded peace. For the last day or two he was attended by his friend Sir James Young Simpson, a man of kindred genius and of kindred Christian hopes. 'The like of this I never saw,' Sir James Simpson said to Mr. Cousin after he had left the dying chamber. 'There is Sir David resting like a little child upon Jesus, and speaking as if in a few hours he will get all his problems solved for him.' For in that supreme hour of dawning immortality his past studies were all associated with the name and person of the Redeemer. 'I shall SEE JESUS,' he said, 'and that will be grand. I shall see Him who made the worlds,' with allusion to those wonderful verses in the Epistle to the Hebrews, which had formed the subject of the last sermon he had heard a few weeks before. Thus tracing all to the Creator and Redeemer, he felt no incongruity even in these hours in describing to Sir James Simpson some beautiful phenomena in his favourite science. Reference was made to the privilege he had enjoyed in throwing light upon 'the great and marvellous works of God.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I found them to be great and marvellous and I felt them to be His.'

He had little pain in his last hours, except what came from intense weakness. The light was with him all through the valley. "I have had the light for many years," he whispered slowly, and with emphasis, "and oh, how bright it is! I feel so safe, so satisfied." And so in child-like reliance, and adoring love, he gently fell asleep in Jesus on the evening of Monday, 10th February, 1868.

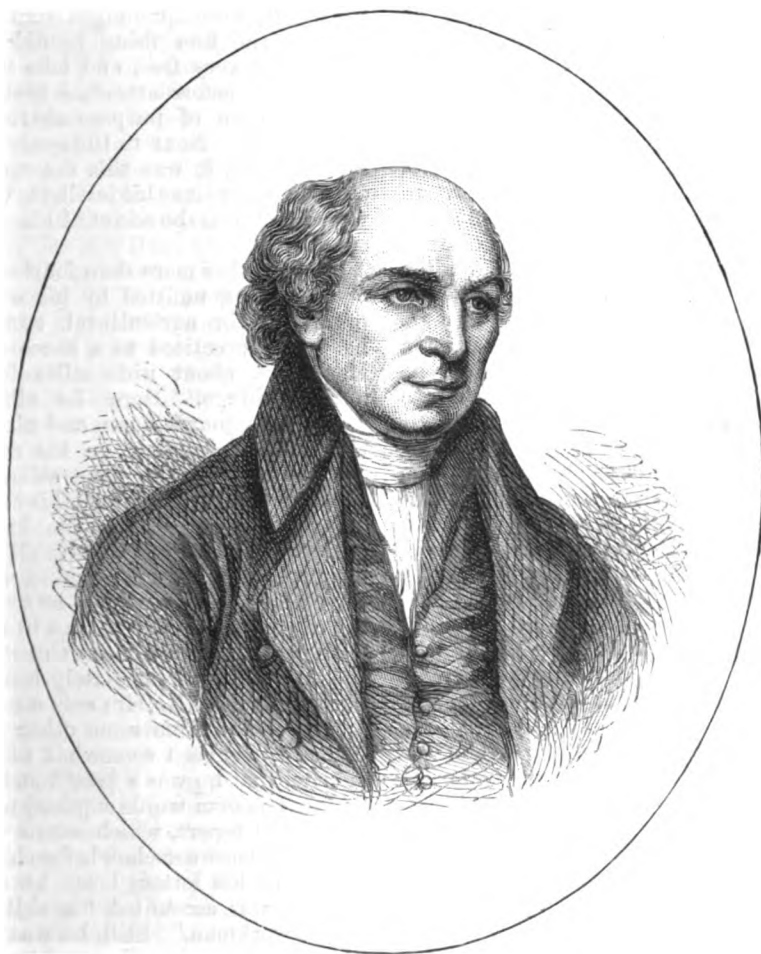
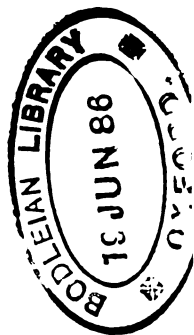
Other affecting incidents of the closing scene are given by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. To a friend who made a remark about his quiet waiting for the Master's call, he said, "Ah, yes, what should I have done *now* had I to find a Saviour at this time?" It had been his habit in earlier times to speak of "the Lord," and "our Saviour," in a guarded, reverential way; but when the end drew near, and earthly relationships were being loosed, the life-long habits of reserve disappeared, and he only spoke of Jesus as a personal, present, waiting "Friend." Once, as if the waters seemed deeper for crossing, he said, "Jesus will take me safe through," with restored confidence. His daughter also refers to his saying, "I shall see JESUS, and *that will be grand*." This expression conveys fuller meaning than the English word; it is in Scotch the homely expression for what is supremely delightful, and he uttered the word with an ineffably happy cheerful look. In such way the spirit passed from earth to the life everlasting.

On the Saturday following the Monday on which he died the body was laid beside kindred dust. Never since the great minstrel of the border was borne from Abbotsford to Dryburgh Abbey has the valley of the Tweed been so moved as when the sage of Allerly, amidst sorrowing crowds of friends and neighbours, and representatives from the seats of learning and science, was carried to his tomb in the old abbey of Melrose. There he rests till the resurrection morn. and the stone that marks the spot where he lies bears the simple and appropriate words—THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

JAMES MACAULAY M.A., M.D.



# WILLIAM CAREY.



# WILLIAM CAREY.

---

## I.

### BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

ON the south side of Watling Street, our famous Roman road, about three miles from Towcester, in the county of Northampton, stands the village of Pury St. Paul, or Paulerspury. The population of this village is not now more than one thousand; towards the middle of the last century it was even smaller. In this retired spot there lived, in 1761, a worthy couple in very humble circumstances; and in their cottage, on the 17th of August, their eldest child, William Carey, was born.

At this time Carey's father was a weaver; but about six years later he became parish-clerk and schoolmaster, a position which had been filled by his father before him; and among his earliest pupils was his son William, whom he instructed in the rudiments of knowledge, and whose eminence he was spared to see.<sup>1</sup> He was, we are told, "a great reader;" he was certainly a man of "the strictest integrity and uprightness," held "in honest repute" among his neighbours; and William was under his care for several years. Whatever opportunities he had possessed, it is certain that he eagerly embraced them. He early displayed a love for books, especially for those of a scientific or an historical character; he delighted likewise in voyages and travels; and even as a child his room was crowded with specimens of insects and plants which he had collected and arranged, thus forming the habit which adhered to him through life. At the same time he was remarkable for persistence. Whatever he began he finished. It is said that if there was a tree difficult to climb, Carey was sure to attempt it, and almost sure to conquer it.

<sup>1</sup> He died June 15th, 1816, and is buried in Paulerspury churchyard, where there is a gravestone to his memory.

On one occasion he failed and fell to the ground, thereby sustaining very considerable injury; but when able to walk out, after prolonged confinement indoors, the first thing he did was to climb that very tree, and take the nest which had before attracted him. This determination of purpose characterised him always. Next to the grace of God in his heart, it was this determination of purpose, great as his intellectual power was, which was the secret of his ultimate success.

When rather more than fourteen years of age, being unfitted by his condition of health for agricultural occupation, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Hackleton, about nine miles from his native village. Here he afterwards served as a journeyman, and ultimately became a shoemaker on his own account; nor was he ever ashamed of the conditions under which this and some subsequent part of his life had been passed. The story is told by all Carey's biographers, how, when dining with the Governor-General of India, he overheard one of the guests whispering to another, "Was not Mr. Carey once a shoemaker?" and how Carey immediately leaned forward and said, "No, sir; *only a cobbler!*" From this and from some other circumstances it has been somewhat needlessly inferred that he was a poor hand at his trade. His own words emphatically contradict the report, which seems to have gained credence somehow before his death. In one of his letters home he declares that he was accounted "a skilful and honest workman." Still, he was not deterred by the exigencies of his employment from that pursuit of knowledge which by this time had become a passion. How he spent these early years is shown by the fact that, before he left England, he was able, notwithstanding the pressure of poverty and of almost constant labour, to read the Bible in no fewer than seven

languages. Above all, during this period, he learnt to love his Bible. As the son of a parish-clerk, he had probably been regular enough at church, but this was all that could hitherto have been said of him; when about eighteen years of age, he was brought under the influence of Mr. Scott, the commentator, at that time Curate of Olney, and through his instrumentality was led to a knowledge of the truth. It was about this time (in 1781) that that change in his opinions was somehow brought about which led to his joining himself to a small Nonconformist community at Hackleton. Here he became acquainted with the "Help to Zion's Traveller," by Mr. Hall, of Arnsby (the father of the celebrated Robert Hall); and the study of this work, which is still held in high estimation by all who know it, was of great service in broadening and settling his views of Divine truth. In this way, and by an assiduous study of the Scriptures, he was gradually led to the solemn decision at which he ultimately arrived. In 1783, on the 5th of October in that year, he was baptized by Dr. Ryland in the river Nen, at Northampton; and about two years later he associated himself with the Baptist Church at Olney, of which the excellent John Sutcliffe was then the pastor. Thus he became connected with the denomination of which he was afterwards to be so bright an ornament. How little Dr. Ryland looked for such an issue when he baptized him may be gathered from an entry in the Doctor's diary. "This day baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker." The entry was perfectly correct. But the Doctor's sermon that day was founded on Matt. xix. 30: "Many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first!"

## II.

### PREPARATION FOR SERVICE.

Scarcely had Carey joined Mr. Sutcliffe's congregation at Olney before he was asked to preach. It was by no means the first time he had done so, for he began to preach almost immediately

after his conversion, and had indeed preached almost continuously at Earl's Barton for nearly three years and a-half. But it was Mr. Sutcliffe's desire and his own that he should devote himself to the ministry.

His first settlement was at Moulton, in 1786. One consideration that induced him to settle in this village was that he might there exchange shoe-making for teaching; but he had really no aptitude for teaching, and the school had to be speedily abandoned. There was another reason why he had to give up the school, besides that, as he confessed, he was unable to maintain discipline. Some time before, he had married, and the six or seven shillings a week which his school brought him was wholly insufficient to supplement the "Eleven Pounds a year from his people, and Five Pounds from a Fund in London," which constituted otherwise his sole income. Eventually, therefore, he was compelled to resume his former occupation, which he continued during the three or four years that he remained at Moulton; and once every fortnight he might have been seen jogging along, with a wallet filled with boots and shoes thrown over his shoulder, to the town of Northampton, nine miles away. And yet it was amid these seemingly unpropitious surroundings that the great purpose of his life was formed. "Cook's Voyages" had then lately been published, and he read the book with mingled surprise and sadness. He realised, as he had never realised before, the condition of "the dark places of the earth." As he taught his children geography, he thought of the small portion of the world in which the Gospel had even been proclaimed. As he sat at his shoemaker's stool, he gazed ever and anon upon a large map which he had drawn, and on which the spiritual condition of the various countries was rudely represented. "While he mused, the fire burned." He read not only "Cook's Voyages," but another book then also recently published, by the Rev. Andrew Fuller, of Kettering, "The Gos-

pel Worthy of All Acceptation." If it is the duty of all men, as Mr. Fuller proclaimed, to believe whenever the Gospel is presented to them, it must be the duty of all who have received the Gospel to endeavour to make it universally known. Twenty years later, Mr. Wilberforce said in the House of Commons, "A sublimer thought cannot be conceived than when a poor cobbler formed the resolution to give to the millions of Hindoos the Bible in their own language." But Mr. Wilberforce was so far mistaken inasmuch as he limited Carey's "thought" to the Hindoos. For "Hindoos" he should have substituted "the whole world!"

### III.

#### HINDRANCES AND HELPS.

In the meantime, when Carey came to present his "thought" to others, he found at first very little sympathy. "How Utopian!" said some. "It is an interference with the Divine sovereignty," said others. When the work had advanced a little farther, a gentleman in the midland counties wrote to Mr. Fuller a long and querulous letter, urging the impropriety of giving to such an enterprise a denominational character, and of even undertaking it at all when so much remained to be done at home. But indeed the greater portion of Carey's ministerial friends were themselves either opposed or doubtful. Mr. Fuller was so startled by the novelty and the magnitude of the proposal that he described his feelings as resembling those of the unbelieving Israelite, "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such things be!" When, at a gathering of ministers in Northampton, Carey suggested as a topic for discussion the duty of Christians to attempt the conversion of the heathen, Mr. Ryland, the father of Dr. Ryland, sprang to his feet and said, "Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your help or mine!"

But Carey, as we have seen, was not easily daunted, not easily even discouraged. The thoughts that he had in vain attempted to present to his brethren at the Northampton meeting he embodied in a pamphlet. With this pamphlet in his pocket, he found his way to Birmingham, and there unburdened his soul to the Rev. Samuel Pearce, who entered into his views with characteristic ardour, and urged him to prepare his pamphlet for publication. Mr. Fuller, on being consulted, recommended delay. But in the following year<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fuller preached a sermon at Clipstone, on "The Pernicious Influence of Delay in Matters of Religion," in which he actually assailed and condemned the caution he had himself exercised. Let it be remembered that Carey was one of the audience. He had come to Clipstone in the hope of finding at last some practical sympathy, but hitherto he had been disappointed. How eagerly must Carey have listened to every word of the preacher, as, in subdued but earnest tones, he uttered such sentences as the following:—

"Had Luther and his contemporaries acted on this principle,"—that of putting off on account of difficulties,—"they had never gone about the glorious work of the Reformation. When he saw the abominations of Popery, he might have said, 'These things ought not to be; but what can I do?' If the chief priests and rulers in different nations would but unite, something might be effected; but what can I do, an individual, and a poor man? I may render myself an object of persecution, or, which is worse, of universal contempt; and what good end will be answered by it? Had Luther reasoned thus—had he fancied that, because princes and prelates were not the first to engage in the good work, therefore the time was not yet come to build the house of the Lord—the house of the Lord, for anything he had done, might have lain waste to this day.

"Instead of waiting for the removal

<sup>1</sup> 1791.

of difficulties, we ought in many cases to consider them as purposely laid in our way, in order to try the sincerity of our religion. He who had all power in heaven and earth could not only have sent forth His apostles into all the world, but have so ordered it that all the world should treat them with kindness, and aid them in their mission; but, instead of that, He told them to lay their account with persecution and the loss of all things. This was no doubt to try their sincerity; and the difficulties laid in our way are equally designed to try ours.

"Let it be considered whether it is not owing to this principle that so few and so feeble efforts have been made for the propagation of the Gospel in the world. When the Lord Jesus commissioned His apostles, He commanded them to go and teach 'all nations,' to preach the Gospel to 'every creature;' and that, notwithstanding the difficulties and oppositions that would lie in the way. The apostles executed their commission with assiduity and fidelity; but, since their days, we seem to sit down half contented that the greater part of the world should remain in ignorance and idolatry. And why is it so? Are the souls of men of less value than heretofore? No. Is Christianity less true or less important than in former ages? This will not be pretended. . . .

"The truth is, if I am not mistaken, we wait for we know not what; we seem to think 'the time is not come, the time for the Spirit to be poured out from on high.' We *pray* for the conversion and salvation of the world, and yet *neglect the ordinary means* by which those ends have been used to be accomplished. It pleased God, heretofore, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believed; and there is reason to think it will still please God to work by that distinguished means. Ought we not then at least to try by some means to convey more of the good news of salvation to the world around us than has hitherto been conveyed? The encouragement to the heathen is still in

force, '*Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved* : but how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?'"

So profound was the impression produced by these words that it is said the ministers were scarcely able to speak to one another at the close. Carey, seizing the opportunity, urged the immediate formation of a Missionary Society. But Mr. Sutcliff counselled further deliberation; and the brethren separated with a recommendation to Carey to publish his pamphlet, which was issued from the press a few months afterwards.<sup>1</sup>

#### IV.

"EXPECT GREAT THINGS: ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS."

Before the incidents just related, Carey had removed from Moulton, and had become minister of a congregation in Harvey Lane, Leicester. His removal took place in 1789; and from this time his temporal circumstances were improved, his opportunities for study enlarged, and his openings for usefulness greatly multiplied. But nothing—not even his pastoral labours—could divert him from the one great object on which his heart was set. On the 30th of May, 1792—shortly after the issue of his pamphlet—he was appointed to preach at an Association in Nottingham. His sermon on this occasion has become historical. The building in which it was preached is still in existence, though diverted to quite a different purpose. The text on which the discourse was founded was Isaiah liv. 2, 3: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the

<sup>1</sup> "An Enquiry into the Obligation of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens. In which the religious state of the different nations of the world, the success of former undertakings, and the practicability of further undertakings are considered. By William Carey. Leicester, 1792."

curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited." The preacher observed that the Church is here addressed as a desolate widow, dwelling in a small tent by herself; that the command to enlarge her tent implied that there should be an enlargement of her family; that to account for so unexpected and marvellous a change, she was told, "Thy Maker is thy Husband," and that at a future day He would be called "the God of the whole earth." He then proceeded to establish and illustrate the two great principles involved in the text, and that have since become "household words" throughout the Christian world in reference to the missionary enterprise,—I. *Expect great things from God*; II. *Attempt great things for God*. In this sermon the thought and feeling of years were concentrated. The effect which it produced was electrical. Dr. Ryland, who was present, said, "If all the people had lifted up their voices and wept, as the children of Israel did at Bochim, I should not have wondered at the effect: it would only have seemed proportionate to the cause; so clearly did he prove the criminality of our supineness in the cause of God." But when practical steps came to be spoken of, the old feelings of hesitation and doubt began to get the upperhand, till Carey appealed to Mr. Fuller in an agony of distress, and asked if they were to separate again without anything being done. The result was that a resolution was passed, "That a plan be prepared against the next meeting at Kettering for the establishment of a Society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen;" and, after that meeting, which was held on the 2nd of October, 1792, twelve ministers, most of them unknown to fame, met in the house (which is still standing) of a widow lady, Mrs. Beeby Wallis, and, after much consultation and prayer,

formed the Baptist Missionary Society. At the same time, the first subscriptions were gathered in, "which in all amounted to £13 2s. 6d." Carey also offered himself as the first missionary of the Society, and Mr. Fuller was appointed its first secretary. Henceforth, the two men were to work together, till the death of the latter, nearly twenty-three years afterwards, terminated their earthly communion. The other members of the Committee, in addition to Fuller and Carey, were Reynold Hogg of Thrapstone (who was appointed treasurer), John Sutcliffe of Olney, and John Ryland of Northampton.

But although the final decision as to commencing the Mission had been thus at length arrived at, there were various difficulties still to be encountered. For one thing, there was the usual difficulty about money. What was £13 2s. 6d. to begin with, in the work of evangelising the world? For another thing, although Carey had succeeded in imparting some of his own enthusiasm to the brethren and friends with whom he came immediately in contact, it by no means followed that that enthusiasm would be shared by brethren at a distance, with most of whom he could communicate only on paper. Besides, the old question was sure to suggest itself, "Have any of the rulers believed?" "When we began in 1792," afterwards remarked Mr. Fuller, "there was little or no respectability among us; not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to make speeches to him. Hence good Dr. Stennett advised the London ministers to stand aloof, and not commit themselves." The only minister in the metropolis from whom Carey received any sympathy was the venerable John Newton, who "advised him with the fidelity and tenderness of a father." But if Christian men in London withheld their sympathy, brethren in the country were less disposed to hesitate. Fawcett of Brearley, Birt of Plymouth Dock, Steadman of Broughton, Crabtree of Bradford—all honoured names in the Baptist com-

munity—are each found expressing their satisfaction, and promising whatever assistance was in their power. Accordingly, when the Committee met at Northampton, about a month after the Kettering meeting, the £13 2s. 6d. had grown to £88 18s., including “the surprising sum of £70,” which Mr. Pearce brought with him from Birmingham. By the seventh of the following January, the treasurer had put into “Mr. Squire’s bank” the sum of £115 0s. 6d.; and before the end of March, the amount was increased to upwards of £800, towards which it does not appear that one single shilling came from London.

## V.

## “THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.”

Long before this result was arrived at, however, the brethren had set themselves earnestly to consider where the proposed Mission should be established. “The field” was “the world,” but what portion of that field they should seek first to cultivate was matter for very anxious solicitude. Carey, under the impression produced on him by “Cook’s Voyages,” had thought of Otaheite as the scene of his future labours. “Brother Pearce,” says Dr. Ryland, “had read the account of the Pelew Islands, and was inclined to propose them for the object of our first attempt.”<sup>1</sup> “But just at this moment,”

adds Dr. Ryland, “Mr. John Thomas returned from Bengal. He had repeatedly written thence to Dr. Samuel Stennett, to my father, and to Mr. Booth, and had given some account of his own conferences with the natives. We found he was now endeavouring to raise a fund for a Mission to that country, and to engage a companion to go out with him. It was, therefore, resolved to make some further inquiry respecting him, and to invite him to go back under the patronage of our Society.”

The result of the inquiry respecting Mr. Thomas was “upon the whole” satisfactory. He had gone out to India as a ship’s surgeon, and had resided in Bengal for some years. As it turned out afterwards, he was hopelessly in debt, but “from causes which in no way affected his honour.” He had preached the Gospel to the natives, and was enthusiastically desirous of extending the Redeemer’s kingdom. If his zeal was not always “according to knowledge,” and if, as is confessed by his biographer, he was “guilty of many faults, many weaknesses, and many failures,” his real piety is undoubted, and his faults need not be too severely reckoned up now that he has been so many years in his grave.<sup>1</sup> At any rate, at the meeting of the Committee on the 9th of January, 1793, Mr. Thomas was accepted as a missionary, and Carey was solicited to accompany him. At this meeting, Mr. Thomas arrived unexpectedly, and was, for the first time, introduced to the companion of his future toils. “It was late in the evening,” says an eye-witness, “and while the Committee were in full deliberation, that his arrival was announced. Impatient to behold his colleague, he entered the room in haste, and Mr. Carey rising from his seat, they fell on each other’s necks, and wept.” All was now hope and resolution. “It is clear,” said Mr. Fuller to Carey, “that there is a rich mine of gold in India; if you will go

<sup>1</sup> “On the 9th of August, 1783, Captain Henry Wilson, of the *Antelope* packet, was shipwrecked upon Coorooraa, one of the Pelew Islands. He and his ship’s company were treated with great kindness by Abba Thulle, the king; and when they left, Captain Wilson took with him Le Boo, the king’s second son, to be educated in England. The Prince, as he was called, was a youth of remarkably gentle and ingenuous character, a shrewd observer in the new world to which he was then introduced, and full of affectionate regard for all who in any way showed him kindness. After living very happily in Captain Wilson’s family for little more than five months, he died of the small pox, on the 27th of December, 1784, aged twenty years. His interesting and affecting story attracted much attention. The Pelew Islands were visited by the *Duff*, in November, 1797, but nothing of interest arose out of the attempt to re-open communication with the islanders.”

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Thomas died of fever and ague, at Dinapore, October 13th, 1801

down, I will hold the ropes." Two months afterwards (on the 20th of March), a farewell meeting was held at Leicester, and Mr. Fuller having addressed the missionaries from the words, "Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you," he concluded with the touching exhortation, "Go then, my dear brethren, stimulated by these prospects. We shall meet again. Crowns of glory await you and us. Each of us, I trust, will be addressed at the last day by our great Redeemer, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father:—these were hungry, and you fed them; athirst, and you gave them drink; in prison, and you visited them; enter ye into the joy of your Lord.'"

## VI.

### UNEXPECTED DIFFICULTIES.

But even after all seemed thus to be settled, further difficulties arose. India was at that time under the control of the East India Company: and to go there without the license of the Company was to run the risk of being forbidden to land, or ordered off by the next ship. But to obtain the license of the Company was found impossible, or it was deemed indiscreet to ask for one; and the missionaries were therefore compelled to face the question—one which has so often, alas! been forced upon God's people—whether they should not "obey God rather than men." Believing that in their proceedings they were inspired by a Divine impulse, they deliberately resolved to ignore the Company's authority; and the captain of the *Earl of Oxford*, an East Indiaman, having expressed his willingness to take them on advantageous terms, though well aware that they had no license from the Board of Directors, they sailed with him to the Motherbank, between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, where the vessel was to await convoy. At this point, however, a still further difficulty arose, which seemed destined to shatter all their hopes. Just when they were completing their final

preparations, and when the fleet was within four days of its departure, an anonymous letter was received by the captain. It stated that the fact had become known at the India House, that "a person," supposed afterwards to be Mr. Thomas, was going out without the directors' leave; and that if the captain allowed this passenger to proceed, an information would be laid against him. As such a step would inevitably have deprived the captain of his command, he had no alternative but to call upon his unlicensed passengers to disembark. They did so with a heavy heart. Mr. Fuller, when he received the intelligence a few days later, wrote, "We are all undone!" Not only had the missionaries lost their chance of sailing in the *Earl of Oxford*, but the packages of goods which were intended to provide for their support during the first year after their arrival had to go on with that vessel. Ultimately, though not until after much further anxiety, another ship was secured. A Danish East Indiaman was expected in the Downs, and in her passages were taken. Meantime, Mrs. Carey, who had hitherto resisted all importunities to accompany her husband, was persuaded to join him with their family, accompanied by her sister. On the 13th of June, 1793, they embarked in the *Kron Princesa Maria*. On the 7th of the following November, they anchored in Balasore Roads, and on the 11th found themselves in Calcutta.

## VII.

### "GOING DOWN INTO THE MINE."

Carey was now thirty-two years of age. For seven years or more he had been longing and praying that he might be permitted to carry the Gospel to the heathen: for upwards of forty years he was to be engaged in that work, which he did not relinquish till called to still higher service.

But familiar as he had been with difficulties and anxieties, these had been as nothing in his old home when compared



with those he had to encounter in the land of his adoption. It seems to have been the idea of the founders of the Mission—at any rate, it was Carey's own idea—that, after the first expense had been defrayed, the missionaries would be able either to maintain themselves, or to do so with very little aid from the Society. They had brought very little money with them, and all that had been granted by the Committee was the sum of £150 in goods, which were to be disposed of on their arrival. But before they had been two months in Calcutta, their resources were already exhausted. This was accounted for partly by the imprudent expenditure and by the difficulties of Mr. Thomas, partly by the largeness of the two families, partly by demands upon their joint purse which Carey at least had never anticipated.

He had other sorrows to encounter, over which we may draw a veil, though they are sad enough to read of in Carey's journals and letters, after the lapse of nearly a hundred years. To escape from them as far as possible, he first retired to the Soonderbuns, where he remained, however, for only a short time;<sup>1</sup> and afterwards, in 1794, he accepted an appointment as superintendent of an indigo factory at Mudnabatty, near Malda, to which he was introduced through the influence of Mr. Thomas. But it is singular to note, at this distance of time, how his acceptance of the appointment at Mudnabatty was received by the Committee at home. He did not, indeed, neglect his missionary work,—on the contrary, having considerable leisure

from his secular duties, he set up schools, itinerated in the surrounding villages, and even, during his residence at Mudnabatty, translated the whole of the New Testament into the Bengalee dialect, through which alone it could reach the masses of the population. Still, some of the members of the Committee—and even Mr. Fuller—were alarmed lest he should “allow the spirit of the missionary to be swallowed up in the pursuits of the merchant,” and they addressed to him a letter of “serious and affectionate caution.” Their “caution” might well have been spared if they had remembered that their own remittances to India, during three years, amounted to only about £200. It turned out afterwards that, even of this £200, by far the larger part had failed to reach its destination; so that, if the missionaries had not engaged in business, they must, as Mr. Fuller acknowledged, have “perished for want.” Carey's reply to the Committee's “caution” was as touching as it was dignified. “I can only say,” he wrote, “that, after my family's obtaining a bare subsistence, my whole income, and some months more, goes for the purpose of the Gospel, in supporting persons to assist in the translation of the Bible, in writing out copies of it, and in teaching school. I am indeed poor, and shall always be so, until the Bible is published in Bengalee and Hindoostanee, and the people want no further instruction.” It is satisfactory to be able to add that Mr. Fuller wrote in reply, after carefully reviewing all the circumstances, “We are not only satisfied, but thankful, that you have engaged in business.”

## VIII.

### SERAMPORE AND CALCUTTA.

For some reason, the “business” did not prosper, and, in 1799, the indigo works at Mudnabatty were given up. Carey had now been more than five years in India. They had been years of preparation chiefly, and the spiritual results of his labours had been small. But just

<sup>1</sup> “The Soonderbuns consist of a vast tract of land, lying to the south of Calcutta, facing the Bay of Bengal, and stretching from the Pudna on the east to the Hooghly on the west, over an area of more than 6,500 miles. It was once filled with hamlets and towns and a rich cultivation, but was depopulated by the piratical Mugs or Aracanese, and was now inhabited only by wild beasts. Here and there patches of the forest had been cleared for the manufacture of salt, and villages had gradually arisen at intervals. It was in this region of jungle, and tigers, and malaria, that Mr. Carey now planted the hopes of the Mission.”

when the abandonment of the factory at Mudnabatty rendered it necessary for him to consider other plans for the future, the welcome tidings reached him at Malda of the arrival of Messrs. Marshman and Ward and other missionaries at Serampore. It had been intended that they should join Carey at Mudnabatty, but the opposition of the authorities to the settlement of missionaries in Bengal was inexorable. Serampore was at that time a Danish settlement, and, being situated on the west bank of the Hooghly, only fourteen miles above Calcutta, it seemed favourable to their purpose.

It was favourable for other reasons. The Governor of Serampore, Colonel Bie, was a Christian man, an old friend of the missionary Schwartz. He received the newly-arrived missionaries in all kindness, and promised them every assistance in his power. He even offered them a piece of land on which they might build a house, and, when this was found unsuitable, assisted them in the purchase of one. It is interesting to add that all that was done by Colonel Bie was afterwards approved by the Government at Copenhagen. When Carey joined the brethren on the 10th of January, 1800, he found them already settled; and there then began a brotherly friendship and a co-operation in labour that was terminated only by death.

But they did not allow any length of time to elapse before entering upon their work. They decided to live together as one family. At once they made arrangements for establishing schools, and began preaching the Gospel. Before the close of the March after their arrival, the first sheet of the New Testament in Bengalee was placed by Ward (who took charge of the press) in Carey's hands; and before the end of the year Carey had the privilege of baptising his first Hindoo convert, Krishna Pál, who, till his death in 1822, continued one of the most faithful and devoted native helpers of the Mission.

The plan of living in one family

was adopted by the missionaries with the utmost deliberation. Their motive was that they might give all their energies, and devote all their talents of every kind, to the one end for which the Mission was established. Accordingly, we find them drawing up a set of "rules" for the management of the Mission family. They resolved, among other things, that "the brethren of the Mission form a community in which no one has the pre-eminence;" that "no brother shall engage in any private trade whatever;" and that "whatever worldly employ the brethren, as a body, may think it expedient to pursue, no one must refuse to take the share assigned him, nor shall any part of the profits arising therefrom be accounted private property, except so appropriated by the majority." It is true that this system had to be abandoned in later years, when younger brethren joined the Mission; but by the elder missionaries it was so rigidly adhered to, that, when a boarding-school, which Mr. Marshman had established, yielded an income of nearly a thousand a year, he took no larger sum for the personal expenses of his family than £34 a year; while the corresponding allowance of Mr. and Mrs. Ward from the proceeds of the press, which Mr. Ward conducted, was only £20 a year; and Carey, even when he became tutor in the College of Fort William, at Calcutta, which he did before he had been a year at Serampore, out of his collegiate income of £600 a year had no larger sum than £40 a year, for himself, his wife, and his family, with a small addition of £20 a year to enable him to appear in "decent apparel" at the college and at Government House. The result of this self-denial was, that the brethren were enabled to devote to missionary purposes many thousand pounds beyond what they received from England;<sup>1</sup> and that they not only main-

<sup>1</sup> Five years after the arrangement was made they were able to say:—"Our whole expenditure has not been less than £13,000, and we have received from England in money, goods, etc., not

tained their own stations, but were able to "preach the Gospel in the regions beyond." Thus, in 1804, we find a Mission established at Cutwa, a large town on the Hooghly, about seventy miles above Calcutta; in 1805, notwithstanding all difficulties, in Calcutta itself; and within a very few years no fewer than twenty stations were occupied in Hindoostan, while the cities of Rangoon and Ava in Burmah, Java and Amboyna in the Eastern Archipelago, and the island of Ceylon, had received the messengers of Christ.

But indeed the self-denial which is indicated by the household arrangements of the brethren was only a part of a system of self-sacrifice which extended to the minutest details of their lives. Take a single day as a specimen, which Carey gives incidentally as an excuse for not writing to a friend. In June, 1806, he writes from Calcutta:—"I am extremely loath to let this opportunity pass without dropping a line, and yet scarcely can find time to write to any one. I give you a short view of my engagements for the present day, which is a specimen of the way of spending one half the week. I rose this morning at a quarter before six, read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and spent the time till seven in private addresses to God, and then attended family prayer with the servants in Bengalee. While tea was getting ready, I read a little in Persian with the moonshi, who was waiting when I left my bedroom; read also before breakfast a portion of the Scriptures in Hindoosthancee. The moment breakfast was over, sat down to the translation of Ramayun from the Sangskrit, with a pundit, who was also waiting, and continued this trans-

lation till ten o'clock, at which hour I went to college, and attended the duties there till between one and two o'clock. When I returned home, I examined a proof sheet of the Bengalee translation of Jeremiah, which took till dinner time. After dinner, translated, with the assistance of the chief pundit of the college, the greatest part of the eighth chapter of Matthew in Sangskrit. This employed me till six o'clock. After six, sat down with a Telinga pundit to learn that language. At seven, I began to collect a few previous thoughts into the form of a sermon, and preached in English at half-past seven. About forty persons present. After sermon, I sat down and translated the eleventh of Ezekiel into Bengalee, and this lasted till near eleven, and now I sit down to write to you. After this, I conclude the evening by reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, and commending myself to God. I have never more time in a day than this, though the exercises vary."

In another letter, dated 1811, he writes:—"The necessity which lies upon me of acquiring so many languages obliges me to study and write out the grammar of each of them, and to attend closely to their irregularities and peculiarities. I have, therefore, already published grammars of three of them, namely, the Sangskrit, the Bengalee, and the Mahratta. To these I have resolved to add grammars of the Telinga, Kurnata, Orissa, Punjabee, Kashmeera, Gujuratee, Nepalese, and Assam languages. Two of these are now in the press, and I hope to have two or three more of them out by the end of next year. This may not only be useful in the way I have stated, but may serve to furnish an answer to the question, which has been more than once repeated, 'How can these men translate into so great a number of languages?' Few people know what *may* be done till they *try*, and *persevere* in what they undertake."

That the chief work of Carey's life was the translation of the Scriptures into the languages of the east, is well

more than £5,740 17s. 7d., and this sum is not sunk, but invested in premises belonging to the Mission." Up to 1826, they had expended upwards of £58,000, and had received from England only a little more than £10,000. The total sum contributed by them to the cause of religion has been estimated at little short of £80,000.

known. During the forty years he was permitted to labour in India, he saw "more than two hundred and thirteen thousand volumes of the Divine Word, in forty different languages, issue from the Serampore press." But it must not be supposed that he took no part in the ordinary work of the Mission. As the work of translation advanced, neither he nor his colleagues were able to itinerate as they had done at first, and Carey's labours were confined mainly to Serampore and Calcutta. He continued, however, to preach at least three or four times every week; and in one of his letters he says:—"Not having time to visit the people, I appropriate every Thursday evening to receiving the visits of inquirers. Seldom fewer than twenty come, and the simple confessions of their sinful state, the unvarnished declaration of their former ignorance, the expressions of trust in Christ and of gratitude to Him, with the accounts of their spiritual conflicts, often attended with tears which almost choke their utterance, present a scene of which you can scarcely form an adequate idea." Still, the conviction gained ground in the minds of all the brethren, that, if India was to be won and held for Christ, it must be through native preaching chiefly; and the outcome of this belief was the establishment, in 1818, of Serampore College, for the instruction of "Asiatic Christian and other youth in Eastern literature and European science." This institution still survives. It was the first of the great scholastic institutions, of which there are now so many in India. To Carey, it was dear to the very end of his life. Almost the only recreation he allowed himself was in his garden, which in process of time became the most valuable belonging to any private person in India.

In 1801, as has been already stated, he was appointed teacher of the Bengalee language in the College of Fort William, at Calcutta, then recently established by Lord Wellesley; in 1807, he was raised to the more elevated rank of professor.

In the former capacity, he received £600 a year; in the latter, double that amount. His chief reason for accepting the appointments was that he might devote the emoluments connected with them to missionary and philanthropic enterprise.

## IX.

### THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, ETC.

One or two events remain yet to be mentioned, in order to complete this summary of Carey's life and labours. It will be remembered that, when he set out for India, he went without the license of the East India Company; and it was only because his arrival was unnoticed, through his coming in a foreign vessel, that he was allowed to settle in Bengal. When Marshman and Ward arrived five years later, they were compelled to seek a refuge at Serampore; two other missionaries, Chater and Robinson, who arrived in 1806, were ordered to return to Europe forthwith, and, though this order was not enforced, they were not permitted to reside within the dominions of the Company; and in 1812, when Newell and Judson, with their wives, arrived in an American vessel, they were only allowed to remain on pledging themselves to proceed without loss of time to territories beyond British jurisdiction. Indeed, the East India Company and most of its officials had, for their own reasons, been all along opposed to aggressive action for the spread of Christianity in India. More than once the Mission was on the point of extinction, through their jealousy or timidity or both; and nothing but the firmness and prudence of the missionaries—more especially of Carey and Marshman—had prevented the actual suppression of their worship, and the abandonment of their great enterprise. The expiry of the Company's charter, in 1813, gave an opportunity to the missionaries, through their friends at home, of bringing the whole subject of Christian enterprise in India under review in the House of Commons. The Christian

feeling of England was evoked, and Mr. Fuller, whose course of service was now almost run,<sup>1</sup> led the movement with both tongue and pen. In Parliament, the missionaries found an eloquent apologist in the distinguished philanthropist, William Wilberforce. "In truth, sir," said Mr. Wilberforce on one occasion, "these Anabaptist missionaries, as, among other low epithets bestowed on them, they have been contemptuously termed, are entitled to our highest respect and admiration. One of them, Dr. Carey, was originally in one of the lowest stations in society; but under all the disadvantages of such a situation, he had the genius, as well as the benevolence, to devise the plan which has since been pursued of forming a Society for communicating the blessings of Christian light to the natives of India; and his first care was to qualify himself to act a distinguished part in that truly noble enterprise. He resolutely applied himself to the diligent study of the learned languages; after making a considerable proficiency in them, he applied himself to several of the Oriental tongues, more especially to that which I understand is regarded as the parent of them all, the Sanskrit; in which last his proficiency is acknowledged to be greater than that of Sir William Jones himself, or any other European. Of several of these languages he has already published grammars, of one or two of them a dictionary, and he has in contemplation still greater enterprises. All this time, sir, he is labouring indefatigably as a missionary, with a warmth of zeal only equalled by that with which he prosecutes his literary labours. Another of these Anabaptist missionaries, Mr. Marshman, has established a seminary for the cultivation of the Chinese language, which he has studied with a success scarcely inferior to that of Dr. Carey in the Sanskrit. It is a merit of a more vulgar sort—but to those who are blind to their moral and even their literary excellencies it may perhaps afford an

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fuller died May 7th, 1815.

estimate of value better suited to their principles and habits of calculation—that these men, and Mr. Ward also, another of the missionaries, acquiring from £1,000 to £1,500 per annum each by the various exercise of their talents, throw the whole into the common stock of the Mission, which they thus support by their contributions only less effectually than by their researches and labours of a higher order. Such, sir, are the exertions, such the merits, such the success, of these great and good men, for so I shall not hesitate to term them."

In a subsequent speech, Mr. Wilberforce said:—"With the well-founded claims which on a former occasion I stated them to have to your respect, it will not, I trust, be very injurious to them to have received this night, in this House, the contemptuous appellation of Anabaptists and fanatics. . . . For my own part, I have lived too long to be much affected by such epithets, whether applied to others or to myself. But I should have conceived that the missionaries would have been shielded against such attacks as these from any assailant of a cultivated mind, by their having conceived and planned, and in the face of much opposition undertaken, and so long persevered in carrying on, at a vast expense of time, and study, and money, such dignified, beneficial, and disinterested labours. Anabaptists and fanatics! These, sir, are not men to be so disposed of. And while the thoughts of a Christian observer of them, and of their past and present circumstances, would naturally dwell on that providential ordination by which such uncommon men had been led to engage in that important service, even a philosophical mind, if free from prejudice, could not but recognise in them an extraordinary union of various and, in some sort, contradictory qualities—zeal combined with meekness, love with sobriety, courage and energy with prudence and perseverance. When to these qualifications we superadd that generosity which, if exercised in any

other cause, would have received, as well as deserved, the name of splendid munificence; and when we call to mind that it is by motives of unfeigned, though it had been misguided, benevolence that these men were prompted to quit their native shores and devote themselves for life to these benevolent labours; is there not, on the whole, a character justly entitled to at least common respect? To use the language of Bishop Hurd, on a similar occasion, I can only admire that eminence which I despair myself to reach, and bow before such exalted merit."

The result of the agitation was, that a clause was added to the new charter securing full toleration to the missionaries, and, though with some restrictions long since removed, giving really free entrance for the Gospel to India.

The year 1829 is rendered memorable in the annals of India by the abolition of suttee. Thirty years before Carey had witnessed the burning of a widow for the first time in his life, and he was greatly moved by the spectacle. He more than once drew the attention of the Government to the iniquity, but hitherto the matter had been allowed to slumber. Lord William Bentinck was appointed Governor-General in 1828, and he determined that the atrocious practice should cease absolutely. The necessary edict was signed on the 4th of December, 1829, and Carey was requested to translate the English into Bengalee, in order that it might be published at the same time in both languages. The request reached him on a Sunday morning. "Throwing off his quaint black coat, he exclaimed, 'No church for me to-day; if I delay an hour to translate and publish this, many a widow's life may be sacrificed.'" The translation was in the hands of the authorities before the day was over.

It is necessary to mention, though with the utmost brevity, that differences of opinion arose between the Serampore brethren and the Committee at home as to the management of the Mission, which led in 1827 to the separation of their

stations from the Society. Not until after Carey's death was the breach healed. But the memory of it has now well-nigh faded away.

## X.

### THE END.

But Carey was now an old man. During his long life, notwithstanding his manifold labours and frequent anxieties, he usually enjoyed excellent health. At three different times his life had been despaired of; but he was spared to see his last new edition of the Bengalee Bible through the press, and then he felt that his work was nearly done. Some of his utterances during these last days were very characteristic. "There is nothing remarkable," said he, one day, "in what I have done. It has only required patience and perseverance." He once remarked to a friend, "When I compare things as they now are in India with what they were when I came here, I see that a great work has been accomplished, but *how* it has been accomplished I know not." Sitting with him one afternoon in his verandah, when he was recovering from severe illness, the same friend said to him, "Well, Doctor,<sup>1</sup> you are considerably better; perhaps you will be able ere long to resume your loved work once more." "I don't know," was the reply; "but one passage of Scripture gives me great comfort." His friend asked what passage. "That passage which says, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'<sup>2</sup> Now," added he, "I am sure I confess my sins, and if God forgives them, and cleanses me from *all* unrighteousness, what more can I desire?"

When increasing infirmities pressed upon him, he was carried down to his study every morning, and there sat for hours at that desk at which he had so long and so successfully translated God's

<sup>1</sup> Carey received the diploma of Doctor of Divinity from Brown University, U. S., in 1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1 John i. 9.

World. While in this weak condition, the Bishop of Calcutta (Dr. Wilson) went to see him. The interview was affecting. There sat the venerable man at his desk, dressed in white, his silvery locks waving to the breeze made by the moving *punkah*, so feeble that he could not rise to receive his visitor,—the Bishop and the brethren of the Mission family all standing around. After mutual expressions of regard, the Bishop took his Greek Testament, and read some of the precious promises of our Lord. He then offered prayer. Before his departure he informed the Doctor that his last letters from Europe told him that Wilberforce, who had so nobly vindicated the cause of the Mission, was now, like himself, awaiting his summons on high. In fact, Mr. Wilberforce died before Dr. Carey, namely on July 29th, 1833. One of his last visitors was the Rev. Alexander Duff, who talked with him of his past life, and then knelt down and prayed by his bedside. Leaving the room, Mr. Duff thought he heard himself recalled. He turned back, and the dying man addressed him in a whisper, “Mr. Duff, you have been talking about *Doctor Carey*, *Doctor Carey*; when I am gone, say nothing about *Doctor Carey*,—speak about *Doctor Carey’s Saviour!*”

At length “the shining ones” came to conduct the aged pilgrim to the celestial city. Not the shadow of a doubt crossed his mind. The title given to him by the Marchioness of Hastings, “the cheerful old man,” was descriptive of him to the very last. And the last chord that vibrated in his heart was gratitude to God and to His people on behalf of the Mission. Cheering letters arrived at that time from England, telling of the sympathy, liberality, and prayers of its friends at home; and, in his delirium, Carey wished to get to his desk, and to write letters of thanks to those who thus showed their love to the cause so dear to his heart. On the 9th of June, 1834, he “fell asleep.” At five o’clock the next morning he was buried. The

Danish flag was, by authority, hoisted half-mast high, as at the death of a Governor of the settlement; and Lady Bentinck, wife of the Governor-General of India, watched the procession from Barrackpore, on the opposite side of the river.

The grave of Dr. Carey stands to the left of the entrance gate into the native Christian burial-ground at Serampore. It is marked by a tall, square block supported by pillars at each corner, and domed. It bears an inscription directed by Carey himself:—

WILLIAM CAREY,

BORN AUGUST 17, 1761,

DIED JUNE 9, 1834.

“A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall.”

“MARK THE PERFECT MAN, AND BEHOLD THE UPRIGHT, FOR THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE.”

## XI.

### RESULTS OF CAREY’S WORK AND EXTENT OF MODERN MISSIONS.

At the death of Carey in 1834, there were in connection with the Mission of which he was the founder, about 30 missionaries, 40 native preachers, 45 stations and sub-stations, and (though the exact figures do not appear anywhere on record) probably not more than 600 church-members. Fifty years later, in 1884, there were connected with the mission 55 missionaries, 126 native preachers, 234 stations and sub-stations, and 5,176 church-members.

But these facts by no means represented the value of the “thought” which Carey was enabled to present to his brethren in 1792. The formation of the Baptist Missionary Society was speedily followed by the formation of other similar societies, all having the same great object in view; and, according to the most recent available reports, the evangelising force now in India is represented by 586 foreign missionaries, 726 foreign lay

helpers, 461 native ordained ministers, 2,488 native preachers and catechists, 98 foreign male and 479 foreign female teachers, besides 3,481 native Christian male and 1,643 native Christian female teachers. These are the agents of no fewer than 47 societies and 7 isolated or independent Missions, 32 of which are British, 13 American, 7 Continental, 1 Australian, and 1 local. The number of members of churches, in 1881, was 417,000. The number of nominal Christians is estimated at little less than 2,000,000.\*

Even these facts, however, are insufficient to show the magnitude of the work which Carey had so important a part in promoting on the shores of India. India, however, is only one field of missionary activity,—there is no country and scarcely any most remote island where Christ has not been preached and His power has not been felt, and His love realised.

Though Carey played so important and early a part in the great modern missionary movement which has reached such an enormous development, he was not the first labourer in India. There were great and good men, before his time,

<sup>1</sup> "Protestant Missions in India." By Sherring and Storrow. Religious Tract Society, 1884.

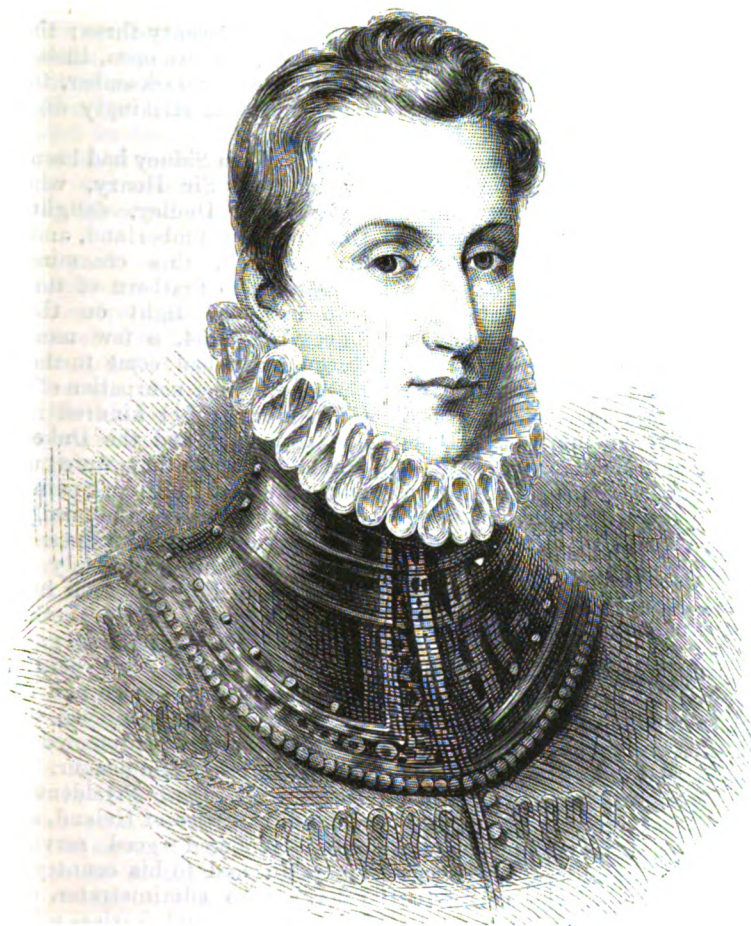
who "did not count their lives dear unto themselves," so that they might be the means of saving souls, even in India. Two years before Carey's settlement at Serampore, the German missionary, Schwartz, had died at Tanjore, after forty-eight years' devoted labour in Southern India. Even before Schwartz had landed at Tranquebar, Ziegenbalg and others had laboured and suffered in the same city, and Schultze had found many converts in Madras. None the less is it true that a new era of Christian enterprise was opened by Carey and his coadjutors. The churches received a new "baptism of the Spirit" under the influence of their teaching and example.

The work of the Lord has been carried on, since their day, by an ever-increasing number of agencies, and with constantly multiplying indications and proofs of success. Let us be thankful that we may all participate in that work. In the joy of its issues we may all secure our share. "Surely," to use the words of Carey himself, "a crown of rejoicing like this is worth aspiring to. Surely it is worth while to lay ourselves out with all our might in promoting the cause and kingdom of Christ."

WILLIAM HEATON.



# SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



# SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT.

---

## I.

### ENGLISH NURTURE: HOME, SCHOOL, AND UNIVERSITY.

IN the south-western corner of Kent, just below the confluence of the Medway and the Eden, nestles in an ever verdant valley the ancient and picturesque village of Penshurst. Never does a summer day pass but some visitor comes hither, as a pilgrim in the old days to a famous shrine, to see the secluded birth-place and home of the historic Sidneys. In Penshurst church are to be seen a grim effigy in stone of old Stephen de Penchester, a brass in memory of a Bullen, and marble monuments to Dudleys, Sidneys, and Shelleys of bygone days. In Penshurst Park the pilgrim may watch the browsing deer, and as he rests beneath a spreading oak may fancy it to be the offspring of—

“ This taller tree, of which a nut was set  
At *his* great birth, where all the Muses met.”

In Penshurst Place, entered by a Tudor gateway reared by Sir William Sidney, —to whom, in reward of faithful service to the eighth Henry and his youthful successor, this estate was granted by the Crown,—in Penshurst Place may be seen a grand old hall dating from the Plantagenet period, apartments with mementoes of Queen Elizabeth, and long low rooms hung with portraits of the successive occupants of this old Kentish home. In these picture galleries are no portraits so interesting as those which represent the features of the true hero of Penshurst, Sir Philip Sidney. One depicts him as a slender youth of sixteen, with his brother Robert by his side,—both being attired in the singular costume of the period. The other picture portrays him

as he was at twenty-three; the figure is handsome, the face open, thoughtful and gentle, the hair dark amber, the carriage and demeanour strikingly dignified and graceful.

Sir William Sidney had been succeeded by his son, Sir Henry, who married Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and who made his home in this charming Kentish retreat. The firstborn of this marriage here saw the light on the 29th of November, 1554, a few months before Queen Mary had come to the throne of England. The usurpation of Lady Jane Grey brought her kindred into danger and disfavour, and the Duke of Northumberland and others were put to death. It is said that Philip of Spain interceded for the survivors of the family, and that in gratitude for this kindness, Sir Henry Sidney and his wife Lady Mary gave the name of Philip to their infant son.

The accession of Elizabeth, upon the death of her sister in 1558, gave to many Protestant nobles and gentlemen the opportunity for service and distinction. Sir Henry Sidney enjoyed the Queen's confidence, and was promoted to positions of responsibility and honour. He became successively Lord President of Wales and Lord Justice of Ireland, and in both offices rendered good service to his sovereign and to his country, as a just ruler, a wise administrator, and in Ireland a valiant and fearless soldier.

Young Philip passed his childhood in the halls and among the woods and meadows of Penshurst, receiving year by year those impressions from rural scenery and forming that love for nature, the fruit of which was to appear in his *Arcadia* and in the songs and sonnets of his riper years. If his circumstances

were favourable to the growth of a poet's mind, the influences of home were such as to mould a pure, honourable, and truly Christian character. All that we know of his father and his mother convinces us that they did their duty wisely, thoughtfully, and prayerfully, and that they trained their youthful son for an upright and unselfish course of life.

When about ten, Philip was sent to school at Shrewsbury. His father being at this time Lord President of Wales, resided for the most part at Ludlow Castle, and probably chose Shrewsbury as near and accessible. Here the boy laid the foundation of his scholarship.

A letter is extant written by Sir Henry Sidney to his boy at Shrewsbury, then about twelve years of age. This letter is one of the most high-minded and judicious a father ever wrote to his son, and gives us a pleasing insight into the family life which, there is reason to believe, was not infrequent in the higher type of English families in the sixteenth century. The statesman gives his boy this grave and memorable advice:—

“Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary act, and at an ordinary hour; whereby the time itself shall put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time. Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly. . . . Mark the sense and matter of that you read as well as the words. . . . Be humble and obedient to your master. . . . Be courteous of gesture and affable to all men. . . . Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry.

“Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature has ramparted up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins

or bridles for the loose use of that member. Above all things, tell no untruth, no, not in trifles—the custom of it is naught. And let it not satisfy you that, for a time, the hearers take it for truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied; so shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would.” He signs himself, “Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.” The Lady Mary adds a postscript which gives a most attractive view of her both as wife and mother: she recommends her son to follow his father's wise, learned, and requisite precepts, with a diligent, humble, and thankful mind: and concludes, “I first bless you with my desire to God to plant in you His grace; and secondarily warn you to have always before the eyes of your mind these excellent councils of my lord your dear father, and that you fail not continually, once in four or five days, to read them over. . . . Farewell, my little Philip, and once again, the Lord bless you!” The admonitions of the experienced and pious statesman were not lost upon young Philip; whilst his schoolmaster's care was well rewarded, for already the boy was writing home letters in both the French and Latin languages.

In those times it was usual to enter the university at an earlier age than at present, so that there is nothing remarkable in Philip Sidney's entering Christ Church, Oxford, at the age of fourteen. His uncle, the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite, was at this time chancellor of the university, so that it is evident that young Sidney's career at Oxford was under the most favourable auspices.

Amongst Philip Sidney's acquaintances at this period of his life was his father's friend, Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State, and then and for many years afterwards, the most trusted and influential councillor of

the Queen. Philip corresponded with the minister, writing to him in terms of due respect. He also visited the family at Hampton Court, and made a very favourable impression upon so great a judge of character as Cecil. Writing to the Lord Deputy,—away in Ireland,—the Secretary says:—"Your Philip is here, in whom I take more comfort than I do openly utter, for avoiding of wrong interpretation. He is worthy to be loved, and so I do love him as though he were mine own." Sir Henry would have liked his son to have married Cecil's daughter, Anne, but the girl's father had more ambitious views, and matched her with the great and wealthy Earl of Oxford.

There seems some reason to believe that Philip went from Oxford to Cambridge, and continued his studies in that university. Here he made some highly prized and valuable friendships. During his university career, Philip Sidney acquired a large measure of classical learning. According to Fuller, "such was his appetite for learning that he could never be fed fast enough therewith, and so quick and strong his digestion, that he soon turned it into wholesome nourishment, and thrived healthfully thereon."

## II.

### THE EDUCATION OF TRAVEL: IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND ITALY.

In his eighteenth year Philip Sidney completed his university studies, and set out upon his travels, to learn wisdom in the wider university of the world. At an age when our public school boys are yet in the sixth form, Sidney had finished his university curriculum, and was commencing "the grand tour." This is certainly proof both of his proficiency in his studies, and of the confidence placed in him by his wise father. It was by means of residence in the courts, the camps, the cities of Europe that his education was to be carried forward.

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wit."

Before he returned he had seen much of the world, had formed many valuable friendships, and had acquired several of the European languages.

Carrying with him a letter of introduction to Walsingham, the ambassador at the French court, Philip first proceeded in the suite of the Earl of Lincoln to Paris. Here he was cordially received by the King, Charles IX., and made a gentleman of his bedchamber. The highest society—such as it was—was open to him, and he became a spectator of the revels and jousts, the polished manners, the luxurious habits, the incessant gaieties of the brilliant court of France. His was not a nature to be carried away by a dazzling exterior, and he soon found that beneath the surface were evil passions and practices to which he had hitherto been a stranger,—envy, hatred, intrigue, harlotry, treason, and assassination.

It happened that Sidney's visit to Paris occurred at a time of political activity and excitement, and that he was witness to the foulest deed which stains the annals of France. The conflict between Rome and the Reformation or Huguenot party now reached its climax, and it is clear that the young Englishman now learned lessons which gave a bias to the thoughts and plans of after years. Catherine de Medici, the queen-mother, a clever, but base and unscrupulous woman, had long been, and was yet for years to be, the evil genius of France. Her son was a mere tool in her hands, and she was the tool of Rome. Countenanced by the King and his mother, the Papal faction, headed by Guise, were plotting against their Protestant fellow-countrymen worse mischief than they had already wrought, and before Sidney left the metropolis, he was to see their plot carried out into action.

But just now, "all went merry as a marriage-bell." Lincoln, in whose suite Philip had come over, had been sent to negotiate in the matter of the projected marriage between the English queen

and the Duc d'Alençon, a lad of half her age. It is impossible to say how far Elizabeth was in earnest in these and similar negotiations. At the same time the French king and his family and ministers professed to desire a reconciliation with the Huguenot party. They yearned in heart—so they gave them to understand—over those whom they had persecuted, and whose destruction they were devising. Strife should be banished, and peace and goodwill should return to France. Henry of Navarre should marry the Princess Margaret, and did, though the bride was silent at the altar, and her royal brother assisted her to nod her head. The Huguenot leaders were gathered together in the metropolis; and their presence was celebrated by gay assemblies and princely entertainments.

Such was the conjuncture chosen for the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, which took place on the 24th of August, 1572. On that day thousands of the Huguenots in Paris, and tens of thousands in the provinces, fell victims to the cold-blooded and atrocious treachery of the lords and priests of France, acting undoubtedly at the instigation and with the approval of the Roman See.

Sidney was safe in the house of the English ambassador, but what he then saw and heard must have been indelibly impressed upon his memory, and have opened his eyes to the principles and tactics of Rome, and have confirmed him in the hatred of bigotry and oppression, and in his attachment to England as the chief Power which was able to resist the encroachments and the despotism of Rome, and to secure the liberties of Europe.

Whilst in Paris Sidney made the acquaintance of the celebrated Huguenot, Philip de Mornay, Count of Plessis, afterwards famous as a diplomatist, a soldier, and theologian, and in all these departments of activity a champion of the Protestant cause. He was at that time a young man, being only about five years Philip's senior. They remained

friends as long as Sidney lived, and the young Englishman translated for the benefit of his countrymen part of Mornay's *Treatise on the Trueness of the Christian Religion*.

It is significant as to Sidney's character and religious principles that he should form an intimacy with such a man as De Mornay, and that he should subsequently undertake the labour of introducing his very remarkable book to the English public. Golding, who completed the translation begun by Sidney, having in the Dedication spoken of his fellow-worker's "rare virtue, valour, and courtesy, as matched with equal love and care of the true Christian Religion," explains that Sidney had proceeded certain chapters therein, and had desisted only when called to what he deemed "a higher kind of service towards God and his Prince." The book itself is of an argumentative and scholastic character, and aims at establishing first the great truths of natural religion, the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul, and then the truth and reasonableness of the fundamental truths of Divine Revelation. It shows that Sidney was in full sympathy with the great doctrines of the Gospel. They formed the basis of his character.

From Paris Sidney proceeded to Frankfort, where he lodged with the famous printer, Wechel. Here, as everywhere, he made friends with men of mark. Among these was Hubert Languet, at this time a man fifty-four years of age, and the most prominent diplomatist of the Reformation party. In early life Languet had become a Protestant from conviction, and had devoted his fine powers, his learning, and his consummate skill in politics, to the advancement of the cause of religious freedom. More than twenty years before this time he had lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the pure-minded and elegant Melancthon, and he reckoned among his intimate friends men so illustrious as Gustavus I. of Sweden, and William I. of Orange.

It is testimony to Sidney's character that, when a youth of eighteen, he should win the confidence and friendship of a diplomatist like Languet, a man of established European reputation. The friends travelled together, and when separated frequently corresponded. Some parts of this correspondence have been discovered and published, and give us some insight into Sidney's character as estimated by a man of the world of high character and acute discrimination.

"It is not your faults," writes the wary diplomatist to his youthful friend, "which give me matter for advice, but your good qualities, which will soon, I hope, be so conspicuous that men will take notice of what you do and say; and therefore you will have to be careful in whose presence you talk about your affairs at home; you are mistaken if you think that goodness will silence envy,—nothing excites it so much." Of the study of history, Languet writes: "Your own inclination carries you to it, and you have made great progress in it." One of Languet's letters contains at once a eulogium upon Philip's Latin style, and a warm tribute to his character. "Your letter," he says, "contains such evidence of your attachment to me, and is written with such elegance and ability, that it would easily have persuaded me to love and admire you, even if the sweetness of your character, your thoughtfulness, and the extent of your knowledge, far beyond your years, had not effected that already."

Philip was duly grateful to his mentor for his kindly interest and judicious counsels. In the third book of the *Arcadia* he took occasion to acknowledge his debt, and to testify to the high Christian influence exercised over him by Languet:

"The song I sang old Languet had me taught,  
Languet, the shepherd's best swift Ister knew,  
For clerkly reed, and hating what is naught,  
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true:  
With his sweet skill my skillless youth he drew,  
To have a feeling taste of Him that sits  
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond our wits.

He said, the music best those powers pleas'd,  
Was jump concord between our wit and will;  
Where highest notes to godliness are rais'd,  
And lowest sink not down to jot of ill:  
With old true tales he wont mine ears to fill,  
How shepherds did of yore, how now they thrive,  
Spoiling their flock, or while 'twixt them they strive.

\* \* \* \* \*

He liked me, but pitied lustful youth:  
His good strong staff my slippery years upbore:  
He still hoped well, because I loved truth."

In Sidney's letters to Languet are many passages which evince a truly religious mind, and especially reveal his deep interest in the progress of the Reformed faith, and his strong confidence in the rule of a wise and merciful providence. Thus, writing in the year 1574, when he was only twenty, he says:—"I intreat you to look at the wounds from which the Church of God is now suffering, singly and separately, that you may not, by an accumulation of ills, be tempted to despair." And in the same year, in another letter occurs the reflection:—"The Almighty is ordering Christendom with a wonderful Providence in these our days."

Languet having business at Vienna, Sidney bore him company hither. In this city he had the opportunity of enlarging his knowledge of "men and things" at the Emperor's court. He pursued his studies, and acquired mental discipline and furniture, whilst Languet opened up to him the intricacies of European politics, and confirmed him in Christian faith and virtue.

From Vienna Sidney proceeded to Italy, where he spent the greater part of a year, chiefly, it seems, in the cities of Venice, Genoa, and Padua. Venice was at this time the emporium of the nations, the home of luxury and art, the right royal "bride of the sea." The young Englishman associated with the merchants and senators of the city. Writing to his friend Languet, he declared that he would rather have enjoyed one chat with him than "all the magnificent magnificences of these magnificoes!" More congenial, perhaps, was the society of men of

letters, statesmen from other lands, and illustrious painters, whom he met in Venice. Titian was now a very old man; but Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese were at this time in Venice, and in the height of their fame. At Languet's request, Sidney sat for his portrait to Paolo. It is not known whether this picture is in existence. It may have been this to which Languet referred in a criticism passed in one of his letters to his friend: "The painter has represented you sad and thoughtful. I should have been better pleased if your face had worn a more cheerful look when you sat for the painting."

The polished society of Italy, its works of art, its memorials of classic antiquity, must indeed have liberalized his education and improved his taste. But the mixture of Paganism and Popery which so singularly characterized the luxurious, cultivated, but ungodly society of some of the Italian cities, coupled with his memories of Paris, of Catherine de Medici, and of St. Bartholomew's Day, could not but have created upon his mind an impression most unfavourable to the policy and the plans of Rome, and have confirmed his attachment to England and to Protestantism.

Sidney wished to visit Rome; but Languet, who dreaded the result of such a visit, even to principles of morality and religion so fixed as his friend's, exacted from him a promise to deny himself this pleasure. It seems that he was attracted by the strange, historical fascination of Constantinople; but he never fulfilled his wish to visit that city.

During his absence from England, Sidney visited many parts of Europe, including Poland and Hungary. He returned by way of Germany and the Netherlands. Wherever he went he learned much from his observations of men and of the state of the nations and the cities of the Continent, and much from his intercourse with distinguished statesmen and scholars. His character, accomplishments, and manners commended him to the notice and admiration, and in many

cases, to the confidence and affection of the learned, the virtuous, and the great. He himself highly prized the regard and the intimacy of those of his fellow-men who were worthy of him. We gain a glimpse into the character from these words: "Next to the worship of the Supreme Being, my chief felicity consists in cultivating the friendship of good men."

In May, 1575, Sidney returned to his native land, enriched by the experience of three years spent in travel. His health was established, his character was matured, his knowledge was enlarged, and he was in every respect fitted to take his proper place in the counsels of his sovereign and in the service of his country.

### III.

#### THE COURTIER AND FAVOURITE OF THE QUEEN.

At the time of Philip Sidney's return to England, Elizabeth had been seventeen years upon the throne. It was a time of domestic tranquillity and prosperity, and of peace with foreign Powers. The Queen was honoured at home as the intrepid and prudent sovereign of a people who realized under her sway their unity and their power; she was feared, or, at all events, respected abroad for her own royal qualities, for the spirit and wealth of her people, and as the head of the Protestant interest in Europe. She had not yet definitely renounced all projects of marriage; the French prince had not abandoned all hope that she might consent to be his spouse. The court of the Virgin Queen was bright and gay, and attractive, doubtless, to a very young man who had already whilst abroad seen much of capitals and kings' palaces.

But there was even more to attract one of Sidney's tastes and habits in the literary life which was springing up in his country, and in the political and ecclesiastical problems which awaited solution. The Queen was courted by the Huguenots of France, and by the Protestants of Germany and of the Low

Countries, and her sympathies were all on their side; whilst prudence and her duty to her island realm prevented her from carrying out every wish of her heart. Elizabeth's most trusted councillors were all of the Puritan party—Cecil, Leicester, and Walsingham being its acknowledged leaders. And these were the very men with whom Philip Sidney was most closely connected, and to whom, with his own father, he owed his introduction to public life.

It is easy, accordingly, to understand with what interest the young gentleman, just returned from his three years' tour, entered upon the new phase of life which opened up before him at the court of Elizabeth. Her presence was that of a queen. Her counsellors were wise, and her courtiers were gay. Her heart's delight was in the sagacious statesmanship of her ministers, and in the assiduous flattery of her attendants. Gentlemen who were young, handsome, learned, and accomplished, were welcome at her court, always on the condition that they were her devoted admirers, and were not slack or too nice in their adulation. The Earl of Leicester, the reigning favourite, assured his nephew the best possible introduction to the charmed circle. His sovereign welcomed him as a most acceptable addition to the chivalrous band of her admirers and courtiers. She deigned to call him "my Philip,"—it is said in contrast to the Spanish king. Philip's handsome face and figure, his ready and honied speech, his intimate acquaintance with foreign lands and tongues, his elegant manners, his poetical gifts, his knightly prowess—all combined to make him a favourite with the monarch, and with the lords and ladies of her court. He would have been more than man had he not been sensible of the enchantment of the society to which he was admitted. It is to the young man's credit, that, surrounded by temptations which corrupted many, he maintained the character not only of an honourable and blameless gentleman, but of a consistent Christian.

It was in this year (1575) that Leicester, the Queen's favourite, entertained his royal mistress at Kenilworth. That noble seat—now so picturesque a ruin—was then the scene of magnificent hospitality and of memorable pageantries. This entertainment must have been the occasion of bringing Sidney into growing favour with the Queen, and with the courtly throng of his uncle's guests. Some time afterwards, a visit of Elizabeth to the same nobleman at Wanstead furnished Philip Sidney with an opportunity of exercising his literary powers in a manner distinctive of the time. He wrote for her entertainment a composition entitled "The Masque of the May Lady," which was acted before the Queen. It is written in the stilted, affected style so prevalent in those days, but yet so ingeniously as slyly to satirize the very method adopted.

Philip Sidney, with other courtiers, accompanied the Queen upon her "progresses," as her expeditions to her nobles' seats and to the great cities of her realm were termed. On these expeditions he appears to have enjoyed the society of his mother and his sister. Elizabeth insisted upon the attendance at court of Lady Sidney, acting in this with selfish unkindness. The lady had good reason for being excused: her family was impoverished in the service of the parsimonious sovereign, and she herself was disfigured by the traces of small-pox which she had caught in nursing her royal mistress through the same disease.

At this period of Sidney's life, he became acquainted with the good Earl of Essex. Living in London, at his father's house, by Paul's Wharf, Philip was diligent in attendance, not only at the palace of his sovereign, but at the earl's mansion. Here he formed an attachment to Essex's daughter, Penelope Devereux, an attachment to which reference must be made later on.

Sir Henry Sidney was at this time carrying on the Queen's Government in Ireland; under what difficulties and discouragements not there only, but at the



English court, is a well-known matter of history. Philip paid a visit to his father in the sister-island, a visit which was the occasion of an amusing letter from Hubert Languet, still extant, which gives us an insight into the notions entertained at that time by an intelligent and well-informed man of the world, regarding the remoter parts of our islands. Languet deprecated the journey, because of the dangers to which, especially in the unhealthy autumn, his *protégé* would be exposed, in crossing the rugged mountains of Wales, and the stormy Irish Channel. He however consoles himself in the prospect of his friend's peril, by asking him to procure specimens of the remarkable birds believed to grow upon the trees of the Emerald Isle,—the barnacle geese of the fables!

While Sidney was absent in Ireland the Earl of Essex died. It is recorded that the dying man longed for his young friend's return, and, two days before his death, exclaimed: "Oh! that good gentleman! Have me commended unto him! And tell him, I sent him nothing, but I wish him well—so well that, if God do move their hearts, I wish that he might match with my daughter. I call him son; he is so wise, virtuous, and godly. If he go on in the course he hath begun, he will be as famous and worthy a gentleman as ever England bred."

#### IV.

##### DIPLOMATIST AND STATESMAN.

Sidney's precocious ability and the confidence in which he was held by the Queen and her ministers, appears from the fact that when he was but twenty-two, he was employed as an envoy to foreign courts. It may have been partly owing to his familiarity with the continent of Europe and with its languages, but it must also have been on account of his evident political capacity, that, in 1577, he was sent with messages of condolence from the English sovereign to Rudolph, the new emperor, and to the Count

Palatine, each of whom had been bereaved of his father. This honourable embassy he carried out in great pomp and dignity. A retinue of gentlemen was appointed to attend him. His errand, however, was not merely one of compliment and ceremony. He was commissioned to observe the signs of the times generally, and especially to discover the bent of the new Emperor's mind. As representing the Protestant Queen, he was to use his influence to compose the differences and to consolidate the power of those German princes who adhered to the Reformation.

Having fulfilled his mission at Prague and at Heidelberg, Sidney returned by way of Holland, in order to congratulate—in the Queen's name—the Prince and Princess of Orange on the birth of a son. During this visit, he made a most favourable impression upon the mind of the great Stadtholder, William the Silent. Fulk Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, who accompanied his friend upon this journey, tells us that the distinguished statesman and soldier wished him to say to Elizabeth, from himself, "that if he could judge, Her Majesty had one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of estate in Sir P. Sidney that at this day lived in Europe; to the trial of which he was pleased to leave his own credit engaged, until Her Majesty might please to employ this gentleman either amongst her friends or enemies." These words were not repeated to Elizabeth, but, coming from such a man as William, they were worth much. It is noticeable that a very different man, Don John of Austria, at that time Governor of the Netherlands, although at first prejudiced against Sidney, as a Protestant and an Englishman, was constrained after making his acquaintance to do justice to his brilliant powers and accomplishments.

To the same effect was the testimony of Walsingham, who rejoiced Sir Henry Sidney's heart by writing to him of his son, upon his return from his responsible and delicate mission:—"There hath not

been any gentleman, these many years, who hath gone through so honourable a charge with as great commendation as he." Walsingham afterwards made the remarkable admission, Lord Brooke tells us, that "his Philip did so far overshoot him in his own bow, as those friends who at first were his for this secretary's sake, within a while became so fully owned and possessed by Sir P., as now he held them at the second hand, by his son-in-law's native courtesy."

Philip Sidney was a good son, and the year after his diplomatic journey he had an opportunity of proving his filial piety. Sir Henry was at this time in great perplexity concerning the affairs of Ireland, which were committed to his care. He had cause to complain of the Queen's treatment of him, and fell for a time into disfavour on account of his just request for the support which she withheld. In this crisis, Philip gave himself in good earnest to the advocacy of his father's righteous cause. He drew up a defence of Sir Henry's Irish administration against the charges and insinuations of his court enemies, a defence which was admitted to be a thorough vindication. Still, Sir Henry's difficulties so affected his health, spirits, and fortune, that he resigned his Irish office, and retained only the Presidency of the Principality.

Philip's much loved sister, Mary, had during his absence abroad, married the Earl of Pembroke, one of the great nobles of England. At Wilton, the Earl's seat, Philip passed many happy days in his sister's congenial society, and found the change a welcome one from the gaieties and intrigues of court to the charms of nature, and the peaceful joys of domestic life. Aubrey informs us that Sidney "was much at Wilton. . . . My great-uncle remembered him, and said that he was wont to take his table-book out of his pocket, and write down his notions as they came into his head, when he was writing his *Arcadia*." The brother and sister united in several literary undertakings.

Towards his brother Robert, Philip Sidney acted the part of instructor and counsellor. He wrote to him when abroad in terms of affectionate interest; he offered him the aid of his purse; he advised him as to his studies; he advised him as to the best way of rendering travel a means of true education.

The young courtier continued a favourite with the Queen. He held the office of cup-bearer; he enjoyed a small sinecure in Wales. His New-Year's gifts were graciously accepted by his sovereign. Sundry ounces of plate were presented in return; he even received a lock of the "Great Eliza's" hair!—a favour which he acknowledged in courtier-like and complimentary verses. He was employed to entertain foreign princes and other distinguished personages during visits to England. He took his part in the tilts and tournaments in which the court found pleasure.

It is with reference to such courtly sports that his friend Edmund Spenser praises Sidney under the name of Astrophel:

"His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,  
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall;  
And he himself seemed made for merriment,  
Merrily masqueing both in bower and hall  
There was no pleasure nor delightful play,  
When Astrophel so ever was away."

Philip's court-life was not always prosperous. On one occasion he had a quarrel with Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was the leader of the French party that favoured the proposed marriage of Elizabeth with Anjou. On this occasion the Queen herself interposed to prevent a duel; but Sidney told her with spirit that Vere was "no lord over him," and reminded his royal mistress that her father had ever protected the gentry against the encroachments of the nobles.

But the intrepid young favourite had to deliver a thrust nearer home. As champion of the Protestant and patriotic cause, he undertook to do what no one beside would venture—to expostulate with the Queen, who seemed at this period (1579–1580) to incline towards

the projected French marriage. He wrote a letter, deferential in tone, but bold and faithful in substance, setting forth the objections to the proposed alliance. It was a letter such as few sovereigns, and especially sovereigns of Elizabeth's mould, have ever received; Sidney told her plainly that her strength lay in the Protestantism of the country, and pointed out the certain disadvantages and probable dangers of a French connection. The Queen acted upon the advice of her servant, but was displeased with him for tendering it. The incident led to Sidney's temporary retirement from court, and to the devotion of his energies for a while to literary pursuits.

## V.

## SCHOLAR, POET, AND PATRON.

The pursuit and pleasures of literature had great charms for Philip Sidney. Spare hours snatched from the busy life of the court, and from the avocations of the diplomatist when he was travelling, were given to reading and to composition. There is evidence that he was a diligent and appreciative student of the chief classic authors, that he was well acquainted with the romantic and also the Protestant devotional literature of France, Italy, and Spain, and that he felt a keen interest in the progress of English poetry. Many original works and reprints were dedicated to him, as to a patron of the muses. Beyond his means he was a rewarder of literary merit; and it was his delight to introduce men of learning and of genius to noble and generous patrons. The poet Spenser owed to Sidney's appreciation and friendship his introduction to the Elizabethan court, and his promotion to civil employment. Among those who inscribed their compositions to the accomplished and fascinating young courtier, were authors who wrote in foreign languages, writers on the military art, and cultivators of *belles lettres*; their language was in some cases so extravagant in flattery that it is hard to believe it sincere.

Of his own compositions Philip Sidney thought but meanly. In the Dedication he calls the *Arcadia* "this idle work of mine, which I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away." On his death-bed indeed he requested that the work might be destroyed,—a request which could not be complied with. The *Arcadia* has been very differently estimated. Milton termed it "a vain, amatorious poem"; Young has characterized it as "the charm of ages"; Cowper has, in virtue of its style, denominated its author "warbler of poetic prose"; Walpole deemed it "too tedious even for a love-sick virgin to peruse." It is only fair to remember that this romance is the first specimen of readable English prose, that Bacon and Shakespeare, Hooker and Spenser had not yet written, and that Sidney had to work out a style for himself. The language is stilted and pedantic, as was the fashion of the time. The plot is involved, but has some interesting episodes. The scenery and the literary machinery are unnatural; the author tries to combine the pastoral simplicity of the classic idyll and eclogue with the mediæval romance. The sunny, leafy glades of the central Peloponnesus are depicted with the enthusiasm of a true lover of nature; while the knightly valour and enterprise of princes are described with the feeling of a chivalrous courtier. Occasional reflections reveal the insight of the politician. Princes in disguise woo royal maidens amid Arcadian groves, and distinguish themselves by the most wonderful adventures, feats of prowess, and proofs of constancy and devotion. Still the unreality of the whole story, and the tedious length to which it extends, deprive the work of deep interest.

A finer and worthier book is the *Apology for Poetry*, an eloquent and well-reasoned piece of criticism, and a noble contribution to English literature. In defending poetry Sidney was, as far as his own language was concerned, writing in faith; for no great poet, save Chaucer,

had then appeared in this country. The enthusiasm of tone and the magnificence of diction carry the reader along as upon the bosom of a swift and lordly stream.

Two short extracts will serve to illustrate Sidney's prose style, and also to show how thoroughly he appreciated the Scriptures both as Revelation and as, in certain portions, poetry of the highest order.

"May not I say that the holy David's Psalms are a Divine poem?... What else is the awaking his musical instruments? the often and free changing of persons? He maketh you, as it were, see God coming in His majesty. His telling of the beasts' joyfulness, and hills leaping, (is) but a heavenly poesy; wherein almost he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith."

"Certainly, even our Saviour Christ could as well have given the moral common-places of uncharitableness and humbleness, as the Divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; or of disobedience and mercy, as that heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that His through-searching wisdom knew the state of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus being in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly (as it were) inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly for myself, meseems I see before my eyes the lost child's disdainful prodigality turned to envy a swine's dinner."

Between the lines of this classic and poetic piece may be read appreciation of the place of the Holy Spirit as well as of the light of Christ.

Sidney's poetry was characterized by the quaint conceits and curious subtlety of thought and expression so frequently found in the Elizabethan writers. As a sonneteer he was so esteemed that he was called by Sir Walter Raleigh "The English Petrarch." The chief collection of his sonnets is designated "Astrophel and Stella." There is no doubt that by Stella is intended Penelope Devereux, whom Sidney had loved, but

who was by her guardian married against her own wish to Lord Rich, a man of vulgar and brutal disposition. It is the one flaw in the fair character of Sidney, that for a while he cherished for Stella, then wedded to another, admiration which he should have repressed at once, and that he gave vent to his contempt of the unworthy husband in language of abuse. A severe conflict took place in the hearts of the lovers, and it is very honourable to both that the mutual passion they felt was hushed and quelled by the commanding voice of duty and Christian principle. The series of sonnets closes with one of great beauty which shows that the poet has mastered his passion. His better nature has triumphed, his infatuation has passed away, and the outpourings of earthly love give place to strains of pure devotion and heavenly aspiration.

"Leave me, O love which reaches but to dust,  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;  
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.  
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy  
might  
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,  
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth  
the light  
That doth both shine, and give us sight  
to see.  
O! take fast hold! let that light be thy  
guide  
In this small course which birth draws out  
to death,  
And think how evil becometh him to chide.  
Who seeketh Heaven, and comes of heavenly  
breath.  
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:  
Eternal Love! maintain thy life in me!"

It was some years after this mental and spiritual conflict, viz., in 1583, that Sir Philip Sidney married Frances, daughter of his father's friend, Sir F. Walsingham. In the same year he received from Elizabeth the honour of Knighthood.

Sidney and his sister, Mary Countess of Pembroke, undertook the very difficult task of versifying in English the Psalms of David. Sidney's work was confined to the first forty-three Psalms. The attempt cannot be pronounced suc-

cessful, but it is interesting as showing the love of the Word of God on the part of Englishmen and Englishwomen of the highest station in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Short specimens of Sidney's work must suffice. The first is from Psalm xix. :—

"The heavenly frame sets forth the fame  
Of Him that only thunders;  
The firmament, so strangely bent,  
Shows His hand working wonders.  
Day unto day doth it display,  
Their course doth it acknowledge,  
And night to night succeeding right  
In darkness teach clear knowledge.

"O law of His, how perfect 'tis!  
The very soul amending;  
God's witness sure for age doth dure,  
Is simplest, wisdom lending.  
So let words sprung from my weak tongue  
And my heart's meditation,  
My saving Might, Lord, in Thy sight  
Receive good acceptation."

From Psalm xxxvi. :—

"O Lord, how excellent a thing  
Thy mercy is which makes mankind  
Trust in the shadow of Thy wing!  
Who shall in Thy house fatness find,  
And drink from out Thy pleasures' spring  
Of pleasures, past the reach of mind.  
For why? the well of Life Thou art,  
And in Thy light shall we see light.  
O, then extend Thy loving heart  
To them that know Thee and Thy might;  
O, then Thy righteousness impart  
To them that be in soul upright."

If Sidney had devoted himself to letters, he must certainly have taken a high place. There is justice in the opinion of his admiring friend Lord Brooke: "If his purpose had been to leave his memory in books, I am confident, in the right use of logic, philosophy, history, and poetry, nay, even in the most ingenious of the mechanical arts, he would have shown such traits of a searching and judicious spirit, as the professors of every faculty would have striven no less for him than the seven cities did to have Homer of their sept. But the truth is, his end was not writing, while he wrote, . . . but to make himself and others, not in words or opinions, but in life and action, good and great."

## VI.

### PATRIOT AND PROTESTANT.

A man this who wanted, above all things, worthy work to do. Year after year Philip waited, hoping for a government, a command,—for any office that would employ his powers. After many entreaties, he obtained the joint mastership of the Ordnance, but found that to introduce reforms was to excite opposition. He did, indeed, in 1581, and at a later time, serve in Parliament as knight of the shire for Kent, and was employed upon committees. He was once or twice sent upon unimportant embassages. But he felt bitterly that he was wasting his years in a courtier's life, and even meditated retiring into the country. A heart so large, an intelligence so keen, a nature so energetic as Sidney's could find scope only in some department of public life, civil or military.

Despairing of finding worthy occupation at home, and longing for new and fancy-firing enterprises, Sir Philip Sidney had for some time interested himself in those maritime projects which engaged, in Elizabeth's reign, the energies of many of her most daring subjects, and the charm of which doubtless lay in their tendency to damage the commerce and to cripple the power of Spain. Long since he had received crown-grants of undiscovered lands—cheap favours of the parsimonious Queen. At length he had seriously resolved upon a voyage to the west, in which Sir Francis Drake was to be his colleague, in the joint command of a large fleet. It seems that Drake was resolved, if possible, to obtain the sole command of the expedition. And it is certain that the Queen was averse to Sidney's sailing for the Spanish main, for she sent for him, and had him brought back to court, when he was actually upon his way to the rendezvous at Plymouth.

At this period the great question awaiting decision in Europe was this: Was Protestantism to be preserved or

extirpated? Rome and Spain were leagued together for the ruin of the Reformed cause. Philip II. sat in his chamber in the dreary Escorial, penning despatches, reading the reports of his spies, sending out his envoys, numbering his hosts, instructing his generals, putting his Armada on the stocks, lying, tempting, threatening, as might best serve his purposes. The Protestants of Europe seemed little able to withstand the seemingly irresistible power of the Roman party, and the English Queen was slow to commit herself and her people to the impending struggle. Yet reconciliation was impossible; the sword alone could decide the issue. The Netherlands were the battle-field upon which it appeared that the warfare must be waged. Though a possession of Philip, the Low Countries were, generally speaking, Protestant to the heart's core. Here, Alva had slain his tens of thousands, whom nothing could induce to submit to the spiritual tyranny of Rome, and to whom the sword and the stake were less terrible than the domination of priest and pope. Here, at Delft, William of Nassau, the leader of the Protestant cause, had just fallen by the hand of the assassin. To this land, Parma, a consummate general and strategist, was sent to conduct the warfare against the oppressed but not disheartened Reformers, bound to fight for faith and fatherland.

This struggle was, in the view of Sidney and other like-minded Englishmen, the great strife of the time between light and darkness. The battle of Lepanto in 1571 had checked the advance of the Turks, whose power and victories had struck terror into the nations of Europe. And now interest was concentrated in the effort to roll back the tide of ecclesiastical domination and superstitious ignorance. Sidney loved the Bible and the religion which is based upon the Bible; the cause of Evangelical truth and freedom was dearer to his heart than aught else upon earth. He was a politician and a soldier,

not for selfish ends of advancement, power, and fame; but in order to save the light of the Gospel from being quenched, and the liberties of Protestant Europe destroyed, by the craft of Rome and the force of Spain. Our hero and the best of his countrymen were convinced that the right place for England was on the side of liberty, and in the van of the fight. Sidney saw, in the encroachments and the Inquisition of Spain, "a confidence, rising out of the old age of superstitious fancies, utterly to root out all seeds of human freedom." Every one knew that the Low Countries were, in the view of the King of Spain, only the stepping-stone to a richer prize; his plans were unmasked a few years later, when his Invincible Armada sailed for the heretical shores of England.

Far-seeing politicians were of opinion that it was prudent and patriotic not to wait until continental allies should be vanquished, until it should be necessary to encounter single-handed the might of Spain. Better meet the foe on a distant field, than on the guardian shore, or before the sacred homestead. Still it is not surprising that the cautious Elizabeth and her prudent counsellors hesitated before entering upon a conflict with the colossal might of Spain. It was not until 1585 that Elizabeth and her Council determined to send troops to the help of the Low Countries. The Queen refused the proffered sovereignty, but agreed to furnish 5,000 foot and 1,000 horse, upon certain conditions, one of which was that she should hold the towns of Flushing and Brill, with the castle of Rammekens, as security for her charges.

Now at last had come the golden opportunity of service which had for years been eagerly desired by some of the bravest and noblest hearts in this realm of England. Sidney had learned during his travels to detest the policy and to dread the aims of Rome and her allies. To him the intelligence, the freedom, of Protestantism, were dearer than anything on earth. Now opened up before him a career worthy of

his genius and his piety, the long-sought path to action, and (as it proved) to death and deathless fame.

## VII.

### SOLDIER AND HERO.

In compensation for the detention and disappointment above referred to, Elizabeth commissioned Sir Philip Sidney Governor of Flushing. She stood god-mother to his new-born daughter, and showed him every favour and encouragement. Joyfully did the gallant knight, the Protestant patriot, prepare to join the expedition to Flanders, and to devote himself to the profession of arms, in a cause dear to his convictions and to his heart. Languet had, shortly before his death, urged his young friend to just such a career. Now that it opened up to him, there was a universal persuasion that he possessed every qualification for the post. In November, 1585, just as he was completing his thirty-first year, Sir Philip Sidney took leave of friends and home, and sailed for the wars, from whence he was never to return alive.

Sidney's brief administration and generalship justified the confidence reposed in him. It had been augured that "of the qualifications of a commander, severity would be the one in which he would prove deficient." But he found other means than severity of securing the allegiance and attachment of his troops. Officers of his own rank found in him a companion, counsellor, and friend.

The chief exploit performed by Sidney in this war was the capture of Axel, which, under his leadership, was skilfully, daringly, and successfully accomplished. In fact this achievement seems at once to have established Sidney's reputation for generalship.

The battle of Zutphen, fought on October 7th, 1586, is famous in English history only as the occasion of Sidney's death. It was an attempt on the part of the English to intercept a large supply of provisions which was being taken into the besieged town. The affair was a

mistake in strategy, and proved to the English a disastrous failure; but the failure was more brilliant than many a victory. A few hundred English found themselves face to face with three thousand of the enemy. There being among them a large proportion of gentlemen, they felt it a shame to retire, and charged again and again. It was a simple display of chivalrous bravery,—as was said of the charge of Balaclava, three centuries later, "magnificent, but not war!" In the third charge, Sir Philip, mounted upon a second horse, was shot by a bullet in the left thigh, just where the leg should have been protected by the cuisses, which in emulation of a comrade in arms, he had before the fight unwisely flung aside. It was whilst he was quitting the field for the entrenchments, that the memorable incident occurred, with which Sidney's name will never cease to be associated. Thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for water. This was brought to him, but just as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor wounded soldier carried by, who cast his dying eyes towards the precious draught. Perceiving this, Sir Philip withdrew his lips from the bottle, and handed it to the soldier, with the words: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine!"

In these words spake the conqueror of self, the true Christian knight.

## VIII.

### THE SWORD SHEATHED. THE WREATH OF IMMORTALITY.

Sidney was mortally wounded. He was conveyed to Arnheim, where he lingered for more than three weeks. He was surrounded by those dearest to him, and his dying pains were soothed by the ministrations of love and friendship. His wife was there to nurse him. His brother received his last charge, which is recorded to have been in these words: "Love my memory; cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But above all, govern your

will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities."

Surgeons and physicians did their best, but to no purpose. His mind was set upon the Eternity which he felt was near. Ministers of religion attended his death-bed, with whom he conversed, especially upon the future life. At Sidney's request these learned Protestant divines stated for his consolation the arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul. He first listened to the surmises of heathen philosophers, guided by the dim light of human reason, and then to the glorious revelations and assurances offered in Holy Scripture. It is recorded that he with his own lips offered a prayer suited to his case, in which he asked his spiritual advisers and comforters to unite with him. His faith in Christ was strong and calm, and his last act was to raise his hands in the attitude of prayer, that those around his bed might know that he was yielding his spirit in humble and fearless confidence into the keeping of his Saviour, God.

Although the States desired to retain the body, and promised to erect over it a magnificent monument, the Queen of England and her Council decided that the corpse of so illustrious an Englishman should be interred with public honours in the Cathedral of St. Paul in London.

Although Sidney's life was short, it is not difficult to account for the regard in which he was held by his contemporaries, and for the position he has occupied in our national literature and history. He has always been deemed the very impersonation of Christian knighthood. His presence, his courtly manners, his varied accomplishments, combined with his family connections and his popularity at Court, doubtless gave him great advantages. But the moral qualities of his nature, purified and elevated by Christian faith, made him the hero of a generation which abounded in great men.

He was indeed a poet, some of whose

verses may rank with Spenser's. He was a writer of imaginative and of critical prose not surpassed in originality, acuteness, and eloquence by any author of his time. He was a diplomatist whose conduct of public business did credit to the Court which employed him. And he was a gallant soldier, who not only understood the theory of war, but proved himself in the field a master of the military art.

But he was more than all this. Trained in a devout Puritan household, Philip Sidney by the grace of God imbibed the Christian spirit. Integrity, honour, unselfishness, were the elements of his daily life. Living at a period when a great conflict was being waged between mediæval superstition and tyranny on the one hand, and the rising spirit of Protestantism and religious liberty on the other, his whole nature was devoted to the cause of Scriptural religion, of enlightenment, of the Reformation. This was to Sidney no mere political contest. He loved his country and he revered his queen; but his patriotism was deepened by his conviction that it lay largely with England to roll back that tide of Roman error and oppression which threatened to return and to overflow the nations. Deep in his heart was the love for the Word of God, for the faith of Christ, for a pure and Scriptural Church. His spiritual convictions and feelings were the secret forces of his outward life. And if his life was to the hearts of his countrymen the embodiment of Christian chivalry, his death was to those hearts the devotion of a martyr to the cause of Christian purity and freedom. Only thus can we account for what would otherwise seem the extravagant honour and affection in which Sidney was held,—honour and affection well exemplified by the wish of Greville, Lord Brooke, who desired that it might be inscribed upon his tomb that he was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney.

J. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A.



# WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.



# WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

---

## I.

### EARLY LIFE.

THE village of Wilberfoss, near Stamford Bridge, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, had for many generations given its name to the holders of the mansion and estate. A branch of the family eventually settled at Beverley, afterwards at Hull, and engaged successfully in mercantile pursuits, while the elder stock decayed in position and fortune. A representative of this younger branch, William Wilberfoss, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, altered the spelling to WILBERFORCE; and thus the name originated which was hereafter to be inseparably connected with the annals of Christianity, and the triumphs of freedom. The second son of this William Wilberforce was named Robert; and his only son WILLIAM, the subject of the following sketch, was born at Hull, August 24, 1759. He was a delicate and puny child, precocious, sensitive, remarkably winning and affectionate. At the age of seven he entered the Hull Grammar School, under the care of Joseph Milner, afterwards the well-known Church historian, assisted by his younger brother Isaac, who was hereafter to have so great an influence on Wilberforce's life. The chief reminiscence of the child's school-days in Hull, is that he was frequently perched on a table to read or recite to his admiring teachers and schoolmates, "because," he would explain, with characteristic simplicity, "I was so little, that I could not otherwise have been seen." The true reason was that his charming elocution led to this somewhat questionable exaltation, as a pattern to the rest of the scholars.

But his school career at Hull was soon finished. Mr. Robert Wilberforce died when William was nine years old,

and the lad was placed under the care of his father's elder brother William, at Wimbledon, being sent to school near London. To his uncle's household the child contracted a warm attachment, while deeper influences than he had known before took possession of his young life. His aunt, a frequent hearer of George Whitefield, was a woman of earnest and glowing piety, and the ardent soul of her nephew soon responded to her affectionate appeals. He became earnest and devout, a constant reader of the Scriptures, and began to write letters on religious subjects. His grandfather, and even his mother, whose religion was of a cold and formal type, became alarmed, and at the age of twelve he was recalled to Hull, "almost heart-broken at the separation" from his uncle's family. His aunt had remonstrated in vain. "Do not fear," the mother satirically replied to Whitefield's disciple; "if this is a work of grace, you know it cannot fail!" So the youth returned obediently home, still cherishing high purposes of devotedness to God.

He was now sent to the Pocklington grammar-school, where he remained until the age of seventeen. For a while his religious zeal appeared unquenched. Letters that he wrote from this school were placed in his hands long afterwards when he had become famous, with a request that they might be published. Another letter is even more noticeable. It was addressed to the editor of a York paper, and was, said young Wilberforce to his schoolfellows, "*in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh.*" The writer was but fourteen. The letter probably found its way to the editor's waste-basket; but it showed the forces, already at work in the lad's mind, that were to lead in his riper years to magnificent results.

The master of the Pocklington school was learned, gentlemanly, discreet. No doubt he had received a hint not to let the studies of the place press too heavily on his brilliant and wealthy pupil, and above all, to divert his mind by company and recreation from an inconvenient and unfashionable seriousness. As a natural consequence, the religious earnestness of young William Wilberforce greatly declined. Without effort he distanced his school competitors, and so had abundant leisure to devote to society. The charm of his manners, and the sweetness of his voice, made him everywhere a welcome guest, and among the giddy youth who frequented the card-table and the ball-room none was more popular than William Wilberforce. He left school, a good classic, an indifferent mathematician, fairly well read in general literature; and as to the rest, a young, amiable, polished worldling.

At seventeen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. It was, in many respects, the most perilous period of his career. His wise and excellent uncle was now dead; his mother was his sole guardian. The studies of the University were such as he could easily master, his tutors were lax and complaisant, and his brilliant social qualities, with his ready hospitality, attracted to his rooms all the idlers of his college. Happily, he from the first contracted a disgust for what was coarse and licentious, and after a short experience among the more dissolute of his set, he became increasingly careful in his friendships. Foremost among his intimates was WILLIAM PITT, and the mutual attachment of the two young men remained unbroken until the great statesman's death.

On leaving college, at the age of twenty, Wilberforce at once resolved to enter public life. Only a fortnight after he had attained his majority (September, 1780) the opportunity came, and he was returned to Parliament for his native borough of Hull, polling exactly as many votes (1126) as the two other candidates put together. The election,

however, cost him £8000, chiefly spent in prescriptive and customary payments to the voters—an expressive illustration of English political life at that era! It is right to add that Wilberforce in his late years emphatically condemned the system to which he had conformed, declaring that rather than so enter Parliament again he would be content to remain a private man.

In London the wealthy and brilliant young M.P. found himself at once the centre of an admiring circle. Several clubs were thrown open to him, at one of which ("Goose-tree's") he and his college friend William Pitt habitually met. Pitt, who was just three months the senior of Wilberforce, was already recognised as one of the first men in the House of Commons. In the second session of this Parliament (July, 1782) this youth of twenty-three became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the short-lived administration of Lord Shelburne; and eighteen months afterwards, on the fall of the Coalition Ministry, he was made Prime Minister of England, a post which he held uninterruptedly for seventeen years. It is to the honour of Wilberforce that while unswervingly loyal in friendship, he preserved from the first an independent judgment. "I well remember," he said long afterwards, "the pain I felt in being obliged to vote against Pitt, the second time he spoke in Parliament." But as yet, Wilberforce took little or no part in the debates. He was, indeed, assiduous in attendance, but it appeared doubtful whether he might not surrender himself to the fascinations of an easy, social life. His large fortune, his kindly manners, his polished wit, and his gifts of song and mimicry made him acceptable in society everywhere. "Wilberforce," said one of his noble hosts, "we must have you again; the Prince says he will come at any time to hear you sing." With all this, he fell into the prevalent habit of play, and seemed in danger of becoming a confirmed gamester, until happily cured by an

incident that in any other person might only have stimulated the tendency. This was the winning of £600 at one night's sitting, when on witnessing the chagrin of the losers, he resolved never again to risk inflicting so much mortification.

When Lord Shelburne's ministry was broken up, and the Coalition was endeavouring to govern England, Pitt and Wilberforce spent the Parliamentary recess, with their friend Edward Eliot, afterwards Pitt's brother-in-law, in a continental journey, where they were presented to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who received them with much kindness. They also, with yet greater interest, made the acquaintance of Lafayette and Benjamin Franklin. The tour was a memorable one, from the new experiences and impressions with which it could not but be fraught to a mind like that of Wilberforce; yet after his six weeks' absence he returned to England "better pleased with his own country than before he left it."

In the following December, Pitt became Prime Minister; three months later Parliament was dissolved, and a new era in the life of Wilberforce was about to begin, although he knew it not.

## II.

### MEMBER FOR YORKSHIRE.

At that time, Yorkshire returned two members to Parliament, and the representation of the great county was a prize held worthy of all endeavour and unstinted cost. It was an honour to which few could aspire; the county aristocracy regarded it as belonging to them almost by right, and contended for it often with a fierceness of rivalry and a profuseness of expenditure almost beyond belief. Mr. Wilberforce, with the ardour of four-and-twenty, resolved to make a stand on behalf of what he regarded as the cause of national independence and freedom. There is no need here to enter upon the political issues raised. The immediate question

was Mr. Fox's India Bill, but in general it may be said that the middle classes, whom the growth of manufacturing industry was yearly making more important, were for Mr. Pitt, the county aristocracy for the Coalition. A great meeting of freeholders was summoned to the Castle Yard in York for the 25th March—the day, as it turned out, of the dissolution. An address condemning the late ministry was proposed by the representatives of the popular party, and resisted by the county magnates. The meeting had begun at ten in the morning; the multitude had braved for some hours the cold and hail, and were getting weary, when the small slight figure of Mr. Wilberforce, shivering in the blast, was seen upon the table which served as a platform. His melodious voice at its first tones enchained the hearers, and for an hour he rivetted the attention of the vast assembly. James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, was present. "I saw," he said, "what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table; but as I listened he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." The youthful orator ended amid the acclamations of the meeting, and the address was carried. In the course of Wilberforce's speech he had received and read an express from Pitt announcing the intended dissolution, and at a meeting of the Premier's adherents in the evening of the same day Wilberforce was unanimously adopted as candidate for Yorkshire at the coming election. The show of hands was immensely in his favour and in that of his colleague, Mr. Duncombe. A subscription was made to defray the cost of election, amounting to £18,670, the candidates not being allowed to contribute a sixpence. In the end, only a fourth of the sum was actually needed. Rapidly they sped from place to place. Rotherham, Sheffield, Barnsley, Wakefield, Halifax, Bradford, Leeds—Wilberforce everywhere arousing enthusiasm by his stirring speeches. As yet railways were not; and, as the candidates drove from town to town in coaches and six after

the imposing fashion of the times, their progress was triumphal. They reached York to hear that their opponents had retired from the contest, and to take their places unopposed as members for the county. The next day Pitt wrote to Wilberforce, as well he might, "I can never enough congratulate you on such glorious success." The Yorkshire election put heart into the great middle class throughout the kingdom. Pitt's tenure of power was made sure: and amid whatever impartial history may have to say on the principles, successes, failures, of his long administration, it is at least certain that a way was made for the successful prosecution of that great conflict which was to end in the abolition of the slave trade.

The hour and the man had arrived, but as yet the chosen instrument of the divine purpose was unconscious of his destiny. He took his seat for York in May, sat assiduously in Parliament until the prorogation in August, an exultant witness and eager helper of his friend's first triumphs; and on the twenty-fourth of that month, his twenty-fifth birthday, appeared again in York at the races, flushed with the delight of popularity and the joy of youth. It was the climax to his career of worldly pleasure; it was also the end.

### III.

#### A MOMENTOUS CHANGE.

Having determined to devote the autumn to a continental tour with his mother and sister, Wilberforce invited, apparently on a sudden impulse, his old tutor, Isaac Milner, now a Cambridge Professor, to be of the party. The offer was accepted, and they left England together about the middle of October. Some casual conversation had already passed between the two companions on the subject of religion. At Scarborough, the name of an Evangelical clergyman had been mentioned, Wilberforce remarking, "He carries things too far." "Not a bit too far," rejoined Milner in his blunt way, and they talked the

matter over on the sands. Wilberforce was disappointed; he had supposed Milner to be conventionally orthodox, but without "enthusiasm," and almost regretted having given him the invitation. But there was now no help for it. The travellers reached the Rhone, down which river they sailed from Lyons to Avignon; thence proceeding to Aix, Marseilles and Nice, where they wintered together, entering into all the amusements of the place. During this time, Wilberforce and Milner would occasionally engage in religious discussion, the rough common-sense of the one being matched with but little result against the lively badinage of the other, until near the time of their leaving Nice; when one day Wilberforce took up a little book that had been given to the mother of a fellow-traveller by Mr. Unwin, the friend of the poet Cowper. It was Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. "What kind of book is this?" he asked. "One of the best books that ever was written," replied Milner; "let us take it with us, and read it on our journey." Leaving the ladies of the party at Nice, the two friends journeyed in their carriage alone, reading and discussing the book at leisure; with this effect at least, that Wilberforce resolved to examine the New Testament for himself to test the truth of Doddridge's statements. But in London the excitements of the Parliamentary session interfered with his purpose. He now became a frequent speaker in the House, chiefly on the question of Parliamentary Reform, and mingled much in society, though evincing a seriousness that contrasted greatly with his former tone. But it was not until another journey to the Continent in the summer recess, again in the company of Isaac Milner, that he found leisure to study the Greek Testament and to enquire seriously into the doctrines of Christianity. The result was a deep and growing conviction; and the truths which his intellect first apprehended made their way into his heart. As yet he spoke but little of his deeper feelings, but some outward indications

proved what was passing within. "My conscience told me that in the true sense of the word I was not a Christian. . . . I had received into my understanding the great truths of the Gospel, and believed that its offers were free and universal, and that God had promised to give His Holy Spirit to them that asked for it. At length such thoughts as these completely occupied my mind, and I began to pray earnestly."

This was the turning-point. In November, he returned to his house at Wimbledon to spend a long solitary winter in self-examination and prayer. He began a diary, in which he unsparingly recorded his failures as well as his resolutions. At church, he writes on one occasion, "I felt much devotion, and wondered at a man who fell asleep during the Psalms; during the sermon I fell asleep myself." "When my servants came in the first time to family prayer, I felt ashamed." "I am wretched and miserable and blind and naked." "What infinite love, that Christ should die to save such a sinner, and how necessary is it He should save us altogether, that we may appear before God with nothing of our own. God grant I may not deceive myself, in thinking I feel the beginnings of Gospel comfort!"

It was impossible for him not to write to his friends of his newly-awakened desires and hopes. As usual, they did not understand: some thought that he was visited by "a depression which social intercourse would relieve; one threw angrily his letter into the fire; others, knowing that his past life had not been vicious, imagined that he could but turn ascetic, and regretted their expected loss of his social accomplishments and political assistance." Pitt listened kindly to his avowal that he could not continue to be so much a party man as before, and, though Wilberforce rather shrank from the discussion of deeper matters, came over to Wimbledon to see him. For two hours the friends seriously conversed; and the great statesman found himself unable to resist the

cogency of Wilberforce's scriptural reasonings. They spoke of Butler's *Analogy*, and Pitt honestly confessed that "this work had raised in his mind more doubts than it had answered."

An adviser of a very different class was found in the Rev. John Newton, then of St. Mary Woolnoth. With fear and trembling the young Member of Parliament sought out the aged divine, and was welcomed with characteristic cordiality: "though I got nothing new from him, as how could I? except a good hint that he never found it answer to dispute;" also "that I should not hastily form new connections nor widely separate from my former friends." He began accordingly to go again into society: although he withdrew his name from the clubs of which he was a member. From his friend Mr. John Thornton, the half-brother of his admirable aunt, he found much sympathy and help.

His mother was alarmed by the rumour that her son was turning a "methodist," and recalled those days of his childhood when she had too successfully interfered to prevent such a consummation. To quiet her fears he wrote her a letter, one passage of which may be taken as an augury of his future career.

"What I have said will, I hope, be sufficient to remove any apprehensions that I mean to shut myself up either in my closet in town, or in my hermitage in the country. No, my dear mother, in my circumstances this would merit no better name than desertion; and if I were thus to fly from the post where Providence has placed me, I know not how I could look for the blessing of God upon my retirement; and without this heavenly assistance, either in the world or in solitude, our own endeavours will be equally ineffectual. When I consider the particulars of my duty, I blush at the review; but my shame is not occasioned by my thinking that I am too studiously diligent in the business of life; on the contrary, I then feel that I am serving God best when from proper motives I am most actively engaged in

it. What humbles me is, the sense that I forego so many opportunities of doing good, and it is my constant prayer that God will enable me to serve Him more steadily and my fellow-creatures more assiduously; and I trust that my prayers will be granted through the intercession of that Saviour 'by whom' only 'we have access with confidence into this grace wherein we stand.'"

It was on Good Friday, April 14, 1786, that Wilberforce first partook of the Communion, thus in solemn profession pledging himself to Christ and to His Church. A little afterwards he writes to his sister, "The Eastern nations had their talismans which were to advertise them of every danger, and guard them from every mischief. Be the love of Christ our talisman."

#### IV.

##### DEDICATION TO HIS LIFE'S WORK.

Mr. Wilberforce resumed his attendance in Parliament in the early spring of 1786, emphatically "a new man." Many strange reports, as might be expected, gained currency respecting his great change. One of his constituents in Yorkshire urged him to come down to silence misrepresentations, and "to show that he was the same man as formerly." But Wilberforce answered that "he could not honestly say he was the same; he had undergone a great change—there were things which he could no longer do with a safe conscience, and restraints which he could not throw aside." But those who looked for moroseness or eccentricity, or for enthusiastic, morbid ways, were entirely disappointed. He re-entered the circle of his friends with a brighter cheerfulness, and a more affectionate kindness than ever. "If this is madness," said one of his mother's friends, "I hope that he will bite us all."

Nor did he in the least draw back from the duties of public political life. In these, also, he discerned the Divine appointment, and opportunities, very

signal and precious, of glorifying God. "My walk," he writes, "I am sensible, is a public one; my business is in the world, and I must mix in assemblies of men or quit the part which Providence seems to have assigned me." It was possible, he believed, to be a Christian citizen, a Christian legislator, a Christian man in society. His earthly relationships were all the sweeter to him because there was in them the element of heavenly love: and the duties of his secular calling were discharged with the greater heartiness because performed for Christ's sake. True, he felt the necessity for self-repression; and the revelation of his secret misgivings would sometimes have startled those among whom he was the brightest and most vivacious. Often when he had charmed the company by the brilliancy of his conversation and the sallies of his wit, he would retire to his room to pen confessions like these: "I am hurt and ashamed of myself;" "I see plainly the sad way in which I am going on;" "I pray to a gracious God to have mercy upon me, to turn the current of my affections from worldliness, and to impress my mind with an awful and abiding sense of that eternity which awaits me." He was long before he fully felt that the sunshine in which he abode, and which was so eminently reflected in his words and life, was in truth the light of God's own presence. Meanwhile others felt the genial influence and acknowledged the beauty of holiness.

The Parliamentary session was marked by no notable incident, but early in the next year (1787) the youthful legislator strove to give effect to a purpose for some time cherished, which led to no great immediate results, and yet was valuable as initiating other schemes and associations for the public good. "God," he says, "has set before me as my object the reformation of my country's manners." To this end he proposed to form an association for the suppression of immorality of every kind. His plan was to obtain a royal proclamation against



vice, and at the same time to stir up the magistracy of the land to put into vigorous execution the laws against profanity, Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, licentiousness, and similar forms of evil. To gain the needed co-operation he undertook several journeys through England, visiting many of the bishops and other men of influence. Among others he became acquainted with Hannah More, who writes of him: "That young gentleman's character is one of the most extraordinary I ever knew for talents, virtue, and piety. It is difficult not to grow wiser and better every time one converses with him." He was not always favourably received. "So you wish, young man," said a nobleman whose house he visited, "you wish to be a reformer of men's morals. Look then, and see there what is the end of such reformers"—pointing, as he spoke, to a picture of the Crucifixion! But others were sympathetic and cordial. The Duke of Montagu, the ex-Chancellor Earl Bathurst, and Bishop Porteus were successively presidents of the society which sprang from Wilberforce's exertions. Its founder meantime had acknowledged the call to a yet more arduous and glorious enterprise.

The last months of 1787, after the rising of Parliament, were spent by Mr. Wilberforce at Bath; and here his thoughts and purposes became concentrated on the abolition of the slave trade. The Cambridge Prize Essay of THOMAS CLARKSON had been prepared two years before; and the atrocities of which he read while collecting its material had led him to consecrate his life to the removal of the bitter wrong. Clarkson found a few, chiefly among the Society of Friends, whose attention had been already directed to the subject; and on the 22nd May, 1787, twelve men met together, electing Granville Sharpe as their chairman, and resolving to continue their associated endeavours until the traffic in slaves was ended. The active co-operation of Wilberforce was enlisted, and

he soon became the foremost champion in this great enterprise. His position as member for the largest county in England, his independence as a politician, his glowing and persuasive eloquence, and, above all, his intense religious earnestness, gave a weight to his advocacy, to which no other person could lay claim. Long remembered was the day when Pitt and Wilberforce sat together "on the roof of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston,"<sup>1</sup> and planned the introduction of the first Bill for the abolition of the slave trade. From that time Wilberforce was the chief representative of the cause. With indefatigable industry he collected information, and his whole general intercourse with society was now made subservient to the interests of the Abolition cause. Soon the strain proved too much for his energies, and a serious attack of illness prevented his attendance in Parliament during the session of 1788. In his absence Pitt himself undertook the question, and the first formal debate on the slave trade took place on the 9th of May in that year. The only immediate result was the passing of a Bill, proposed by Sir William Dolben, "limiting the number of slaves to be carried in each ship, and providing some precautions against their sufferings."

Mr. Wilberforce, who had spent the months of enforced seclusion at Bath, travelled with returning strength to Rayrigg in the Westmoreland lake district, where his friends eagerly crowded around him, and he spent a long bright summer. An autumn session, summoned in consequence of the King's illness, called him to town, where with much emotion he visited the deathbed of the aunt who had so deeply influenced his childish life. But he soon became engrossed in preparation for the slave-trade debate. His journals at this time are filled with references to visitors and

<sup>1</sup> Eighty-six years afterwards there sat together under that tree a Negro Bishop, two African clergymen, and an African M.D., all of whom were once slaves or the sons of slaves.



conferences on this subject. Mr. Pitt was actively friendly. "The more we consider the case," wrote the Premier, "the more irresistible is it in all its parts."

At length, on the 12th of May, 1789, Wilberforce rose in his place to lay twelve Resolutions before the House, presenting in succinct form the case for abolition. He spoke for three hours and a half, resting his case upon unanswerable facts, but appealing also to the emotions and sympathies of his hearers. The speech has not come down to us, except in a barren and inaccurate summary of its contents; but Burke and Fox vied in their praises of it. "The principles," said the former, "were so well laid down and supported with so much force and order, that it equalled anything I have heard in modern times, and is not perhaps to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." "Wilberforce was supported in the noblest manner," writes Bishop Porteus, "by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox, who all agreed in declaring that the slave trade was the disgrace and opprobrium of this country, and that nothing but entire abolition could cure so monstrous an evil. It was a glorious night for this country."

Still the victory of reason and humanity was not won. The apologists for the trade succeeded in their plea for delay until counsel had been heard and evidence tendered at the Bar of the House. The examination lasted through the session, and was then postponed as incomplete. In the following session the examination was referred to a select committee, to the labour of which Wilberforce devoted "weeks after weeks, or rather months after months." His house in Palace Yard was daily thronged. A few lines from his diary are but a specimen of the daily entries.

1790. "April 29. Committee, morning; dined at Pitt's before the House. 30. Morning, committee as usual—and again evening, busy on Norris's examination. May 1. Morning, examining Norris's impeachment of credibility. 3. Com-

mittee—Norris, etc. Company as usual at dinner before the House. 5. A day of business, but knocked up at night. 8. Committee, morning: dined at the Bishop of Salisbury's. Large party, Pitt, Grenville, Montagu, Ryder, Speaker, etc. Company every day: greatly do I doubt how far all this answers, which so draws my mind from heavenly things."

## V.

### CONFLICT AND DISCOURAGEMENT.

It was a happy thing that this stress of labour was broken in upon by the General Election. Wilberforce was re-elected for Yorkshire without opposition and by general acclamation. The autumn he passed in travelling to Buxton, (where his only sister was married to Dr. Clarke, vicar of Trinity Church, Hull,) into Wales and then to Yoxall Lodge in Staffordshire, on the borders of Needwood Forest, the abode of his devoted friend the Rev. T. Gisborne. There with some chosen companions, notably Mr. Babington, Gisborne's brother-in-law, Wilberforce gave himself up to the task of condensing the slave-trade evidence. "The slave trade," writes a friend staying at Yoxall, "now occupies them nine hours daily. Mr. Babington told me last night, that he had 1400 folio pages to read, to detect the contradictions, and to collect the answers which corroborate Mr. W.'s assertions in his speeches: these, with more than 2000 papers to be abridged, must be done within a fortnight. They talk of sitting up one night in each week to accomplish it. The two friends begin to look very ill; but they are in excellent spirits, and at this moment I hear them laughing at some absurd questions in the examination."

The Slave Trade Committee was renewed on the meeting of Parliament, and eventually the great day for the debate approached. Mr. Wilberforce sought at Clapham a rural retreat, and became so absorbed in the task of preparation that once and once only he dedicated the Lord's day to this holy and philanthropic

task. "Sunday," he writes, "as a working day: did not go to church—Slave Trade. Gave up Sunday to slave business—did business and so ended this Sabbath. I hope it was a grief to me the whole time to turn it from its true purposes." Yet Wilberforce remembered who had said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice"!

In some respects the task seemed more difficult than before. To the claims of justice and freedom were opposed the material interests of a large and wealthy class. "Abolish the slave trade," it was said, "and slavery itself must go; what then will become of our property?" "Liverpool, in particular, would be ruined by abolition." "The slave trade," it was added, "is a humane trade, preventing human sacrifices and civilizing the people." "The Guinea negro, arriving in some West Indian island, meets there his near and dear relations"—who had been exported before! "They receive the blessings of Christianity in place of their former heathenism!" Then, the dangers of abolition were strongly urged. The excesses of newly-gained liberty in France pointed many an argument. "These Utopian schemes," wrote Dr. Parr, "alarm serious men." Wilberforce's intimate friend, Lord Muncaster, writes: "Among the various people to whom I have to-day spoken upon the matter, I have not found a single one at all inclined to go the length of immediate abolition. . . . Reconsider, I conjure you, your plan."

It was hard to persevere amid discouragements like these. Yet Wilberforce faltered not for an instant. To animate him almost on the eve of the struggle there came to him these words, written by the hand of John Wesley from his deathbed—the last letter of that venerable man.

"February 24, 1791.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Unless the Divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is

the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh, be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of,

"Dear Sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Mr. Wesley died on the 2nd of March following. It was not until the 18th of April that the motion came on. A noble speech from Wilberforce ended with the outburst: "Let it not in the day of account appear that our superior power has been employed to oppress our fellow-creatures, and our superior light to darken the creation of our God!" The motion was well supported by the greatest men on both sides of the House, but the silent stubborn resistance of vested interests prevailed, and the motion was rejected by 163 to 88.

It was a terrible disappointment; but measures were at once taken to arouse national feeling on the question. Clarkson being the chief mover in the agitation. As an immediate result, also, of the debate, the Sierra Leone Company was established, Mr. Wilberforce being one of the first directors.

The next session opened darkly. France and its revolutionary proceedings occupied all men's thoughts. "Liberty" itself with many became a suspicious word. The insurrection in St. Domingo appeared to prove the danger of teaching to negroes any doctrine of human rights. It was known that King George III. himself shared these apprehensions; and the royal princes to the last were among Wilberforce's opponents. The motion

for immediate abolition made April 2, although again supported by the eloquence of Pitt and Fox, was negatived, after a debate lasting until seven o'clock the next morning. A resolution for gradual abolition was, however, carried at the instance of Mr. Dundas, by 238 to 85. On this measure of success, Wilberforce received many congratulations—notably from his old friend Isaac Milner, now promoted to the Deanery of Carlisle. But he himself felt “hurt and humiliated.” By a subsequent motion the time for abolition was fixed for January 1, 1796; but the House of Lords demurred, resolving to call for evidence at their own bar, and the question was thus postponed to another session.

In the following year, the House of Commons refused to confirm its vote. War with France had broken out, and to the excited public mind the talk of freedom seemed to mean revolution. “I do not imagine,” writes Dr. Clarke, Wilberforce’s brother-in-law, “that we could meet with twenty persons in Hull at present who would sign a petition, that are not republicans. People connect democratical principles with the abolition of the slave trade, and will not hear it mentioned.” The utmost that Wilberforce could do was to bring in a Bill prohibiting British merchants to supply the slave-markets of foreign nations. Even this moderate measure was lost on the third reading. In the following year (1794) a similar Bill passed the Commons, but was rejected by the Lords.

The motion for abolition now became an annual one; but the dread of “revolutionary principles” made it hopeless. In 1795 it was lost by 78 to 61. In 1796 a Bill was passed through its earlier stages; but was lost on the third reading. A dissolution of Parliament followed. Wilberforce was re-elected without opposition. On his return from York he visited his aged mother at Hull. It is affecting to read, after the influence that she had exercised on his early life, that at parting she whispered to her son, “Remember me in your prayers.”

## VI.

NEW EFFORTS: “PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.”

It must not be supposed that Mr. Wilberforce gave his exclusive attention to the slave trade. Every session of the now expired Parliament had witnessed his eager interest in many public questions. He had advocated peace with France at the risk of Pitt’s friendship, and in fact, at one time there was a serious estrangement between the two friends, soon, however, conquered by their mutual affection. That Wilberforce should oppose his policy at such a juncture was a grievous thing to the great minister. “Wilberforce is always to be had,” was Pitt’s remark, “excepting when he is wanted!”

Another point on which Wilberforce attempted to move the conscience of the nation was in connection with the renewal of the East India Company’s charter in 1793. At his instance the House of Commons pledged itself by resolution to encourage Christian teaching among the natives of India. But it was thought by the Government impossible to embody this principle in the India Bill, and in the third reading Mr. Dundas surrendered Mr. Wilberforce’s clauses. The resolution therefore remained barren; meanwhile, William Carey and his associates had undertaken the task in another way!

Other Parliamentary business from time to time occupied part of his attention. But his time and thought became gradually engrossed in the preparation of what he first called a “tract,” intending it to be no more, but which, written by degrees, expanded into a volume. After many delays he published, in April, 1797, his *Practical View of the Prevailing Religious Systems of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes in this Country contrasted with Real Christianity*. The book at once achieved a great success. The publishers had thought that as Wilberforce intended to give his name, they might perhaps sell five hundred copies. Within half a year five editions, in all seven thousand five hun-

dred copies, had been called for, and fifty editions, besides an abridgment by the Religious Tract Society, appeared in as many years.

Nor is it difficult to account for this interest. The position and character of the author were sufficient to attract attention and secure readers. Then the work itself was unlike the ordinary religious literature of the day. It was no conventional homily; nor yet was it a fervent passionate appeal such as the great Methodist revival had made familiar. The book from the first page to the last was *real*: it was also eminently calm and reasonable. Our community is professedly Christian. What then does Christianity mean? Are its doctrines true? Then they ought plainly to control our whole lives. Is it so in reality? What are in fact the prevailing habits, the methods of life, the principles of action, in "the higher and middle classes in this country?" Nothing could be more temperate and logical than the discussion of these questions—nothing more manifestly truthful than the delineation of the Christian ideal, set side by side with the picture of the world as it is. It was an unanswerable book; and its appeal to the intellect and conscience was all the more powerful from the affectionate, brotherly style in which it was presented. Then, as good John Newton wrote, it was a happy circumstance that the author was one who, though harassed with a multiplicity of business, and surrounded on all sides with snares, could venture to publish such a book without fearing a retort either from friends or enemies.

"Not a year passed," say the sons of Wilberforce, "throughout his after-life, in which he did not receive fresh testimonies to the blessed effects which it pleased God to produce through this publication. Men of the first rank and highest intellect, clergy and laity, traced to it their serious impressions of religion." Edmund Burke, writes Henry Thornton to Hannah More, "spent much of the last two days of his life in reading Wilberforce's book, and said that he de-

rived much comfort from it, and that if he lived he should thank Wilberforce for having sent such a book into the world." In 1799 Wilberforce writes in his diary—"Heard to-day of a clergyman in the Isle of Wight to whom my book was blessed: oh praise, praise!" That clergyman was LEON RICHMOND.

## VII.

### THE TRIUMPH.

The years that immediately followed the publication of Wilberforce's book were years of incessant activity. It was a time of reawakened effort among earnest Christians. Great movements were originated for moral and religious purposes: missions to the heathen were set on foot. Associations of all kinds were formed, and their promoters all sought the counsel and aid of the energetic warm-hearted member for Yorkshire. In 1797 we find him actively engaged in the discussions which, two years later, issued in the formation of the Church Missionary Society. In the following year he promotes an Association for the better observance of Sunday, and assists to start the *Christian Observer*. Some years later he warmly took up the proposal to form a Society for the circulation of the Scriptures; and henceforth gave his time, counsel, eloquence, money, in unstinted measure, to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In the year 1797 Mr. Wilberforce was married to Miss Spooner, of Elmdon Hall, Warwickshire, and his bright and happy life became brighter and happier to the close. The first visit of the bridal pair was to Hannah More at Cowslip Green, where they inspected the schools and gathered the old people for a Bible reading. But within a week he was in London again, full of work. In all the political movements of that stirring time he still bore part, especially in those which seemed to him to involve the principles of right and justice. Thus, though an ardent Protestant, he was a steadfast supporter of the claims of Romanists to equal citizenship; and while

so faithful an adherent of the Church of England that he felt a strange misgiving in going to hear Robert Hall, he strenuously resisted the attempts made from time to time to restrict the liberty of Nonconformist worship.

Still it was to the abolition of the slave trade that he devoted his most incessant energy. It was a long and weary struggle. Mr. Clarkson's health entirely gave way, and for several years his invaluable assistance was lost to the cause. Until the panic caused by the French Revolution had begun to subside, there was no hope of carrying the consent of Parliament. In 1798 and 1799 Wilberforce's annual motion on the subject was rejected by the Commons. In the next years, when Pitt had for a time been replaced in the government by Addington, abolition was postponed on one ground or another. In 1803 the expected invasion of England by Bonaparte engrossed public attention to the exclusion of other interests. Not till 1804, when Pitt had returned to office, was the triumph fairly won in the House of Commons, the third reading of the Abolition Bill being carried by 99 to 33. But in the House of Lords the question was shelved. "I vow," writes Wilberforce, "it quite lowers my spirits to see all my hopes for this year at once blasted, yet *I can't help myself*." The next year the Bill was lost in the Commons on the second reading—70 to 77. "I never felt so much," he writes, "on any Parliamentary occasion. The poor blacks rushed into my mind, and the guilt of our wicked land." Nor did the comment of the sagacious clerk of the House of Commons, Mr. Hatsell, much mend the matter. "Mr. Wilberforce," he said, "you ought not to expect to *carry* a measure of this kind. You have a turn for business, and this is a very creditable employment for you; but, you and I have seen enough of life to know that people are not induced to act upon what affects their interests by any abstract arguments." "Mr. Hatsell," replied Wilberforce, "I *do* expect to carry it; and what

is more, I feel assured I shall carry it speedily."

At length these weary days were over. First, by an Order in Council (1805) the importation of slaves to new colonies was prohibited, then (1806) the abolition of the foreign slave trade was carried. The haven was now in sight; yet to Wilberforce the triumph was saddened by an irreparable loss, in the death of Mr. Pitt, who passed away in February, 1806; and, in the following September, his great rival Mr. Fox followed him to the tomb. Lord Grenville, a strong adherent of abolition, succeeded to the Premiership, and the Bill was introduced in the next session (1807) in the House of Lords. After animated debates, including "a famous speech" by Grenville, and a last melancholy protest from Lord Eldon, it was passed and sent down to the Commons, where, on the 23rd of February, the second reading was carried by a majority of 283 to 16. Few scenes in the long history of the House of Commons have been more memorable. When the triumph was assured, Sir Samuel Romilly, the Solicitor-General, arose, and, in the course of his speech, "entreated the young members of Parliament to let this day's event be a lesson to them, how much the rewards of virtue exceeded those of ambition." He went on to contrast the feelings of the Emperor of the French in all his greatness with those of the honoured man, who would that night return to his private abode to receive the congratulations of his loved ones, and lay his head upon his pillow remembering that the slave trade was no more! The House was roused to an uncontrollable excitement, and rang with acclamations. Wilberforce sat overcome by a rush of tender emotions, and scarcely conscious of the applause. "I was so overpowered," he said, "by my feelings when Romilly touched so beautifully on my domestic reception, which had been precisely realized a few evenings before on my return from the House of Lords, that I

was insensible to what was passing around me."

When the House rose, the trusty friends and coadjutors of Wilberforce thronged to his house in Palace Yard to congratulate him. There were Granville Sharpe, Zachary Macaulay and Henry Brougham, the brothers Grant, William Smith, Henry Thornton, and many more who had manfully partaken their leader's toil, and now had a right to share his joy. "Let us make out the names of the sixteen," said William Smith; "I have four of them." Wilberforce, who was writing at the table, kneeling upon one knee, hastily looked up and said, "Never mind the miserable sixteen; let us think of our glorious two hundred and eighty-three!" Among the spectators of the scene was Reginald Heber, then a youth of twenty-four. He had watched the debate from the gallery, and now met Mr. Wilberforce for the first time. Well may he have treasured that scene in memory, cheered amid his Indian toils by the thought of the sure reward of faithful service to the cause of God and man.

The royal assent given to the measure on the 25th of March closed the struggle of nearly twenty years. It was the last act of the Grenville ministry, who resigned on the question of the "Catholic claims," and were succeeded by the administration of Mr. Perceval.

Suddenly and unexpectedly the new ministry dissolved Parliament. Mr. Wilberforce's seat for Yorkshire, which had not been contested since 1784, was challenged by the representatives of the two great houses of Fitzwilliam and Harewood, Lord Milton and Mr. Lascelles. Great preparations had been made on both sides for a strenuous conflict. No cost, it was evident, was to be spared. Many of the friends of Wilberforce were dismayed at the prospect, but he undauntedly resolved to persevere. The campaign was opened at Hull, in which town he stood up amid the scenes of his boyhood, where the fields in which he had played were now converted into wharves and busy streets. Enthusiasm

among the independent freeholders of Yorkshire was thoroughly aroused. A subscription to promote his return was started, and in ten days the sum of £64,455 was contributed. Not half the sum, it proved, was needed. From all parts of the county voters came, refusing their expenses. It must be remembered that York was then the only polling-place. "No carriages are to be procured," says a letter from Hull, "but boats are proceeding up the river heavily laden with voters; farmers lend their waggons, even donkeys have the honour of carrying voters for Wilberforce, and hundreds are proceeding on foot." The poll lasted fifteen days, and at first opened unfavourably. "I bless God," he wrote to Mrs. Wilberforce, "my mind is calm and serene; and I can leave the work to Him without anxiety, desiring that in whatever state I may be placed, I may adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour; and do honour to my Christian profession. But all is uncertain, at least to any human eye." On the twelfth day of the poll, the tide had fairly turned. The final result, as announced by him in a letter to his friend Hannah More, was "Wilberforce 11,806, Milton 11,177, Lascelles 10,989." The rival aristocratic houses, it is said, expended on this memorable struggle the sum of £200,000. Aged Yorkshiremen still recall "the great election" as an excitement unequalled in the history of their county. Whatever political issues were involved, the chief purpose that inspired the mighty struggle was entirely independent of party; and the name of Wilberforce, to the electors of Yorkshire, symbolized but one sacred cause—the cause of Christianity and freedom.

One of his friends, whose duty it was to confer with him each day on his returning from the hustings, observed that he would often murmur to himself the lines of Cowper:

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those that follow Thee."

Thus, amid the tremendous excitement, the hero of the strife still sought to keep his spirit calm; and it is especially recorded of him that on the Sundays of those eventful weeks he could set his mind free from politics, as if destitute of any kind of care respecting the contest. Nothing in truth is more marked in the life of Wilberforce than the honour always paid by him to the Lord's day.

## VIII.

### THE LAST FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.

To the two great triumphs of the year 1807, the abolition of the slave trade and the return for Yorkshire, no equal achievement could be added. Wilberforce remained in Parliament, more and more independent of party, and increasingly honoured by the wise and good of all political opinions. He is found supporting Roman Catholic Emancipation, but opposing the grant to Maynooth. Lord Sidmouth's Protestant Dissenters' Licensing Bill he also strenuously resists. On social and economical questions his counsel is continually sought. He was a frequent speaker in the House; and once, it was long recollected, a burst of tremendous sarcasm against a speaker who had termed him scornfully "the honourable *and religious* member" moved the admiration of all that he should possess such a power, and yet keep it habitually in restraint. His general tone was genial, persuasive, it had "the accent of conviction," and in the keenest debates was "becoming the Gospel of Christ." In 1812 he retired from the representation of Yorkshire, which had become too heavy a burden, and sat for the borough of Bramber to the close of his Parliamentary career; his old constituents unanimously and enthusiastically according him their thanks "for his independent and honest performance of his trust."

He now began to be a frequent attendant at the public meetings of the great religious societies. The Bible Society especially had from year to year the benefit of his advocacy, as also the Church

Missionary Society. In the cause of Indian Missions his interest was most intense. Of Doctor Carey he would often say, "I do not know a finer instance of the morally sublime than that a poor cobbler working in his stall should conceive the idea of converting the Hindoos to Christianity. Why, Milton's planning *Paradise Lost* in his old age and blindness was nothing to it!" The cause of Christian education also was dear to him; and, as might be expected, he was among the foremost of those who deprecated instruction in science and philosophy without Christianity. "This," he said, "will be a sure expedient for training a race of self-conceited sceptics."

To secure the fruits of the great struggle to which his life had been especially devoted, required also his unceasing watchfulness. The re-establishment of monarchy in France after the downfall of Napoleon, the visit of the allied sovereigns to London, the Congress of Vienna, were all made occasions for pleading against the slave-trade; emperors and kings with their advisers were impartially solicited; even the Pope shared in the appeal. The representations were in the end successful. One country of Europe after another and the United States were led to abolish the slave trade, at length declaring it piracy; and the attack became directed against slavery itself. In 1823 Wilberforce published an *Appeal* against the system, and the Anti-Slavery Society was formed. In 1824 he spoke in Parliament for the last time, in a debate on West Indian slavery occasioned by the death of the missionary Smith in Demerara. Early the next year he applied for the Chiltern Hundreds—"the first place," he was accustomed to say, "which he had ever accepted from Government"—and so brought his Parliamentary career to a close. At a great meeting of Abolitionists in London, 1829, Wilberforce presided. It was his last public appearance in the metropolis. He committed the cause to the younger hands of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, but was permitted to watch the conflict to its close. The last public in-

formation that he received was that England was ready to pay twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, that I should have lived to witness this day!" His life's work was done.

What he was in his private relationship and in social life all through these closing years has been often told. No Christian annalist of the period is without some reminiscence of Wilberforce. We have all seen in imagination that slender form, bearing in every posture and every movement the evidence of infirmity, yet animated by an eager affectionate spirit that revealed itself in every keen look of those dim eyes, every tone of the exquisitely modulated voice. To his children he gave his choicest thought and care. At the close of a night in the House of Commons, a friend tells, who was then an inmate in his family, "between twelve and one o'clock he heard that his daughter, who was ill, could get no sleep. Coming into her room, he took her hand, and kneeling down by the bed, spoke of the tender Shepherd carrying the weak and lame in his bosom to warm and cherish them. Then he applied this to our blessed Saviour, spoke of His tenderness and love, how He would feel for His dear suffering child, and conduct her all the way she had to go, until He took her from this scene of trial and sorrow to a world where sorrow and sighing shall flee away. 'A beautiful personification,' he said, 'indicating their *haste* to leave the mansions of the blessed.' In this spirit he prayed with her, and never left the bed until she was visibly soothed and supported."

To his sons at school and the University his letters are most wise and fatherly, yet without austerity. Indeed, there was a playful humour about him which lightened his most serious converse. "He was," says Mackintosh, "the most *amusable* man I ever met with in my life. Instead of having to think what subjects will interest him, it is perfectly

impossible to hit on one that does not. I never saw any one who touched life at so many points; and this is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absorbed in the contemplation of a future state. When he was in the House of Commons, he seemed to have the freshest mind of any man there. There was all the charm of youth about him. And he is quite as remarkable in this bright evening of his days as when I saw him in his glory many years ago."

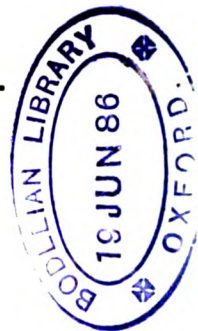
Towards the close of his life he was called to suffer a serious reverse of fortune. To one who had always been so generous this was a double trial, but his sunny cheerfulness remained. "I have often heard," he would say, "that sailors on a voyage will drink 'friends astern' till they are half way over, then 'friends ahead.' With me it has been 'friends ahead,' a long time." At length the summons came. "You have your feet on the Rock," said one to him. "I do not venture," with characteristic humility, he replied, "to speak so positively, but I hope I have." These were his last words. On July 29, 1833, he passed away in the presence of his beloved wife and children, aged 73 years and 11 months.

His remains were buried in Westminster Abbey, both Houses of Parliament attending his funeral. The Lord Chancellor (Brougham) and the Speaker of the Commons were among the pallbearers. "Every third person whom I met," writes one who walked along the Strand that day, "was in mourning." His statue stands in Westminster Abbey, and at Hull there is a noble column raised by his fellow-townsmen to his memory; but his true monument is in the fact that whenever men commemorate the emancipation of the slave, or speak of evangelical religion as the true inspiration of philanthropy, there spontaneously arises to the thought the name of WILBERFORCE.

S. G. GREEN, D.D.



# CHARLES WESLEY.



# CHARLES WESLEY.

CHARLES WESLEY holds an unchallenged place amongst the greatest hymn-writers of the Christian Church. The most competent judges of the most opposite theological schools—Dr. Watts, the precentor of the Nonconformist psalmody, and John Keble,<sup>1</sup> the most classic of the High Church lyrists—hail him as the leader of their choir. He has, moreover, the decisive suffrage of the alternative first or second place. Whoever else may be accounted first, Charles Wesley's name invariably comes next. We propose to give a sketch of his life and to indicate the distinctive qualities of his poetry.

## I.

### EARLY LIFE.

Charles, the youngest son, and the eighteenth child, of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., was born December 29th (N.S.), 1708, five years later than his still more famous brother, John. He came into the world in mid-winter, and in one of the most hid-away nooks of England—Epworth, in the Isle of Axholme, the *river island*, in the extreme northern angle of Lincolnshire. This isle within an isle is formed by four rivers: the Trent, the Don, the Idle, and the Torne. Sixty years before the father of the Wesleys took possession of the thatch-roofed wood and plaster tenement called the parsonage, the island was an ague-breeding marsh; but in 1637, a colony of Dutch and French refugees had been allowed to squat upon its oozy turf, and a Dutch engineer transformed it by a system of dykes into a rich enclosure for the cultivation of hemp, flax, and root-crops: a little patch of Holland. It was at first often completely isolated by perilous inundations.

<sup>1</sup> *British Critic*, 1840.

In this shut-up spot, and amid this mixed community the brothers Wesley first drew breath. The scholarly parson found his parishioners a thievish, lawless, yet litigious lot.

Charles came into the world prematurely; the future hymn-writer and evangelist lay for weeks wrapped up in soft wool, with closed eyes, and without uttering a sound. Before he was two months old, the memorable incendiary fire occurred which on a wild winter's night burnt down the rectory, in the flames of which little Jacky Wesley all but perished.

Having survived the fire and the frost of that February night, Charles Wesley spent in the remote river-island the first seven years of a life that was to be so stirring and itinerant. He was brought up in familiarity with hard fare and the smoke of peat-fires, for the rector's living of little more than £150 a year was devoured with debt. The learned cleric's children were "not half-clothed." His highly intellectual, accomplished and devoted mother had the task of training the young minstrel's opening mind, and moulding his character. There was little in the level landscape on which the Epworth parsonage looked down to awake poetic genius, unless to Charles Wesley, as to his fellow-countyman, Lord Tennyson—

"A willowed swamp  
Rivalled the beauty of Italian skies."

The sluggish Idle and Milton's "gulfy Don" were within the range of a holiday ramble, if any such he had; and across the cultured flats could be seen the glitter of the broadening Trent, which here—

"Like some earth-born giant, spreads  
His thirty arms along the indented meads."

In autumn, the graceful, delicate blue

flowers of the flax-fields would refresh his eye. His father's placid verse reflects the moist treeless scenery, where—

“Morning greets the skies  
With rosy cheeks, and humid eyes,”

and the birds “build on the green turf their mossy nests,” overhung by “the low liquid sky.” The rivers are invoked as—

“Nurses of soft dreams:  
Reedy brooks, and winding streams;  
Where, through matted sedge, you creep  
Travelling to your parent deep.”

—“Hymn to the Creator.”

But Charles was not a descriptive poet, and was much less susceptible to the charms of Nature than his brother John.

Charles spent less than three years under his mother's schooling, though more than seven under her effective training. The children were not set to learn the alphabet till they were full five years old, and Charles was not yet eight when Samuel Wesley, junior, who was second master at the great school of Westminster, undertook his youngest brother's maintenance and education.

It was a wonderful experience for the imaginative, sensitive little genius, when he emerged from the seclusion of his home at Epworth and made that slow, yet to him swift-seeming, journey of a hundred and fifty miles, to “royal-towered” Westminster. He must have been thinking of this first crisis of his life, when he wrote the tender hymn which comes next to that “For a Child Cutting his Teeth,” that “For Sending a Child to the Boarding School”:

“Not without Thy direction  
From us our child we send,  
And unto Thy protection  
His innocence commend.  
Jesus, Thou Friend and Lover  
Of helpless infancy,  
With wings of mercy cover  
A soul bestowed by Thee,” etc.

At the beginning of the last century Westminster took a still higher rank than now amongst the great public

schools of England. It was no slight advantage to Charles Wesley to be under the tutelage of his brilliant brother Samuel, who was seventeen years his senior; and to whom he looked up with veneration as born in an earlier century. He was scarcely less favoured in having his brother John as a neighbour, who was then, and for three years after, a scholar at the Charterhouse. Charles spent ten years at Westminster—five at the school, and five at St. Peter's College, as “King's scholar,” his brother being thus relieved of his expenses. His ingenuous, noble-natured gratitude for education at the cost of the beneficent is shown in one of his earliest publications—*Hymns for Charity Children* (1741):

“With what resembling care and love  
Both worlds for us appear  
Our friendly guardians!—those above,  
Our benefactors here.

“Blessings—the payment of the poor—  
Our lips and hearts return.”

At Westminster Charles displayed the physical fearlessness and British *pluck* which stood him in such good stead in his evangelistic perils. A Scotch lad, William Murray, who was very badly treated by his schoolfellows, because his father had sided with the Pretender, was valorously championed by the son of the Lincolnshire parson. When Pope's “silver-tongued Murray” became Chief Justice, and the Earl of Mansfield, he thankfully remembered this early obligation to the great evangelic hymnist.

Whilst at Westminster, Charles Wesley had what his brother John called “a fair escape” from becoming a man of wealth and high social rank. Garrett Wesley, Esq., M.P., of Dungan, Ireland, having large estates, but no child, and being nearly sixty years of age, wrote to Samuel Wesley, senior, offering to adopt his son Charles and make him his heir. Much correspondence ensued between father and son; and an Irish gentleman, supposed to be Garrett Wesley himself, visited Charles at Westminster,

and pressed upon him the acceptance of the heirship. This did not accord, however, with Charles's life-plan; so he, being left to his own judgment, declined the overture. Thereupon Garrett Wesley adopted his cousin, Richard Colley, of Dublin, on condition of his assuming the name of Wesley. Richard Colley's son, Garrett Colley Wesley, became Earl of Mornington, and was the father of Richard Wesley, Governor-General of India, created Marquis of Wellesley; and of Arthur Wesley, the great Duke of Wellington.<sup>1</sup> What an influence on both Secular and Church History had this resolute refusal of the Westminster scholar to be called the son of a man of fortune! If not "by faith," it must have been by some strange, restraining influence. Charles Wesley became well acquainted with Garrett Colley Wesley, Earl of Mornington, whose pleasure for and skill in music made him a frequent attendant at the famous private concerts given by Charles Wesley's musical sons.

In 1726, Charles Wesley, in his eighteenth year, was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, the stateliest and largest of its colleges. Here he spent nine years.

These nineteen years of classic training left deep, bright traces on Charles Wesley's hymns. In a letter, written soon after he first found himself at Westminster, he says that he has come there "to be bred a scholar." And a scholar he was bred. His father was a scholar, and an author of some reputation, both in prose and verse; and his mother's vigorous and graceful mind was richly cultivated. His brother Samuel was a recognised scholar, wit, epigrammatist and poet, moving in the highest literary circle, counting Pope, Addison, Prior, Attenbury and Lord

Oxford amongst his personal friends. He, too, wrote imperishable hymns, as well as the exquisite lyric, "The morning flowers display their sweets." At Westminster Charles Wesley also passed under the hands of Vincent Bourne, the dearest, liveliest, most tasteful and most charming of English masters of Latin poetry, who was then in his prime, and not the listless, slipshod teacher he had become in Cowper's day. Charles Wesley's genius richly repaid his classic cultivation. His English is at once idiomatic, vernacular and scholarly. He modestly depreciates his own style in comparison with that of his most popular contemporaries:

"Could I like rapid Young aspire,  
Transported on his car of fire,  
Or flow with academic ease  
Smooth as our own Isocrates."

But his English has much more the "flow" of "academic ease," as well as of the strength and purity of the antique models, than that of the author of the "Meditations in a Flower Garden" and "Amongst the Tombs," to whom he makes this affectionate allusion. From few writers could the true classical signification of English words derived from the Greek or Latin be so strikingly exemplified. The following examples also illustrate the clear completeness of his figures:

"FOR BELIEVERS SUFFERING.

"The fire our graces shall refine,  
Till, moulded from above,  
We bear the character divine,  
The stamp of perfect love."

"HYMN BEFORE READING THE SCRIPTURES.

"Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,  
And, brooding o'er our nature's night,  
Call forth a ray of heavenly love,  
'Let there' in our dark souls 'be light';  
And fill the illustrated abyss  
With glorious beams of endless bliss."

Sometimes, again, a Latin derivative is used in a manner that adds force and significance while it enhances the rhythmic effect:

"When darkness intercepts the skies"—

<sup>1</sup> Wellington's name in the Army List for 1800 is "the Hon. Arthur Wesley." "Wellesley" is a recurrence to an older form of the name of which "Wesley" is a contraction. The first member of the family known to history, held lands near the city of Wells, in Somerset.

suggesting by a single word the pure, unfathomable blue above the low-hanging blackness.

## II.

### SPIRITUAL AWAKENING.

Charles Wesley's spiritual state when, in his eighteenth year, he went to Oxford, is thus described by his brother John. "He pursued his studies diligently, and led a regular, harmless life; but if I spoke to him about religion, he would warmly answer, 'What! would you have me to be a saint all at once?' and would hear no more. At that time his ideal was to be, like his eldest brother, a scholar, a wit, a churchman, and a gentleman. Saintship was to supervene on churchmanship, in due course.

Yet Charles Wesley was the originator, though John was the organizer, of Oxford Methodism. It was in 1729, when Charles was not yet quite of age, and John was away acting as his father's curate, that Charles, having taken his degree of B.A. and his position as college-tutor, began a course of such systematic study, such strict conformity to the university statutes, such scrupulous attendance on the services of the Church, and such regularity and precision in the disposal of his time, as to present a reproofing contrast to the habits of his compeers, and to win for himself the nickname *Method-ist*.

This *first* stage of his conversion was singularly gentle; for the conversion of both the brothers had two stages, so marked that they might be designated *dispensations*. In the first stage, each "came to himself"; in the second, each came to his Father's arms. Charles, in the letter to his brother announcing the great change that had come over him, confesses his inability to trace it to any direct instrumentality. "It is owing in great measure to somebody's prayers (my mother's, most likely) that I am come to think as I do; for I cannot tell myself *how* or *when* I awoke out of my

lethargy." But, no doubt, his own experience is reflected in the powerful hymn:

"Thou great, mysterious God, unknown,  
Whose love has gently led me on,  
Even from my infant days!"

as well as in the verse:

"I sing of Thy grace,  
From my earliest days,  
Ever near to allure and defend," etc.

His mother, describing her mode of training her children, says: "I take such a proportion of time as I can spare every night to discourse with each child apart. . . . Saturday with Charles." The good seed, so early sown, sprung forth "after many days."

Charles soon became the nucleus of a small "society" of godly young gownsmen, who shared his principles, and his reproach. When, however, John Wesley, returning to Oxford, joined the little brotherhood, he was at once recognised as its directive mind. Besides his natural gifts of leadership, he was more than five years older than Charles, had been six years longer at the university, and was Fellow of a college. Charles, in the letter just quoted, had already put himself under his brother's direction.

Charles Wesley must, in all justice, be acknowledged as a co-founder of Methodism. Whitefield distinctly attributes his conversion to the instrumentality of the younger brother. The duality of the Foundership is plain. Each brother was the other's complement. In them we see the union of argumentation cool and close, and administration, firm, calm, wise and loving, with poetic passion. They were the Moses and Aaron of the new exodus; the Jachin and Boaz of the new spiritual temple. It is beautiful to mark their contrast and their oneness:

"Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition:  
Two lovely berries moulded in one stem."

Or, as Charles himself puts it :

"Two souls whom Thou hast joined in one,  
 True yoke-fellows, by love compelled  
 To labour in the Gospel field."

Truly, they were lovely and pleasant in their lives; and in their death they were not long "divided." After fifty-nine years of joint labour, the younger brother outran the older to the sepulchre, by a few swift steps; and each could sing—

"O the fathomless love  
 That has deigned to approve  
 And prosper the work of my hands!  
 With my pastoral crook,  
 I went over the brook,  
 And behold, I am spread into bands!"

The one bold stride of field- and street-preaching was to each at once the Jabbok and the Rubicon; and Charles was the first to take it. The younger brother had, indeed, more initiative than the elder. He was also the first to administer the Lord's Supper to Methodists separately, and in an unconsecrated place. It is a beautifully significant fact that at least ten volumes of *Hymns and Psalms* were published in the joint names of John and Charles Wesley; so that in many cases it is impossible to determine by which a particular hymn was written.

### III.

#### MISSION TO GEORGIA.

The brothers spent the six years 1729–1735 in the conscientious discharge of their tutorial duties, in the humblest philanthropic labours, and in the earnest study of the Scriptures and cultivation of the spiritual life in association with the Godly Club. In 1735 they crossed the Atlantic together as missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; Charles as chaplain-secretary to General Oglethorpe, governor of the new colony of Georgia, and as parish priest of Frederica. Shortly before embarkation he was ordained; in his twenty-

eight year. During their sixteen weeks' voyage the young clergymen's whole time was utilized in the most *Methodistic* manner, in "doing or receiving good."

At Frederica, Charles devoted himself to his pastoral work with the utmost assiduity, holding four services a day, and being indefatigable in the individual oversight of his flock. Yet his want of success was most disheartening. His fidelity and earnestness procured him more enemies than hearers, insomuch that his life was attempted more than once. He was fired at, in his favourite meditative "myrtle-walk in the woods." The truth is, the devoted brothers had not yet found the secret of personal happiness and ministerial success. Their system was a rigorous and repellant Churchism. A ridiculous accusation was got up against Charles, of exciting the settlers to sedition; and the thoroughly well-meaning, but worried and worn-down Governor was, at first, weak enough to entertain it.

Nevertheless, Frederica proved no bad training-ground for his appointed work. There being no church, he was obliged to conduct service "under the shade of trees," or in the shed "where the public stores were kept." This was his first practice in preaching out of doors, and in unconsecrated places. His lodging was in a leaky hut, compared with which the wood and plaster rectory in which he was born was like an archiepiscopal palace. His furniture did not include a tea-kettle or even "boards to lie on." Much of his time was spent at "the camp," for invasion was expected daily, seven Spanish men-of-war having anchored at the mouth of the river waiting for a favourable wind. But his humour never failed him. He writes: "I begin to be abused and slighted to an opinion of my own considerableness. I could not be more trampled upon was I a fallen minister of State. I sometimes diverted myself with their odd expressions of contempt, but found the benefit of having undergone a much lower degree of contempt at Oxford." But

strength and valour both gave way. He writes: "My outward hardships and inward conflict—

‘down

At last have borne my boasted courage.”

"A friendly fever" put him quite *hors de combat*. "When my fever was somewhat abated, I was led out to bury the scout-boat man (killed by the burst of a cannon) and envied him his quiet grave." Such was the despondency of a man who had before him more than half a century of intense, exultant, successful, and abiding work! His fever returned, accompanied by dysentery, yet he "was obliged to go abroad and preach and give the sacrament." His text, chosen from the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms, "Keep innocency and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last," "was interpreted as a satire against Mrs. H——." At last his congregation dwindled to "two Presbyterians and a Papist."

Oglethorpe at length resolved not to await the attack of the Spaniards, but to contest their landing. The old soldier-statesman sent for Charles Wesley, and said: "I am now going to death. You will see me no more." He then gave Charles a diamond ring, as at once a token, a testimonial, and a memento. To Oglethorpe's remark "that he much desired the conversion of the heathen, and believed my brother intended it," Charles Wesley gave this notable reply: "But I believe it will never be under your patronage, for then men would account for it without God." But the Spaniards, after three weeks waiting on the wind, betook themselves elsewhere. Charles then accompanied Oglethorpe to Savannah and took his brother's work. The man who afterwards preached fearlessly to threatening thousands, writes: "The hardest duty imposed upon me was to expound the lessons to a hundred hearers. I was surprised at my own confidence, and acknowledged it not my own."

In July, 1736, he was sent to England with despatches, in a wretched

craft, with a more wretched captain. On embarking he was again prostrated by dysentery and fever. After six days at sea, they were obliged to run into Boston harbour, U.S., for repairs. Here his state was so critical that he was attended by three physicians. Nevertheless, he felt bound, as soon as the ship was ready, at all risks to hasten to England with his despatches. After a tempestuous and most trying voyage of two months, he landed at Deal in December.

The impression produced upon him by his many stormy months at sea appears in the following noble verses, which have the rhythmic roll of ocean-wave:

#### "HYMN TO BE SUNG AT SEA.

"Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine,  
We own 'Thy way is in the sea,'  
O'erawed by majesty Divine,  
And lost in Thy immensity.

"Infinite God, Thy greatness spanned  
These heavens, and meted out the skies;  
Lo, in the hollow of Thy hand,  
The measured waters sink and rise.

"Yet, in Thy Son, Divinely great,  
We claim Thy providential care;  
Boldly we stand before Thy seat,  
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

"With Him, we are gone up on high;  
Since He is ours, and we are His;  
With Him, we reign above the sky,  
We walk upon our subject seas.

"We boast of our recovered powers;  
Lords are we of the lands and floods;  
And earth, and heaven, and all, is ours;  
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

His grateful sense of his many signal deliverances he poured forth in the free-flowing and melodious hymn:

"God of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led:  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head;

"In all my ways Thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see;  
O! help me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to Thee.

"Oft from the margin of the grave  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;  
Sudden I found Thee near to save;  
The fever owned Thy touch, and fled.

"Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power  
And given me back to Thy command;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand."

On partial recovery, he hastened to Oxford, to visit his Methodist friends, and the prisoners.

#### IV.

##### JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

Through Lady Betty Hastings, Charles Wesley soon became acquainted with the godly aristocracy. He had also an audience with George II., and dined with the King and Queen at Hampton Court. He had interviews with Archbishop Potter, and the Bishops of London and Oxford. On his birthday, he described himself as "in a murmuring, discontented spirit"; and on January 22nd, 1737, finding a friend reading an announcement of his death, he writes: "Happy for me had the news been true." Whilst in this state, he wrote his "Hymn for Midnight," beginning:

"Fain would I leave this earth below,  
Of pain and sin the dark abode;  
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,  
Allures, or tears me from my God."

It ends, however, on the true Wesleyan key:

"Come quickly, Lord, Thy face display,  
And look my darkness into day.  
"Sorrow and sin and death are o'er,  
If Thou reverse 'the creature's' doom;  
Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,  
If Thou, the God, the Saviour, come;  
Of Thee possessed, in Thee we prove  
The light, the life, the heaven of love."

He sought light from the solemn, earnest Mystic, William Law, who bade him farewell with this true saying: "Nothing I can either speak or write will do you any good."

But he had two other interviews far more important and influential than those with philosophical divine, prelate, archbishop, or royalty itself. Count Zinzendorf, just arrived from Germany, sent for Charles Wesley; and Peter Böhler, an-

other Moravian, preparatory to going as a missionary to Georgia, "put himself under Charles Wesley's care to learn English." The pupil taught his tutor a yet nobler lesson. Charles Wesley was again laid low by alarming illness. When he seemed "on the point to die," Böhler asked him, "Do you hope to be saved?" Charles answered, "Yes." "For what reason do you hope it?" "Because I have used my best endeavours to serve God." "He shook his head, and said no more. I thought him very uncharitable, saying in my heart: Would he rob me of my endeavours? I have nothing else to trust to." Poor returned missionary! he knew he had no success to lean on.

That sad, silent, significant shake of Peter Böhler's head shattered all Charles Wesley's false foundation of salvation by "endeavours."

This illness barred his fully-intended return to Georgia; the doctor assuring him it would be certain death. During his three months' sojourn in England Peter Böhler most effectively taught the two brothers whose teaching was to influence, directly or indirectly, so many millions of souls. On his departure, Charles, still lying at the gates of death, was visited by one Bray, a working brazier, "a poor, ignorant mechanic who knows nothing but Christ." Under this man's teaching the highly-cultivated man of genius resolved to place himself, and was "carried in a chair" to his house in Little Britain. There he "first saw Luther *On the Galatians*," on reading which he writes: "I marvelled that we were so soon and so entirely removed from him that called us into the grace of Christ, unto another Gospel. Who would believe that our Church had been founded upon this important article of justification by faith alone!" At last, in his sick-room in a narrow outlet from Smithfield, on Sunday, May 21st, 1738, Charles Wesley could write, for the first time in his life, "I now found myself at peace with God." In this, too, the younger brother outstripped the elder, but only by three



days. On the 24th of May, Charles makes this record: "Towards ten my brother was brought in triumph by a troop of our friends, and declared 'I believe.'" The party then sang a hymn which Charles had composed the day after his own emancipation, to commemorate that grand event. It was probably the fine hymn containing the verse:

"Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;  
I woke! the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off; my heart was free;  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee."

Charles Wesley was then in his thirtieth year.

## V.

### OUT-DOOR PREACHING AND ITINERANCY.

Charles Wesley obtained a curacy at Islington, but after preaching a sermon on the Fourth Commandment, he was prevented by force from entering the pulpit, by the Churchwardens. This was his last appointment in the English Church.

On Royal Oak-day, 1739, Charles Wesley having been refused the church, a farmer invited him to preach in his field, at Broadoaks, Essex. He "did so, to about five hundred, on 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'" Two days after, at the "pressing invitation" of a Quaker, he preached at Thaxted to "many Quakers, and near seven hundred others." Thus began his long career of evangelization. To the Archbishop's interdict and threat of excommunication, he replied by preaching the next Sunday to ten thousand people in Moorfields, London, from "Come unto Me all ye that labour," etc. The Sunday after that he took his turn at the University Church, Oxford, preaching on Justification by Faith. The next Sunday morning he preached again at Moorfields, to as large a gathering as before, and in the afternoon to "an immense multitude" on Kennington Common; with prodigious effect, so much had heart-peace improved his health. For the

latter service he was indicted and heavily fined.

The next ten years he devoted, like his brother, to itinerant evangelism, through England, Wales and Ireland. In 1749, he married Miss Gwynne, a Welsh lady; his whole income being £100 a year, from the profits of his own and his brother's publications. For some months the newly-wedded pair itinerated on the same horse. But his health proving unequal to so much travelling and out-door preaching, Charles Wesley undertook the charge of the two largest Methodist Societies, those of London and Bristol, preaching daily, and making occasional evangelistic excursions, as far as Cornwall and Yorkshire. In 1771 he took up his permanent residence in London.

Charles Wesley's two sons, Charles and Samuel, developed marvellous musical genius, and devoted themselves to music as their profession. "Select concerts" were held in a large room in their father's house, attended by the Bishop of London, several noblemen and foreign ambassadors, and the octogenarian General Oglethorpe.

Among Charles Wesley's friends in London, were Samuel Johnson and Hannah More. He kept up his early habit of prison-visiting. He died in St. Marylebone, March the 29th, 1788, in the eightieth year of his age. His holy dying was unconsciously described by himself, sixteen years before, in one of his boldest and tenderest productions, such as befits the Poet of Assurance, in the form of supplication:

"Thou Who hast tasted death for me,  
Indulge me in my fond request,  
And let a worm prescribe to Thee  
The manner of my final rest.

"Walk with me through the dreadful shade;  
And, certified that Thou art mine,  
My spirit, calm and undismayed,  
I shall into Thy hands resign:

"No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,  
Shall damp whom Jesu's presence cheers;  
My light, my life, my God, is come!  
And glory in His face appears."

## VI.

CHARLES WESLEY AS A LYRIC POET AND  
MASTER OF METRE.

Charles Wesley's poetry was lyric, elegiac and satiric. He owes much of the compactness, the precision, the grace, the ease and music of his verse to his familiarity with the best classic models. No other English poet has such a variety, few have such a mastery of metre. Metre and rhythm are matters of the first importance to a hymn; for a hymn proper is made to be *sung*. The original Greek *hymnos*, means both the air and the words (as in Hesiod). The tune and the hymn were made together, and were wedded and welded into one. Besides, most of Charles Wesley's hymns were made to be announced vocally before they were sung; in the first instance, by the poet himself. In the Iambic *Common Metre*—the metre of the old English ballad and carol—of "Chevy Chase" and "God rest you merry gentlemen," it was impossible to surpass, it was glorious to come up to, Watts at his very best; whether in impetus and bound, as in "My God, the spring of all my joys"; or in gravity and grandeur, as in "O God, our Help in ages past"; or in breezy sweep, as of "the wafture of a world-wide wing," as in "Father, how wide Thy glory shines," or "Eternal Wisdom, Thee we praise." In this Watts, if he were not so unequal, would be quite unequalled. In the Iambic *Long Metre*, Charles Wesley bears the palm for stateliness of structure and majesty of movement. Of this his "Hymn to be Sung at Sea" is a fine example.

In its cheery, tripping form—that of Marlowe's "Come, dwell with me and be my love,"—he is equally at home: as in—

"Come, sinners, to the Gospel-feast."

In *six-eights*, at least in his favourite form of it, Charles Wesley is unrivalled: witness "Come, O Thou Traveller unknown." In fact he and his brother (in his translations from the German) lifted that metre from the popular pathos of "Sweet William's Farewell," and "All

in the Downs the fleet was moored," or the descriptive humour of Shakespeare's "When icicles hang on the wall," to a grand spiritual elevation.

In the second form of six-eights, he has Dryden's energy and loftiness, with none of Dryden's roughness. Take as proof his majestic version of the *Te Deum*, and his hymn on "To him that overcometh will I give to be a pillar in my house, to go out no more for ever":

"Saviour! on me the grace bestow  
To trample on my final foe;  
Conqueror of death, with Thee to rise,  
And claim my station in the skies:  
Fixed as the throne that ne'er can move,  
A pillar in Thy church above.

"As beautiful as useful, there  
May I that weight of glory bear,  
With all that, finally o'ercome,  
Supporters of the heavenly dome;  
Of perfect holiness possessed,  
For ever in Thy presence blest," etc.

His *Short Metre*, too, has a ringing resonance and a mighty march which has never been outdone; e.g.:

"Soldiers of Christ, arise!  
And put your armour on," etc.

Sometimes he makes its elastic feet to spring and clang "like hinds' feet on the high places," as in his—

"We shall our time beneath  
Live out in cheerful hope;  
And fearless pass the vale of death,  
And gain the mountain-top."

In the management of trochaic metres Charles Wesley is equally deft. Of the metre "sevens" he brings out all the varied capability. In the universally adopted "Jesu, Lover of my soul,"—the chosen death-song of a multitude of the redeemed,—and in "Depth of Mercy, can there be, Mercy still reserved for me," is felt all its flowing, flute-like sweetness; all its aptitude for pleading plaint, for absolute abjection, and for passive trust. Of the former, Henry Ward Beecher says: "I would rather have written that hymn than have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It has more power in it. That

hymn will go on singing till the last trump calls forth the angel-band." In his Christmas, Easter and Ascension Hymns: "Hark, the herald angels sing," "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," and "Hail, the day that saw Him rise," we hear the animating sweetness of the echoing horn. "Holy Lamb, who Thee confess," breathes the tranquil fervour of the completest consecration. The last-named is so illustrative of the close, neat plaiting of his hymnal texture, that I must quote it entire. Each successive clause embodies a clear idea in a bar of music. Each verse is perfect in itself. Each line fits in like the cubes of an exquisite mosaic pavement. There is not a loose thread, there is no rough edging. The balance of rhythm, and the antithesis or parallelism of idea, are equally exact. Lines and verses seem "knit together in love":

"Holy Lamb! who Thee confess,  
Followers of Thy holiness,  
Thee they ever keep in view,  
Ever ask, 'What shall we do?'  
Governed by Thy only will,  
All Thy words we would fulfil;  
Would in all Thy footsteps go,  
Walk as Jesus walked below.

"While Thou didst on earth appear,  
Servant to Thy servants here,  
Mindful of Thy place above,  
All Thy work was prayer and love;  
Such our whole employment be,  
Works of faith and charity;  
Works of love on man bestowed,  
Secret intercourse with God.

"Early in the temple met,  
Let us still our Saviour greet;  
Nightly to the mount repair,  
Join our praying Pattern there;  
There, by wrestling faith obtain  
Power to work for God again,  
Power His image to retrieve,  
Power like Thee, our Lord, to live.

"Vessels, instruments of grace,  
Pass we thus our happy days  
'Twixt the mount and multitude,  
Doing, or receiving, good:  
Glad to pray and labour on  
Till our earthly course is run  
Till we, on the sacred tree,  
Bow the head and die like Thee."

In the metre 6—7's, he comes up to his highest models: Shakespeare's "Take, O take, those lips away," and Ben Jonson's

"Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair."  
Take as a specimen one of Charles Wesley's hymns which has received due literary recognition as a Christian lyric; that with which "George Eliot" represents Seth Bede, the village Methodist, as singing down all his griefs, perplexities and cares, as he strode across the lonely Derbyshire moors on a bright Sunday morning:

#### "MORNING HYMN.

"Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light:  
Sun of righteousness, arise  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, be near,  
Day-star in my heart appear," etc.

It may be well to place side by side with this, the other morning hymn which George Eliot describes another country Methodist, Dinah Morris, as singing beneath the same heart-bruising sorrow, as she lights the fire, and dusts her little cottage-room. The words breathe a "peace which passeth all understanding," and "a joy unspeakable and full of glory;" in powerful contrast with the profound unrest, the melancholy misgiving, and the prevailing mental and moral *malaise* to which unbelief had doomed the great agnostic novelist and poet:

"Eternal Beam of light Divine,  
Fountain of unexhausted love,  
In Whom the Father's glories shine,  
Through earth beneath and heaven above,

"Jesu, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

"Speak to my warring passions, 'Peace!'  
Say to my trembling heart, 'Be still!'  
Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve Thy sovereign will," etc.

A metre in which Charles Wesley excelled the most esteemed of secular songs, was "8's." His paraphrase of Canticles I., 7: "Tell me, O Thou Whom my soul loveth, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon," is almost as superior, for example, to Rowe's popular "Despairing, beside a clear stream," in

melody of rhythm as in loftiness of sentiment:

"Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where Thou art:  
The pasture I languish to find  
Where all who their Shepherd obey  
Are fed on Thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day.

"Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,  
There only, I covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast:  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,  
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
Eternally held in Thy heart."

Handel composed tunes to three of Charles Wesley's hymns: "Sinners obey the Gospel word," "Rejoice, the Lord is King," and "O Lord Divine, how sweet Thou art!" The last-named, and "Head of Thy Church triumphant," and "Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim," in three of his favourite metres, have found their way into a great number of Collections.

Charles Wesley was also a master of the favourite mediæval metre, 8's and 7's, with its blended pathos and exultation, of which the Austrian national anthem strikes the true key-note. His best known hymn in this metre is, "Love Divine! all love excelling." He was indeed a consummate melodist.

## VI.

### CHARLES WESLEY AS A HYMN-WRITER.

Do Charles Wesley's hymns realize the true conception of a Hymn?

A *hymn*, as St. Paul indicates, holds a place between a psalm and a song: "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." It is, however, more closely related to the psalm than to the song; as is implied by the necessity of qualifying "songs" by the word "spiritual;" whereas the spiritual element is included in both psalms and hymns. The Greek *hymn*, like the Hebrew *psalm*, was essentially a religious composition, for the use of

worshipping assemblies, and for solemn festivals. The purpose of these three orders of sacred melody is to give to devotion and edification—personal, social and public—enlivenment, intensity, facility and delightfulness; by the animating charm and potency of poetry and music.

Like every other lyric, a hymn should be a flawless gem. It should embody a complete sense: one full sentiment and significance; of which the last line is the coping-stone. It should be perfect as a work of art.

A hymn-writer must, first of all, be a born poet; and Charles Wesley's hymns bear the true stamp of poetic genius. There should be in hymns a freeness of movement, as if they were self-made. The easy grace of most of Charles Wesley's hymns is exquisite.

Charlotte Brontë incidentally alludes, in *Shirley*, to another marked quality of Charles Wesley's hymns: the strange blending of wailing pathos with exultation. She describes the effect of the overhearing, as she passed the door of a Yorkshire cottage where a Methodist meeting was being held, the impassioned singing of the hymn:

"Oh! who can explain This struggle for life!  
This travail and pain, This trembling and strife!  
Plague, earthquake and famine, And tumult  
and war  
The wonderful coming Of Jesus declare

"Yet God is above Men, devils and sin;  
My Jesus's love The battle shall win:  
So terribly glorious His coming shall be,  
His love, all-victorious, Shall conquer for me."

This reminds one of Mrs. Browning's description of the singing of the nightingale:

"And her poet-song she flingeth,  
Over pain to victory."

Charles Wesley's imagery is as clear-cut as that of Byron. I give two examples:

"O Thou that camest from above,  
The pure, celestial fire to impart!  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

"There let it for Thy glory burn  
With inextinguishable blaze,  
And trembling to its source return,  
In humble prayer, and fervent praise."

"As flowers their opening leaves display,  
And glad drink in the solar fire,  
So may we catch Thy every ray,  
So may Thy influence us inspire,  
Thou Beam of the Eternal Beam,  
Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening Flame."

"Thou *Beam of the Eternal Beam*."  
What a comment on "Who being the  
brightness of His glory," and on "Light  
of Light"!

There is also in Charles Wesley's hymns  
a sparkling spontaneity, reminding one  
of Milton's paraphrase of "As well the  
singers as the players on instruments  
shall be there; all my fresh springs are  
in thee":

"Both they who sing, and they who dance,  
With sacred songs are there;  
In these fresh brooks and soft streams glance,  
And all my fountains clear."

Charles Wesley would have been uni-  
versally recognised as one of the greatest  
of lyric poets that ever sang, but for  
the fact that he is not only a purely  
and intensely religious poet, but is by  
eminence *the* poet of religion, of religious  
revival, and of the loftiest and the deepest  
spiritual life. This, too, has greatly  
limited the area of adoption of Charles  
Wesley's hymns. There are indeed  
exceptions, such as, "O love Divine, how  
sweet thou art," and "O for a heart to  
praise my God," "Ye servants of God,  
your Master proclaim," and "Head of Thy  
Church triumphant," as already noted.  
This is owing greatly to their mellifluous  
rhythm, which outvies the charm of  
secular song.

No other poet has given such a clear  
and varied expression to all the moods,  
stages, and vicissitudes of religious ex-  
perience, and "filled all the stops of"  
spiritual "life with tuneful breath." Isaac  
Taylor truly says: "There is no principal  
element of Christianity, as professed by  
Protestant churches; there is no moral  
or ethical sentiment peculiarly character-  
istic of the Gospel; no height or depth

of feeling proper to the spiritual life,  
that does not find itself emphatically and  
pointedly and clearly conveyed in some  
stanzas of Charles Wesley's hymns."

Yet, intensely spiritual and revivalistic  
as are his hymns, they are none the less  
the pure outflow and the healthful in-  
citement of a sober, practical, philan-  
thropic spirit. I quote in proof of this  
a hymn in one of his bounding metres:

"Come, let us arise, And press to the skies,  
The summons obey,  
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away:  
The Master of all, For our service doth call,  
And deigns to approve,  
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of  
love.

"His burden who bear, We alone can declare  
How easy His yoke;  
While to love and good works we each  
other provoke:  
By word and by deed, The bodies in need,  
The souls, to relieve  
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

"Then let us attend Our heavenly Friend,  
In His members distrest,  
By want, or affliction, or sickness oppress:  
The prisoner relieve, The stranger receive,  
Supply all their wants,  
And spend and be spent in assisting the  
saints.

"While thus we bestow Our labours below,  
Ourselves we forsake,  
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take;  
His passion alone The foundation we own;  
And pardon we claim,  
And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name."

"They sing hymns to Christ as to a  
God," reports Pliny to Trajan, of the  
early Christians. And Charles Wesley's  
hymns to the God-man are amongst his  
noblest. For example, that beginning:

"High above every name,  
Jesus, the great I AM!

Of which the last verse is:

"Hail, Galilean King!  
Thy humble state I sing;  
Never shall Thy triumphs end;  
Hail, derided Majesty!  
Jesus, hail! the sinner's Friend,  
Friend of publicans—and me."

"Christ, and Him *crucified*, and  
crowned," was the favourite theme of his  
hymns as of his preaching. This in-

tensity, however, has doubtless greatly limited the area of adoption or appropriation of the Wesleyan hymnology. It was, as it were, "a new song," as proclaiming the commencement of a new and joyous era in the progress of the Kingdom of God, and especially as expressing the jubilant elation of revival and recovery. Even as all the great religious restorations of God's ancient people: the bringing up of the ark to Mount Zion, the dedication, and the successive re-dedications of the temple, were inaugurated by grand festive musical demonstrations; so has it been in each reformation and revival of the Christian Church. Yet it was only "as it were a new song": abundant reminiscences of the older melodies came mingling with its harmonies. It was but a bold and spirited variation on the ancient anthems of the Kingdom of God: Love's lays, like Love's Law, given forth with a strange and startling emphasis; both "new and old."

Yet Charles Wesley's hymns have been circulated by millions and sung by millions, and have been translated into almost every language. Robert Southey truly said: "No hymns have been so much treasured in the memory or so frequently quoted on a death-bed." Coleridge says of Luther: "He did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible, for in Germany the hymns are known by heart by every peasant; they advise, they argue from the hymns; and every soul in the church praises God in words that are natural and yet sacred to his mind." In like manner, Charles Wesley did as much for the revival of the last century by his hymns, as he and his brother did by their sermons. The voice of Methodist hymnody, of which Charles Wesley was preceptor, was "as of a voice out of heaven, as the voice of many waters": a crashing cataract of praise, multitudinous, liquid, heaven-rending; "as the voice of a great thunder": waking up ten thousand echoes. It spread away into a soft and world-wide melody,

"as of harpers harping upon their harps";

"Loud, as from numbers without number; sweet  
As from blest voices uttering joy."

Charles Wesley was made up of music. His heart-strings were harp-strings. He composed, it is said, improvised, to the popular tune of a rattling sailor-song, his spirited lines on Music:

"Music, alas! too long has been  
(Why should a good be evil?)  
Listed into the cause of sin,  
Pressed to obey the devil.  
Drunken, or lewd or light, the lay  
Flows to the soul's undoing;  
Widens, and strews with flowers, the way  
Down to eternal ruin.

"Come, let us try if Jesu's love  
Will not as well inspire us:  
This is the theme of those above,  
This upon earth shall fire us.  
Jesus the soul of music is;  
His is the noblest passion.  
Jesus's Name is life and peace,  
Happiness and salvation.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Who hath a right like us to sing?  
Us whom His mercy raises!  
Merry our hearts; for Christ is King!  
Cheerful are all our faces.  
Who of His love doth once partake  
He evermore rejoices:  
Melody in our hearts we make,  
Melody with our voices.

"He that a sprinkled conscience bath,  
'He that' in God 'is merry  
Let him sing psalms,' the Scripture saith,  
Joyful and never weary.  
Heaven already is begun,  
Opened in each believer;  
Only believe, and still sing on.  
And heaven is ours for ever."

His lilting "Colliers' Hymn" is a wonderful composition for an accomplished scholar:

"Simple folk and undiscerning,  
Nothing we  
Know but Thee:  
Love is all our learning.  
We with loving hearts adore Thee:  
This our deep  
Scholarship;  
This is all our glory.

"Thou, we know, hast died to save us:  
We are Thine,  
Love Divine!  
Thou Who bought'st shalt have us.

Taught and led by Thy good Spirit,

We shall soon  
Share Thy throne,

All Thy joys inherit.

"Here is knowledge rare, and hidden

From the wise,  
Who despise

All our inward Eden :

Thou to us the Truth hast given;

We in Thee,  
Happy we!

Know—the way to heaven."

The reinforcement of his physical courage by childlike faith is beautifully exemplified by his lines "Written in going to Wakefield to answer a charge of Treason."

"Gladly before rulers brought,  
Free from trouble as from thought,  
Let me Thee in them revere;  
Own Thine awful minister.

"All of mine be cast aside:  
Anger, fear, and guile, and pride;  
Only give me from above  
Simple faith, and humble love."

His short hymns on select passages of Scripture are full of poetic power, expository value, and historical significance as reflecting contemporary religious life. Pure springs of tender wisdom gush up everywhere. The leading lesson of a passage is seized with the grasp of genius, and presented in the most concise and effective manner, and with exquisite felicity yet simplicity of expression. These rhythmic comments, like his own actions, prove that Charles Wesley's churchmanship, however stiffly loyal, was neither blind nor servile. For the most part, these hymns give the essential extract of Scripture, and are equally serviceable to the devotional reader and the theological student. Those on the Epistles, however, are more distinguished by force and keenness than by gentleness and beauty. As a specimen of true and helpful exegesis, we quote that on "Fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ":

"The sufferings which the body bears  
Are still the sufferings of the Head;  
While every true disciple shares  
The cross on which his Saviour bled:  
The members all His cup partake  
And daily die for Jesu's sake." etc.

## VII.

### CHARLES WESLEY AS AN ELEGIAC AND SATIRIC POET.

Charles Wesley's elegiac poetry is a rich manifestation of his mind and heart, and abounds with exquisite tracings of character and experience; e.g.:

"He could not recollect a foe;  
A friend he never could forget."

As we read—

"We feel the sacred woe  
Which God Himself vouchsafed to know,  
And weep as 'Jesus wept,'"

till pure Christian consolation—

"Brings irresistible relief."

His elegy on William Kingsbury, a man who lived and died in extreme poverty, is very touching:

"Toiling hard for scanty bread,  
Scanty bread he could not find."

As also that on Ebenezer Blackwell:

"A man of passions like to ours  
Who wrestled with the adverse powers!

And all his faults are now forgot,  
Are buried in his Saviour's grave."

Sometimes he reaches a high strain of triumph; as in his elegy on Mrs. Horton, who at thirty-four died suddenly, uttering the one word "Victory":

"Dissolved by His *discovered* face,  
In Jesu's sight expired.

"Yet mindful of her friends below,  
Stronger than death her love to show,  
By a Divine decree  
Indulged to comfort those that mourned,  
She stopped the flaming car, and turned,  
And shouted 'Victory!'"

Charles Wesley wrote this in his seventy-ninth year, within two years of his own death.

Charles Wesley's satire was biting and blistering. It lacked Pope's subtlety, delicacy, brilliancy, playfulness and polish, but it had much of Dryden's rugged might, without a grain of Dryden's coarseness. It was marked by Churchill's honest, homely energy of invective and denunciation, but had no

spot of his vulgarity. It could boast little of Samuel Wesley's richly comic humour, but had much of his epigrammatic point. It was pungent with both Attic salt and the salt of grace. His satire beginning: "What is a modern man of fashion?—A busy man without employment," is in a piquant airy vein, like that of Gay. Of his graver satire I give one specimen, from his "Epistle to the Rev. John Wesley":

"Nor would I'er disgrace the Church's cause  
By penal edicts and compulsive laws;  
—Should wicked powers, as formerly, prevail  
To exclude her choicest children from her pale—  
Or force my brethren in her forms to join,  
As every jot and tittle were Divine,  
As all her Orders from the mount were given,  
And copied from the hierarchy of heaven.  
Let others for the shape and colour fight  
Of garments, short or long or black or white,  
Copes, hoods, and surplices the Church miscall,  
And fiercely run their heads against—the wall.

Thrust out as from her pale, I gladly roam.  
*Banished myself, to bring her wanderers home.*"

### VIII.

#### CHARLES WESLEY AS A PREACHER.

Charles Wesley was admitted to be one of the most eloquent, effective and successful preachers of the age. The commentator, Joseph Sutcliffe, described him as, at the beginning of his discourse, the most deliberate, slow-speaking and pauseful, but towards and at the close, the most impetuous, impassioned, vehement, irresistible orator he ever heard. The few sermons of his which remain, notably, those preached before the University of Oxford, from "He that winneth souls is wise" and "Awake thou that sleepest," etc., are distinguished chiefly by simplicity, fervour, and directness of appeal. His sermon on *The Ministry of Angels*, apparently preached before he went to Georgia, displays a fine philosophic spirit, and proves that had he cared to cultivate the graces of pulpit oratory, he might have rivalled the most distinguished of his contemporaries, Blair or Seed or Atterbury. But he preferred

to deal out short, sharp sentences, pulsing with a fervid, yearning and importunate evangelism.

### IX.

#### HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Charles Wesley, like John, was decidedly below the middle height. But each was, every inch of him and every ounce of him, a *man*.

Wilberforce gives a most touching account of his introduction to Charles Wesley. "I went to see Hannah More, I think in 1782, and when I came into the room Charles Wesley rose from the table around which a numerous company sat at tea, and coming towards me, gave me solemnly his blessing. I was scarcely ever more affected. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether overset me, and I burst into tears unable to restrain myself." Charles Wesley was then in his seventy-fourth year; Wilberforce was twenty-three, and dated his conversion three years later. What happy insight into a yet undeveloped character; what mysterious presage of a calling yet to come, was given to the aged poet! What a striking and significant picture! The devout, intellectual, imaginative and practically-benevolent Hannah More presiding over the neat gentility of a literary and religious tea-party; and the venerable hymnist and evangelist, with impassioned look and lifted hands, pronouncing a solemn and prophetic benediction upon the youth who was to be, to two generations, the great champion, by voice and pen, of "Practical Christianity," philanthropy and liberty.

Charles Wesley was himself a brave and ardent philanthropist. At grave personal risk, he denounced slavery in Charleston, Carolina; and he continued the laborious prison-visiting of his youth to the very end of life. But his chief claim to the gratitude of the Church and of the race lies in his many hundreds of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

BENJAMIN GREGORY, D.D.



# THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.



# THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

---

## I.

### BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

ANTONY ASHLEY-COOPER was born on April 28th, 1801. His father, Cropley-Ashley, the second son of the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury, did not succeed to the title until the death of his elder brother, Antony-Ashley, fifth Earl, in 1811. At the time of his marriage to Anne, the fourth daughter of George, the third Duke of Marlborough, the Hon. Cropley-Ashley was only possessed of a small estate in Yorkshire, and the late Lord Shaftesbury was for this reason wont to claim to be a Yorkshireman. Lord Shaftesbury's father soon after his elevation, and almost up to his death in 1851, was Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, and a recognised authority upon all questions of Parliamentary procedure.

But the Earls of Shaftesbury came of a notable stock. The Coopers of Hants, and the Ashleys of Dorset, have been men of mark since Tudor times. In 1622 Sir John Cooper of Rockbourne, Hampshire, married Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Antony Ashley, Knt., who was secretary-at-war in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Their son, Sir Antony Ashley-Cooper, was one of the most remarkable characters in English history. He figured in the Civil War as a parliamentarian. He was largely instrumental in restoring the monarchy; and was hence raised to the peerage by Charles II. by the title of Baron Ashley, and created Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672. When Lord Chancellor he brought in and carried the HABEAS CORPUS ACT in the face of great opposition. It is no unworthy monument of his wisdom and foresight, for it prevents arbitrary imprisonment by any government, as it gives the right and points out the way whereby any prisoner can claim to be

taken before a judge and know what is the charge against him. It is worthy of note that for a time he resided at Exeter House, upon part of the site on which was built Exeter Hall, with whose hallowed associations the name of his illustrious descendant must ever be connected. He was a strong Protestant, and his opposition to the succession of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., was so vigorous, that although acquitted when charged with treason, he had to expatriate himself to secure his safety. The third Earl, too, made an unenviable but a great reputation as an unbelieving writer upon philosophy, and the fourth was the intimate friend of the musician Handel and the poet Thomson.

But while he inherited their brilliant gifts, the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury towers far above any of his ancestors at least in moral worth if not in mental stature. He has handed down to his descendants a far nobler escutcheon than that which he inherited, and has immortalized his family motto, "Love—Serve," by showing in his life and in his death a living love and a lively service of his Redeemer, and a consistent example of obedience to our Lord's second new commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Seldom, perhaps, has any man more fully realized the Christian ideal. It may be said of him that he "walked with God." In all the relations of his life he sought to illustrate by example those truths which he so steadfastly taught by precept. In the privacy of his home he was a consistent follower of a crucified Saviour, whose Second Coming he eagerly looked for.

## II.

### CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION.

His happy childhood was largely spent at St. Giles's House, near Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, the ancestral home of the

Ashleys. St. Giles's has been so greatly enlarged and improved by its successive possessors, that it is now one of the finest country-seats in the kingdom. It was at one period surrounded by a moat, supplied with water from the little river Allen, which still flows through the grounds. At one point the stream has been widened so as to form a pretty lake several acres in extent, and be a charming feature in the landscape to be seen from the orange-tree avenue stretching away to the mistletoe-laden lime trees. Here, in his old age, the late Earl was wont to feed his pet wild-fowl. Sir Antony Ashley was, according to some historians, a staunch supporter of Cromwell during the Civil War. But, if St. Giles's was a fortress, there are no signs that it was ever besieged. Yet the great central hall, which is one of the most distinctive features of the house, is undoubtedly the old courtyard glazed over. The library contains many rare pictures and historic family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Peter Lely, as well as a choice collection of books and manuscripts. A portrait of Handel drawn from life by the grandmother of the late Lord Shaftesbury, and the complete MSS. of the great musician's oratorios, which were left by him to the fourth Earl, are among the choicest of the family heirlooms. In the beautiful park are some ancient yews, which Lord Shaftesbury was proud of showing to his guests. Such was the home of Lord Shaftesbury's childhood.

It was at Harrow that he spent his school-days, and in due course he went up to Christ Church, Oxford. His college tutor afterwards became Bishop of St. Asaph. Bishop Short of Adelaide, one of his university contemporaries, speaking many years afterwards at a meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute, of which Lord Shaftesbury was president, delighted the audience by telling them how well he remembered "watching their chairman day after day walking up the great hall of that ancient house on his way to

lecture, assiduous in his duties, diligent in his studies," and how the thought occurred to him: "If that is a specimen of the English aristocracy, we have in the House of Lords an institution which has no rival throughout the world." Lord Ashley greatly distinguished himself in the Classical Schools, gaining a place in the first class in 1822. He took his M.A. in 1832, and in 1841 was created D.C.L.

### III.

#### EARLY CAREER.

Three years after he left Oxford he was elected Member for Woodstock, an honour which he owed to his grandfather, the Duke of Marlborough, who had the seat in his gift. Almost from the day that he first entered Parliament Lord Ashley became the earnest advocate of the cause of humanity, irrespective of party politics. The long administration of Lord Liverpool was now drawing to a close, and he supported that distinguished statesman until he was struck down by paralysis in 1827. He accepted the views of Mr. Canning in favour of Roman Catholic Emancipation, and although he was opposed to much of his policy, he spoke earnestly in favour of the grant to the family of that minister which was proposed immediately after his terribly sudden death. When the Duke of Wellington formed a Cabinet in 1828, he made Lord Ashley a Commissioner of the Board of Control, which exercised jurisdiction over the affairs of the East India Company. This honour, too, was, of course, due to his family influence; but it was soon found to have been deserved. He applied himself with characteristic assiduity to the mastery of the intricacies of Indian administration, and with marked success. The information which he thus acquired was afterwards devoted to the noble purpose of advocating the cause of East Indian Missions, and it gave his views upon all Indian questions, and especially during the Indian Mutiny, the greatest influence.

But although he had entered upon

official life, Lord Ashley was already applying himself to the study of social evils. In 1828 Mr. Gordon, a most humane man, advocated the reform of the Lunacy Laws in the House of Commons. His revelations as to the state of the lunatic asylums so greatly moved Lord Ashley, that he got himself nominated a member of the Committee appointed to inquire into the question. He was not content with the evidence brought before the Committee, but he personally visited many asylums in order to master the defects of the system and realize the evils it engendered. In the next year, bringing in an amending Bill, he made the first of the innumerable speeches by which he stirred the conscience of the nation, and galvanized Parliament into action. This measure is now of singular interest, since it is the first of the many Acts with which he enriched the statute-book. It inaugurated the system of county asylums, which, thanks to his indefatigable efforts, was greatly extended in 1845. But he eventually succeeded in reforming nearly the whole body of Lunacy Law, detecting and exposing its anomalies, and so removing a terrible blot upon our civilization. His Acts in particular remodelled the supervision of asylums, and invested the Board of Commissioners, of which he was an unpaid member for fifty-four years, with their most useful powers. In this, as in so many of the labours of his life, he died in harness.

It was in 1830 that Lord Ashley married Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, a bright and beautiful woman, who was to be for forty-two years the sunshine of his home. Lady Ashley fully entered into her husband's labours, and when he was wearied in the struggle, which he had to keep up for nearly a generation, her loving counsel sustained him.

In the library of St. Giles's House is a colossal bust of Lord Shaftesbury, which was presented to the Countess of Shaftesbury by 4000 Lancashire operatives in 1859. Upon the occasion of its presen-

tation, Lord Shaftesbury told them how, at the beginning of the struggle, he had doubts of his own powers to cope with such a task, and in despair had left it to his wife to decide. Without a moment's hesitation, the noble-hearted woman replied: "Go forward and to victory!" The brave words deserve to live in history. The principles for which she bade her husband fight were regarded on the one hand as visionary theories, on the other as dangerous schemes. The contest would end for ever the fair dream, upon which as a wife she must have dwelt, of her husband's future greatness in political life. For her, an acknowledged beauty, nobly born, and highly wed, the world wore its most attractive guise. Was it not a noble renunciation?

#### IV.

##### THE FIRST FACTORY ACTS.

It is difficult even now to realize the crisis through which the country was then passing. Ruin and revolution were on every tongue as the twin destinies of the nation. In the rural districts the people were on the verge of starvation. Every industry of the towns was paralyzed, and half their inhabitants were beggars. If England was still "mistress of the seas," her mercantile marine was on the brink of bankruptcy. Outrages occurred with increasing frequency, and all men's hearts were failing them for fear. Earl Grey was now Prime Minister, and was engrossed with the details of his Reform Bill. But to Michael Thomas Sadler belongs the credit of broaching in Parliament the question of the condition of the manufacturing poor. He met with scanty encouragement; but at length a Committee was appointed to inquire into the labour of factory children. The adoption of machinery in the cotton mills had gradually led to an enormous demand for "infant labour." So far little had been done on behalf of the children, who were poured by hundreds from the workhouses into the factories. The sufferings of the poor

young slaves of the looms were unspeakably terrible. Yet the proposal to grant them even such a slight alleviation as a reduction in the length of their working-days was strenuously opposed by the representatives of the manufacturing interest, with a few noble exceptions. From the first Lord Ashley's sympathies were actively enlisted in the cause, and upon Mr. Sadler losing his seat in the General Election of 1833, he was requested to take charge of the measure in the new Parliament. It was fondly imagined that the representatives of the enlarged electorate would support the cause of humanity; but these hopes were doomed to disappointment. The first Factory Act was carried through Parliament in the face of the most determined opposition. Even Earl Grey refused to sanction the proposed reduction of the hours of labour to ten a day. Lord Ashley, conscious of a growing public opinion in his favour, threw the responsibility of rejecting the measure upon the Government, who, with undisguised reluctance, adopted it after depriving it of much of its beneficent character.

Thus began the great struggle which Lord Ashley was destined to maintain for two generations. The Act was the harbinger of a happier era for the children of the poor, the first declaration of the principle that they had a right to live and learn as well as labour.

At the same time, too, we find him, in addition to his persistent advocacy of the cause of the factory-workers both in and out of Parliament, actively interesting himself in relieving spiritual destitution. In 1836, when he defeated, amidst a storm of obloquy, an attempt to repeal the Factory Act of 1833, he took the chair at the inaugural meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, founded for the purpose of "extending the means of grace in and to necessitous parishes," and an appropriate sequel to the first Factory Act. Its object was to supply helpers, clerical and lay, to assist the incumbents of poor parishes, and its progress was phenomenal.

It was about this time that Lord Ashley first appeared upon the platform of Exeter Hall, of which he was for fifty years the brightest ornament. From the first his noble presence and polished eloquence compelled respect. He was "a singularly good-looking man, but with absolutely nothing of effeminate beauty," though his features were delicately cut. He was just upon six feet in height, with a slight but very graceful figure. His dark hair curled over a high forehead. In appearance he presented a picture of complete self-possession and of perfect mental repose. Yet he was for long very nervous, and while not emotional he was often deeply stirred, although he seldom lost command over his features. The accession of the Queen to the throne found Lord Ashley an avowed Christian philanthropist. He was among the supporters of the late Prince Albert when, on June 1st, 1840, His Royal Highness presided over the memorable meeting at Exeter Hall, which so largely promoted the total Abolition of the Slave Trade. This was a movement much after Lord Ashley's heart. It was a matter of course that he should take a prominent part in seconding the labours of William Wilberforce. His sympathies were not limited to the toiling masses of England.

In spite of the unpopularity which his fanatic and revolutionary opinions, as they were then deemed, had already won for him, Lord Ashley again found office open to him. In 1834, Sir Robert Peel made him a Lord of the Admiralty; but the administration only lived for a few months, and he was again left free to devote himself to the duty of helping the helpless. He had already put the question upon the highest grounds. He was a Christian first and a politician afterwards. In co-operation with Sir Andrew Agnew, he had already begun to take an active part in protecting the Lord's day; and it is largely due to his persevering wisdom and foresight that hundreds and thousands of the working classes recognise the sanctity of the Sabbath as "the charter of their

liberty." He met the Secularists on their own ground, advocating early closing and the opening of museums and galleries on week-day evenings; while he also supported the half-holiday movement. "In what way," he would ask, "can you improve the observance of the Sabbath so effectually as by giving a time for amusement and repose on every Saturday afternoon?"

In the meantime the struggle in Parliament had been steadily maintained. Not content with resisting attacks upon the Factory Act, Lord Ashley busied himself in investigating its working. He set himself to "master the details." He obtained returns in spite of the active hostility of Lord John Russell, and the coldness of Lord Melbourne. The question was bandied about for years between Commissions and Committees, but Lord Ashley was equal to every occasion. He was seldom at a loss; he always met his opponents with fresh facts, and with consummate judgment he turned their efforts to his own purposes. He extended his inquiries so as to include children not protected by the Factory Act. He set on foot the Children's Employment Commission. He extended by degrees its functions until they included those employed in calico-print and other works. "Where will you stop?" shrieked his alarmed opponents. "Nowhere," he replied, "so long as any portion of this mighty evil remains to be removed." But at the very time that he was engaged upon these gigantic reforms he did not disdain to champion the cause of the poor little "climbing boys." He not only procured further protective statutes on their behalf, but saw that these were enforced. Twenty years later we find him complaining in the House of Lords of infringements of the Chimney Sweepers' Act.

In 1841, he went upon a pilgrimage to Lancashire, in order to see for himself what had been and what remained to be done. In the hospitals of Manchester he saw the victims of the factories suffering from the terrible diseases which

result from the hardships of the life. In the next year he thrilled the country with the revelations brought to light by his Commission. It is harrowing even now, at a distance of more than forty years, to read the horrible story of the "apprentices" of the colliers. Children often hardly more than infants were sold to masters who treated them with a revolting cruelty. Not only was their toil terribly severe, but they were often half starved, and beaten by their inhuman owners until their backs were like "raw meat." The revelations of the hardships endured by women and girls in mines were, too, very revolting. They were used worse than beasts of burden. It was a common thing for them to be harnessed by girdle and chain to sledge-tubs full of coal, which they had to drag on all-fours through the workings to the shaft. This custom was universal almost throughout the coal districts of England, Wales, and Scotland. But the east of Scotland was terribly bad. Here one commissioner reported a case of a little girl of six years old carrying half-a-hundredweight of coal on her back, and making fourteen journeys a day, each equal to the height of St. Paul's. But the evidence was so overwhelming that for once opposition was dumb, and the beneficent Act excluding women and girls, and boys under fourteen years of age, from mines and collieries was passed with acclaim.

## V.

### THE BEGINNINGS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Encouraged by this conspicuous triumph, Lord Ashley in 1843 took up the question of popular education. The Committee of Council on Education had been appointed, at the instigation of Lord John Russell, in 1839, and the principle of Parliamentary grants had already been considerably extended. But Lord Ashley discerned that the rapid development of the democracy rendered further enlightenment essential in the interests of the national security. He urged

that it was the duty of the State to see that the moral condition of the country was becoming the dignity of a Christian kingdom. He drew a fearful picture of the degradation which prevailed. He gave a string of illustrations of the depth of the existing ignorance. In Wolverhampton, for instance, he said:—"One child believed that Pontius Pilate and Goliath were apostles; another, fourteen or fifteen years of age, did not know how many 2 and 2 made. In my evidence taken in this town alone as many as five children and young persons had never heard the name of Jesus Christ." Many had never heard God's name except when taken in vain. It was a terrible picture of heathen England. The speech had a much greater effect than if it had merely resulted in an Act of Parliament. It was the prelude to the Ragged School movement. A great wave of feeling passed over the country, but like so many "sensations," might have ended in sentiment had not Lord Ashley become associated with other earnest workers among the poor. The incident has been graphically related by the author of that charming story, "*Jessica's First Prayer*," which appeared first in the *Sunday at Home*, and attracted widespread attention, Lord Shaftesbury being among the first to praise it. "The writer," he said, "is doubtless a woman. No man on earth could have written a page of it." It was on the 11th of April, 1844, that a conference of four met in a hayloft over a cowshed in the heart of the rookery of St. Giles's, Seven Dials, to consider how the case could best be met. In July, the Ragged School Union was formed, with Lord Ashley as its Chairman. There is little need to dwell now upon the enormous developments of these small beginnings. The Ragged School Union, the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, the Training Ships and the Reformatory and Refuge Union, with their host of kindred and affiliated organizations, have done a work which is beyond price and beyond praise. But here we need only say in the words of

Lord Shaftesbury, "Thousands and tens of thousands of the dangerous classes would never have heard one syllable of the knowledge of God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, save for the self-denying labours of the Ragged School Teachers of London."

This year (1844) saw the Ten Hours Movement advanced another stage towards its complete success. Lord Ashley sought to disarm the formidable hostility which he had to encounter by placing the issue far above class interests and personal jealousies. "No," he said; "we fear not the increase of your political power, nor envy your stupendous riches; 'peace be within your walls, plenteousness within your palaces.' We ask but a slight relaxation of toil; a time to live and a time to die; a time for those comforts that sweeten life; and a time for those duties that adorn it; and therefore, with a fervent prayer to Almighty God that it may please Him to turn the hearts of all who hear me to thoughts of justice and of mercy, I now fully commit the issue to the judgment and humanity of Parliament." But he was still met with a strong opposition based upon the ground that this class legislation interfered with the liberty of the people. Ultimately, the Government of Sir R. Peel, which Lord Ashley had just refused to join because of its attitude upon this question, compromised the matter by reducing the number of hours to twelve. It was a great triumph, but it did not satisfy Lord Ashley. It was to him but the beginning of work. "We have," he said, "at last lighted such a candle in England as, by God's blessing, shall never be put out."

But Lord Ashley's career in Parliament was interrupted in the midst of these labours. Elected for Dorsetshire, pledged agreeably to his then convictions to resist the repeal of the Corn Laws, it was characteristic of his high sense of public rectitude that he should surrender the trust committed to him the moment he felt himself unable to faithfully discharge it. The Anti-Corn Law League

had succeeded in rousing the masses, and a deep undercurrent of popular feeling had set in in favour of Free Trade. The bad harvest and the failure of the potato crop of 1845 served to convince a large multitude of waverers, and Lord Ashley, who had hitherto conscientiously resisted the proposed change, declared himself unwilling to continue his opposition, and accordingly applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. In December of the same year Sir Robert Peel electrified the country by announcing that he had decided to bring in a repealing Bill.

His withdrawal from his Parliamentary labours left Lord Ashley free to devote himself wholly to Christian and philanthropic effort. It was in 1846 that he joined the British and Foreign Bible Society as one of its three Vice-Presidents. The work done by the Lancashire branches of the Society in distributing copies of the Holy Scriptures among the operatives, in whom a new thirst for spiritual knowledge had been awakened, commanded his warm approval. Great strides had been made in this direction since the passing of the Factory Acts, and the operations of the auxiliaries in the manufacturing districts had become extended beyond all expectation, the sale of Bibles mounting at one bound from 5000 to 20,000 a month. No further or better proof was needed of the reality of Lord Ashley's success. He had done more than secure a measure of mercy for the factory-workers; he had given them the opportunity of employing their new-born leisure for higher and nobler aims. The predictions of those who urged that they would turn it to base uses were already falsified. He identified himself with the British and Foreign Bible Society during the remainder of his life. In 1851 he became President, and from this time to the year of his death his address at the anniversary meetings, which for thirty-two years he never failed to attend, was always a remarkable utterance, distinguished alike for the manliness and vigour with which he defended the Holy Bible against all

assailants. He pointed with triumph to the increasing love of the people for the Book, and ridiculed those who declared it to be "effete." It is almost impossible to record here even the names of the societies in which Lord Ashley now interested himself. With the Religious Tract Society he was always in the closest sympathy. Its objects received his warmest approval; he more than once took the chair at the annual meetings. On one of these occasions he said:—"I never hear of the Society's operations and see what it is doing without giving humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God that it was ever called into existence, and that it has so nobly discharged its duty. . . . I am astonished at its operations, and at the way in which the Society seems to look out for every point at which aggressive work can be carried on." The Young Men's Christian Association, too, had in him its ablest founder; and he often presided at the memorable Exeter Hall Lectures in connection with the association, which began in 1845, and continued regularly for twenty years. In short, he identified himself so thoroughly with the whole field of Christian effort, that the story of his work in this direction alone can only be fully told by the historians of Evangelical Christianity during the last fifty years.

Although we know that he longed for a period of repose at his beautiful Dorsetshire home, after the toil and turmoil of political strife, Lord Ashley scarcely allowed himself any leisure. Almost immediately after he had left Parliament he commenced a pilgrimage of mercy among the slums of London. "I determined," he has since told us, "to explore the unknown parts of the metropolis." He took with him as his only companions a medical man and a missionary of the London City Mission. In December, 1846, he wrote a record of his experiences in the *Quarterly Review*. They must have startled the readers of that periodical. In the guise of a review of the Ragged School movement, he presented them with a picture of



degradation which for vivid description of the actual condition of things has never been surpassed by any of its numerous successors. We cannot reproduce it here, although it is still fully worthy of being studied, since it affords an instructive contrast between old and new London, and shows what has been accomplished during the last forty years. We have already touched upon the beginnings of the Ragged School movement. *This* was designed to cut the root of the evil. Lord Ashley saw that it was from these children that the ranks of poverty and crime were recruited. He always contended, with pardonable pride, that it was "a special interposition of Providence" which had been the means of preserving London from becoming uninhabitable. He used to say how he was told at the outset to "Leave them alone; it is a perfectly hopeless case; their destiny is fixed, and you must leave them to the tender mercies of the gaoler and the hangman." It is interesting to see how he met this spirit of opposition. In this article, written nearly forty years ago, he had the courage to rivet the responsibility upon society. "There is," he says, "a beautiful text, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' Society has been ordained by God for the benefit of His creatures; and it should, therefore, enter into the spirit of His laws with a heart of devout and affectionate imitation."

## VI.

### THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

But it was not only the cause of the ragamuffins that he had espoused. He had already mastered the problem of the condition of the poor with amazing perspicacity. In this article he showed that it was the dwellings of the poor which needed reformation quite as much as the poor themselves. Here again he was a pioneer. In connection with the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes, he advocated the urgent necessity for sanitary

reform. He put it upon the highest possible ground. "If," he urged, "St. Paul calling our bodies the temple of the Holy Ghost said that they ought not to be contaminated by sin, we also say that our bodies, the temple of the Holy Ghost, ought not to be corrupted by preventible disease, degraded by avoidable filth, and disabled for His service by unnecessary suffering." This profound Christian philosophy did not fail to have its effect. In 1847 Lord Ashley was returned for Bath by a large majority; and in 1848 a Public Health Act was passed which, with all its shortcomings, was the beginning of the great work of sanitary reform. In this year (1848) he urgently advocated a national scheme of emigration. He showed that labourers were the great want of the colonies, while here work was hardly to be had even by the industrious and deserving. He urged the establishment of a new principle of colonization. "It will," he went on, "be something that the State, violating no principle, trenching on no right, yielding to no compromise, and incurring no unseen responsibility, will appear as resolute to prevent as to chastise the commission of crime. She will anticipate the gaoler and the hangman—and we of the third and fourth generation, who are suffering justly the sins of our fathers, for we have made them our own, will, under God's blessing, take good care not to transmit them to our own posterity." The Government were not prepared to oppose the proposition, and Lord Ashley, with characteristic candour, announced that he should take the liberty to "jog their memories." Lord John Russell, however, would only agree to a grant of £1500. The result was most successful in all the cases selected. Such was the beginning of the system of subsidized emigration, which has since been so largely extended, although it has not yet reached its full development. •

It is scarcely necessary to say that Lord Ashley had now won for himself an independent position of the greatest influence. His earnest convictions, trans-

parent sincerity, and sublime disinterestedness, had won for him almost universal esteem. He was the recognised authority upon all questions where the opinions, or the needs, of the working classes were concerned. His popularity with the great mass of the people was already remarkable; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, when it is remembered that he took an active part in all their concerns. There was not a question in which working men and working women were interested that he did not thoroughly grasp. Besides the limitation of their hours of work, their opportunities for intellectual and spiritual improvement, their right to a Day of Rest, the reformation of their surroundings, and the support of half-holidays and early closing, he had taken up the question of providing open spaces for the recreation of the people, and of preserving those which belonged to them from being encroached upon. He was alive to all the necessities of every class of the working-world. Costermongers, cab-drivers, flower-girls, sempstresses, shoe-blacks, sandwichmen, and even thieves and beggars, all felt that they had in him a personal friend. It is then not to be wondered at that when, in 1848, the wave of revolution was sweeping over Europe, and threatened for a time to inundate England, the Government appealed to Lord Ashley for help; the most serious riots were believed to be imminent, and large bodies of troops had been drafted into London, when Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, appealed to Lord Ashley to use his influence, with the result that it was decided to call in the assistance of the London City Mission. For three weeks the devoted missionaries laboured night and day urging the people to keep quiet; and after the movement had subsided, Sir George Grey wrote to Lord Ashley, thanking him for what he had done, and stating of his own knowledge that the labours of the City missionaries had largely contributed to the preservation of the peace.

Lord Shaftesbury was ever anxious to

give his testimony to the work of the London City Mission, with which he was from its beginning in the warmest sympathy. He used to tell a graphic anecdote illustrating at once the reality of its labours and his own reputation among even the most dangerous classes. He received once a round-robin, signed by forty well-known London thieves, asking him to meet them in a lonely and distant part of the metropolis at midnight. He consented to go. When he arrived at the rendezvous he found that 450 men were there, headed by a well-known City missionary. All of these men were avowed criminals, and 150 of them earned their living by the "greater crime" of burglary. None of those who have heard Lord Shaftesbury describe that motley gathering, can ever forget the graphic picture. He prayed with the men and exhorted them to abandon their lawless life. Many of them with tears agreed to accept his advice, and gladly consented to emigrate. In the result, of the 450 thieves, 400 were rescued from a life of crime. No better illustration could be given of the immense confidence which was reposed in Lord Ashley by those in the very lowest strata of society.

Lord Ashley was now at the zenith of his religious influence. His co-operation was sought for in aid of almost every movement for the evangelization of the poor and the oppressed in all parts of the world. In contemplating his colossal labours in furthering the cause of the great home and foreign religious and charitable societies, it is impossible not to be struck with the catholicity of his sympathies. It has been said that his religion was of a narrow type. No estimate could be farther from the truth, and it is only necessary to turn to the records of his labours to see how baseless is the suggestion. He appeared from time to time upon almost every Evangelical platform, irrespective of creed or denomination. The Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, and the Baptist Missionary Society, for instance

alike received from him a warm support. He was to the front in a multiplicity of missionary movements, although he avowedly interested himself more in work at home than abroad. The Indian missions greatly attracted him. His early connection with Indian affairs enabled him to judge of the reality of the spiritual need of our great Indian Empire. None discerned more fully than he did the magnificent work which was here to be found for women. The Zenana missions seemed to him to supply a want which could be met in no other way. But the whole missionary enterprise in the East, with its almost insuperable difficulties, had a fascination for him. We now find him pleading with indignation against the degrading trade in opium, which he held to be a slur upon the Indian Government and a constant menace to the peace of our Indian Empire. Turkish missions, the Jerusalem Bishopric, the Colonization of Syria, and, above all, the conversion of the Jews, had, he was eager to acknowledge, a never-failing claim to his energetic help. These movements which we have here roughly enumerated serve to indicate, although but very imperfectly, the enormous field of effort upon which Lord Ashley had entered. It is almost incredible that any one man could have kept in his hands the threads of such a multiplicity of movements, such an immense number of schemes, of which so many were of so great magnitude. Yet all this Lord Ashley achieved, and it is very remarkable that in nearly all the labours of his life he died in harness. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might.

Although he had associated himself so closely with evangelistic work, he by no means neglected his Parliamentary duties. From his "place" in the House of Commons he kept in motion the machinery of the Factory Acts, which had now assumed enormous proportions. An immense number of children engaged in a great variety of avocations were now more or less protected. But the greatest

difficulty was felt in carrying out the Acts, and it required all Lord Ashley's energy and mastery of all the details of the question to prevent their becoming to a large extent a dead letter. He had, to use his own favourite phrase, to keep on "jogging the memory of the Government." He went to Manchester about this time, and called on one of the greatest opponents he ever had—the master of a very large mill. "I went," he said, "to his counting-house, and to my astonishment he rose to meet me, and the first thing he said was this: 'You have carried the day. Now let me give you a piece of advice. Never part with one minute of what you have got. I tell you fairly, I resisted you to the last moment because I object to interference. I have been overruled, and now I tell you this—the Bill will do a vast amount of good to the operatives, and no harm whatever to the masters.'"

## VII.

### IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It was in this year (1851) that Lord Ashley brought the question of the housing of the poor before Parliament. He first attacked the common lodging-houses. These were a blot upon our civilization. The absence of supervision by the police, or local authorities, rendered them hot-beds of vice and crime. Here boys and girls were initiated into the secrets of the criminal confederacy. Lord Ashley gave illustrations from the experiences of the City missionaries. In a parlour 18 feet by 10 feet, in one night twenty-seven male and female adults, thirty-one children and three dogs slept on beds of straw, shavings, and rags. In a top room of the same house, 12 feet by 10 feet, thirty-two human beings slept in six beds. In one district alone there were 270 such rooms. But the evidence was overwhelming, and the Bill for the Registration of Lodging-Houses at once passed through the House of Commons, and Lord Ashley, having succeeded to the Earldom on the death of his father, had the privilege of

taking charge of it during its passage through the Lords. Years afterwards the late Charles Dickens, who was a warm admirer of Lord Shaftesbury's labours, meeting the noble earl, said of it, with emphasis:—"It is the best law that was ever passed by an English Parliament." Lord Shaftesbury—as we must now call him—had at the same time brought in and framed another measure dealing with the houses of the poor. But the Bill was limited to towns with a population above 10,000, and cumbered with so many restrictions as to be unworkable. It was only adopted in Huddersfield; but it was not doomed to remain for ever a dead letter.

We have already referred to the Reformatory and Refuge Union as one of the developments of the Ragged School movement. It was in 1853 that Lord Shaftesbury brought this question seriously before the House of Lords, introducing a Juvenile Mendicancy Bill. This was not carried through at the time, although it was subsequently taken up and passed into law by Lord Palmerston, and has since developed into the system of Industrial Schools.

Lord Shaftesbury, it may here be said, was deeply convinced of the urgent need of wholesome literature, especially for boys and girls. His experience of the terrible effects of "penny dreadfuls" was perhaps second to none. It is then not surprising that he should have warmly supported the Religious Tract Society in starting, among other of its publications, the *Boy's Own Paper*. Of the latter he once wrote:—"A more sagacious, more becoming, and, I may say, a more gentlemanlike production for boys, I have never read. It is done with a degree of penetration, of knowledge of boys' characters, and proper selection of subjects and mode of handling them, which is most admirable." He was also a great admirer of the *Cottager and Artisan*, which he frequently praised as excellently adapted for the working classes.

In the Upper House Lord Shaftesbury enjoyed for a time a measure of

comparative repose after the bufftings of the Commons. He saw in a sense many of his projects on the high road to a successful issue. He had himself lived down much of the odium excited by his independent attitude, and the immense value of his labours was being gradually realized. In 1854 Lord Aberdeen signified the national appreciation of his services by the offer of the Garter. It was declined. Lord Shaftesbury cared little for such a distinction. In the next year Lord Palmerston offered him the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lord Shaftesbury stipulated that he should be allowed to continue his opposition to the Maynooth Grant, and this proving repugnant to some of his Ministerial colleagues, he resigned. But although not a member of the Cabinet, he was the intimate friend and valued adviser of Lord Palmerston. Lady Palmerston was his mother-in-law, but it was not merely kinship that formed the bond of union between these two great men. Lord Palmerston attached the highest value to Lord Shaftesbury's advice. He consulted with him upon a multitude of questions. Upon those matters in which the working classes were concerned he deferred greatly to his son-in-law's advice. In 1862 he prevailed upon Lord Shaftesbury to accept the Garter, but in 1866 he failed to get him to come into the Cabinet. "There are," he said, "still 1,600,000 operatives excluded from the benefits of the Factory Acts: until they are brought under the protection of the law, I cannot take office." Lord Shaftesbury exercised the greatest influence over the ecclesiastical appointments made by Lord Palmerston. Although not of the same type, all are honoured names. He deserves to rank as a most judicious Church Reformer. In his annual speeches at the meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, he never ceased to indicate the necessity for bringing the Church more in harmony with the needs of the masses. He was one of the staunchest supporters of the employment

of lay helpers and scripture-readers. He advocated with marked success the system of religious services in halls and theatres, and it is difficult now, in view of the immense power for good that these have been shown to possess, to realize the intense opposition that was shown towards the movement from high quarters. This was maintained for many years, but Lord Shaftesbury stood his ground with steadfast courage. Accused, during a debate in the House of Lords upon the question, of endangering the Church, he met his opponents with the retort direct. "I believe," he said, that the movement of which this is a part has done more to strengthen and perpetuate the Church than any other cause; and the clergy of the Church who have participated in these services have gone far to rivet the hearts of the people to the Established Church."

It is worthy of note that it was his love for the people, his tender regard for their best interests, that dominated his mind in ecclesiastical as well as political and social questions. It was because he discerned the new beginnings of Rationalism and Free Thought, with all their tremendous consequences for the people and the nation, in the signs of the times, that he met with such a sturdy condemnation the Colenso heresies, and denounced the *Essays and Reviews* and *Ecce Homo*. His estimate of the hold the old English Bible had upon the affections of the people led him to oppose its revision. The same spirit is to be discerned in his uncompromising opposition towards Ritualism. He was indefatigable in his efforts to safeguard that simplicity of worship which he loved so dearly.

His action and utterances upon several important occasions, such as the outbreak of the Crimean War, and the Indian Mutiny, the visit of Garibaldi to England, the Polish insurrection, and the conflict between the North and South in the United States, were prompted by his devotion to the interests of civil and religious liberty.

## VIII.

### THE LAST FACTORY ACTS.

Lord Shaftesbury's legislative labours were now largely directed to the consolidation of the Factory Acts and their extension so as to include all trades. In 1862 he procured a second Inquiry into Children's Employments, including those numerous occupations of a dangerous nature which had started into existence since the Commission of 1842 had concluded its labours. Very painful disclosures resulted as to the risks run and hardships endured by children employed in such manufactures as those of earthenware, lucifer matches, percussion caps, and cartridges. These resulted in the Act of 1864, which extended protection, and in the Workshop Regulation Act, 1867, both of which were Government measures. The bearing of the principle of the Factory Acts upon agriculture was also examined into by the second Children's Employment Commission. There then prevailed a long-standing custom of farm-work being done by "gangs" of from ten to forty persons, of all ages and both sexes, under a gang-master. The Commission reported strongly against this system. They showed that it was a virtual slavery, and had the most pernicious effects upon both health and morals. Lord Shaftesbury proposed to deal with these evils by excluding girls under eighteen and children under eight from agricultural gangs. He appealed to the Peers for unanimous support. They could thus, he told them, give the crowning stroke to the effort to bring all the occupations of the young and the defenceless under the protection of the law.

A little later these hopes were realized, and the Bill became law. Much was subsequently done in the direction of codifying and consolidating the formidable budget of Factory and Workshop Acts. They have, too, from time to time been extended so as to suit the altered needs of the times. One of the greatest dan-

gers of the factories, for instance, is "the increased velocity of the machinery and, in consequence, the demands for attention," as Lord Shaftesbury told the House of Lords in 1874, in moving the second reading of an extending Act. The whole principle was reviewed, and received the final sanction of Parliament in 1878, when Lord Shaftesbury paid a hearty tribute of thanks to Sir Richard Cross for the industry with which he had reduced "forty-five Acts, extending over a period of fifty years . . . to one lucid and harmonious whole." In 1883, on the occasion of a triumphal visit to Manchester, Lord Shaftesbury congratulated the operatives upon the success of their cause. He told them that they owed it to the fact they had used their spare time so as to become orderly citizens instead of, as had been predicted, drunken idlers. "The result," he continued, "of it has been that the Factory Acts have been extended to such enormous masses of people that I believe at this moment there are at the very least from three to four millions of working people who are working in limited hours. There are still unprotected trades, and still many people labouring under the pressure of long hours; but owing to the high conduct you have pursued you will be the means of extending the operations of the Factory Acts to the whole body of the working community, till every human being that works shall have time to refresh his spirit, to practice the domestic duties, and to thank God for the relief he enjoys. To the future I cannot but look forward with great anxiety. We are all patriots, and desire the honour and welfare of the old country to which we belong. How can the honour and welfare of the country be founded upon anything more safe than the moral, social, and religious character of its people? If we continue to have a moral, social, and religious basis to society, I believe there is still reserved for England much happiness in domestic life, much honour and comfort in social exist-

ence, much power of good by God's grace, by your example, by your intervention, and by the exercise of all that God has given you, to promote the welfare of the nations and the peace of the human race."

## IX.

### RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

Lord Shaftesbury was to the front in the great education struggle of 1869. The extension of the franchise in 1867 had once more forced the problem to the surface. It was admitted on all sides that the State, having invested large masses of the community with political power, must earnestly take in hand the work of national education. It would be superfluous here to recapitulate the heated controversy which ensued upon the introduction of Mr. Forster's Education Bill. The battle was long and fiercely waged between those who wished to exclude religious teaching altogether from rate-supported schools, those who were in favour of the reading of the Bible, and those who defended dogmatic teaching. Versed in all the details of the question, himself an ardent educational reformer, conscious of the real needs of the people, he took a keen and active interest in the struggle. On the 8th of April, 1870, a monster meeting was held in St. James's Hall, under the auspices of the National Education Union, and with Lord Shaftesbury in the chair. With tremendous force he asserted the right of the people of a Christian country to religious teaching for their children. He declared the Bible to be God's book, revealing the glad tidings of salvation, and called upon the men and women of England to rise and say with one heart and one soul:—

"BY ALL OUR HOPES AND ALL OUR FEARS, BY THE HONOUR OF THE NATION, BY THE SAFETY OF THE PEOPLE, BY ALL THAT IS HOLY AND ALL THAT IS TRUE, BY EVERYTHING IN TIME AND EVERYTHING IN ETERNITY, THE CHILDREN OF GREAT BRITAIN SHALL BE BROUGHT UP IN THE FAITH AND FEAR AND NURTURE OF THE LORD."

Lord Shaftesbury was largely cut off from the joys of domestic life. His labours were so constant and so engrossing that it was but a short period of each year that was spent at his Dorsetshire home. Yet home had its greatest charm for him. A tender father, a generous landlord, a kindly master, a loving husband, he was by one and all of those around him deeply beloved. His was a hallowed household.

In 1872 he suffered a terrible double bereavement. In October he lost a wife "as good, as true, and as deeply beloved as God in His undeserved mercy ever gave to man," to quote the touching words which he wrote as her epitaph on the tablet in St. Giles's church. In December, his beloved daughter, Constance Emily, long a sufferer, died at Mentone. "Her joyful end," said her father of her, "was a rich example of her chosen text, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

We can only pass in brief review the progress and development of the many social questions which Lord Shaftesbury had made his own. Sanitary reform, for instance, which he placed in the first rank in the decade 1840-1850, slowly forced its way upon the attention of Governments. Many of his predictions had been verified. It had come to be believed as a cardinal principle of political economy that without sanitary reform the work of education was well-nigh hopeless. He took an active part in the debates on the Public Health Act, 1875, that invaluable consolidating measure under which the dwellings of the poor in the provinces are supervised. The needs of the people were, too, met by immense philanthropic movements which gradually sprang into activity all over the country. Companies were set on foot to provide artisans' dwellings and model lodging-houses. The name of George Peabody will always be remembered as that of one of the greatest benefactors of the working classes of London. He needs no other memorial than the Peabody Dwellings. Then there sprang up

suburban towns, such as those at Shaftesbury Park, Noel Park, and Queen's Park. The movement received a new impetus a few years ago, and it is gratifying to know that the Royal Commission which then investigated the question in all its bearings, had the advantage of Lord Shaftesbury's invaluable experience. The Report of the Commissioners added little to the facts which Lord Shaftesbury had so often published, and it is very significant that the Act of 1885 galvanizes into life the machinery of Lord Shaftesbury's Act, 1851. Could a better example be found of his marvellous foresight?

## X.

### HIS LAST YEARS.

The evening of Lord Shaftesbury's life was full of peace. His closing years witnessed a long succession of triumphs, which, when contrasted with his early struggles, must have afforded him the keenest satisfaction, proving as they did how completely he had succeeded. He was still hale and vigorous when in 1881 his eightieth birthday was celebrated in the Guildhall, the Egyptian Hall not being nearly large enough to accommodate those who applied to the Lord Mayor, Sir W. McArthur, M.P., for admission tickets. It was a grand ceremony, unique alike in its object and as a spectacle. In the same year the jubilee of Exeter Hall was held, on the occasion of its re-opening after it had passed into the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association. No one but Lord Shaftesbury could have fitly taken the chair, and it is pleasant now to think of the innumerable reminiscences that must have passed through the mind of the veteran philanthropist as he surveyed that immense audience. With a touch of that rare humour of his, he said:—"Macaulay hoped that the brayings of Exeter Hall would come to an end ere long. I think that some of those brayings, like those of Balaam's ass, speak the lesson of truth and soberness."

With equal fitness he presided over

the Luther Commemoration in November, 1883. As the veteran Sir Harry Verney, who had played with him in the cricket-fields of Harrow, said, Lord Shaftesbury was the fittest man in Europe to inaugurate the commemoration of a Great Reformer.

But all his public appearances were now public ovations. One of the most characteristic of these gatherings was at the Costermongers' Donkey Show, 1883. It was his pride to describe himself as "Costermonger and K.G." His own donkey, "Coster Jack," the successor of the one given to him eight years before by the costers of Golden Lane, and a great pet of his, was now very useful in drawing a small carriage in which Lord Shaftesbury visited his tenantry.

In June, 1884, the Freedom of the City of London was presented to him. It was a great civic pageant. But the worthiest ceremony of all was in May, 1885, when Lord Shaftesbury was presented with an address from the old scholars of Ragged Schools. Canon Fleming paid an eloquent tribute to his achievements. "This was," he said, "the eventide of his life, the seventh day of his work, and he had now earned that rest from his manifold labours, which was a prelude to that rest which remaineth to the people of God." Lord Shaftesbury reviewed the work done by the Ragged Schools. With pardonable pride, he declared that he would rather be "President of the Ragged Schools than of the Royal Academy"; but for himself, he added, he could only say that the feeling in his heart was, "What hast thou that thou hast not received?"

One of his fellow-workers has recorded how he slept in his "den," at St. Giles's,

Cranborne, on a narrow iron bedstead covered with a quilt made of cloth cuttings, and how he used to say:—"That rug was made by boys at a ragged school, and was handed to me for a horse-cloth, but on taking it, I said, 'No, my lads, not for a horse-cloth; it shall cover me at night as long as I live;'" and then to add, with his smile of sweet benevolence, "*I am comfortable under it, as I feel near to the poor boys.*"

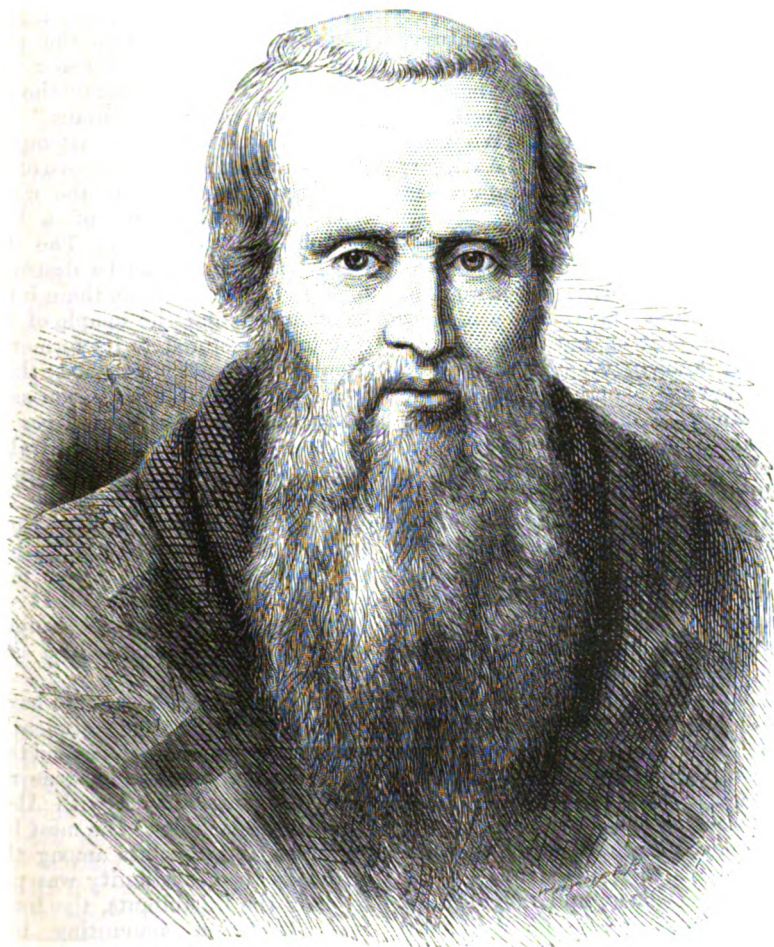
Old age now made itself felt by increasing infirmities. He suffered from suppressed gout and was troubled with deafness, and it became certain that his days could be but few. During his last illness he went to Folkestone, hoping to get benefit from the change of air; but unhappily he caught a chill, and his lungs became seriously affected. Amid much suffering he was perfectly happy, and was very tender with his children. "I know," he said, "that my Redeemer liveth, and that He hath been my friend for long years." He fell asleep on the afternoon of Thursday, October 1st, 1885. In his death, as in his life, a striking example of the fulfilment of the Divine promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

In the midst of the national mourning the wish was universal that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey,—where a largely attended service was actually held.—but, in answer to his own dying request, it was decided that his last resting-place should be by the side of his "dear Emily" in the little village church near his ancestral home. He needs no epitaph, for though he now rests from his labours his works do follow him.

WILLIAM MORRIS COLLES, B.A.



# JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.



# JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

---

## I.

### HIS EARLY LIFE.

ABOUT the middle of the fourth century, A.D., there died at Antioch a general of the Imperial army, SECUNDUS by name, a Greek of noble descent. Of his military career we have no record. We only know that he left a widow, ANTHUSA, twenty years of age, with an infant son named JOHN.

This John became known to succeeding ages as CHRYSOSTOM, or "golden-mouthed," from his surpassing eloquence. The surname first came into use after his death, but as it is that by which he is generally known, we may employ it in the following sketch of his career. His biography, if marked by no great theological discussions, or advance in the development of Christian thought, is yet of high interest, not only from his personal character and gifts, but from the light which the narrative sheds upon the life of the Eastern Church soon after the downfall of idolatry in the Roman Empire.

Anthusa was a Christian; and from the first days of her widowhood, she made it her concern to train her child for God. Renouncing the fascinations of society, disdaining all thought of a second marriage, she devoted herself wholly to his education. The best instructors were procured for him, he was well grounded in the Scriptures; and with a mother's care, she strove to win him, by her consistent and holy life, to all that was good and true. Well may Libanius, the heathen rhetorician, have exclaimed, when told of Chrysostom's early days: "*What women these Christians have!*"

The boyhood of the young disciple was passed in stirring times. Born about A.D. 347, he was but fourteen years of

age when Julian, known as "the Apostate," succeeded the sons of Constantine on the Imperial throne, and made it his first business to restore the paganism which his great predecessor had renounced. The city where "the disciples were first called Christians" was the scene of Julian's chief attempt. Near Antioch was the famous grove of Daphne, formerly consecrated to the worship of Apollo, then the site of a Christian church and cemetery. The Emperor caused the church to be destroyed, the bodies of the Christians there interred to be exhumed, and the temple of the Sun-god to be restored to its former magnificence. Serious riots ensued: the temple was destroyed by fire as soon as rebuilt, many persons lost their lives: Julian in revenge closed the cathedral at Antioch, and confiscated its treasures. From this city, soon afterwards, he departed on his fatal march to the Euphrates. In Assyria he received his death-wound, and there is a legend, which may have some foundation in fact, that with his dying breath the baffled Emperor exclaimed, "*O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!*"

Events such as these must have had a deep effect on the young student's mind. There was little, indeed, beyond the limits of his home, to awaken true religious fervour. Antioch vied with Alexandria and Constantinople as the most brilliant, frivolous, and dissolute among the cities of the East. Christianity was professed by half the inhabitants, the total adult free population amounting to about 200,000; but their religion was very largely nominal or corrupt. Arianism disputed the ground with orthodoxy, and the strife was incessant. Rival presbyters anathematized each other, and the bitter controversies of their adherents often ended in riot and bloodshed. The

great "Schism of Antioch," as it was called, had lasted for some seventeen years at the time of Chrysostom's birth, and during his boyhood it was at its height. In the home rather than in the church the future herald of the truth received those lessons which were to prepare him, unconsciously, for his great career.

When the son of Anthusa was eighteen or nineteen years of age, she placed him with Libanius, the most celebrated rhetorician and sophist of his time, to study the art of advocacy. Chrysostom soon became his favourite pupil: indeed Libanius regretfully said upon his death-bed, "John would have been my successor, had not the Christians stolen him from us." For some years the young orator studied and practised assiduously, acquiring in a heathen school the facile use of those weapons which he was hereafter so nobly to employ in Christian warfare. But his religious convictions already influenced him in another direction. Although strongly feeling the attractions of the world, and in particular passionately fond of the theatre, the influence of his mother never left him. His intimate friendship with an earnest-minded youth of his own age named Basil, had a happy effect upon his character; and he decided to renounce the world for Christ. He sought the counsel of Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, a man of devout and gentle spirit, under whom for a time the theological schisms which distracted the city bade fair to be healed. By Meletius he was more fully instructed, and baptised, after long protraction, in his twenty-third year. The ardent youth now found the profession of the law uncongenial. He was already an adept in the pleader's art, and had won his first successes; but it seemed to him at variance with Christian integrity. The lessons of Diodorus, another of his teachers, opened his mind to the fulness of Scripture, and were invaluable in after years in leading him to a wise apprehension of the meaning through a sober interpretation of the letter. Through such influences, Chrysostom was attracted

to the life of a student; and this desire, combined with his youthful enthusiasm, shaped itself into the resolution to retire from the city with Basil, and to adopt a hermit's life among the mountains.

At this juncture his mother interposed. She took him by the hand one day, as he himself has told us, led him to her own room, and made him sit beside her while with many tears she entreated him to reconsider his determination. "At your father's death," she said, "I was distracted by many household cares and difficulties, but nothing could induce me to exchange my solitude for a second marriage. I was resolved, by the help of God, to pass through the fiery furnace of desolate widowhood, and to live for you, in whom I saw a living image of my lost husband. Even when you were an infant, you were to me a comfort and a joy. I have preserved carefully for you all your patrimony; whatever has been spent for you has come out of my own dowry. I do not say this to reproach you; but in return for all this care I ask one favour, that you will not plunge me in the sorrow of a second widowhood, and awaken the slumbering sorrow of my first loss. Oh, wait for my decease! I am old, and have nothing now to await but death. When, therefore, you have laid me in the earth, and have mingled my bones with your father's, then go and travel to some far-off land, and do what seems to you best; there will then be none alive to hinder you. But as long as I still breathe, bear with me, I pray, my dear son; dwell with me, and leave me not. Offend not God by harming your mother!"

These pleadings prevailed: Chrysostom was nevertheless bent on renouncing the law. He was accordingly ordained a "reader" in the Church of Antioch, and remained quietly at work until his mother's death, holding himself aloof from society, cultivating, as far as possible, ascetic habits at home, collecting around him a small circle of young friends, with tastes and habits like his own, and resolving, when the fitting

time should come, to withdraw wholly from the world.

To this period his earliest works are to be attributed. Among the first of them was a letter to one of his young associates, Theodore by name, who was strongly inclined by many motives, and especially by a pure attachment to a virtuous young lady, Hermione, to adopt a secular life. To the enthusiastic view of young Chrysostom this was nothing less than a renunciation of Christ for the world. With passionate entreaty he abjures his friend to retrace his steps, to think no more of Hermione, and to dedicate himself to a monastic career. Theodore was over-persuaded, the lady was deserted, and he afterwards appears as Bishop of Mopsuestia, in Cilicia. Chrysostom, however, learned and taught in after days that Christ may be faithfully served in the home, the forum, and the camp.

His reluctant resolution to forego a monastic life for the present was displeasing to his friend Basil, who seems to have besought him, although in vain, to disregard his mother's entreaties. But a new and unexpected chain of circumstances arose, in which the course taken by Chrysostom, strange and unjustifiable as it was, savours rather of the subtleties learned in the school of Libanius than of Christian simplicity and integrity. He himself has told the story, in an autobiographical fragment of rare interest, entitled *On the Priesthood*.<sup>1</sup>

While the two friends were discussing their future course, a sudden rumour arose, to the effect that they were to be elevated to the priesthood, with a view to immediate promotion to the episcopate, several sees having been left vacant by the deposition of Arian prelates. In those days it was by no means uncommon for young men to be ordained almost against their will. Up to a certain point they might resist, but Church authority would in the end overcome all scruple. Basil was reluctant to accept the office, but declared himself willing to follow

his friend. Chrysostom was secretly resolved against ordination, but, knowing the fitness and worth of Basil, allowed him to think otherwise. When the bishops arrived, says Chrysostom, "I concealed myself; Basil was led away and received the yoke; hoping, after the promise I had made him, that I should at all events follow him, or rather thinking he was following me." Basil was ordained, and when Chrysostom reappeared was naturally indignant at the stratagem that had been practised. The substance of the dialogue that followed is given in Chrysostom's book, which for the most part is an animated and eloquent dissertation on the duties and difficulties of a pastor's life, and is valuable to us not only from its own high and often solemn teaching, but for the insight which it gives into the life of the early Church. The Dialogue ends with tender mutual assurances of renewed friendship; but we cannot tell how far these pledges were redeemed.<sup>1</sup>

## II.

### MONK, HERMIT AND PREACHER.

Anthusa passed away: no record of her death remains; but her son, when left alone, lost no time in seeking a monastic retreat. Four years were spent by him in a monastery among the mountains near Antioch, where by incessant austerities, very difficult to a young man who had spent all his life, however temperately, in the higher circles of a luxurious capital, he strove to win perfection. He amusingly relates some of the external embarrassments of his new life.

"Lately," he wrote to a friend, "when I had made up my mind to leave the city and betake myself to the tabernacle of the monks, I was for ever inquiring and busying myself how I was to get a supply of provisions: whether it would be possible to procure fresh bread for my eating, whether I should be ordered to

<sup>1</sup> Translation by B. Harris Cowper. Williams & Norgate. 1866.

<sup>1</sup> This Basil is not, of course, to be confounded with Basil the great Bishop of Caesarea.

use the same oil for my lamp and for my food, to undergo the hardship of peas and beans, or of severe toil, such as digging, carrying wood or water and the like; in a word, I made much account of bodily comfort."

But the monastery did not content him. He was made for higher things, although he strove at first to reach them in the wrong direction, assuming a heavier yoke instead of seeking freedom. He retired to a cave in the mountain-side, where he devoted himself wholly to the study of the Bible, to meditation, and to prayer, with such scanty allowance of sleep, and of the plainest food, as might suffice for bare existence. For two years he had the fortitude to persist in this mode of life: then, utterly broken down in health, he returned to Antioch. This was in the year 381, the 34th of Chrysostom's life. His former patron, the good Bishop Meletius, received him with open arms, and Chrysostom, having now risen above his former scruples, was ordained deacon. Meletius soon afterwards left Antioch to preside over the General Council at Constantinople, where he died, being succeeded in the see of Antioch by the aged Flavian. Chrysostom continued in deacon's orders for five years, writing several of his smaller treatises, and acquiring great influence in the city as a thinker and teacher. In 386 he was ordained to the priesthood, and as one already famous for eloquence he attained at once the highest popularity as a preacher. This henceforth was the one work of his life.

### III.

#### PREACHER AT ANTIOCH.

The number of Chrysostom's sermons is as remarkable as their excellence. At Antioch he preached twice every week, on Saturday and Sunday; also on saints' days, on fasts and festivals, and on every day in Lent. His discourses were mostly written, being delivered from memory, while he would often make powerful extemporaneous applications. His small

stature and meagre form, worn by asceticism, served only to give the greater effect to his lofty forehead, furrowed with lines of thought, with head "bald as Elisha's;" to his piercing eye, and to his melodious and pathetic voice. Whenever he preached the place was thronged with listeners, who, after the fashion of the time, expressed their approval by frequent and loud applause. This was distasteful to him. "When I am applauded in the church," he says, "I go home with a heavy heart; I weep, and say to myself, 'Perhaps thy vanity has lost some souls, and thou hast spent thyself for nought.'"

The most numerous and the best of his sermons are expositions. In these he generally first aims at giving the true and literal sense of the text, according to the principles learned in the school of Diodorus. He then applies the words, freely and boldly, to particulars of human conduct, and to the circumstances and needs of the hour. The mystical and allegorical applications of Scripture, so familiar in his time, have no charms for him. He takes his stand on an honest interpretation, in order that, through the letter, his hearers may reach the spirit. He is above all things practical; and often takes occasion to depict the fashions and follies of the time in a very startling manner. He describes city life, sketching with rapid and brilliant touch the scenes familiar to all—the homes of the rich, with their costly banquets and retinues of slaves—the life of the streets, with the motley moving panorama of people intent on business and pleasure—the amusements of the populace, the hippodrome, the gymnasium, the theatre. "Even the rope-dancers, jugglers, conjurors, fortune-tellers, buffoons, mingled with grave philosophers with long beard, staff and cloak, were grouped together in his homiletical sketches."

Sometimes, quitting the expository method, Chrysostom would enter upon direct doctrinal discussions, vindicating the Christian faith, especially against the Arian heresy, or expounding the several

dogmas of the creed. He is, however, rather practical than theological; and his arguments for Christian dogma are, almost invariably, texts of Scripture. Of Christ's redeeming work his language is rather that of rapturous and adoring love than of precise definition. Yet his statements of the way of salvation are explicit: "Man, the debtor, was detained by the devil, and could not pay; Christ owed nothing, nor was He holden by the devil; but He was able to pay the debt. He came and paid down death on behalf of him who was detained in bondage." . . . "Who shall express the noble acts of the Lord, or show forth all His praise? He abased Himself that He might exalt thee; He died, to make thee immortal; He became a curse, that thou mightest obtain a blessing!" With doctrinal statements like these he combines exhortations to the practice of Christian virtue, commending the principles of morality and the laws of life in a very outspoken and forcible way. With all this he is tender and pathetic—no mere Boanerges, but a brother, pleading with brethren, beseeching them on behalf of Christ to be reconciled to God, and to live sober, godly, consistent lives.

A series of discourses, delivered soon after he had entered upon his work as a preacher, claim especial mention, on account not only of the dramatic interest of the circumstances, but for the light which they throw upon the character of Chrysostom and of his fellow-citizens.

The Emperor Theodosius, distinguished as "the Great," had reached the tenth year of his reign; and the event was signalized by abundant largesses to his armies. This entailed forced contributions on the provinces; and in resisting the impost the inhabitants of Antioch had been roused to almost insane fury. Among other outrages they had flung down the statues of Theodosius and of his deceased consort Flaccilla, dragging them ignominiously through the streets. To this outbreak of frenzy succeeded a general panic. Rigorous inquisition was at once set on foot by the city authorities;

many of the rioters, young and old, were cruelly punished, and messengers were despatched to the Emperor at Constantinople for instructions how further to deal with the guilty city. The terror-stricken inhabitants implored Flavian, their good and venerable archbishop, to follow these messengers and to sue for mercy. The suspense was terrible. Eight hundred miles separated the two cities, and the people had full leisure, before the envoys could return, to ponder the consequences of their acts. Business and pleasure were alike suspended; and Antioch was plunged in woe. Thus a week was passed. On the Saturday Chrysostom entered the cathedral pulpit. "What shall I say?" he begins. "The present season is one for tears, not for words; for lamentation, not for discourse; for prayer, not for preaching!" A thrilling description of the distressed state of the city follows, with the earnest exhortation to seek from a mightier Potentate forgiveness of yet deeper guilt. When the messengers reappeared, they were accompanied by imperial commissioners, who sentenced the city to disfranchisement. The courts, the circus, the baths were to be closed, the insignia of government were to be transferred to Laodicea, and condign punishment was to be inflicted on all the ringleaders in the outrage. Day by day the commissioners sat in the forum, examining witnesses, often by torture, and pronouncing doom. Still the great preacher continued his solemn exhortations: to him the scene was symbolic of the day of judgment itself; and while he encouraged his hearers even yet to hope for imperial mercy, he besought them with passionate earnestness to repent of their sins against God. If the worst should come, and Antioch should lose its worldly honour, he reminds them that there is something to compensate even for this deprivation.

"Do you grieve," he asks, "that the dignity of this city is taken away? Learn what the true dignity of a city is. Not that it is a metropolis, not in

the sumptuousness of its buildings, not in its precedence over other cities, but in the virtue and piety of its inhabitants. Here only is true worthiness, ornament and defence." "And what makes this Antioch of ours so great? It is that here 'the disciples were first called Christians.' For this it can look in the face of all the world. And more, when the saints dwelling at Jerusalem were suffering from famine, it was Antioch that sent to their need. Behold then a second dignity. Charity in famine, love to their neighbours, prompted by faith in God. Or again, when men came to this city disturbing the preaching of the Word, and introducing Jewish observances, the men of Antioch came together, sent Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem, and led the Apostles to provide that pure doctrine, cleared from Jewish weakness, might be disseminated through the world. This is the dignity of the city, this its precedence, this makes it a metropolis, not in the earth, but in heaven."

Another embassy was despatched to Constantinople, followed by the prayers of thousands. One of the imperial commissioners himself accompanied the deputation and supported the pleadings of Flavian. Theodosius relented, and by an impulse of generosity released the people of Antioch from all punishment. Flavian was received into the Emperor's special favour, and bidden to return at once, that he himself might carry the good news of pardon. But, as Chrysostom tells us, the good bishop was content to forego the glory of communicating the welcome tidings, sending forward a swift horseman to relieve the city as soon as possible from its suspense. It was on the eve of Easter (A.D. 387) that the imperial letters reached Antioch: Flavian himself soon followed; and, amid the joy of that great festival, now kindled to triumphant ecstasy, Chrysostom stood up before the people to summon them to gratitude and praise. His description of the interview between Flavian and Theodosius is most vivid, and his eulogium on both is magnificent. As a result of these trans-

actions, and of the preacher's words, many of the heathen received the Gospel. They saw the difference between their own philosophers and the ministers of Christ. The Stoics and Cynics, says Chrysostom, had fled away in the crisis of peril and hid themselves in the recesses of the mountains, while from those mountains holy brethren had come down into Antioch to share the peril, if they might but comfort the sorrowing!

The years that followed were comparatively uneventful. Chrysostom laboured indefatigably, and maintained his popularity among the fickle people of Antioch. His expositions grew to commentaries on whole books of Scripture, and there can be no doubt that the best of his extant homilies, 90 on St. Matthew and 88 on St. John, were delivered during this period. In reading them there is undoubtedly much which is alien from our tastes and sympathies; elaborate arguments which lead to nothing, and flights of rhetoric which have lost their power to charm; there are also undoubted doctrinal deficiencies, with sometimes, though rarely, an excessive stress on ceremony and ritual; but subtracting all this, with all that is merely local and temporary, there is enough in these homilies to justify the character of Chrysostom not only as the chief preacher of the ancient Church, but as an expositor of the truth of Scripture worthy of any age.

#### IV.

##### PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Theodosius died Jan. 17, 395, and the Empire of the East devolved upon his son Arcadius, a youth in his sixteenth year, who soon after his accession married Eudoxia, daughter of a Frank general in the Imperial army. Arcadius, a weak and irresolute prince, was wholly under the influence first of his minister, the eunuch Eutropius, and afterwards of his consort, an energetic unscrupulous woman, with a remarkable combination of fanatical devoutness and worldly ambition.

Three years after the accession of



Arcadius, the patriarchal see of Constantinople fell vacant by the death of Nectarius, an aged and courtly prelate, whose appointment as successor to Gregory Nazianzen seven years before had been a surprise. Little is known of him as a religious teacher. He had been a politic and liberal-minded administrator, and had maintained the splendour and outward dignity of the patriarchate. On his decease, the appointment was eagerly sought; Theophilus, Patriarch of Alexandria, an ambitious, unprincipled ecclesiastic, urgently pressing the nomination of Isidore, an old confederate of his and depositary of some of his guilty secrets. It so happened, however, that Eutropius, in some visit to Antioch, had listened with great admiration to the preaching of Chrysostom; and passing by all the candidates he resolved that none other should fill the vacant place. The presbyters and people of Constantinople, probably not sorry to thwart Theophilus, were easily induced to elect the great orator in his absence; and Arcadius sent an emissary to Antioch to conduct Chrysostom to the Imperial city. The method adopted to secure the newly-chosen bishop was characteristic of the times. Apprehensive that Flavian might insist on retaining the eloquent presbyter, or that the people of Antioch might resist the attempt to carry away their favourite preacher, the messenger of the Emperor sent to invite Chrysostom to meet him at a church outside the city. Having unsuspectingly obeyed, he was at once placed in a carriage and hurried off in spite of all remonstrance along the road to Constantinople. He was received with acclamations; and Theophilus, though against his will, was compelled to take the lead in the consecration, Feb. 26, A.D. 398.

The Empress Eudoxia welcomed Chrysostom with enthusiasm; and the revival under his direction of the solemn pomp of the Church services was entirely to her taste. An event which occurred soon after his inauguration brought out strongly the superficial sympathy between the two. The city of Constantinople

was shaken by a terrible earthquake. Many thought that the end of the world was at hand: thousands fled from the city in consternation. The prelate and the Empress arranged for a procession and solemn service at a church of the martyrs some miles distant from the city. Chrysostom was to preach. In the ardour inspired by the occasion the orator burst forth in an impassioned strain: "What shall I say? What shall I speak? I exult, I am mad: but such madness is better than wisdom. I am wafted aloft and intoxicated with spiritual rapture. What shall I say? What shall I first describe? The virtue of the martyrs, the alacrity and zeal of the empress, the concourse of princes, the fury of the evil one, the discomfiture of fiends, the triumph of the Church, the miracles of the Crucified, the glory of the Father, the grace of the Holy Spirit?" In the course of the services the Emperor approached with a splendid retinue. Putting off his diadem, and causing his body-guard to lay aside their spears and shields, they all reverently knelt in worship; after which Chrysostom again addressed the people, enjoining them not to pray to the martyrs but to imitate them: to imitate their courage, zeal, faith, and disdain of all earthly things, and their ardent desire for the things of eternity. "We have not now, as they had, to encounter flames or wild beasts. But we have flames within us; we have wild beasts in our hearts—lust, anger, envy, and other evil passions. Let us wage war against them, that we may attain eternal glory, by the mercy and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."

But it was not in the excitement of such services that the true character of Chrysostom was seen. He carried into the episcopal palace of Constantinople the ascetic habits of his earlier life. His splendid retinue, to the dismay of its members, was disbanded. Instead of giving costly entertainments, Chrysostom sat alone at his frugal meals. The indiscriminate hospitality which had become connected with the episcopal



office was replaced by a severe economy. The wealth of the see was distributed with a free hand amongst the poor. The costly furniture of the episcopal palace, the carpets, the tapestry, the plate, were sold for the same purpose; with, it is said, some of the gold and silver vessels of the cathedral. It was not long before the reproach of unsocial habits made the great preacher unpopular among the clergy; while Eudoxia found with secret wrath that the uncourtly prelate was as faithful and stern in dealing with the luxury and ambition of the great, as with the homelier vices of the common people. Still Chrysostom steadfastly held on his way, courting none, and fearing none, as became a witness for the truth of God.

Eutropius, the minister, soon fell into disgrace, being charged with insulting the Empress, but really because he had become obnoxious to Tribihild, a chieftain of the Ostrogoths, who were now becoming ominously powerful. There was hardly a more dramatic scene in the life of Chrysostom than when the humbled favourite sought the protection of the altar. In former days Eutropius himself had instigated a law abolishing the right of sanctuary to fugitives accused of crime. Now he himself, terrified and despairing, claimed the privilege. The people by whom he was hated threatened to drag him away. But the Bishop interfered and stood up before the people, pointing to Eutropius, who cowered behind him in the chancel, and eloquently enforcing the lesson: "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity." For the time, the interposition of the great preacher was effectual, and Eutropius was allowed to leave the city unmolested. He was, however, afterwards put to death by the Emperor's order at Chalcedon.

The Archbishop now set himself zealously to arouse religious earnestness among the population generally, and especially to counteract the influence of Arianism. The promoters of this heresy made great use of processional singing. From their places of worship outside the

city, bands of men and women, having held their services at night, would issue forth at daybreak and perambulate the streets, singing strange uncouth rhymes, the burden of which was "the inferiority of the Son to the Father," and "the impossibility of three being one." Chrysostom organized rival demonstrations; and his companies, in larger number and more imposing pomp, marched through Constantinople celebrating the mystery of the Trinity and chanting the praises of the eternal and co-equal Son of God. It was a strange method of evangelization; and through the riots that ensued when the rival companies met, and not content with vocal contention came to blows, the scheme was brought to an end.

But it was still in the pulpit that the great orator found his most congenial work. Wherever he was to preach, a great concourse of people would assemble; drawn from their homes, their business, their pleasure, and hanging upon his words, while he fearlessly inveighed against their favourite vices, and depicted with dramatic force their daily life, their amusements, their follies and their sins. It was the favourite "sensation" of Constantinople, and though the transgressors might sometimes wince they still thronged to listen. Sometimes standing upon the chancel steps, at other times in the low large pulpit or "ambo," or again, in more familiar discourse, seated at the reader's desk, he discoursed on the appointed lesson, or on the topic of the day. In his *Homilies* the life of Constantinople in the latter half of the fourth century is reproduced before us. To his eager auditors he portrayed the scenes of their own homes, of places of public resort: he satirized the effeminacy and denounced the profligacy of high life. He was especially severe on extravagance and luxury in dress, and his indignant descriptions of fashionable costume sometimes provoke a smile. On the hippodrome and theatre he discharged his most scathing indignation. In the spring of the second year after he

entered on his episcopate there had been terrible inundations in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. The people flocked to the cathedral to implore deliverance. It was near the end of Lent; on Good Friday a great performance was given in the hippodrome, and on the Saturday another in the theatre. The preacher's soul was stirred within him.

"For three days we had a deluge of rain, sweeping everything before it, and snatching the food from the mouths of the farmers, and laying prostrate their ripe crops; and then litanies went up to heaven, and all the population streamed like a winter's torrent to the church of the Apostles. And yet, after the short interval of a day, you allowed your souls to be carried away captive by vicious passions. Even on Good Friday, the day on which thy Lord was crucified, and Paradise reopened, and the curse abolished, and sin effaced, and the ancient war of ages ended, and God reconciled to man—aye, on that very day when men ought to fast and confess their sins, and join in prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings poured out upon the world, then it was that you left the church and the spiritual sacrifice and the assembly of the brethren; then it was that you were led captive to those worldly spectacles!" "While I am thus speaking, I see some of you beating your foreheads: I thank you for this sign of your sorrow, and of your sympathy with the wounds of your brethren. But you must do more than this. Do not tell me that only a few of them are lost. Did not the Good Shepherd leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness to seek the one? Think of the worth of each single soul! Each single soul is precious in the sight of God and of Christ. For its sake God spared not His only-begotten Son. For every soul Christ shed His blood. Think what a price was paid for each, and haste and spare no pains to bring that one lost soul back to the fold!"

What results followed warnings like these we cannot tell. It is certain that the popularity of the preacher was in no

way affected. The people honoured the man who so boldly told them of their sins. Sometimes their loyalty to their prelate was shown in inconvenient ways. On one occasion a brother bishop from Galatia being on a visit to Constantinople, was courteously invited to occupy the pulpit. The audience, on seeing the stranger about to address them, broke out into "a volley of screams." The cry of "John, John!" burst from every side. The Galatian brother had to descend, and the reluctant, indignant Chrysostom to take his place.

Nor was it for the Greeks alone that their bishop cared. Many Goths had settled in Constantinople, great numbers were attached to the army, and their increasing number became even a danger to the community. In religious belief they were Arians, and they claimed to have a church appropriated for their services. This demand was strenuously resisted by Chrysostom; and Arcadius forbade any provision for Arian worship to be made within the city. The cathedral service, however, at least on one occasion, was performed in the Gothic language, after which Chrysostom ascended the pulpit and preached on the obligation to send the Gospel to all nations. "The wise men," he said, "were brought by a star from the East to the cradle of Christ, and offered frankincense to Him as God, gold to Him as King, and myrrh to Him as Man, by which they foretold his death and burial. And now Scythians, Thracians, Sarmatians, Moors, and Indians have embraced Christianity; the Scriptures have been translated into their tongues, and the Church of Christ has extended her arms to the distant shores of the ocean, and has enclosed the British Isles in the net of the Gospel." A college for the training of Gothic missionaries was afterwards established at Constantinople; a church was opened for worship in that language, and many converts gathered into the fold of Christ.

With preaching, Chrysostom devoted much attention to the worship of the Church. His references to the public

prayers and forms of service are constant. How far the "Liturgy" that bears his name was his own work is, however, doubtful; one of its prayers ("A Prayer of St. Chrysostom") is familiar from its place in the English Prayer-book, and for terseness, appropriateness and devotional beauty, can scarcely be surpassed.

## V.

## DIFFICULTIES.

Among the most difficult tasks to which the energetic Patriarch set himself was the restoration of discipline among his clergy. Many abuses had crept in during the lax administration of Nectarius, and in endeavouring to remove glaring evils, Chrysostom brought upon himself no small odium. Among other scandals was that of the residence of women in the houses of the celibate priests; as "attendants," or "sisters." This was rigorously forbidden, and those of the clergy who refused to give up the practice were deposed. In an episcopal visitation at Ephesus, for this reason and for unholy traffic in sacred things, no fewer than thirteen bishops were degraded. Perhaps Chrysostom, in his zeal for the purity and consistency of Christ's ministers, was unduly peremptory and indiscriminating. He seems to have made too little distinction between offenders, and in his enthusiasm for a high ascetic ideal to have judged over-harshly. The severity of his administration made many enemies, and led to the troubles of his subsequent career. He may have failed also in attention to details; intent upon his great work of preaching, he was apt to judge hastily, devolving many matters on his archdeacon Serapion, a violent, rough, unpopular man.

Theophilus of Alexandria, meanwhile, was eager to find occasion against Chrysostom; and in the year 401 the "Origenist controversy" seemed to afford some ground for proceeding. The views of Origen concerning the Divine nature had been condemned as over-mystical by synods held at Alexandria; and Theo-

philus had taken strong measures against the monks who held the obnoxious opinions. Four of these monks, known from their stature as "the Tall Brothers," fled to Constantinople and sought the protection of Chrysostom. The good Bishop was as far as possible from sympathising in their speculations: probably with his practical mind he discerned their futility; but he thought the men wronged, and was disposed to befriending them. Theophilus urged the Bishop of Salamis, the venerable Epiphanius, to visit Constantinople and to offer for the signature of the Patriarch a decree, recently passed by a synod in Cyprus, adverse to Origen's opinions. Epiphanius accordingly presented himself, refusing the proffered hospitality of Chrysostom, and demanding his signature to the document and the expulsion of the Tall Brothers. The Patriarch declined both; appealing to a synod which it was proposed to hold at Constantinople, and at which Theophilus himself would appear. Epiphanius had little better success in his endeavour to gain to his side the Constantinople clergy; and, having at length been induced to meet the four incriminated monks, was persuaded that there was really no ground for proceeding against them, and set sail for his diocese, but died on the voyage home.

After the departure of Epiphanius, the brave preacher continued his fervid discourses; but a spirit of suspicion had been aroused, and many were watching to entrap him in his words. He had employed in one of his sermons, with marked emphasis, the word *adoxia*, signifying "disgrace." Eudoxia, the Empress, was led to believe that the word was aimed at her, especially as in the discourse the preacher had referred to such feminine extravagancies in costume and luxury as were notoriously prevalent in court circles.

The arrival of Theophilus was therefore eagerly welcomed by the imperial party. He had been summoned to answer for his conduct to the Egyptian monks; but on one pretext or

another the sittings of the synod were delayed; and it was found at length, to the astonishment of all but those who were in the secret, that the tables were turned, and that the defendant had become the accuser. Theophilus now summoned Chrysostom to appear before his tribunal. The Bishop naturally refused. Alexandria had no jurisdiction over Constantinople. But the Emperor, passive in the hands of his proud and passionate consort, directed the council to proceed. It was held near Chalcedon, the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, across the Bosphorus, at a summer palace called "the Oak," A.D. 403. Thirty-six bishops attended, twenty-nine of them Egyptians, suffragans of Theophilus; most of the remaining seven being men against whom Chrysostom had exercised discipline, or who had felt the power of his invective. Among these was Severian, who had officiated during the Bishop's absence at Ephesus, and against whom Chrysostom on his return had, perhaps too hastily, listened to unfavourable reports. Another was Acacius, Bishop of Beroëa, whose animosity, says Chrysostom's biographer, arose from his having been received by the Patriarch with scant hospitality on occasion of a visit to Ptolemais, a third was Antiochus, Bishop of Ptolemais, an eloquent preacher, sometimes himself surnamed "golden-mouthed," and a rival of Chrysostom on his own ground. From these three, and from Theophilus, Chrysostom declared no impartial judgment could be expected; he therefore declined to appear before any tribunal of which they formed a part. But the synod entered on its work. The charges were twenty-nine in number, but the accusation of complicity with Origenism was entirely dropped; and the indictment confined itself to matters of conduct, many of the particulars being frivolous and absurd. Chrysostom, it was alleged, was severe and tyrannical in dealing with his clergy; he had misappropriated Church funds; he held private interviews with women; he dined alone "like a Cyclops"; he had a bath specially reserved for himself; he

had robed and unrobed himself on the episcopal throne; he had eaten a lozenge at the Lord's Table; he had broken his fast before administering baptism; he had called the Empress, Jezebel! To these charges was added a quotation from his sermon after the earthquake, as already cited: "I exult, I am mad: madness is better than wisdom!" Four times he was summoned to appear before the synod to answer these allegations; but he still steadfastly resisted, and having called a meeting in Constantinople attended by forty bishops, despatched a protest to Theophilus. This also was disregarded, and the council came to a unanimous vote, deposing Chrysostom from his see, on the ground of contumacy, leaving the charge of defaming the Empress to be dealt with by the civil tribunal.

Hereupon the Emperor promulgated an edict banishing Chrysostom for life. The populace on hearing of the sentence were roused to indignation. They thronged the episcopal residence and the great cathedral, keeping watch day and night lest their beloved bishop should be secretly carried off. He himself, meantime, on three successive days ascended the pulpit at the appointed time and discoursed to the multitude that crowded the cathedral on the duty of patience and submission to the Divine will. At the close of the third day's sermon, he slipped out at a side door and surrendered himself to the Imperial guards, by whom he was carried on board a galley and conveyed to the mouth of the Euxine. Theophilus entered the city in triumph; but was met by excited crowds, clamouring for the return of their beloved teacher. They thronged the churches, with prayers and lamentations: the attempt to disperse them led to riot and bloodshed: they beset the Imperial palace, crying out for the revocation of the decree of exile, and demanding a duly constituted council to reconsider the irregular judgment of Chalcedon. Severian made matters worse by a discourse in which he animadverted on the

haughtiness of Chrysostom, applying to him the text, "God resisteth the proud." The congregation would not listen to him, but streamed out into the streets; Constantinople was filled with uproar.

That night an earthquake alarmed the city. It seemed to the excited imaginations of the people, as if Nature were protesting against the wrong done to their bishop. Eudoxia herself, whose apartments were violently shaken, was filled with terror; she rushed to Arcadius, and on her knees besought him at once to revoke the banishment of Chrysostom. The Emperor with equal alarm consented; and at early morning galleys were sent in all directions to discover the Bishop. By evening the news reached the city that he had been overtaken, that he was returning. Instantly from all the wharves and quays of Constantinople vessels put forth bearing torches to meet his galley and escort him home. A thousand boats with blazing lights covered the Bosphorus, and amid the acclamations of the people, the slender, emaciated form of the brave Bishop was seen stepping on shore, at a landing-place outside the gates. Chrysostom at first declined to re-enter the city until a synod regularly convened should recognise the injustice of the charge against him. But this determination was overruled, and he was conducted with joyful shouting through the gates into the cathedral dedicated to the Eternal Wisdom—"Saint Sophia"—where he was replaced on the episcopal throne and induced to give his benediction to the rejoicing throng. He then delivered an extempore discourse, full of chastened gladness; the next day he preached again, quoting words in which the terrified Empress herself had greeted his return. "My prayer," she had said in a message to the Bishop, "is fulfilled, my object accomplished. I have obtained a crown better than the diadem itself. I have received back the priest, I have restored the head to the body, the pilot to the ship, the shepherd to the flock, the husband to the home."

## VI.

### EXILE AND DEATH.

After these exciting scenes Chrysostom did not cease to appeal to the Emperor to convene a council to consider the proceedings of the synod of the Oak. Theophilus, however, would not abide the result of such an appeal: he left the city secretly and returned to Alexandria.

In a very few weeks another cause of trouble arose, more lasting in its consequences than the former. In the smaller Forum of Constantinople, between the Senate House and the Church of St. Sophia, a silver statue of the Empress had been erected, upon a column of porphyry. Its inauguration was attended by dances, pantomimes, and other orgies such as had accompanied great public festivals in the days of heathenism. The fearless Bishop in a fiery discourse denounced this unseemly revelry, carried on as it was in the very front of the church doors and disturbing the worshippers. It was easy to persuade Eudoxia that she herself was insulted. An exaggerated report of Chrysostom's sermon was carried to her. It was falsely affirmed that he began with the words, "Herodias is again enraged: again she dances; again she demands the head of John in a bason." She was infuriated, and from that time forth remained implacable.

This was in September, A.D. 403. Immediate steps were taken by Chrysostom's enemies for calling the council which he himself had vainly demanded. Theophilus excused himself on the strange plea that his fellow-citizens at Alexandria were too fondly attached to him to bear his absence; but he secretly instigated the proceedings. After protracted and wearying discussions, the council broke up in the following Spring (404), without coming to any decision. Meantime Arcadius had refused to communicate at Christmas in the church as usual, on account of the doubtful position of the Bishop. Easter was now approaching; was the

Emperor again to be precluded from his customary place in the festal solemnities? At the instigation of Chrysostom's chief opponents, Antiochus and Arsacius, Arcadius issued an order for the Bishop's forcible removal on Easter eve. A large congregation had assembled to witness the baptism of some hundreds of catechumens. Suddenly a body of soldiers broke in, and dispersed the assembly with rude violence. The very waters of the font, writes an eye-witness, were stained with blood. The candidates for baptism fled in alarm, with disordered attire. In vain did the Bishop with his persecuted flock strive to reassemble in some other place. The baptismal service, resumed at the Baths of Constantine, was again rudely interrupted. Congregations re-assembling in quiet spots outside the city were dispersed. Many known adherents of Chrysostom were beaten, some cast into prison. During that Easter week Constantinople was virtually in a state of siege. When order was restored the enemies of the Bishop appeared to be victorious. His followers, henceforward called Joannites, were dogged by suspicion; their assemblies were broken up; if they ventured to enter the churches of the city they were driven away or committed to prison. The life of the Bishop was twice attempted by assassins; but faithful friends guarded his residence night and day.

Whitsuntide arrived and passed: the enemies of Chrysostom besought the Emperor to end the long suspense by a decree of banishment, which, on the fifth of June Arcadius was induced to sign. For the last time the Bishop passed from his house to the cathedral; he bade farewell to his weeping friends; and then, as before, guarding against a popular outbreak, left the church at evening by a side door, and with two faithful bishops who refused to abandon him, surrendered himself to the Imperial convoy. "The angel of the church," writes his biographer Palladius, "departed with him."

Hardly had he left the city, when flames broke out in the church and it

was burned to the ground. This was regarded by Chrysostom's friends, like the earthquake on the previous occasion, as a token of Divine indignation against his enemies. These, on the other hand, accused the Bishop's adherents of having themselves kindled the fire, and a persecution of much bitterness followed, in which some were cruelly tortured; but the cause of the conflagration was never known.

Arsacius, brother to Nectarius the predecessor of Chrysostom, was appointed Bishop of Constantinople. He was a man of eighty, reputable in life, but a mere tool in the hands of the unscrupulous—"a dull quiet man," writes Palladius, "as mute as a fish and as unfit for business as a frog." The churches became empty: the Joannites held their assemblies in retired streets, in the outskirts of the city, in the fields, but were often brutally dispersed. The bishops who had espoused the cause of Chrysostom were dispossessed and banished; but on the other hand, those of the West still maintained the unlawfulness of his deposition: and Innocent the First, Bishop of Rome, wrote warmly and sharply in his favour. Before a year and a half had passed, poor worn-out Arsacius died. Eudoxia herself, the secret instigator of all this mischief, died in childbirth, soon after Chrysostom's banishment. But we must leave these affairs of Constantinople and follow the great preacher to the scene of his exile.

Chrysostom was first carried to Bithynia and halted at Nicæa, the place of the great Council of the Church, held A.D. 325. Here, resting for a fortnight amid beautiful scenery and in a delightful climate, the weary heart-sick traveller was refreshed for the toilsome and terrible journey that awaited him. For during his brief stay at Nicæa, he learned to his dismay that he was bound for Cucusus, a place on the south-eastern side of the Taurus range, where the highlands of Asia Minor begin to slope down toward the valley of the Euphrates. The road thither lay over the wild bare uplands of

Galatia and Cappadocia, rugged and dangerous in themselves, and now harassed by the Isaurian banditti. With a convoy of two soldiers, who seem to have treated the exiled Bishop with rough kindness, he set out upon his journey, writing letters from every halting-place, which graphically set before us his enfeebled condition, the hardships of the route, and the cheerful spirit which he was enabled to maintain. He travelled in a *lectica*, or litter slung between two mules, one before, one behind. At Ancyra, the capital of Galatia, the party paused awhile; but Leontius, the bishop, had been one of Chrysostom's most determined opponents, and received him with open hostility. Cæsarea, the chief town of Cappadocia, was another resting-place; but fanatic monks demanded the expulsion of their illustrious visitor, the Bishop Pharetrius treated him treacherously; and although a noble lady of the neighbourhood hospitably welcomed Chrysostom to her abode, offering to arm her farm-labourers for his defence against the monks, he was soon compelled to resume his journey. Worn by fatigue and fever, he traversed the mountain-passes for many more weary days, and reached Cucusus by the beginning of September. Here he was kindly received; a friend whom he had known in Constantinople, one Dioscorus, gave up to him a comfortable home, well secured against the winter's cold; and although the spot was desolate and unattractive, it was to the persecuted servant of Christ a very haven of rest. Cucusus was about 120 miles from Antioch, Chrysostom's birthplace: old friends from the city came to visit him. All Syria and Cilicia heard of his misfortunes, of his noble endurance, of his wise and eloquent teaching. He seems never to have been without visitors; and many friends contributed gladly to his support. He himself was full of energy, his letters were incessant, and never at Antioch or Constantinople did he possess a wider and more varied influence than he now exerted from Cucusus. More than 200 of these letters have come down to us. To

members of his former flock at Constantinople he wrote words of consolation, of kind advice, of solemn warning against remissness. He despatched missionaries to the heathen, and obtained funds for their support. Missions were thus established in Phœnicia, Cilicia and Persia, as well as among the Goths. He corresponded respecting the see of Constantinople with the bishops of the East, and even with Innocent at Rome. To the deaconess Olympias, a widow who had devoted her wealth to the support of the Church and had greatly suffered for her adherence to the persecuted Bishop, he sent graphic reports of his condition:

"I do not despair of happier times, considering that He is at the helm of the universe who overcomes the storm not by human skill but by His fiat. If He does not do so at once, it is because it is His rule, when evils have reached their fulness and a change is despaired of, then to work His strange and marvellous work, thus manifesting His power while He exercises the endurance of His afflicted ones. Never be cast down then, for one thing alone is fearful: that is, Sin."

At the beginning of 407 he expresses his hope of return to Constantinople. "For unless it were so to be, I should long ago have departed hence, as it seems to me from the trials that I have been called to endure. . . . I have passed through them all, and am now in health and full safety, to the astonishment of all the Armenians, that a frame so feeble, so spider-like, should be able to bear such unbearable cold, should be able to breathe in it, when even those who are accustomed to sharp winters are seriously affected by it. . . . But no insalubrity of air, nor desolateness of place, nor absence of stores, nor scarcity of drugs, nor unskilfulness of physicians, nor difficulty of baths, nor absolute confinement or rather imprisonment in one room, nor want of exercise which was almost necessary to me, nor the atmosphere of smoke, nor alarms of robbers, nor the state of siege, nor any other hardship, has availed to destroy me; but I

am in better health here than I was with you." He ends by sending to Olympias an essay of his own writing, which he bids her read, bearing the title, *Be true to yourself, and no one can harm you.*

But the enemies of Chrysostom had not yet done their worst. His influence galled them; his very life was a threatening. They dared not, indeed, put him to death, but they could hasten the end. A rescript was obtained from the Emperor Arcadius, further banishing Chrysostom to Pityus, a dreary spot on the north-eastern shores of the Euxine, at the very extremity of the empire, and overshadowed by the grim Caucasus. Some time in the summer, therefore, he started upon this last journey. The particulars we do not know, as he was now forbidden to write to his friends. His biographer Palladius, however, reports that he was hurried from place to place with inhuman rapidity; the soldier-convoy refusing to stay for rain or fierce sunshine, or even for the refreshment of a bath, but inhumanly pressing forward with their prisoner.

The strength of Chrysostom was at length worn out. He reached Comana, now Tocat, in Pontus, and passed through the town to a little chapel some few miles distant from the city, dedicated to the memory of the martyr Basiliscus. Palladius shall tell the rest. "At night, Chrysostom dreamed that Basiliscus came to him and said, 'Be of good cheer, brother John, for to-morrow we shall be together.' Awaking in the morning, Chrysostom besought his guards to tarry there until the fifth hour. They refused, and set forward; but when they had proceeded about thirty stadia he was so ill that they were compelled to retrace their way to the chapel. When they reached the place, he asked for white raiment, in which, having taken off his travel-stained clothes and given them to his attendants, he clothed himself from head to foot. He then communicated in the symbols of the Lord, offered a prayer,

adding his favourite words, *Glory be to God for all things!* and concluding with his last *Amen.* Then, he stretched forth those feet which had been so beautiful and swift in publishing salvation to the penitent or in reproving the hardened in sin. And shaking off this mortal dust he passed to Christ." The day of his death, as nearly as can be ascertained, was September 14, A.D. 407.

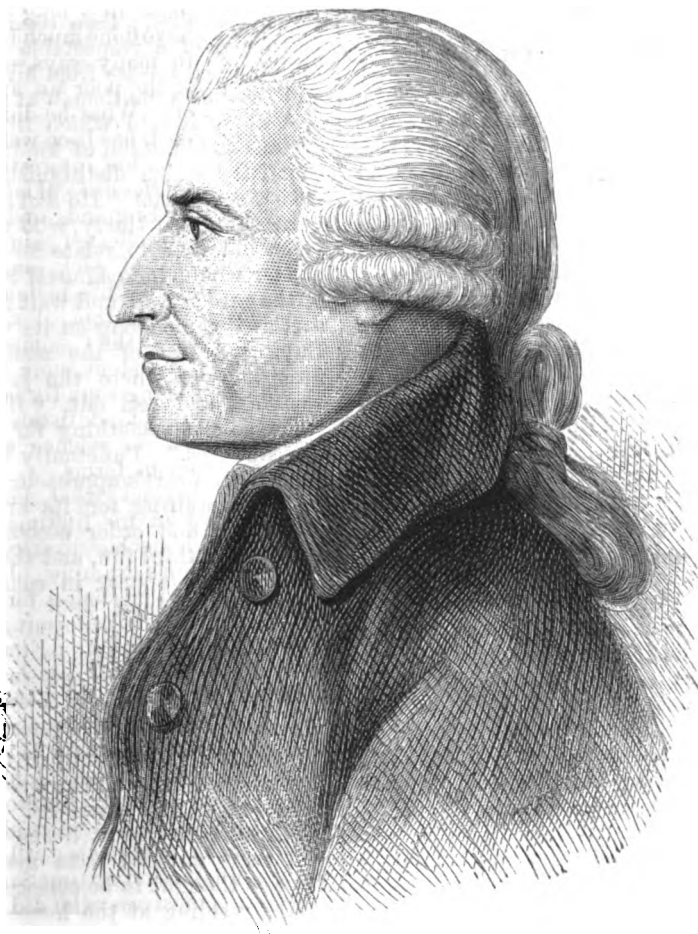
It is interesting to note that almost exactly at the same spot, more than 1400 years afterwards, the heroic and gentle spirit of HENRY MARTYN passed away. This missionary of the Cross was, like Chrysostom, upon a journey: like him also he sank from exhaustion while urged onward by the inconsiderateness or cruelty of his attendants. Chrysostom was on his way to a deeper exile, Martyn was returning homewards: but both found the same way to the heavenly rest. Thus do the apparently casual associations of place connect the histories of faithful men, who, however differing in their habits of thought and life, were one in Christ the Lord.

A little more than thirty years after the death of Chrysostom his remains were brought with funeral pomp to Constantinople. "A great multitude of the faithful," writes the Church historian Theodoret, "crowded the sea in vessels and lighted up the Bosphorus with torches. The Emperor (Theodosius the Younger, son of Arcadius and Eudoxia) laid his face upon the coffin, and entreated that his parents might be forgiven for having persecuted the Bishop." The remains of Chrysostom were laid in the Church of the Apostles,—the burying-place of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, as well as of the imperial family. The "Joannites" returned to the communion of the Church; and the name of the eloquent Bishop has ever since been held in honour not more for his unrivalled eloquence than for his fearless integrity and his pure and noble life.

S. G. GREEN, D.D.



# JOHN HOWARD.



New Biographical Series.—No. 30.

# JOHN HOWARD.

---

## I.

### HOWARD'S BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

THE exact time of his birth is uncertain, but the date of the year when that event took place appears to have been 1726. His father, a decidedly pious man, ruled his house well, constantly maintaining family prayer and the observance of the Sabbath, the effect of which is seen in his son's after-life. He had an upholstery and carpet business in Long Lane, Smithfield, and was so prosperous that his fellow-citizens chose him for sheriff; but rather than serve the office he paid a fine. Retiring from trade, he went to live at Clapton, within the parish of Hackney, and there, it is believed, his son John first saw the light. He seems to have been a sickly child, and after the death of his mother, of whom little is known, he was taken to his father's estate at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, and was there nursed by the wife of John Prole.

He went to school at Hertford, and his master is said to have been a good Greek scholar; but however that might be, the pupil did not receive there the basis of a sound education. Different accounts are given of the youth's attainments; one authority stating that he was enriched and improved by a variety of useful knowledge, and another that he was never able to speak or write his native language with grammatical correctness. Certainly to the end of life his grammar was defective, and his spelling incorrect; but putting together different testimonies, we may be warranted to conclude that on the whole his education was not so complete as appears from the one, or so imperfect as appears from the other.

When John Howard left school, his father bound him apprentice to a wholesale grocer in Watling Street. But his

father died before the term of apprenticeship expired; then coming into the possession of a respectable fortune, the son obtained release from his indentures, and lived as a gentleman at Clapton.

A story is told which illustrates the curious combination of kindness and eccentricity which distinguished Howard from first to last. He had at Clapton a gardener called Harry, who when ninety years old used to relate how his young master would hide himself by a buttress of the garden wall, and wait for a baker's cart as it came along on its usual round. Buying a loaf of the man, he would fling it over where the gardener was working, and call out, "Harry, see if there be not something for you among the cabbages." Punctually at the usual time of the cart's approach, there stood Howard, waiting for its arrival; thus generosity and order accompanied this spice of youthful fun, and these qualities continued to appear in combination to the end of his days.

## II.

### HIS FIRST MARRIAGE AND EARLY RELIGIOUS DECISION.

Eccentricity, apparent in the anecdote just related, came out more conspicuously in Howard's first marriage.

He went to live at Stoke Newington, and there suffered from nervous fever. He was thought to be consumptive; and whilst residing at the house of a widow named Loidore, was nursed by her with extraordinary care. His health greatly improved under her assiduous and kind ministrations, and he determined to express his gratitude in a way which seemed very unusual. He was about twenty-five, and she had reached the age of fifty-two. Yet from a calm principle of respect and thankfulness, unaccompanied

by such love as is natural in early life, he determined to devote himself to the promotion of her domestic comfort so long as Divine Providence might spare them to each other. He made an offer of marriage, and she accepted it. Nor did the nurse or the patient repent of this union. They were happy together. She was a person of amiable disposition, of sincere piety, of good abilities, and of active habits; and he became a respectful and affectionate companion,—not indeed without manifesting characteristic peculiarities, which she put up with, knowing the benevolent nature he possessed, and trusting to those religious principles which animated his entire conduct—principles which the wife shared in common with the husband. But the union proved a short-lived one. She died in November, 1755, aged fifty-four; and the tombstone over her grave at Whitechapel records that she expired in hope of a joyful resurrection through the merits of Jesus Christ.

At what period exactly Howard first experienced the power of religion, we are unable to ascertain. Perhaps parental education had much to do with the origin of his spiritual life, and he might resemble “a child who cannot tell when he began to love his father”; but whilst living at Stoke Newington, he made an open profession of Christianity by joining a Non-conformist Church in the neighbourhood of what is now Abney Park Cemetery. There he was accustomed to partake of the Holy Communion, and there, we have no doubt, he passed through early stages of that impassioned evangelical devotion which bursts forth again and again in confidential correspondence with Christian friends.

### III.

#### HIS SECOND MARRIAGE AND FIRST VILLAGE IMPROVEMENTS.

In 1758 he married a lady named Henrietta Leeds, who appears to have been both beautiful and accomplished, and with her he took up his abode in Cardington. They were devoted to each

other, and their mutual attachment was purified and heightened by their strong evangelical sympathies, which differences in ecclesiastical opinion did not impair; for his second as well as his first wife was a member of the Church of England. She wrote with her own hand “a surrender and dedication of herself to God and her Saviour,” according to a custom which obtained both among High Church people and Puritans—and this document her husband carried about with him in all his journeys.

They had between them a *charity purse*, as they called it, and on one occasion she replenished its contents by proceeds derived from the sale of her jewels. With these and other funds they improved their estate, not for the increase of their own income, but for the benefit of their poor neighbours. The dwellings of the humbler class had been shamefully neglected, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard resolved to improve the condition of their tenantry. They set an example as village reformers. In this capacity the philanthropist appears some time before he turned his attention to the prison world of England. He and his wife gave employment whilst they bestowed charity. They had for household use articles home-spun by surrounding villagers. Tenements badly constructed, badly ventilated, badly drained, they rebuilt or repaired and improved. Labourers were encouraged to work in their little gardens, to stock them with vegetables, to adorn them with flowers. They enjoined the men to look after the drains, and the women to wash well the kitchen floors. And, as Howard knew how much more sympathy tells upon the hearts of poor people than the pouring out of money, he would sit down by the cottage door, and gently pat the children on their heads, as his wife won the parents' confidence by cheerful conversation and earnest advice.

Seeing the ignorance which prevailed, they opened a school for educating children of all denominations, without imposing any test or teaching adverse to the

creed of the parents. Attendance in a place of worship on Sundays was required; but neither church nor meeting-house was prescribed as essential. A revolution was thus accomplished in the neighbourhood without any attack on sectarian preferences, without any production of social animosity. It was a triumph of charity and wisdom, and kept away heart-burnings and strife.

Howard was not the man to wait for examples. He created them, being a bold pioneer in untrodden regions. Only one observer he thought of; for he ever lived in his great "Taskmaster's eye."

Mrs. Howard's health created anxiety in her husband's mind, and he sought relief on her behalf by a removal to the more genial climate of the New Forest; for a time fixing his residence at Watcombe, on an estate he purchased close to vast stretches of heather, "which late in the summer covers the ground with its crimson and amethyst." In this abode the pattern couple sought to promote the welfare of their humble neighbours; in contrast with a former occupant, who employed himself in the construction of guns and engines for the preservation of game, to the disgust and indignation of the peasantry.

After remaining two or three years at Watcombe, Howard and his wife returned to Cardington, not with that benefit to her health which had been fondly expected; but, reinstated in their favourite dwelling, they resumed their beneficent plans, and made considerable improvements in their own little domain.

Howard was a man of taste, and for the lady's sake, even more than his own, he planted trees, cultivated flowers, and built a "root house," decorated with relics and other ornaments, and fitted up with shelves of favourite books. After his death, a memorial was raised, with the following inscription:—"This garden was formed, the root house built, and the trees which overshadow and adorn them were planted in the year 1762 by John Howard the philanthropist, who lived for many years in this retirement before

his virtues were called into action, and he quitted it to become the benefactor of mankind." The inscription scarcely did him justice, inasmuch as his energies sprung into action as a village reformer before he embarked on his great "circumnavigation of charity" in foreign climes.

Like the first, the second period of Howard's wedded life speedily expired. Henrietta gave birth to a son on the 27th of March, 1765; all seemed to go on well till the 31st. That day, he found dangerous symptoms had appeared in the patient, and in a little time she died in his arms. The loss was irreparable. Faith in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and the memory of her who was the partner of his joys during the brightest era of his earthly existence, afforded the chief solace of his widower days. It was hoped the child she had bequeathed would be a further comfort, but he turned out just the opposite.

#### IV.

##### COMMENCEMENT OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE IN THE TOWN OF BEDFORD.

Howard was fond of travelling: it suited his active habits; it satisfied his eager curiosity; it gratified his love of change; and, after his bereavements, it diverted his attention in some degree from his troubles and his solitude. This was almost the only recreation in which he ever indulged; and immediately after his emancipation from business upon his father's death, and when he was only eighteen years of age, he started on a continental tour. How he travelled, where exactly he went, and whether alone or in company, we are not informed. His house at Cardington was decorated with pictures, and some have supposed that he bought them abroad during this first journey.

Soon after the death of his first wife he determined to visit Portugal, where the earthquake of 1755 had recently occurred at Lisbon. But he did not

reach his intended destination, from a cause explained in his book *On the State of Prisons*. How the French "treat prisoners of war I know by experience in 1756, when a Lisbon packet in which I went passenger, in order to make the tour of Portugal, was taken by a French privateer. Before we reached Brest I suffered the extremity of thirst, not having for above forty hours one drop of water, nor hardly a morsel of food. In the Castle at Brest I lay six nights upon straw, and observing how cruelly my countrymen were used there, and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next: during the two months I was at Morlaix upon parole, I corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinan. At the last of these towns were several of our ship's crew, and my servant. I had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds had perished: and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinan in one day." After being kept for some time at Brest without food, a joint of mutton was flung into the dungeon, which the prisoners tore to pieces and ate as dogs might have done. Howard obtained lodgings in the town, and afterwards was allowed to visit England. He borrowed of his host money for necessities, on the faith of a promise to return to France, should the English Government refuse to send a French prisoner in his stead. When congratulated by friends at home on his escape, he bade them delay their joy until he fulfilled his obligations to the government which had kept him prisoner. He would sacrifice liberty rather than break his word. If this adventure did not first inspire a deep interest in foreign prisoners, it must have served afterwards to keep alive his commiseration for their terrible distress. After the decease of his second wife, he took another journey abroad; and it is in a letter dated Turin, November 30th, 1769, that we meet with the earliest revelation of his spiritual experience, a subject which occurs in many of his continental letters.

"My return without seeing the southern parts of Italy was after much deliberation. I feared a misimprovement of a talent spent for mere curiosity, at the loss of many Sabbaths; and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure which would have been, as I hope, contrary to the general conduct of my life, (all this) on a retrospective view on a death-bed would cause pain. Look forward, O my soul, how low, how mean, how little is everything but what has a view to that glorious world of light, life, and love. The preparation of the heart is of God—prepare the heart, O God, of thy unworthy creature, and unto Thee be all the glory through the boundless ages of eternity." While he was on this journey he recorded an outburst of his faith and joy in the following language:—

"I would record the goodness of God to the unworthiest of His creatures. I have had for some days past an habitual serious frame, relenting for my sin and folly, applying to the blood of Jesus Christ, solemnly surrendering myself and babe to Him, begging the conduct of His Holy Spirit; and I hope I have a more tender conscience by the greater fear of offending God, a temper more abstracted from this world, more resigned to death or life, thirsting for union and communion with God as *my* Lord and *my* God. Oh, the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope have even I,—through redeeming mercy, the perfect righteousness, and the full atoning Sacrifice,—that I shall ere long be made the monument of the rich free grace and mercy of God through the Divine Redeemer. Oh, shout my soul—grace! grace! free, sovereign, rich, unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, a hell-deserving creature! But where sin has abounded, I trust grace superabounds. Some hope I have—what joy in that hope—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Christ Jesus. And, my soul, as such a frame is thy delight, pray frequently, and fervently, to the Father of spirits to bless

His word, and your retired moments, to your serious conduct in life."

We cannot follow his various wanderings to the south of France, the once papal city of Avignon, the Riviera, Geneva, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, and onto Rome—where, he says, the Pope passed close by him and waved his hand in benediction. He reached Naples, then revisited Rome, and on his way back to England touched and briefly tarried at Stuttgart.

We find him at home in 1770, though he could not help soon setting out again, searching after reinvigorated health through change of climate in his own country. At this period, he became worshipper in the town of Bedford with a congregation originated by John Gifford, and afterwards superintended by John Bunyan. Joshua Symonds occupied the pulpit at the time of Howard's return from the continent, and between the two there existed a confidential friendship. Differences arose in the congregation, from causes which need not be explained. It is sufficient to state, that a second meeting-house was built, which Howard supported; yet ecclesiastical severance did not destroy Christian friendship. The new building took Howard's name, whilst the old one bore the name of Bunyan. Howard built or purchased a house in Bedford, in order to avoid Sunday travelling. The daughter of his new minister, Thomas Smith, used to relate how her father and Howard often went out on horseback, and afterwards dined together at Cardington, when the kind host would completely unbend himself, and give the most interesting accounts of his past travels, open to him all his future plans, all his trials and sorrows, in short, every feeling of his heart, in the most free and confidential manner."

## V.

### SHRIEVALTY AND ELECTIONEERING CONTEST.

In 1773 Howard was selected as High Sheriff for Bedfordshire. Protestant dissenters who did not commune with the

Church of England at the Lord's Supper had by the Test Act been excluded from such an office; but Acts of Indemnity had been passed for protecting any who accepted the honour without the qualification, and therefore Howard by serving as sheriff did not lay himself open to any serious consequences, even if he objected to receive the Sacrament at church. At all events, though he does not appear to have conformed, no legal proceedings were taken against him. His shrievalty produced an effect which could not have been foreseen at first, for the miseries of the prison system, as he tells us himself, came under his notice at the time and stimulated him to commence an enterprise which, beyond anything else, has immortalized his name.

What he discovered was this: that persons who had been declared not guilty, or against whom the grand jury had found no true bill, were liable to be locked up in gaol for many months until they paid fees to gaolers and other officials. From such fees these people derived their income. They had no fixed salary, and therefore it was their interest to get as many victims as they could within their power, and to keep them as long as possible in durance vile, and to squeeze out of their pockets, and the pockets of their friends, as much money as they could. The new sheriff, who made himself acquainted with all this, proposed to the county magistrates that they should pay the governor of a gaol a regular salary, instead of leaving him at liberty to fleece the inmates. The justices asked, what warrant existed for adopting this new course. That question he determined to answer by visiting several English gaols, and ascertaining how prison officials in general were paid. It was late in autumn, about the middle of November, when he set off upon the business of this novel investigation. The result was, that he found no precedent for the custom he wished to establish. Every-where prisoners were at the mercy of gaolers. The established system offered a bounty on extortion. The magis-

tracy everywhere were upholding what amounted to injustice.

What he saw during this winter journey suggested another question: "What is the state of bridewells and houses of correction?" He pursued that inquiry with the utmost earnestness, and began to collect information, which satisfied him that the existing condition of things was thoroughly intolerable. One evil in particular stared him in the face with terrific significance. Gaol fever prevailed to an awful extent. He read in *Baker's Chronicle* about the Black Assizes, when the judge, the sheriffs and three hundred more died from a pestilence which, bred and nourished in prison cells, burst into the court and slew a multitude of victims. Other instances, of a like kind, he discovered in this new range of study; and, in the light of historical facts, he looked at the nature of the evil, and at the terrible consequences, in the prisons of England. He was often met in his personal researches with opposition, prevarication, and falsehood. He had to insist on his questions, to repeat his visits, to travel backwards and forwards, to penetrate concealment, to disentangle confusions of fraud and falsehood; and in conducting his solitary crusade he often exposed himself to considerable danger. He resembled one of the knights in olden time described as attacking a succession of enchanted castles. Our philanthropist would not allow the grass to grow under his horse's feet, and before his shrievalty was over the effect of his labours was seen in a Bill presented to the House of Commons for the payment of fees out of the county rates in the case of acquitted or discharged prisoners. A year afterwards another of Howard's items of inquiry was taken up by the Legislature; in addition to the matter of paying fees, we find, in a Bill presented in 1774, a clause relative to the health of prisoners. The connection of these measures with Howard's efforts is plain enough, when we read in the Journals of the House, that Sir Thomas Clavering

was directed by the Committee on Prison Reform "to move that John Howard, Esq., be called to the bar, and that Mr. Speaker do acquaint him with the estimation in which he was held by the House for the humanity and zeal shown in visiting the several gaols of this kingdom." Howard accordingly was introduced to the bar of the House of Commons. We can see him, in plain attire, wearing wig and pigtail, and cocked hat in hand, bowing to Mr. Speaker, as his services are gratefully acknowledged by the representatives of the nation. Both the Bills just noticed were passed not long afterwards.

In the same year which witnessed the partial success of the good man's endeavours, he appears at Bedford, as candidate for the representation of the town, a step probably promoted by his public position as sheriff in the former year, and suggested to his own mind by the prospect it opened of his carrying on further prison reform as a member of Parliament. Into the details of the contest it is needless to enter. It is sufficient to say that he was lowest on the poll. This led to an election petition, and the committee upon it decided against him—the spirit of party being rampant throughout. "As to myself," says Howard, "I calmly retire. It may be promotive of my best interests." No doubt it was. It saved him from the turmoil of political life, which would not have suited his taste or promoted his happiness. Certainly it left open that wide, we may say universal, career of philanthropy, which blessed his country and all Europe with actual reforms, and with the stimulus of an example which has won for him a glorious renown.

## VI.

### PRISON CAMPAIGNS IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

Howard's journeys at home, and those which extended over Great Britain at large, and also over several parts of Ireland, were too numerous to specify here. He indicates in his book *On Prisons* a

map of his movements, and supplies manifold facts and statistics relative to prison affairs during the latter part of the last century. "No yard, no water, no sewer. The gaolers live distant," are ominous words, recorded respecting a place in Devonshire; and they resemble descriptions he gives of what obtained in other districts. He tells us of the Clink, a den of wretchedness into which light and air could penetrate only through an opening of five inches by seven. Three criminals had been shut up there previous to transportation; and Howard insisting upon entering it, though the door had not been opened for five weeks, found a human being there immured, who confessed that he preferred death on the gallows, to life in this fearful grave. In some instances there was no separation of sexes, and many children were born in prison.

His method of proceeding and the adventures which he met with in the course of his travels are specially interesting.

Nobody can study his life without being perplexed by his confused movements, passing from one locality to another, backwards and forwards, without apparently any fixed plan. But the supposition that this was haphazard, and that he acted upon sudden and unintelligible impulses, disappears when we come to consider that one question suggested another; that subjects of inquiry came before him in swift succession; that gaols and bridewells led him to think of hospitals, and other institutions; that what he witnessed in one place he wished to compare with what might be discovered in another; that wishing to be perfectly accurate, he would lay down his pen, and pack up his papers and call his servant to start with him on an unforeseen expedition, in order to satisfy himself respecting a conclusion of which he did not feel perfectly sure. Journeys grew out of journeys, and divergencies arose as he moved along. In other things we know that he was a man of method, and it is not likely that he

would depart from his general habit in particular instances of travelling.

Sometimes he travelled on horseback, sometimes in a post-chaise. Once a postillion sadly troubled him. This man would do as he liked, sometimes driving fast, sometimes driving slow, thus defying the commands of a master accustomed to receive obedience. Upon stopping at an inn to change horses, our traveller bade the landlord send for some poor widow, whose character he could endorse. When one was introduced to him, he gave her double the gratuity expected by the postillion, saying to the latter that he had forfeited all claim to the usual acknowledgment, and that it was now denied him not on the score of meanness, but of justice. Then he sent the fellow about his business.

Another story we meet with is this: Reaching an hotel, he ordered a good dinner, as any gentleman might do, but stipulated that his own servant should wait at table. When all was ready, and the master had retired, Howard told his servant to put away the prepared dishes, and to prepare for him a basin of milk and bread. Afterwards, he not only paid the dinner-bill in full, but added a liberal gratuity to the waiter whose services had been declined. As he often visited the same place, landlord and waiters came to know him well, and they of course cheerfully complied with what they considered to be the fancies of an eccentric gentleman.

It is related by his servant that in Scotland his master once came to a little wayside house, where nothing could be had but black bread, oatmeal, and eggs. These were brought out in an awkward dish, and placed on a three-legged stool: moreover, the guest had to cut slices of this uninviting fare with nothing better than a garden-knife. The house afforded neither table-knives nor forks. Howard talked to the hostess of her lack of religious privileges in such a lonely place. The dame replied, "**Moses**, sir, had greater privileges while keeping his father Jethro's flock in the wilderness,



than when in the Court of Pharaoh." That was just the answer to please her distinguished guest.

When Howard was travelling in winter, he was often in danger amidst snow-drifts; and, proceeding from Newcastle at five in the morning, his servant, riding before him, fell into a snow-pit, which, it being dark, he could not see; but having a strong horse, he worked himself out, and so saved himself and his master.

In connection with Howard's work at home, may be mentioned his engagement as one of the superintendents of a scheme for founding a penitentiary hospital. He was associated with Dr. Fothergill, a physician noted for his benevolent disposition. Howard scrupled for some reasons to co-operate in the business, but his scruples were overcome by Sir William Blackstone, who was one of his acquaintances. Mr. Whateley, treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, was another appointed superintendent, but the three could not agree on a site for the building. Blackstone died, Howard resigned, and this particular scheme came to nothing.

Another project secured his sympathy with a better result. There were prisons in different places for confining foreigners, who had been captured at sea by war vessels cruising in search of the enemy. Three hundred Dutchmen were held in bondage on the banks of the river Severn, and were so neglected, that they had scarcely any clothes to wear. Some kind-hearted people made a collection for the relief of the sufferers. Howard heard and approved of the step, but a cruel official interfered to prevent the design from being carried out. He proposed and endeavoured to enlist them under the British flag, and so compel them to fight against their own countrymen. Howard heard of the abominable manoeuvre, and thwarted it at once. He repaired to the spot, saw the prisoners, who belonged to the Netherlands, examined their statements, and then himself headed a subscription list with ten

guineas, and ordered articles of clothing to be sent down on the following day. He distributed the gifts amongst the captives, and recommended them never to fight except patriotically for their own hearths and homes.

## VII.

### DISTANT JOURNEYS.

His distant journeys cover a wide field, and we can mention only a few particulars respecting them. He visited Paris in 1775, and an incident occurred during his stay there which has been turned into a very sensational story. He wished to penetrate into the secrets of the Bastille, at that period the terror of Frenchmen: and according to the exaggerated report, "he boldly drove up to the gates in a handsome carriage and four, with several servants in livery, dressed himself like a gentleman of the Court. Stepping out of the carriage with an air of authority, he desired to be shewn over the building. The officials, taken by surprise and never doubting from his deportment his right to be obeyed, permitted him to examine everything he chose." So runs a tradition preserved by descendants of his friends and recently published to the world. It is curious that before this new version was made known, Howard's book *On Prisons* was not consulted. There he says, "I knocked loud at the outer gates, and immediately went forward through the guard to the draw-bridge before the entrance to the Castle. I was some time viewing this building. An officer came out much surprised, and I was forced to retreat through the mute guard, and thus regained that freedom which for once locked up within those walls it is next to impossible to obtain."

The tradition compared with the autobiographical accounts, shows what tricks are played, often unconsciously, in the transmission of reports from time to time.

In 1778 he visited Prague, where he went to see a convent—that of Strahow, we apprehend,—situated on the banks of

the Moldau above the Hradschin. He found the monks luxuriously regaling themselves on a day appointed for rigid abstinence. Invited to partake of their hospitality, he rebuked them for their breach of monastic rules; and told them that as he was going to Rome, it would be his duty to report their irregular conduct. The brotherhood begged him to be silent on the subject, when he replied that reformation would best protect them against the payment of any penalty. From Prague he proceeded to Vienna, where the following conversation took place at the table of the British Minister, Sir Robert Murray Keith. A German present remarked, "The glory of abolishing torture in his own dominions belongs to His Imperial Majesty." "Pardon me," interrupted Howard, "His Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture, to establish in its place another more cruel; for the torture he abolished lasted at the most a few hours, but that which he has appointed lasted many weeks—nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon as bad as the Black Hole of Calcutta, from which they are taken only if they confess what is laid to their charge." "Hush!" said the Ambassador; "your words will be reported." "What!" replied Howard; "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world?"

Subsequently, sailing from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, he was overtaken by a violent storm, and driven on an island, where the inhabitants would not allow those on board to disembark, because it was supposed that the vessel had come from a plague-stricken port. This is but one out of many incidents, illustrating the perils and inconveniences to which he exposed himself, whilst intent on the accomplishment of prison reform. And as his enterprise fortified him against fear, so it diverted him from pleasure; for being induced once to attend a concert in Italy, he found his thoughts too much occupied by the melody, and therefore resolved not to

repeat the indulgence. Still an absorbing passion in the pursuit of one form of benevolence, did not prevent him from manifesting another; for finding a young man at Milan imprisoned for an offence, whose punishment had a chastening effect upon his mind, he accomplished the liberation of the prisoner by the payment of a fine; and also made him a present to defray his expenses to another place.

In 1781 he penetrated into Russia, and on approaching St. Petersburg stepped from his carriage and walked into the city, that he might avoid observation; but soon the Empress heard of his arrival, and invited him to Court. He replied that he had come to visit prisons, not palaces;—an ungracious return for what most people would have regarded as Imperial courtesy. But most likely he shrunk from having anything to do with a character such as Her Majesty was known to be. On leaving St. Petersburg for Moscow, he travelled for five days without taking off his clothes; and that he did whilst suffering from ague, as appears from a letter to Mr. Smith of Bedford, dated September 7th, 1781.

"... I stayed about three weeks at Petersburg. I declined every honour that was offered me, and when pressed to have a soldier to accompany me, I declined that also. . . .

"I am told sad stories of what I am to suffer by the cold; yet I will not leave this city till I have made repeated visits to the prisons and hospitals, as the first man in the kingdom assured me my publication would be translated into Russian. . . . I had a fit of the ague a day or two before I set out for Petersburg, but I travelled it off, the nights last week being warm. . . ."

Howard had studied medicine in early life, and he turned this to good account during his stay in Russia. An English lady suffered from typhoid fever so extremely, that life seemed to be extinct, and the servants proceeded to lay out her remains for burial. But the traveller

hearing of the circumstance, hastened to the house, and by a timely application of restoratives, brought back consciousness. The lady recovered, and lived for years afterwards; and bringing a daughter of hers to England, one of the first things she did was to take the young lady to St. Paul's Cathedral, to see a statue of the man to whom both of them owed their lives.

In 1783 he went to Portugal and Spain, where he in vain strove to get into the prisons of the Holy Office. At Valladolid he procured admission to the tribunal room; but on approaching a certain door, was informed none but prisoners could be admitted there. He immediately exclaimed, "I would be confined for a month to satisfy my curiosity." "None come out under three years," rejoined his attendant. On his way home he was seized with fever as he travelled through France, and referring to his recovery he said: "I gratefully record and remember the goodness of God. For many days I have been in pain and sorrow; the sentence of death was, as it were, upon me, but I cried unto the Lord and He delivered me, blessed for ever be His name. O God, do my soul good by this affliction, make me more sensible of my entire dependence upon Thee, more serious, more humble, more watchful, more abstracted from the world, better prepared to leave it. May I live a life of faith in the Great Redeemer, whom having not seen, yet I hope I love and desire to serve to the end of my days."

## VIII.

### AMIDST THE LAZARETTOS.

These institutions were intended to curb the progress of the plague, when it prevailed so widely in the East and threatened the lives of Europeans. In the ports of the Mediterranean quarantine was enforced, and travellers were detained in buildings which bore a name derived from the old leper-houses—lepers being called Lazari because Lazarus is described in the New Testament as full

of sores. Howard determined to visit some places of this sort, from the interest he took in the study of disease, and the use of medicine; but much more from his intention to apply the knowledge he obtained for the purpose of checking gaol fever at home, and diminishing the ravages of sickness abroad. He proposed to begin his inquiries at Marseilles, and on his journey met with an odd adventure. He travelled to Paris by way of Brussels, and took a place in the diligence for the French capital. There was another passenger who entered the lumbering vehicle, and who wore a black wig; and, when they reached the end of the journey, Howard separated himself from this companion, and sought an obscure hotel near the office of the Lyons Diligence. At midnight he heard loud raps at the chamber door. Presently the *femme de chambre* entered, with a man behind her, dressed in black, wearing a sword, and keeping his hands warm in an enormous muff. "Is not your name Howard?" he asked. "Yes; what of that?" "Did you come in the Brussels Diligence, in company with a man in a black wig?" The interrogator vanished when told by Howard that he had paid no attention to such a trifling circumstance. This interruption between twelve and one o'clock in the morning excited his suspicion, and he thought it wise to leave the place as soon as possible. It turned out in the end that the French ambassador at the Hague had been informed of the philanthropist's movements, and the man in the black wig was sent to watch where he went. But for the accidental absence of an official in Paris, it is probable that Howard on his arrival there, would have been arrested and detained.

He travelled on as an English doctor, a character he had assumed in the previous part of his journey, never dining or supping in public, and entrusting the secret of who he was and what he came for, only to a few Protestant ministers he met with by the way. He paid much attention to prisons and hospitals in

Tuscany, and then hastened on to Malta, where he inspected the establishments of the Knights of St. John. From Malta he wrote to a friend in England, mentioning the heavy headaches he felt whilst walking about the lazarettos, adding: "I persevere through good report and evil report; I know I run the greatest risk of my life. Permit me to declare the sense of my mind in the expressive words of Dr. Doddridge: 'I have no hope in what I have been and done;' 'In Him the Lord Jesus Christ I trust.' On the Mediterranean the vessel in which he sailed was attacked. "A few days," he says, "after leaving Modon we had a smart skirmish with a Tunisian privateer. In this skirmish one of our cannon, charged with spikes, nails, &c., having accidentally done great execution, the privateer immediately, to our great joy, twisted its sails and made off. The interposition of providence saved us from a dreadful fate, for I understood afterwards that our captain, expecting immediate death or perpetual slavery at Tunis would be the consequence of our being taken, had determined to blow up the ship rather than surrender."

On arriving at Venice he had to enter the new lazaretto, and was there detained some time in a dirty unfurnished apartment within sight of the city. He had the walls washed with boiling water; then finding that ineffectual, he obtained from the British Consul a supply of fresh lime, with which the room was rendered "so sweet and fresh" that he was able to drink tea in it that afternoon, and to sleep in it the next night. During the journey he went to Vienna, and on Christmas-day, 1786, he makes this entry: "Had the honour of near two hours' conversation in private with the Emperor: his very condescending and affable manner gave me that freedom of speech which enabled me plainly and freely to tell him my mind. His Majesty stopped me and said, 'You hang in your country;' I said, 'Yes, but death is more desirable than the misery such wretches endure in total

darkness chained to the wall, no visitor, no priest, even for two years together.' The Emperor told his minister he was pleased with my visit; I had not pleaded for the prisoners with soft and flattering speech, that meant nothing. Some things I advised he should do, and others he should not do." Howard returned to London in February, 1787, having been abroad more than a year, and having visited, besides the places mentioned, Smyrna and Constantinople, both subject to the plague.

After returning home he visited Ireland and Scotland on his mission of mercy.

## IX.

### AUTUMN FRUIT.

For twenty years before Howard's death, his character for benevolence, devoutness and the manifestation of Christian virtues was more than ever matured and ripened. His travels for promoting prison reform, and the diminution of human suffering, have been briefly described; now we turn to his home life. Part of the time he was at Cardington, and part of it in London.

After the death of his beloved Henrietta, he continued to carry out those plans for the improvement of the village where he dwelt, in which she had taken a deep interest: planting trees, cutting down wood, repairing cottages, cultivating the land, employing the peasantry, supporting schools and the like—these formed a large part of his daily activity.

He loved to keep up everything in the state it was when she was taken away. Much of his employment at home after her decease consisted in doing honour to her memory, and giving expression to his love. Thoughtfulness respecting his tenants and dependents was also indicated by him in many ways. He would bring back from foreign countries, and distant towns of England, useful articles, for distribution amongst them as keepsakes; and he would crown the union of young couples, whose conduct he approved, with

some gift which contributed to their permanent comfort.

In 1777 a sister of his died, and left a house in Great Ormond Street, which he proceeded to occupy. Lord Chancellor Thurlow was one of his neighbours; and in a debate in the House of Lords, on a Bill for releasing insolvent debtors, his Lordship remarked that "he had lately had the honour of a conversation upon the subject with a gentleman who was, of all others, the best qualified to treat of it; he meant Mr. Howard, whose humanity, great as it was, was at least equalled by his wisdom, for a more judicious, or a more sensible reasoner upon the topic he never met with." Whilst living in London he continued the prison visitations which he had carried on there for a long time. He was familiar with the secrets of Newgate, the Fleet, Woodstreet Compter, Westminster Gate-house, King's Bench, Southwark, and other places inhabited by criminals; and as an example of their condition, we quote what he says of the Fleet inmates: "They play in the courtyard at skittles; and not only the prisoners, for I saw among them several butchers and others from the market, who are admitted here as at any other public-house." "On Monday night there was a wine club; on Thursday night a beer club, each lasting usually to one or two in the morning." As late as 1787, he found little improvement amongst London gaols. Magistrates were indifferent, the old fees were extorted, filth abounded, disease prevailed; and filth and disease were types of the moral condition of the prisoners.

An incident occurred during his residence in London which ought not to be omitted. A riot broke out in the Savoy, at that period used for the confinement of military offenders. Some two hundred ruffians rose in mutiny against the authorities, and all discipline and order were at an end. Indeed they are said to have murdered two officers. Howard heard of the circumstances, and resolved to go and see what he could do by personal interference. He stood face to

face with the outlaws, and such was the effect of his appearance and expostulations, that the lions became lambs. The result was amazing. He listened to their complaints whilst rebuking their conduct—the true method of dealing with rebels,—and, having pledged his faith to an inquiry into their grievances, they were quietly led back to their cells.

Another anecdote is related showing the extraordinary influence he had over people. When a certain criminal was under sentence of capital punishment for forgery, a gentleman told Howard of a servant girl of the culprit, who had been subjected to a mysterious abduction and concealment. The condemned man would give no information, and inquiries elsewhere seemed useless. But our philanthropist took up the case, and in twenty-four hours succeeded in recovering the lost.

During his residence in Great Ormond Street, he worshipped at Wild-street Chapel, and formed a friendship with the minister, Dr. Stennett, who in a funeral sermon for him remarked: "With what seriousness and devotion he attended for a long course of years in the worship of God amongst us. It would be scarce decent for me to repeat the affectionate things which he says in a letter sent home from a remote part of the world, respecting the satisfaction and pleasure he had felt in the religious exercises of this place. I shall, however, be excused if I just observe that his hours of religious retirement, whether on land or at sea, were employed in reviewing the notes he had taken of sermons delivered here. These, adds he, 'are the songs in the house of my pilgrimage. Oh, sir, how many Sabbaths have I ardently longed to spend in Wild Street! God in Christ is my rock, the portion of my soul.'"

Sometimes, in the course of his benevolent proceedings in London, his life was no doubt in imminent danger; and he was so dodged about, that he found it necessary to prohibit the unnecessary admission of strangers to his presence: moreover, (but this was more a personal eccentricity than anything else,) he had

a great objection to anybody taking his likeness. Of this he gives an amusing illustration. "I have detected a fellow at work upon this face of mine (ugly as it is) even as I have been walking in the streets of London; and if a hackney-coach has been within call, I have popped into it, drawn up the blinds, and sat snug till I got at my own door, as if I was apprehensive a bailiff was at my heels. Nay, I have often had my door itself infested by a lurking artist who was literally in wait to take me off." Looking into a shop window he caught a person near him trying to copy his face, when he threw it into such contortions that, as he said, "the resemblance between my actual self and the copy would have been just as striking as I could wish it to be."

He is described as of middle height, with a "speaking" benevolence, and when young decidedly handsome. A rude engraving represents him with a wig, cocked hat, ruffles, and buckles, and standing in the attitude of a polite Frenchman. One who knew him well, says he had a dark complexion, bright eyes, and an aquiline nose, and carried the air of a foreigner. One who remembered him, used to speak of Howard's pepper-and-salt coat, scarlet waistcoat and cocked hat. "It was in the summer of 1789," wrote Lucy Aiken, "that John Howard, previous to setting out on his last mission, passed ten days at Yarmouth in consultation with my father. Child as I was, the impression he made on me was indelible; a small man, brisk in his movements, with a lively eye and expressive countenance, extremely fond of children, and entertaining them with narrations fitted to them. His image is still before my eyes."

Howard spent some considerable time in the later part of his life in Warrington, Lancashire, where Dr. Aiken was then a resident. Howard went to this place at a period when he was preparing for the press his successive books on Prisons. They covered a space of three or four years, 1777-1780, and these volumes form the main authority of much contained in

the memoirs written of him since his death. Literary assistance was afforded by Dr. Aiken, Dr. Price, and a Mr. Denham; the first of them informs us that Howard took his memorandum books to a friend, the last-named probably, who assisted in methodizing them. "I copied out the whole matter in correct language, then they were put into the hands of Dr. Price for revision." "On these occasions such was his diffidence, that I found it difficult to make him acquiesce in his own language when, as frequently happened, it was unexceptionable." During a severe winter he rose at three or four in the morning to carry on his work. He dressed at seven, at eight finished breakfast, then walked to the printing-office, continued there some hours, and afterwards took a stroll with dried fruit and bread in his pocket. The evening he spent with friends, and on retiring to his lodgings, had family prayer with his manservant. These particulars are interesting, as they throw light on the industry and orderly habits of this remarkable man. On one occasion, as he left the printing-office he heard some of the workmen swearing. Buttoning up his pockets, he said, "I always do this whenever I hear a man swear; as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain, can steal or do anything that is bad."

There are two things belonging to his later life which must not be passed over in silence.

The first is the unhappy relationship into which he was brought with his only son. Much was said about it at the time, and much has been written about it since. We can only notice it briefly. There can be no doubt of his strong affection for the child of his departed wife. This boy was the hope of his declining years. Family interests for the future centred in him, and about his training from infancy upwards, the affectionate parent felt deeply anxious. But the latter had views of his own respecting education. He not only insisted upon obedience, but enforced it by strange experiments, never humouring the infant

in anything, but insisting on absolute authority over the lad, because children were "without reason and experience." He believed he had so far succeeded, "that his son would have put his finger into the fire if he had commanded him." Moreover, it would appear that there was an occasional absence of mind in the parent's intercourse, likely to leave an unfavourable impression on the boy.

Mischief was done by a man-servant, who, as the youth grew up, led him into temptation. Great Ormond Street afforded facilities for such wickedness; and people who looked with a jealous eye upon the father, insinuated that he was spending money in ways injurious to his son and heir. Young Howard became extravagant, and at Edinburgh, where he was sent for his advanced education, indulged in dissipation; and on his return to Cardington, kept up a style of living such as his father had never done. The end was that maternal uncles interfered, and he was placed under restraint. He survived his father, and died the victim of his own misconduct. What happened before Howard's death was enough to break his heart. Other troubles came of a pecuniary kind; partly, perhaps, through his son's recklessness—partly, it might be, through his own "reforming schemes," as they were called.

The second affair to be noticed is the attempt made by admiring acquaintances, and by many of the outside public, to raise a Howard monument. He peremptorily forbade the progress of the scheme; nor would he accept money for the furtherance of his plans. "Gentlemen," he said, "I shall ever think it an honour to have my weak endeavours approved by so many respectable persons who devote their time, and have so generously subscribed towards a fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons. But to the erecting a monument, permit me, in the most unequivocal manner, to declare my repugnancy to it, and that the erection of it will be a punishment to me. It is therefore, gentlemen, my particular and earnest request, that it

may for ever be laid aside." This was written three years before his death, and, together with another letter of the same kind, prevented the execution of the project.

## X.

## LAST DAYS.

Howard died in harness. His last journey he commenced in the summer of 1789. His leave-taking deeply affected both his friends and himself. There fell over him the shadow of a cloud that they would not meet again in this world. From Amsterdam, he wrote to Mr. Whitbread: "As to my affairs, I am perfectly easy about them. Having food and raiment, I trust I shall be content. I have lately seen how unfit I am to bustle in the world." On reaching Riga, in Russia, he entered one Sunday in his pocket-book the following memorandum: "I hope my soul thirsts for the ordinances of God's house which I am this day deprived of; but I will make a day of rest. Through mercy brought here in safety, I have this morning read over some solemn transactions of my soul many years past, and in the most solemn and devout manner renew those vows which, alas! have been too often broken, and acknowledge Thee, the Almighty Jehovah, for my Lord and my God. O God, hear my prayers, and let my cry come before Thee."

The journey he contemplated he thought would engage him for three years; but he was now nearing the end of all travels in this world. At Cherson, where he arrived in the winter, he was sent for to attend a dying lady. The message was delayed, and on a rainy night he started to her relief on a dray horse. He watched her to the last, and then felt that he had caught the fever which had been fatal to the patient.

He returned to Cherson. Prince Potemkin sent a physician to attend him, and he was visited by Admiral Priestman, who strove to rally his friend's spirits. "Priestman," said Howard, "you style this a dull conversation,

and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I always look forward to with cheerfulness if not with pleasure; and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live, and my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea?" He afterwards gave directions for his funeral. "Let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever to mark where I am laid: but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." He died at Cherson, on the 20th of January, 1790, aged 64.

Our brief narrative bears witness to his elevated moral and religious character, and it should be particularly noticed that evangelical faith constituted the foundation of both his piety and beneficence. He went about doing good in imitation of his Divine Lord and Master: and he was inspired throughout his whole career by love to Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

His prison work rises so far above everything of the kind which had been accomplished before, that it dwarfed other objects which he achieved—in themselves sufficient to have made a high reputation for any other man. The improvements he effected at Cardington exhibit him as an eminent *Village Reformer*, at a period when few landlords cared much about the homes and haunts of their peasantry. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society; and

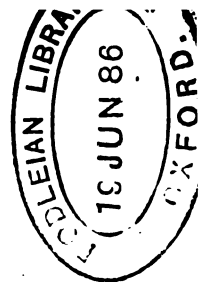
though his contributions to science were inconsiderable, he cultivated a taste for *philosophical inquiry*, and made such progress in the knowledge and use of medicine, as to enable him to save life and to recover health. As a *Sanitary Reformer*, he occupies an early and distinguished place in a long list of benefactors who have done much by increasing cleanliness in many ways, especially by providing for the poor an ample supply of pure water. What he did as a *Statist*, long overlooked, has been well illustrated by Mr. Guy in his interesting volume, entitled, *John Howard's Winter's Journey*. He came to England and submitted facts he had collected abroad to the Commissioners of sick and wounded seamen; and in this instance began a laborious investigation of facts, which not only assisted the Commissioners, but contributed one stone more to the foundation, then being soundly laid, for that vast structure of statistics which are now so useful to science and philanthropy in various forms.

But far beyond what he personally accomplished in his lifetime, is the influence which he has exerted ever since by his illustrious example. James Neild, who set on foot measures for aiding insolvent debtors and reforming Bankrupt laws; Stephen Grellet, a French refugee and a Quaker preacher, who visited London prisons in 1813, and gave an impetus to the rising cause of prison improvement; and the better known Elizabeth Fry, Joseph John Gurney, and Thomas Fowell Buxton, who in varied yet combined ways changed the condition of our gaols: all these and many more—not forgetting Sarah Martin, the poor sempstress who did such work in Yarmouth Gaol—were philanthropists walking in Howard's steps; and are nobler monuments to his memory than the statues of marble or bronze, which, before his death, so many admirers were anxious to raise in his honour.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.



# ROBERT MORRISON, D.D., F.R.S.



# ROBERT MORRISON, D.D., F.R.S.

---

## I.

### BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

THE first English missionary to China was born at Buller's Green, Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, on the 5th of January, 1782. Three years later his family removed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his childhood and youth were spent. His father, a Scotchman, had emigrated to Morpeth in 1768, where he married Hannah Nicholson, a woman of deep piety and superior intellect; they had eight children, of whom Robert was the youngest. First a farm labourer, then a last and boot-tree maker, in which occupation he acquired a business of his own, James Morrison was a godly man, a strict keeper of the Lord's day, regular in maintaining family worship, and withal, an elder in the Scotch church at Newcastle. In such a home, Robert Morrison had every advantage and every encouragement to make the service of God the business of his life. The practice of committing to memory large portions of Scripture, common at the time in religious households, prevailed in his father's house; and it is recorded to his credit that on one occasion, when in his thirteenth year, he repeated to his minister, Mr. Hutton, the whole of the 119th psalm, and accomplished his task without a single error. At an early age, he was apprenticed to his father, and showed much diligence in learning his business.

The year 1798 appears to have been the date of his conversion; he broke off from former companions and gave himself to reading, meditation and prayer. This change does not seem to have been due to any specific circumstance, but to have resulted from the influences by which he was surrounded, and the course of training which he enjoyed. He used to attend the meetings of a "praying

society" that met in his father's workshop; he became very intimate with a like-minded young man who resided at Shields, and used to visit the sick poor with him. The books which he read and enjoyed were mostly religious—Hervey, Romaine, Marshall and Matthew Henry. The saving truths of Revelation were accepted by him with great sincerity of faith. A young sailor, with whom he dealt on the state of his soul, owed his conversion to the terrible earnestness with which he asked him whether he could endure the condition of the lost. The tremendous sense which Morrison had of unseen realities laid the true foundation of the missionary character. Even good and able men will prove but poor missionaries and poor ministers, who have not deep in their hearts that concern for souls which springs from the profound conviction that by nature they are lost, and that their salvation is possible only through faith in Jesus Christ. The intensity of Morrison's feelings on these points led early to a change in the destination of his life.

## II.

### MISSIONARY PREPARATION.

In 1801, he began to study Latin, with a more or less definite view to the ministry. One who had to earn his bread by the labour of his hands could not easily pursue the usual course of study, and the length of time required for this in the Presbyterian Church obliged him to look elsewhere. He accordingly made application in November, 1802, to be received as a student at the Congregational Theological Institution, then called Hoxton Academy, stating, as his reason, his earnest desire to be instrumental in turning sinners from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, and in build-

ing up the Church of God. One of his fellow-students and lifelong friends (Rev. Dr. Clunio) says of him that "his character was even then distinguished by those qualities which subsequently made him so illustrious—the most ardent piety, indefatigable diligence, and devoted zeal. His natural disposition was grave and thoughtful, so that, as his mind was often the subject of anxious and desponding views, especially of himself and his attainments, he probably occasionally appeared to some as gloomy and melancholy. . . . He was a most exemplary student, and always aimed at distinction, even in some branches of study for which he appeared very little adapted. But his chief reliance to secure success was not on any effort of his own, however diligently and constantly exerted, but on the Divine blessing."

The natural temperament of Mr. Morrison was not lively, nor was he one of those who produce at first sight a very favourable impression on a stranger. It was as men came to know him, to know his sterling worth and true geniality and affection of heart, that they were drawn to him in love and confidence. He had from the beginning wonderful powers of application, which stood him in good stead afterwards, when the whole language and literature of China lay before him, an almost unexplored field, and he had to grapple with the formation of a Chinese Grammar, a Chinese Dictionary, and a Chinese version of the Scriptures. When he began to think of the ministry he had a preference for the mission field, and this increased after he entered Hoxton Academy. Writing to the London Missionary Society, 27th May, 1804, he said: "My first wish was to engage as a Missionary. This was the burden of my prayer. I avowed this design to my friends. I frankly own it was the wish of my heart when I came to Hoxton. . . . I knew nothing of a missionary academy . . . and therefore entered on the foundation of Hoxton."

Unhappily, his friends were opposed to his wish, and tried to dissuade him from carrying it into effect. His father, in particular, was unwilling that he should go abroad. Nevertheless, he persevered; and the directors being satisfied with his qualifications, dispensed with a second examination, and despatched him to Gosport, to attend their Missionary Academy under Dr. Bogue. The attention of the London Missionary Society had been for some time directed to China, and his name began to be mentioned in connection with that country. Another suggested destination was Timbuctoo, in Africa, where Mungo Park contemplated the formation of an English settlement. Towards the end of 1804, he was appointed to China. Though it was the most difficult of all mission fields, he was quite pleased with the appointment, believing that the more hopeless the prospect to human eyes, the more would he be led to cast himself on God. It was not even certain whether a Protestant missionary would be tolerated in China. The difficulties of the language were known to be very great, and corresponding to these difficulties, and to the fact that the empire of China was reckoned to embrace fully one-third of the population of the globe, was the responsibility of translating the Scriptures into their tongue. At first it was proposed to send three or four missionaries together, and the Society actually appointed a son of John Brown of Haddington to accompany Mr. Morrison; but Mr. Brown declined the appointment, and Mr. Morrison had to go alone.

In August, 1805, he left Gosport and spent a little time in London, in order to acquire some knowledge of medicine and astronomy, both of which branches he thought would be of use in his work, and also as much acquaintance with the Chinese language as he could. A native of China, very proud and domineering, taught him the Chinese characters and the elements of the language, and then he set to work to transcribe a MS. translation

in Chinese of the greater part of the New Testament, which he found in the British Museum, and also a MS. Latin and Chinese Dictionary lent him by the Royal Society. In regard to his medical studies, it was a proof of his sagacity that he apprehended thus early the benefit of medical knowledge to a China missionary. Afterwards he carried out the idea by establishing a dispensary at Canton. His ordination took place at the Scotch Church, Swallow Street, London, on the 8th of January, 1807. Two other missionaries, whose destination was to India, Messrs. Gordon and Lee, were ordained at the same time, the ordination prayer being offered by Dr. Waugh, and the ordination charge delivered by Dr. Nicol.

### III.

#### VOYAGE TO CHINA—ARRIVAL THERE.

Owing to the restrictions then placed on mission work by the East India Company, no missionary was allowed to go to India in any English vessel without their leave. The London Missionary Society had not asked this hitherto, and Mr. Morrison was instructed to sail first to the United States, and endeavour to find a ship there bound for China. If he should be allowed to remain at Canton, he was first to acquire the language; then perhaps construct a Dictionary, or translate the Scriptures into the language. As Mr. Morrison was on the eve of sailing, he felt very deeply the parting with his family, especially those members of it about whose salvation he had no evidence, and we find him pleading thus, like a true missionary, with one of his sisters: "My dear H., I cannot go without telling you freely my mind, warning and admonishing you, faithfully and affectionately, to flee from the wrath to come. My dear, dear, dear Hannah, do think of your soul now, set heaven and hell and a dying Saviour before you. My brotherly love to your dear partner; tell him from me these things. Bow down together

and call upon God with tears, and for the sake of Jesus, ask for mercy. I hope to go to-morrow." Of such feelings his heart was ever full.

He embarked for America on the 31st of January, 1807. The voyage did not terminate till the 20th of April, when at last the ship came to anchor in the North River, New York. After spending a little time at New York and Philadelphia, and seeing some of the best known friends of the Gospel there, he set sail for China on board the *Trident* in the middle of May. Canton was reached on the 7th of September. Mr. Morrison got but little encouragement at first either from Mr. Roberts, chief of the English Factory, or Sir George T. Staunton, who became afterwards his fast and lifelong friend. He was told that no foreigner was allowed to reside in China, except for purposes of trade, and that no native was allowed to teach the language to a stranger on pain of death. Accordingly, all Mr. Morrison's work needed to be carried on in the most unobtrusive way. He found it difficult to get a residence, and most difficult to get a teacher. For a long time, he lived in dread lest he should be ordered to leave the country; and as the authorities of the Roman Church disliked him, there was no small ground for the apprehension. But to this extremity matters never came.

From the beginning, Mr. Morrison endeavoured to assemble the English residents in Canton on the Lord's day for worship, but in this attempt he met with much discouragement. Though he came to make use of the English Liturgy for the sake of those who were members of the Church of England, his audiences were never large, and he had often cause to lament that residence in a heathen country, instead of producing a higher appreciation of the public ordinances of Christian worship, had often the contrary effect.

At first, Morrison adopted the ways of the natives in dress and food, thinking thereby to bring them more easily into sympathy with him: but he soon found

that the only effect of this was to make him be regarded as different from other foreigners, and thus an object of greater attention and speculation. So after a time, he began again to pare his nails; he cut off his pig-tail, abandoned the chopsticks, and resumed an English dress. Eating with the natives gave little opportunity for conversation, so that the arrangements which he had adopted, in the spirit of self-denial, with a view to the more effective prosecution of his work, not being found conducive to that end, were readily given up.

#### IV.

##### EARLY LABOURS IN CHINA.

Mr. Morrison applied himself with such laborious diligence to the acquisition of the language, that he was able at a very early period to enter on some of the heavy linguistic tasks with which he had to grapple. His first translation into Chinese was the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Divines. Several introductory questions and a few others here and there were added in order to make it adapted to the condition of a pagan people. Before the end of 1808, he had prepared for the press a Grammar of the Chinese language, and had made considerable progress with a Dictionary. He had also made progress with the translation of the New Testament, and might have printed part of it, were it not that he thought it best to wait till he understood the language more perfectly. The chief subject of regret, in the report of his first year's work to the London Missionary Society in 1809, was, that he had no record to present of the conversion of sinners from the error of their ways.

During this period, Mr. Morrison studied with an assiduity hardly ever paralleled. He began early in the morning, and worked all through the day till it was time to sleep. To avoid observation, he hardly ever went out, unless, perhaps, at night in the moonlight. That he should be able thus to persevere

at the dry work of mastering a language, with hardly a friend to speak to, no light literature to refresh him, and for the first year hardly ever a letter from home, was indeed wonderful. He tells us that the second letter he received reached him after he had written two hundred. It was impossible that his health should not suffer under such incessant application. Headaches and depression of spirits were inevitable, even in youth. And as the habit was kept up in a large degree all through his life, it wore out his vitality early, for he was not much above fifty when he died. The impelling cause was the claims of three hundred and fifty millions of people. "Give them the bread of life," seemed to be continually ringing in his ears. Though it was only preliminary labour, it was the most important preliminary labour that could well be conceived. He would have liked better to be dealing with souls—proclaiming the glad tidings, and guiding immortal beings to God; but this was not the work given him to do. His evangelistic gifts would have fitted him well for this work, but during his whole career the number of conversions of which he was the instrument was exceedingly small. Like the Apostle Paul, who had so intense a desire to labour among his countrymen, but accepted cheerfully that other task, the apostleship of the Gentiles, which his Lord appointed for him, so Morrison, while he would fain have been dealing with souls, devoted himself most cordially to the dry task of compiling grammars and dictionaries, and the more interesting one of translating the Scriptures into Chinese. It was in his heart to build the temple, but like King David, he was allowed only to collect the materials and leave to others the honour of the building.

On the 20th of February, 1809, Mr. Morrison married Miss Morton, daughter of Mr. Morton of Macao, where he now resided. Miss Morton had been brought to the knowledge of the truth through his instrumentality, and her brother had

likewise been so impressed that it was intended he should become a missionary. His health, however, interfered with this purpose. Mrs. Morrison had not been long married when she became subject to great nervous depression, making her more a charge to her husband than a help in his work. This was the more lamentable, because, owing to a new position offered to and accepted by him, it became necessary for him to be much absent from Macao. His new position was that of official translator to the East India Company's Factory at Canton. This situation, with a salary of £500 a year, was offered to him the very day of his marriage. It was a proof of the great success of his studies that at this early period he should have received such a mark of confidence.

The appointment of official translator to the Company continued to be held by Mr. Morrison all the time he resided in China. The policy of the Company's Directors towards him was one of strangely mingled generosity and shabbiness. They found him of very great use to them, not only as a translator, but as a mediator and general adviser. They paid him handsomely—so handsomely that he was not only enabled to perform all his missionary work without charge to any society, but to give large donations, in money and in books, to those public objects which he sought to promote. But they could not forget that the mission work in which he was engaged was nominally, at least, contrary to Chinese requirements. They lived in dread lest the Chinese Government should hold them responsible for his acts. For this reason, they would not give him the position of their other servants, in such matters, for example, as right to furlough and a retiring allowance. In 1815 there came from England an order discontinuing his connection with the Company, on the ground that his translation of the Bible might possibly cause mischief to British trade in China; but the local authorities, Mr. Elphinstone and Sir George Staunton, intimated to him that

till further orders they would suspend these instructions, and things went on just as before. When about to return to China after a visit to England—the only one he ever paid—in renewing his appointment they limited the term to three years, and added an unwarrantable condition that his two eldest children should not return with him to China. This latter condition he refused to submit to; but in regard to his employment by the Company generally, he felt that it was not his part as a missionary to ask any secular employment, or to make conditions regarding it; he might accept it when offered, but it did not become him to be haggling about remuneration or length of engagement. There were not wanting men to blame him, as like-minded men subsequently blamed Dr. Livingstone, for accepting employment which they deemed incompatible with the functions of a missionary. In both cases the result amply vindicated the men, viewed even from the most spiritual point of view. Mr. Morrison reasoned that though the duties of an official translator would lessen the time available for his proper work, they would give him a better knowledge of Chinese character and Chinese affairs, would bring him more into contact with the people, and would give him a position of influence both with the British and the natives, that would be of great service in his missionary work. In a domestic point of view, the office involved a great sacrifice, for it was necessary for his family to reside at Macao, while his duties as translator obliged him to spend half the year at Canton, ninety miles off. But such were the extraordinary habits of application of the man, that the work done by him as missionary would have borne favourable comparison with that of any other labourer in the mission field. Apart altogether from the work done by him as official translator, few men have ever presented a fuller record of mission labour than Mr. Morrison from year to year sent up to the Society. His action in the matter met with the cordial approval of the Directors.

## V.

GRAMMAR, DICTIONARY, TRANSLATION OF  
BIBLE AND OTHER WORKS.

We have already adverted to the commencement of these works. In 1811, the Grammar was submitted to Sir George T. Staunton, who wrote regarding it: "I am happy to congratulate you on a work which will prove, both with regard to its plan and its execution, a most valuable acquisition to the student of the Chinese language. He will no longer be under the hard necessity of working his way through the ponderous volumes of Fourmont, Bayer and others; and which after all, are often very inaccurate and defective. . . . Several of your examples, I observe, seem to be taken from books, edicts, and original letters, which, I think is an excellent plan, and as often as this is the case, it may, perhaps, be better to specify it in the margin." The Grammar was adopted by the East India Company to be printed at their expense; but for some cause this was delayed till 1815, when it was printed at Serampore.

The representatives of the East India Company were equally pleased with Dr. Morrison's project of a Dictionary, and agreed to bear the expense of printing it likewise. Thus, again, a heavy expenditure was saved to the London Missionary Society. The Dictionary was a work of immense labour. It involved an acquaintance with the classical literature of China, such as no Englishman had ever possessed. The translation of the Bible began with the New Testament, and was brought to a close with the assistance of the Rev. W. Milne. This gentleman was sent out by the Society in 1813, and his arrival was most cordially welcomed by Mr. Morrison. They were like-minded men, and worked with entire harmony for the spiritual good of China. But the Chinese authorities would not allow Mr. Milne to remain in China; and the few years of labour which he was able to give, before his early death, were spent at Malacca, in

charge of an institution of which we shall give an account by-and-by. Some parts of the Bible were translated by Mr. Milne. As both gentlemen received the degree of D.D. from Scotch Universities, it may be well to speak of them as Dr. Morrison and Dr. Milne.

Among the publications in Chinese which Dr. Morrison issued was a Monthly Magazine, published at Malacca, in conjunction with Dr. Milne. The Book of Common Prayer was translated into Chinese. Another book was called "*A Voyage Round the World*." It was designed to enlarge the minds of the lower class of the Chinese in respect to mankind generally; and to introduce among them a knowledge of the essential truths of Christianity. To this pamphlet was annexed a map of the world, in which Judæa is designated as the country "where Jesus, the Saviour of the world, was born."

Another work was a *Commentary on Holy Scripture*, with notes explanatory of places, persons, historical facts, etc., to enable heathen students, and also new converts, to understand the Bible properly.

In 1828, he began a Dictionary of the provincial dialect of Canton, with the hope of its tending towards the final object of the Mission. The *Domestic Instructor* was a work in four volumes, to the expense of printing which he contributed two hundred pounds. Besides these, tracts and papers in Chinese were often dropping from his pen.

Gradually, but steadily, Dr. Morrison rose to a position of great eminence as a Chinese scholar. On one occasion, when adverting to his services in a difficult piece of diplomacy, Sir James Urmston, an officer of the Company, remarked: "During the progress of this affair, which had involved the East India Company's representatives in one of the most serious, harassing and vexatious controversies they ever had been engaged in with the Chinese, the zeal and exertions of Dr. Morrison were unremitting. His extensive, and indeed extraordinary

knowledge of the Chinese language, and of the system, character and disposition of the Chinese Government, enabled him clearly and fully to comprehend its sentiments, views and meaning, as well as to detect the sophistry, duplicity and even falsity which but too frequently marked the official documents of the local authorities, as well as the language and arguments of the Hong merchants, the latter being always the vehicle of communication between the Government and foreigners."

When, under Jesuit influence and jealousy, an attempt was made in 1830 to undermine his character for scholarship, and decry Protestant missionaries, Professor Neumann of Berlin said it was a disgrace to the editors of the French *Journal Asiatique* to allow Klaproth to fill the pages of the journal with lies and calumny. A mean proposal having been made to a gentleman distinguished for his knowledge of Chinese literature, Mr. J. F. Davis, afterwards Chief Superintendent of His Majesty's Commission in China, to join the crusade against Morrison, the following answer was given: "I cannot help regretting that you should indulge in such hostility to Dr. Morrison, concerning whom I must declare (and I could not without the utmost baseness do otherwise) that I agree with Sir George Staunton in considering him as 'confessedly the first Chinese scholar in Europe.' It is notorious in this country that he has for years conducted, on the part of the East India Company, a very extensive correspondence with the Chinese in the written character; that he writes the language of China with the ease and rapidity of a native; and that the natives themselves have long since given him the title of 'Le Docteur Ma.' This testimony is decisive; and the position which it gives him is such that he may regard all European squabbles respecting his Chinese knowledge as mere *Batrachomyomachia*, battles of frogs and mice. What Mr. Majoribanks stated, in relation to a Japanese version of the Dictionary, is

perfectly correct. The Japanese were so well pleased with the alphabetical arrangement of the second part, that they have availed themselves of Dutch interpretation to convert it into their own vernacular language."

It was in acknowledgment of his learning that in 1818 he received the degree of D.D. by the unanimous vote of the *Senatus Academicus* of the University of Glasgow.

## VI.

### INCIDENTS WHILE ACTING AS OFFICIAL TRANSLATOR.

It was a significant circumstance that only a few months after the arrival of the communication from the Court of Directors terminating his connection with them, on which the local authorities refused to act, he was called to take part in a very important embassy which it was resolved to send to Peking, to negotiate directly with the Emperor. The embarrassments arising from the vexatious conduct of the Chinese in regard to trade were so great that this step was counted essential towards an adjustment of differences.

On the 9th of February, 1816, His Excellency Lord Amherst, Ambassador Extraordinary from the British Court to the Emperor of China, embarked at Portsmouth on board H.M.S. *Alceste*, accompanied by the H.C.S. *Hewit*, laden with presents, and H.M. brig *Lyra*. The embassy, with officers and attendants, numbered no fewer than seventy-two persons. On the 13th of July, having taken Sir George Staunton and Dr. Morrison on board, the *Alceste* proceeded on its way, and on the 28th of July anchored off the mouth of the river Pihho. On the 13th of August the embassy were entertained at a banquet given by two Imperial commissioners in the name of the Emperor at Teen-tsin. Dr. Morrison was struck with the pains taken to mark diversity of rank—the ambassador and two commissioners sat on cushions six or eight inches from the ground, the suite on the ground, over which a red



cloth was spread. On the 20th of August the embassy arrived at Tung-chow, one day's journey from Peking. Eight days were spent here, discussing with a Chinese nobleman and others a question deemed vital by both parties. The discussion turned on whether or not the British ambassador would perform the customary ceremony of obeisance in saluting the Emperor. The highest officers in China were accustomed to kneel down on the ground, place the hands when bowing forwards on the floor, and strike the forehead against the earth, as a token of devotedness and submission. But it was not enough to do this once. It had to be done three times, and repeated twice. Between each three acts of obeisance the worshipper had to rise and stand erect, then kneel down again. The question was, Would the ambassador do all this?

He would have been very unlike an Englishman if he had; and the negotiations were designed to procure his exemption. The Chinese nobleman at last pretended to give way, and the embassy set off to the palace of Yuen-ming-yuen, and after travelling all night, arrived at daybreak next morning. The hour of audience, which was very early, having already passed, the embassy were hurried, unwashed and undressed, to the door of the palace. Lord Amherst represented to the nobleman that the fatigues of the night journey had made him unwell, and requested that the interview might be postponed. An order was given that the ambassador should retire to the house provided for him, and the Court physician was appointed to wait on him. The physician did not find him very ill, and the Emperor, thinking he had been imposed upon, called a special meeting of his cabinet. No one had courage to explain the matter to His Majesty, though the facts were well known to them. The enraged Emperor decreed that the ambassador should depart immediately. Accordingly, at four o'clock that afternoon he left Yuen-ming-yuen. The Emperor found

out afterwards how the matter really stood, degraded the nobleman and three of his officers, and complained bitterly of the way in which he had been treated. But he was too proud to make any explanation or apology to Lord Amherst, though he gave instructions that in passing through the country he should be kindly treated. Thus ended the special Embassy from the Court of Great Britain, not having even seen the face of His Celestial Majesty.

Probably, however, the Emperor felt a little ashamed; to relieve himself he addressed a characteristic letter to the King of England. It began: "The Supreme Potentate, who has received from heaven and revolving nature the government of the world, issues an Imperial mandate to the King of England, with which let him be thoroughly acquainted." The imperial mandate dwelt on the unprecedented rudeness of the ambassador and commissioners all pretending to be ill when the time came to see His Majesty, scoffed at the curiosities sent as presents, and advised the King of England to keep his ambassadors at home; and if only his people rendered true obedience to the Emperor and his laws, there would be no trouble. He had fully expected that the British ambassador would perform all the customary acts of obeisance, and in that faith had prepared for the following day a great banquet in the hall of light and splendour; the day after permission was to be given to ramble among the hills of ten thousand ages; the day after that rewards were to be conferred at the gate of great concord; and finally, the ambassador would be sent to proceed on his journey. All that came of the embassy was a new proof of the towering pride and pretensions of the Celestial Empire, and the contempt in which it held the barbarous nations of the outer world.

A very ticklish negotiation was connected with what was known as the Lintin affair. Some men from an English frigate had landed on the island of Lintin to obtain water, and, though unarmed,

had been attacked by the natives, and several of them wounded. Men were sent from the frigate to defend them, and in the *melée* two Chinese were killed. The Chinese demanded that the murderers, as they called them, should be delivered up to be put to death. The British denied that it was a case of murder, and refused to give any men up. Both parties maintained their ground obstinately; the whole factory was closed, its people and its goods put on board ship, and all trade suspended. Some of the native merchants were very desirous that the affair should be arranged, and actually proposed to the British frigate to urge that two of their men had fallen overboard, and as these were the murderers they could not be given up. They would have been satisfied even with a wild fiction like this, but they would not admit the excuse of self-defence. The affair was protracted for a long time, Dr. Morrison acting as interpreter. At last trade was resumed, on a promise that the whole affair would be reported in England, and inquired into by duly constituted authorities. What made the English so bent on resisting the Chinese was the certainty that if any of their men had been given up they would have been strangled, as both English and Americans had been before in the like circumstances; and likewise the determination to resist the principle, that men killed while attacking the English without provocation, were to be held as murdered.

## VII.

### THE ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE AT MALACCA.

About the year 1812, Dr. Morrison's mind began to be turned towards an object of great importance, which he continued to cherish, until at last it was realized—the institution of a college at Malacca. “I wish,” he wrote at that time, “that we had an institution at Malacca for the training of missionaries, European and native, and designed for all countries beyond the Ganges. There also, let there be that powerful engine

the Press. The final triumph of the Gospel will, I think, be by means of native missionaries and the Bible. The spring that gives motion to these under God being European Christians, we want a central point for our Asiatic Missions; we want organized co-operation; we want a Press; we want a Committee of Missionaries. . . . Such a committee, being engaged in missionary work in heathen lands, would have means of judging which a person in England, who had never removed from his study or his desk, could not have.” It was not till 1815 that any steps were taken towards carrying out this design. The Rev. W. Milne, not being allowed to reside in China, went to Malacca, to establish a branch of the Mission there. Dr. Morrison had thought of Malacca for his college, as being near China, with ready access to all parts of the archipelago, which the Chinese had settled, as well as to Cochin-China, Siam, Penang, and India. The climate was healthy, and the authorities, who were then Dutch (it afterwards became English), were favourably disposed. Dr. Milne agreed in his view, and certain proposals were submitted to the directors. The plan was that a suitable piece of ground be purchased, and a Chinese free school established at the beginning, which might by-and-by develop into a seminary for training candidates for the ministry; that a printing-press be set to work to print works in Chinese, Malay, and English; that missionaries needing to rest and recruit should find here a suitable home; and that Dr. Milne should help in the translation of the Scriptures till the whole version should be completed. The directors approved of the scheme; Dr. Morrison made a very large contribution towards it (£1000, and £100 a year for five years, besides many valuable books), and it got the name of the Anglo-Chinese College. In November, 1818, the foundation of the building was laid. Malacca was to be at once the Athens and the Iona of the East. At first the scheme was greatly opposed by the

natives, and as the attendance of children would necessarily withdraw them from remunerative occupations, a very doubtful principle was introduced—the children were paid for attending. The school, however, prospered, and in the course of years several of the students, teachers, and printers employed in the Mission were converted, including one, Leang-Afa, who became a fervent evangelist. Several works of importance issued from the press of the college, including Premare's *Notæ Linguae Sencicæ*, Collie's translation of the Chinese book called "The four books," Dr. Morrison's *Notices concerning China*, the *Domestic Instructor*, the *Books of Scripture*, *Religious Tracts*, etc. In Dr. Milne's time the number of students varied from 20 to 60. The institution sustained a great blow by the death of Dr. Milne, on 2nd June, 1822, in the 37th year of his age. To Dr. Morrison this event was a severe personal affliction as well as a serious public loss. "Great is the loss to this Mission," he said, "which the early removal of that faithful, devoted, and successful Chinese missionary has occasioned. His attainments in the difficult language of this great empire were eminent. His whole soul was in his work. Few have made so rapid a progress as he did in the language, and in a comprehension of the opinions of the Chinese, which he studied assiduously for the purpose of conveying the truths of the Gospel to their understandings and their hearts."

The death of Dr. Milne had followed, at the interval of a year, a nearer bereavement sustained by Dr. Morrison—the death of Mrs. Morrison, on 10th June, 1821. The years spent in England had been attended with a great improvement of her health, and when she returned to China, in August, 1820, Dr. Morrison's home acquired a brightness and hopefulness such as it had hardly known before. A few days before her death she was seized with a severe attack of sickness, the more trying as she was looking for the birth of a babe. In a little while

all was over; and in place of there being a living mother and a living child, death had claimed both as his prey. Then came a difficulty about a place of burial. Dr. Morrison wished to lay the remains beside those of their eldest son, who had died in infancy; but the Chinese would not allow the grave to be opened. The Roman Catholics would not allow a Protestant to be laid in their cemetery. It would have been necessary to make the burial under the town walls, had not the Committee of the English Factory, impressed with the inconvenience of having no place of interment for Protestants, resolved to purchase a field for the purpose. Four thousand dollars were paid for a suitable field, and the body of Mrs. Morrison was laid there, to await the resurrection of the just. When Dr. Milne died, Dr. Morrison, with characteristic generosity, adopted his son Robert—we presume his own nameson; and in doing so desired to submit it to the consideration of such of the Christians of Britain as possessed a competence, whether or not the practice of adopting an orphan child of those who have died abroad in their Lord's service, was not one of the most efficient modes of providing for the orphan, and of showing the reality of the individual's love of the Saviour. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

After Dr. Milne's death, Dr. Morrison resolved to visit Malacca; embarked on the 17th of January, 1823, and on the 29th of January landed at Singapore, a newly formed English settlement, which had for its governor Sir T. Stamford Raffles. Sir Stamford and Dr. Morrison were like-minded men. The governor was desirous of forming for Singapore a college like that which Dr. Morrison had founded at Malacca, and there was even a proposal, as Malacca continued to be under the Dutch Government, that the Anglo-Chinese College should be removed to Singapore. The subject was discussed at a meeting, at which Dr. Morrison gave an exposition

of his views. He favoured greatly the union of science, literature, and religion which was contemplated in the Singapore Institution. "Knowledge," he said, "is not virtue; but knowledge is power, and should always be possessed by the virtuous, to enable them to do good to others." "Science and philosophy cannot, at the present day, be said to flourish anywhere but in Christendom. True religion is favourable to true philosophy, and true philosophy is the handmaid of true religion; and it is manifest that it must be so, for Nature and Revelation are derived from the same Almighty Agent. To the lovers of physical science and of natural history, in all their ever-varied and unceasingly interesting details, the islands of the archipelago and the continental nations of Eastern Asia to which the Singapore Institution directs its attention, furnish ample scope for exertion. By the union of the colleges and presses with the scientific part of the Institution, facilities will be afforded to the enquiries of science and of art, as well as of literature, of moral philosophy and of religion. Here native missionaries of science may be educated and sent forth to investigate, in the surrounding countries, the productions of Nature in all their diversity of form, and to describe them in a scientific manner. Why should it be thought impossible that natural history, that botany, that mineralogy and other departments of science may be thus greatly enriched by stores brought from sources to which Europeans can have no access? If this shall one day be the result, will not the arts and manufactures, and commerce also, be greatly benefited?"

These are hardly words that Dr. Morrison would have used at the beginning of his missionary life. He did not think less now than he did then of the Revelation of God's grace in the Gospel as the only instrument for turning men to God; but he thought more of the proper place of subordinate instrumentalities, and had a more comprehensive view of the need of all, to conspire

together in bringing about the glorious consummation.

On Tuesday, 4th February, 1823, he arrived at Malacca. The college and native students gave him great satisfaction. It was delightful to hear them singing the hundredth psalm to Luther's tune. On the Sunday he preached three times to the Chinese. While at Malacca he wrote a memoir of Dr. Milne, and began a translation into Chinese of Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*. He returned to Macao August 8th.

Unfortunately the men to whom Sir Stamford Raffles entrusted the affairs of the Singapore Institution neglected and mismanaged them. Dr. Morrison had contributed to it, from first to last, 5,900 dollars—a signal proof of his interest and his hopes regarding it—and he felt very keenly the state of matters which he found on paying it a visit in 1826. He did what he could to put things in order, and charged the trustees to be active and faithful. The Anglo-Chinese College continued at Malacca, and Dr. Morrison was now all the more desirous of promoting its stability. Writing in 1832, he said of it: "The London Missionary Society's Chinese press at the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca, and Mr. Medhurst's at Java, have sent forth millions of pages, containing the truths of the everlasting Gospel; and that Institution has given an excellent education to scores of native youths."

## VIII.

### VISIT TO ENGLAND.

It was not till December, 1823, after sixteen years of incessant toil in China, that Dr. Morrison paid a visit to his native land. The East India Company gave their permission and made some allowances to him. A single year was all the furlough he contemplated, apart from the time occupied in the double voyage. He accordingly took a passage on board the Hon. Company's ship *Waterloo*, taking with him the very valuable Chinese library of ten thousand

volumes which he had collected, and which he purposed to present to some public library for the benefit of Chinese literature in England. Having no coadjutor from his own country, he was obliged, to his great regret, to leave China without any missionary representative; but to secure the continuance of Christian ordinances among the few who had renounced idolatry, Leang-Afa, a convert of eight years' standing, was appointed Evangelist among his countrymen.

"Sixteen years," he wrote to his children, "have I been in China; a country that is full of idols; a land in which the Creator of the universe is forgotten and unknown to as great a degree as in any part of the habitable globe. Satan here keeps his throne; but the duties of the second table of the law are still discerned with considerable precision. Justice and equity between equals are understood; but superiors, as fathers, elders, and magistrates, tyrannize much over the inferior relations of life. My public life in China has been a period of great industry; my domestic life has been a chequered scene of pleasure and of pain; but even the painful circumstances are very dear to my recollection."

At the Cape of Good Hope, he missed seeing Dr. Philip, who was absent on a mission tour; but Mr. Moffat was there, and on Sunday, when he was unable to preach, read for him in the Mission chapel a sermon on Missions which he had prepared on board ship. At St. Helena, the tomb of Napoleon was visited with much interest. London was reached on the 23rd March, 1824. One of his first objects was to dispose of his library, which had cost him upwards of £2000. Strange to say, he was worried with difficulties about remission of duties, as he had not yet decided to what institution he would present it. Then he was worried by the apathy of institutions with which he negotiated about it, and their unwillingness to receive what they thought mere lumber. If either Oxford or Cambridge had instituted a Chinese professorship,

it would have got the library; but he had to abandon all hope of this. Ultimately it was presented to the Council of University College, London, as "the Morrison library," free to be used by students of all denominations.

He had a busy time in England. Much of his time was spent in stage-coaches, hurrying from meeting to meeting and from one friend's home to another. At a levee, he was presented to the King, who received him with marked attention. In acknowledging a copy of his translation of the Bible presented to His Majesty, Sir Robert Peel informed him that the King had ordered him to see that it was particularly cared for. The Court of Directors received him with great respect, and invited him to a dinner, where he was introduced to some of the most distinguished men of the day. A similar honour was paid to him by the Mayor and Council of Newcastle. Sir Walter Scott sent him a polite invitation to visit him, which he was unable to accept. The Royal Society elected him a Fellow. By the Bible and Missionary Societies, it need not be said, his reception was particularly cordial; while over the country he was regarded with the admiring interest due to one who had surmounted the difficulties of a most arduous position, had consecrated his whole energies to the good of China, and had acquired a character for scholarship, for zeal, for integrity and for piety, which made him an honour to his country, and a great blessing to the Christian Church.

The most interesting scene connected with his visit was the presenting of his Chinese Bible at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Dr. Morrison appeared on the front of the platform holding the book in his hand. "Beside him," said the Rev. T. S. Grimshaw, in a letter to a friend, "stood his youthful son, brought forward, as it were, not indeed to stand pledged against his country's foes, but to be consecrated, on the altar of the Bible Society, against those of his Redeemer, and to

share with his father in the honour of extending His everlasting kingdom. . . .” Mr. Butterworth (one of the directors) then stated the following fact. “It is now many years ago, that in visiting the library of the British Museum, I frequently saw a young man who appeared to be deeply interested in his studies. The book he was reading was in a language and character totally unknown to me. My curiosity was awakened, and, apologizing to him for the liberty I was taking, I ventured to ask what was the language that engaged so much of his attention. ‘The Chinese,’ he modestly replied. ‘And do you understand the language?’ I said. ‘I am trying to understand it,’ he answered; ‘but it is attended with singular difficulty.’ ‘And what may be your object,’ continued Mr. Butterworth, ‘in studying a language so proverbially difficult of attainment, and considered to be even insuperable to European talent and industry?’ ‘I can scarcely define my motives,’ he remarked; ‘all that I know is that my mind is powerfully wrought upon by a strong and indescribable influence, and if the language be capable of being surmounted by human zeal and perseverance, I mean to make the experiment.’ Little did I think that I then beheld the germ, as it were, of that great undertaking, the completion of which we have witnessed this day; that such small beginnings would lead to such mighty results; and that I saw before me the honoured instrument raised up by the Providence of God, for enlightening so large a portion of the human race, and bringing them under the dominion of the great truths of the Gospel.”

Besides endeavouring to deepen interest in the China Mission, and in the Anglo-Chinese College, Dr. Morrison devoted a large share of energy to a new project—a plan “for a more extensive diffusion of Divine truth by means of a society which should promote the cultivation of all the languages of mankind, and afford to those benevolent persons who

leave their native country with the view of imparting to the heathen the knowledge of Christianity, every degree of assistance *before* they quit their native country.” The Society, called the “Language Institution,” was established, under the auspices of such men as Lord Roden, Lord Bexley, Sir G. T. Staunton, Sir S. T. Raffles, Mr. Wilberforce, etc. Dr. Morrison not only granted the Society the use of his library and museum, but opened the Chinese department himself by giving a three months’ course of lectures. Attending this course he had thirteen students, of whom four were devoted to the propagation of the Gospel in the Indian Archipelago; two of the four were to sail at once for Malacca, and the other two to remain some time longer in England. When Dr. Morrison agreed to spend a year longer than he originally intended in England, he gave lessons both to young men and young women. The ladies’ class consisted of persons who were purposing to promote the education of heathen women. This was an object which Dr. Morrison had much at heart, being convinced that women could never rise to their proper level in heathen countries but under the influence of Christianity. The public mind, however, was not then ripe for a view which has taken a remarkable hold in more recent times; and it devolved on a few individuals to make the experiment, and prepare the way for the more general action which has since taken place.

The profound interest which Dr. Morrison had taken in the literature of China, and his very successful efforts to provide the means for its cultivation, might have been expected to secure a cordial response from the educated classes. But this did not come to pass, and after his departure the Language Institution languished. In 1828, indeed, he received accounts of its dissolution. This, with the failure of the Singapore Institution, could not fail greatly to depress him. The Anglo-Chinese College of Malacca flourished, however, and yielded satis-

factory results. It was no great wonder that some of his friends were disappointed with the results of his visit to England. As one of them remarked:—"We place in the highest rank of the men of letters, we describe as the Colossus of literature, the great English lexicographer Dr. Johnson; and he deserves it at our hands. We venerate the scholars who accomplished the translation of the Scriptures into their and our native tongue; and we do no more than what is just. But how much less than justice shall we do, if professing to desire the extension of Christianity or even literature, we fail to regard with high reverence and to help with hearty co-operation the man who, almost without assistance, has reduced to a system for foreigners, and enriched with an entire translation of the Bible for natives, the language of the greatest empire in the world?"

## IX.

## LAST EIGHT YEARS.

While in England, Dr. Morrison married the lady who was the faithful companion of the last period of his life, and the compiler of the very copious *Memoir* which has supplied us with the facts of the present sketch. They embarked on board the *Orwell* in May, 1826, and arrived at Macao on the 19th of September. A serious mutiny occurred on board the ship, in quelling which Dr. Morrison was of eminent service. While the mutineers were in the fore-castle, Dr. Morrison, at the request of the captain and officers, went to endeavour to bring them to terms. "The most dreadful apprehensions were entertained by the passengers, consisting, besides Dr. Morrison's family, of a military officer and his wife, who always spent their evenings in his cabin, and were there on the present occasion. With a full impression of the awful circumstances in which they were placed, Dr. Morrison maintained his usual composure and self-possession. . . . As he intrepidly approached the exasperated

party they evinced no hostile intention towards him, but listened with the greatest respect and attention. . . . He then appealed to their better feelings and urged them to return to their duty, and he had the satisfaction to see all go off to their work except the ringleader, who was seized and with two or three others who went to his assistance was punished, though contrary to the promise Dr. Morrison had been authorized to make to them, which greatly disconcerted him." A gunner whose foot had been shattered became under Dr. Morrison intensely anxious about his soul. "The blessed Saviour's free and full salvation without works," Dr. Morrison wrote, "has afforded peace to his mind."

Arrived at the old sphere of labour, Dr. Morrison began his *Domestic Instructor*, his *Commentary on the Bible*, his *Dictionary of the Canton dialect*, and other literary undertakings.

Notwithstanding the distinction attained by Dr. Morrison as a Chinese scholar, disparaging comments on his work appeared at times. The *Quarterly Review* complained that the Scriptures had been translated by "self-instructed" men. In a letter written in reply to an attack in the *Asiatic Journal*, but not sent, Dr. Morrison deals with this sneer. "What good scholar ever existed who was not in a great degree 'self-taught'? . . . But putting this aside, who was to instruct the modern missionaries in Sanscrit, or Chinese, or Otaheitean, but the individuals themselves? There had been 'regularly educated' civilians and commanders, and chaplains, too, in India, and commercial agents in China, long before the English missionaries were born; but had they learned or had they provided means to teach those languages? England had drunk Chinese tea, and raised millions of revenue from it, for a century, but England had not furnished one page, nor established a single school to teach Chinese, till a 'self-instructed' English missionary did it."

In June, 1833, he received a communication from the President and Select

Committee of the Company at Macao, informing him that some of his publications contained views contrary to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church; and as the use of a printing-press in Portuguese territories without leave was prohibited, he was required to discontinue the employment of his press in that city. It was a paltry and vexatious order, nor did he feel at liberty to disregard it; but he made a vigorous protest against it, and fell back all the more vigorously on methods of influence which it did not touch, such as the more extensive circulation of tracts and books already printed, the composition of notes on Scripture, the holding of public English service, and of a service with the natives. But about this time his strength began to be impaired. He had to confess that he was "tired in his work, but not of it." By-and-by, headache, restlessness, loss of appetite, pain in his right side, and prostration of strength, told how the silver cord was loosening. But his medical adviser did not think him seriously ill. His wife and family carried out their intention of leaving for England on the 14th of December.

During the year 1834 he was able to go on, though feeble, with most of his labours, but his weakness seemed to increase. The last sermon he ever wrote was from the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions." "It suggests four topics of consolation to Christians under trial:—1. Faith in God as their reconciled *Father*, and in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer, who came to save His people from their sins. 2. The recollection that they had been adopted with the *family* of God. 3. That they had a rich inheritance. And 4. That they were advancing towards an everlasting *home*, the happiness of which would in a great degree consist in the *society formed there*, the *family* of God, from all ages and out of all nations, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, and confessors, with the more humble followers of the

Lamb; and above all, the Saviour whom they would see face to face."

The Factory system having been brought to an end, and Lord Napier having come out in 1834 to represent the English nation at Canton, Dr. Morrison's position underwent a change. He was to have £1300 a year without allowances, and to wear a vice-consul's coat with King's buttons, etc. He was to be styled "Chinese Secretary and Interpreter." Alas! the time for all this had passed. On the 20th of July Lady Napier wished him to preach in the chapel, and he would have preached a sermon he had written; but some bigot objected, and there was no service at all. Lord Napier wished him to accompany him to Canton on business; the weather was hot, and the business unpleasant, and he felt unwell. His last entry in his Diary for his wife was 28th July. "Eight p.m. We have spent another tiresome day, my love, with political squabbles, and got no nearer agreement yet. My health is much the same." The diary had to be continued by his son. During Wednesday 30th, Thursday 31st, he sank steadily. He had eagerly hoped for tidings of the arrival of his wife and younger children in England, but while he lived none came. A raging fever was now consuming him. On Friday, 1st August, the extremities were found to be cold, and about ten o'clock he passed away. Though no special dying testimony came from his lips, there could be no doubt as to the source of his hope in the prospect of death. The sermon from which we have quoted indicates beautifully the thoughts that must then have been filling his heart. A life of intense activity and devotedness was closed in peace; and another great testimony was added to the Apocalyptic proclamation—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

W. G. BLAINE.



# KING ALFRED.





# KING ALFRED.

## I.

### TRADITIONS OF EARLY DAYS.

ALTHOUGH the age in which King Alfred was born and reigned is so remote, and the intellectual darkness was so prevalent, that it may at first sight seem that we can have little distinct knowledge concerning him, his actions were so strong, his character so luminous, and the influence he left behind him upon the laws and literature, the morals and the monarchy, of the country so evident and undoubted, that, notwithstanding the legendary character of many of the circumstances mentioned in his life, he comes before us with as much distinctness as most historical personages who are far nearer to us in point of time. Sir James Mackintosh, not only one of our most elegant, but also one of the calmest and wisest of historians, says of this great prince: "The Norman historians, who seem to have had his diaries and note-books in their hands, chose Alfred as the glory of the land which had become their own; there is no subject on which unanimous tradition is so nearly sufficient evidence as on the eminence of one man over others of the same condition; his bright image may long be held up before the national mind; this tradition, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, is in the case of Alfred rather supported than weakened by the fictions which have sprung from it. Although it be an infirmity of every nation to ascribe their institutions to the contrivances of a man rather than to the slow action of time and circumstances, yet the selection of Alfred by the English people as the founder of all that was dear to them is surely the strongest proof of the deep impression left on the minds of all of his transcendent wisdom and virtue." And Dr. Pauli, the most learned and accomplished of the bio-

graphers of Alfred, quotes the words of the historian Gibbon with reference to his hero. "Amidst the deepest darkness of barbarism, the virtues of Antoninus, the learning and valour of a Cæsar, and the legislative spirit of a Lycurgus were manifested in this patriotic king." And Pauli himself says: "No king, no hero of antiquity or of modern times can be compared with Alfred for so many distinguished qualities, and each so excellent."

"So grateful is the noise of noble deeds  
To noble hearts."

King Alfred is one of the few with whose name is associated the epithet "the Great," and the only one to whom without many reserves it may confidently be given. Alfred the Great has been usually regarded as the most distinguished example of perfect kingly virtue: we know scarcely another name which shines with such unblemished fairness, and which, at the same time, represents such a dignified conflict with, and mastery over, opposing circumstances, united to such a wise and prescient forecasting of future necessities, — in a word, such a perfect readiness and equipment for the struggles of war, and for the magistracy of peace. Alfred was a great Christian hero; the exemplary eminence of his christianity is undoubted, and his lofty faith sustained him in adversity, bore him through calamity when circumstances seemed hopeless, secured to him during his life victory, with such a measure of happiness as a faithful soul in such a world as this may hope to attain; and now, when upwards of a thousand years have passed away, surrounds his name with such a pure halo as encircles the name of scarcely any other sovereign.

Alfred was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in the year 849; he was the grandson of that Egbert who had raised England

into a Heptarchy, and the son of Ethelwulf, under whom it had become a Teutarchy. Ethelwulf was not a strong prince, and before he assumed the sovereignty, is said to have been a monk and bishop of Winchester. He appears to have been always on the best of terms with the Church in his day, and made large grants by charter to it; he was absolved by the Pope from his monastic vows, and enabled therefore not only to assume the sceptre, but to enter upon the married life, a permission of which it would seem he availed himself with remarkable freedom.

Our purpose in the following pages is only to set down such facts as are certainly known concerning his youngest and most illustrious son. It is singular that, while the names of some of the great men of Greece and Rome shine out with exceeding brilliancy, and the circumstances of their lives seem distinctly and clearly known from the ever-burning lamps of contemporary historians, the life of Alfred is dimly illuminated as by tapers from monastic cells; we are indebted to priests and monkish traditions for what we know, but the incidents in the life of this great king, although apparently tamely recited, convey undoubted information to our minds from their own lustre. Alfred was a traveller when very young: twice in his very earliest years he appears to have accompanied his father to Rome; the second occasion was probably in the year 855; the child was then about six years of age. Ethelwulf stayed in the city about twelve months; his little son, the fair-haired and beautiful little Saxon prince, accompanied him from shrine to shrine, upon each of which his father laid some costly offering. He was a bewildered man, King Ethelwulf; he had left his country distracted by the invasions and incursions of the Danes. He had been more in the way of his duty had he stayed at home attempting to order the affairs of his kingdom. He appears, however, to have been able to minister of his wealth in the great ecclesiastical metropolis, for he promised to pay three hundred marks yearly as a subsidy to the rising Bishop

of Rome; one hundred were to go into the Pope's private purse, one hundred to light the lamps of St. Peter's on Easter Eve, and one hundred to light the lamps of "St. Paul's without the Walls." Alfred had brothers (two of whom were to precede him on the throne), but after these donations from his weak father, it is perhaps not wonderful that the Pope, with a keen eye to future possibilities, anointed the little Alfred as the future sovereign of England. Leaving Rome at last, Ethelwulf returned to England by way of France, and there, resting a while at the court of the King, Charles the Bald, he fell beneath the fascinations of the French King's beautiful daughter, Judith, whom he married, and with whom, in due time, with his son, he reached once more his kingdom.

There is a pretty story that Alfred was unable to read until his twelfth year, and that, one day, while playing with his brothers, his mother called them all to her, and, showing them a beautifully illuminated copy of Saxon poems, said, "Whichever of you children will first learn to read this shall have it for a present." Knowing what we know of Alfred, we are not surprised that he hastened away, set himself diligently to study, and won the prize. There must be some truth in the story, for it is told by Bishop Asser, Alfred's most intimate friend and biographer. The pleasant story, however, is not without its difficulties; of course his own mother, the Lady Osburger, was dead before his father's marriage with Judith, therefore long before his twelfth year; his brothers were grown-up men, and strong warriors. It is somewhat difficult to understand how a lover of books and various reading, as Alfred afterwards became, should have remained until twelve years of age without gratifying the desire for knowledge which must from a very early age have been strong within him; moreover, his father died two years after his marriage with Judith, and his brother Ethelbert was king. Judith herself was married again, and tradition makes her, by a third

marriage, the mother of Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror; so that the story is involved in difficulty. We should be rather inclined to believe, giving a certain amount of credit to the authority from whence the story comes, that of Bishop Asser, that the mistake arises in the postponing the learning to read until the twelfth year, and that it was possibly after all Alfred's own mother, Osburger, who fired the early ardour of her little son; it is much easier to believe that such a child as Alfred must have been able to read well at four, than that he knew nothing of letters at twelve years of age.

## II.

### THE REVERSES OF THE YOUNG KING.

It was in the year 871, and in the twenty-second year of his age, that Alfred succeeded to the crown. Three brothers—according to his father's nomination—had preceded him on the throne, the last of whom—Ethelred—having died of wounds, received in his conflict with the Danish invaders, the voice of the nobles, and the people, had immediately by acclamation called Alfred to the vacant seat of royalty. Ethelred had left children, but the emergencies of the country were too great to permit a child to rule. The young man accepted the proffered honour, but there was little about it which could render it a very attractive prize; and in fact, although the people offered it, and he accepted the crown at their hands, he had to work out his own right, by a long period of conflict. The Danes were overspreading the land, not only north of the Humber but through Mercia—what we should call the Midlands of England; and now the very kingdom of Wessex itself—what we should now call the West of England—was being invaded by them; and, before their invasions, we must remember that Christianity, which had been given to the country, was rapidly going down, and the heathenism of Scandinavia, pagan idolatry, was being

restored. There was more in this conflict of Saxons and Danes than the strife for nationality, for the vindication of possession on the one side, and forcible invasion and conquest on the other; it is clear from what took place, when conquest declared itself on the side of Alfred, that Christianity held the English together. The poet Longfellow in his saga or poem of King Olaf, has literally described the state of things as between Saxon and Dane. With the Dane force still ruled the world, had always ruled it, would ever rule it; strength was triumphant wherever he passed, and the worship of Thor perpetual. The mighty victories of peace hereafter achieved by Alfred might have inspired the language of the poet:

“Cross against corslet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry for war-cry!  
Patience is powerful;  
He that o'ercometh  
Hath power o'er the nations!

“Stronger than steel  
Is the sword of the Spirit;  
Swifter than arrows  
The light of the truth is;  
Greater than anger  
Is love, and subdueth!

“The dawn is not distant,  
Nor is the night starless;  
Love is eternal!  
God is still God, and  
His faith shall not fail us;  
Christ is eternal!”

However, much strife had to be passed through before Alfred would see any of the remotest signs of this reign of peace. As we have said, the whole country seemed to be overrun by the conquering Danes. Within a month of our hero's accession to the throne, a brief and happy omen seemed to be given in a battle he fought at Wilton, where he appears to have given the pagans a touch of his courage, for, rallying, apparently, but a small force round him, he encountered the whole army of the Danes, who were unable to bear the impetuosity of his attack, and turned

their backs and fled. But this success could not be sustained; the Danes returned and were again victorious. We must remember that the Saxons were comparatively few, they were worn out with eight battles in one year, their losses had been very great, and if they were to be victorious they certainly needed a period of repose, during which they might rally and recruit their exhausted energies; they were, however, so far successful that they made some conditions with the pagans, who left Wessex and marched upon London.

And thus for the first years of his reign, we know little of Alfred, excepting that he was locked in his little kingdom of Wessex doing his best to repel marauders who might attempt invasion by land, and others again who attempted it from the sea; of these last was the famous Rollo, who landed in 875. Rollo attempted the settlement here which he established afterwards in Normandy; he was routed and expelled from our shores, and settled on the coasts of France. Alfred put to sea, followed the Danish ships, and took one, the rest saving themselves by flight. This event is very significant, because it probably gave to the young King one of the first hints of the importance of a navy as the best safeguard to the liberties of a nation surrounded by the sea. At last, during the years 876-877, the Danes invaded Wessex, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire and Devonshire in hordes; all these counties appear to have felt the force of the invaders. Some historians have contrasted the apparent inertness of Alfred in these earlier years with the amazing vigour which he manifested when he afterwards startled the Danes by his sudden conquests; we have said that the people were exhausted, and he perhaps, as we have implied, knew how to wait. During seven years little was done; he and the Saxons suffered a decided defeat at Chippenham, and after this he seems to have fled to the woods, and passed into seclusion and obscurity. It is most

probable that he did not go altogether alone; he had friends and officers also scattered about, with whom he had certain means of communication, and who formed the nucleus of an army which would prove itself by-and-by. Certainly the life of Alfred for some time is a mystery; no chroniclers are very explicit about it; it is said, but no instances are given, that he was imprudent, that he had not attained to the wisdom of after years. Asser, who only knew him when many years had passed away,—and when he was firmly seated on his throne,—implies, although he does not affirm, or charge him with, the indulgence of passions over which he had not obtained a victory. All this is gratuitous, hypothetical, and, we may add, exceedingly improbable, and is to be judged from what we know of Alfred's character; his nature was calm, and prescient, and widely observant. It seems to us more likely that he realized the hopelessness of the strife until there should be a more concerted plan of action, that he knew how to wait, and that during the time which he had removed himself from public sight, he was organizing plans for future activity; and subsequent events seem to give a distinct shape and colour to this belief.

### III.

#### DISGUISED IN THE ISLE OF NOBLES.

The period in Alfred's life which has always been regarded with singular interest, was that when he was wandering disguised and unknown, defeated by the Danes, and in service, certainly for some time, as a shepherd or kine-herd in the Isle of Athelney, in the county of Somerset; it is round this period of his life that romance has been most busy. Within ten miles of Chippenham, where he endured his great defeat, was the forest of Selwood, and that large tract of country extending to where the town of Frome now stands, a thick, uncultivated, marshy, forest land; and behind it, what then might be spoken of as the moun-

tainous fastnesses of the Mendip Hills; not far from here also was what was then called the Isle of Athelney, or the Royal Island, or the Isle of Nobles, a term however which it may probably have received from its having been the refuge of the royal exile; here, in fact, were our Alfred's cave of Adullam and crags of Engedi. Subsequent chroniclers have been much more copious than the contemporaries of Alfred; the version of the incident of Alfred and the cowherd's wife has been told by many pens—Asser, Roger of Wendover, and Matthew Paris. The account given by Roger Wendover is the most explicit,—we may perhaps quote it here:

“There is a place on the furthest extremities of the English, towards the west, Ethelingeys, or the Isle of Nobles, surrounded on every side by marshes, and so inaccessible, that it can be approached only in a boat. The island contains a great grove of alder-trees, wherein are stags, goats, and many animals of that kind: it comprises scarcely two acres of solid ground. To this island came Alfred alone, for in his dejection he left behind him the few soldiers who accompanied him, that he might the better avoid the enemy; and perceiving there a cottage belonging to some unknown individual, he went up to it, and asked a lodging, which was granted him. For he remained there some days, a stranger and poor, doing what the peasant and his wife told him, and content with the merest necessaries. When asked who he was, or what business he had in so lonely a place, he replied that he was one of the King's servants, who had been defeated with him in battle, and had escaped to this spot from the enemy who were pursuing them. The herdsman, trusting to his words, took pity on him, and carefully supplied him with the necessaries of life. Now it happened that the herdsman went out one day, as usual, to drive his pigs to the place where they fed, leaving the King at home with his wife. The good woman had placed some loaves by the fire under the

ashes to bake, and whilst intent on other business, she saw the loaves burning, upon which she said indignantly to the King, ‘Why don't you move the loaves when you see them burning? You will be glad to eat them when they are hot.’ The King, with a downcast look, and stung by the woman's reproaches, not only turned the loaves, but also gave them back to the woman well baked and without blemish.”

The affairs of the kingdom seemed to be hopelessly dark, and no doubt Alfred was sorely tried and dispirited. The wonder has been expressed that with his elevated mind and taste for books, and the accomplishments of literature, he did not, as other princes had done, leave the country in the possession of the Danes and find in Rome a retreat from kingly cares; but a great and immortal work was before him, and in the midst of the dark forest, and through sorrowful and disappointing days he nursed his great soul, sitting alone and keeping silence and bearing with thoughtful patience the yoke. But he must also have kept himself in communication, not only with many of his great officers, but with bands of his army waiting his time. We know that Alfred was a poet; in his own day many of his songs were very popular, and were sung throughout the nation. He must also have been a minstrel and a master on the harp; and, in the character of a glee-man, or minstrel, he is said to have disguised himself, and to have sought out and entered the camp of the Danes for the purpose of watching their affairs. He took note of their carelessness, their wild wassails and intemperance; he was exceedingly popular with them, and they were quite loathe to permit him to depart. At last, however, he escaped unrecognised, having in his visit learned lessons which he was not slow to apply efficiently in practice. These stories have been familiar to us from our earliest childhood. There is also another pleasing legend of the appearance of St. Cuthbert, the great Saxon saint. The King, in his great

need, had gone to fish in a neighbouring stream, but had caught nothing. He was trying to comfort himself by reading the Psalms, when a poor man came to him, a beggar, asking for bread; the King divided with him his last loaf and shared with him his flask of wine, or more likely metheglin, or honey-drink. And the legend goes on to say how the beggar vanished, leaving the entire loaf of bread unbroken, the flask full of wine, while, presently after, a group of fishermen came up with a rich haul of fish from the river. In the night St. Cuthbert appeared to the King in a dream, telling him that he had been the poor beggar, and promising him that he should speedily vanquish and overcome all his enemies.

Such were the legends which surrounded the name of Alfred, and from them we may gather, without believing each particular, what notions the generations and people nearest to him had of him, and how it was he came to be called by an epithet which has clung to him ever since—the darling of the English people. This illustrates the sentiment we have already quoted from Sir James Macintosh, “that the traditions concerning Alfred are rather supported than weakened by the fictions which surround his story.” The fact of the residence of Alfred in Somersetshire seems to have received strong confirmation from a remarkable circumstance. In 1693, Alfred’s jewel, as it is called, was found in Newton Park, in the lowlands of Somersetshire, near the river Parret, near to the spot where it is supposed the Isle of Athelney and the fortifications which Alfred erected there were in former days situated; it is now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. It is said to be a beautiful piece of work, and bears the inscription in old Saxon, “Alfred had me made.” Considering its age it is a rich piece of jewellery, and there can be little doubt that the King in the most sorrowful days of his life, lost, in his retreat, this token of his sovereignty, and that it remained hidden in the marshes until after so many centuries it was accidentally brought to

light, and is now one of our most precious heirlooms.

About the 12th of May, 878, so far as chronicles can fix a date, Alfred left his island in the great wood, and rode to Egbertstone; here he was met by a number of his faithful nobles and people. He had probably been his own spy, had passed from place to place, and knew how to call up his resources of strength; the signal which was to gather all around him was to be given by a beacon lighted on the top of Stourton Hill, where Alfred’s Tower now stands. Swift and sharp he broke upon the Danish camp, and the Battle of Ethandune, probably Edington, seven miles from Clay Hill, was fought. In three days from his leaving Athelney Alfred was master of all England south of the Thames. Guthrum, the Danish leader, sent suing humbly for any terms of peace, and Alfred insisted that he and his chief men should all be baptized and retire to East Anglia, and live Christian lives; Alfred himself stood godfather to the Viking. And so the foundations of a new kingdom of England were laid, and Alfred was to be left in the undisturbed possession of the little realm he had won back to his sceptre.

#### IV.

##### ALFRED, SOVEREIGN AND LAWGIVER.

Alfred found a comparatively lawless kingdom and people. He framed a code of laws, very simple but probably sufficient—he founded it upon the Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament; he prefaced this code by the Ten Commandments, adding the words of our Lord: “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;” and then he says: “By this one commandment man shall know whether he does right, and then he will require no other law book.” So much in general; but, when he comes to particular laws, he, for the most part, restores foundations and practices which, beneath the licentiousness of the times, had become obso-



lete. He never disturbed the original political foundations of his nation; but when all lay in ruins he laboured unweariedly to re-establish, as far as possible, the former state of things. It has been alleged against him that he ruled with considerable despotism, and that he curtailed many of the ancient liberties. Considering how solitary he was in his magistracy, and how rude the people had become, it is very probable this was the case. There is a story of his hanging a number of judges in one year, and this also is quite likely to have been the case, without interfering at all with the high estimate we entertain of his humanity, his justice, or general excellence; we know of occasions when he talked to his judges very sharply on account of their ignorance, telling them that they ought either to go to school and learn with little boys, or else lay down the office which they could not creditably and adequately fill. He seems to have drawn the reins of government tighter than before, and possibly many of the things he either did, or attempted, would seem, to our modern ideas, to be very unconstitutional. Dr. Pauli very truly says: "What Alfred undertook was gently and effectively to change the whole existing relations of men and things, and thus to prepare the way to a far different but wiser and better policy than he inherited from his ancestors." The age of local self-government had not set in. Local government ought to be synonymous with local virtue, otherwise it becomes local tyranny, local corruption, local iniquity. There was a good deal of the last when Alfred commenced his reign; in the matter of Weregeld, for instance, or the right of men to settle the consequences and prices of crimes with each other. Alfred could not absolutely destroy this old usage; but crime, which had been, until his day, regarded as against man, the legislation of Alfred taught was against the law, against the king, and against God. Then he sought, as he says, "through the faith in Christ, and out of that

mercy which Christ had taught," to restrain individual passion. And a recent writer, Mr. Brace, in his *Gesta Christi*, in quoting from the laws of Alfred, says: "We find in them the words of human brotherhood, of piety, of the spirit of justice, and pity, and humanity;" and he continues to speak of Alfred as a great personality, the embodiment of the highest sympathy and the most disinterested virtue of mankind. Thus, in many of his enactments, and especially with reference to slavery, he was far before his age.

## V.

### ALFRED CREATES THE ENGLISH NAVY.

Alfred was the father and founder of the English navy. So soon as he had brought the Danes to some measure of subjection, and held them in check in England, he perceived that the only way effectually to resist their successive attempts at invasion, was to be ready to meet them on the water. Alfred had a good deal of mechanical skill, and anticipating Peter the Great in very recent times, he did not think it beneath his dignity at once to form shipyards, to go down to them, and even wield a carpenter's tool. He earnestly bent his ambition to the creation of a national navy. He appears to have studied the structure of the Danish vessels for the purpose of improving the art of ship-building; as he constructed his vessels with a greater length of keel and height of board, and sought to combine with steadiness a greater degree of swiftness. He appears to have heard of, and to have imitated, the structure of the Roman galleys. Some of them carried as many as sixty oars or sweepers. They were built upon a plan of his own, and were peculiarly adapted for service in the waters over which they were to float. Before the close of his reign his flag waved over a hundred vessels of this description. It has been truly said, this was a royal fleet; it was the first England had ever known worthy of the



name. And thus the "meteor flag of England" was seen moving upon the waters between our coast and the Continent; the watchful cruisers were moving to and fro, and already the first indications were given of that honour which has for ages been received by the English flag.

And not only so, Alfred must have had a prescient perception of the importance of navigation; he employed adventurous men in the work of discovery. The name of one is familiar to us:

"Othere, the old sea-captain,  
Who dwelt in Helgoland."

The purpose which Alfred had in view, was not merely to discover other countries so as to augment England's wealth by the importation of goods, but also to study the manners and the customs of other people, to widen his own views, and to extend the knowledge of his time. He was desirous of knowing the length of the Continent, and Othere travelled towards the North Pole, from the Baltic to the North Cape, with this view. In his skiff he had run along all the northern shore of Lapland, and ventured to the shores occupied by the wild men of Finland. Longfellow has very pleasantly woven into verse a conversation between Alfred and the old navigator on his return, of which we have some account:

"Hearty and hale was Othere,  
His cheek had the colour of oak;  
With a kind of laugh in his speech,  
Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
As unto the King he spoke.

"And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas.

"To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And southward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy.  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog like a ghost  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night;  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light."

"Here Alfred King of the Saxons  
Ceased writing for awhile;  
And raised his eyes from his book,  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile."

The name of another of these navigators is familiar to us—Wulstan. From these, and probably from many others whose names have passed into obscurity, the King obtained information which enlarged his own ideas, and which he conveyed as best he could to his people, to give to them a more extended and adequate knowledge of the world in which they lived. Having heard also that upon the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel there were colonies of Christians speaking the same language which Christ spoke when on earth, he persuaded his friend, Swithelm, Bishop of Sherburn, to undertake a mission to India, a voyage and journey so tremendous, as it seemed, that no Englishman had hitherto attempted it. The stout-hearted Bishop went and returned in safety, bringing with him presents of gems and spices. Thus was the name of England heard for the first time in that remote region where nine centuries after she was to be almost the sole and absolute mistress.

## VI.

KING ALFRED AN AUTHOR, AND CREATOR  
OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

When this marvellous man had rescued his country, and even while giving stability to its laws, he determined also upon giving to it a literature. This

seems perhaps the most difficult task of all. Alfred, although a prince, was quite what we mean by a self-made man; he had few, or rather no instructors to guide him, he educated himself. He set a high value on learning, and attempted to gather round him men of learning and attainments, and few such were to be found in England. In a very modest manner, in his introduction to St. Gregory's *Pastorale*, he says: "Knowledge had fallen into such total decay among the English that there were very few on the other side of the Humber who understood the common prayers so as to be able to tell their meaning in English, or who could have translated into that language a Latin passage, and I ween there were not many on this side of the Humber who could do it. Indeed there were so few such that I do not even recollect one to the south of the Thames at the time I succeeded to the crown. God Almighty be thanked there are now some holding bishoprics capable of teaching!"

Amidst his enormous crowd of regal cares he found time to be an author and editor himself. He attempted to form a kind of family library by translating small but good books from the Latin. In the works he selected for translation, he at once showed the liberality and freedom and independence of his mind, and how independent he was of ecclesiastical prescription. He very likely felt, but with all the modesty which was inherent in his character, that his clergy could not teach him; and, in order that they might teach their people, he must provide the means of teaching them. To this end he multiplied copies of Gregory's *Pastorale*. He translated Beoethius' *Consolations of Philosophy*. This book receives the commendations of Henry Hallam, who speaks of its author as the last of the classic writers. The "Consolations" is not a Christian book, though tinged with Christian thoughts and phrases. It is a learned book, partly in prose and partly in verse. Alfred so recast it as to make it at once Christian and popular. Then he translated

the History of Orosius, his *History of the World*, himself inserting a sketch of the Geography of Germany and of the discoveries made by two mariners under his auspices along the coast of the Baltic and the North Sea, to whom we have already referred. Then he multiplied copies of Bede's *History of the English*, in five books. Under his superintendence, Bishop Ælfric, reputed to be the first philologist of his day, translated the Pentateuch and other portions of the Scripture, as he was distinctly desirous that the common people should be able to read the Scriptures in a language they could understand; and in his Preface he answers the objections which even then were urged, chiefly by the clergy, against the practice. He himself translated the Psalms of David, and he was the author of a great many original pieces all in the plain-spoken language of the people. He wrote a book against unjust judges, another on the various fortunes of kings, another a manual of meditations. He collected a book of proverbs, and also another of parables and jokes; and, indeed, in the various literary works to which he set his hand, he appears to have provided for the edification of the clergy, for the instruction and intelligence of the more thoughtful of his people, and even for the amusement and rational delight of those who could not ascend to more thoughtful pursuits.

He himself seems to have kept a kind of Index of things which struck him in reading, and there is a very pretty anecdote told by Bishop Asser how once, when sitting with the King, the Bishop read to him a passage which impressed him much. The King requested him to put it down in a note-book which he produced, but they found it was full—there was not a blank place left; so the King called for another sheet of parchment, and, folding it into fours, made another little book to receive the notes of his reading, his poems, and translations. Hence probably came about the report that the King translated the

whole Bible into Anglo-Saxon; but this is a statement which has received no confirmation. It is probable that he translated the greater part of the New Testament, and that he compiled a handbook or manual of texts from the Old, and this very likely was the collection to which Asser refers. His mind was incessantly active, nor are we probably acquainted with the many books he compiled for himself for his own convenience and recreation. In the *Life of King Alfred*, by Dr. Giles, we read: "There is an Anglo-Saxon manuscript in the Cottonian Library, containing some flowers or extracts out of St. Augustine's soliloquies. At the end of these flowers is a sentence left imperfect by the abrupt termination of the manuscript: 'Here end the sayings that King Alfred selected from these books that we call——'" Here then was a royal author. The world has had other instances of kings who have been great generals and great magistrates, but no other of a sovereign who voluntarily added to his conquests on the field, and his cares in the cabinet, the task of personally forming the literature, and building up the intelligence of his people. Well says Edmund Burke, "One cannot help being amazed that a prince who lived in such turbulent times, who commanded personally in fifty-four pitched battles, who had so disordered a province to regulate, who was not only a legislator but a judge, and who was continually superintending his armies, his navies, the traffic of his kingdom, his revenues, and the conduct of all his officers, could have bestowed so much of his time on religious exercises and speculative knowledge; but the exertion of all his faculties and virtues seem to have given mutual strength to all of them."

## VII.

### KING ALFRED A POET AND PSALMIST.

It may have occurred to the reader that Alfred was a kind of King David among our English sovereigns. If they

were alike during their period of exile when David was in the wilderness of Ziph, and Alfred in the wilds of Somersetshire, alike when they emerged from obscurity and triumphed gloriously over their enemies, and alike in successfully welding a divided nation into unity; they were also alike in that they were both poets; and we read of the harp of Alfred as well as the harp of David. Alfred was a homely poet; writers before him had usually written and taught in Latin. Alfred's poems were written in the homely Saxon tongue, because it appears to have better pleased the noble-minded King to desire to instruct and to elevate the minds of his humblest subjects through the medium of their own language.

His poems range over a variety of subjects, and they do certainly all express the movements of a thoughtful, sensitive, and pious mind. It is probable that he often takes hints for his verse from his favourite Boethius. There can be no doubt Alfred felt what other great reformers have felt—Luther, for instance,—that hymn and song are the most sure, ready, and natural means of reaching the heart of the people. He desired to teach his ignorant people all that he himself had learned. His poems were likely enough soon sung from village to village by the welcome wandering minstrels. Most of them are of a lyrical character and breathe a lofty spirit.

We give one on

#### TRUE GREATNESS.

It is taken from the translations contained in the Jubilee edition of *The Whole Works of King Alfred the Great*, published by the Alfred Committee at Oxford and Cambridge in the year 1852: from which source all of the following extracts are derived:

"All men and all women on earth  
Had first their beginning the same,  
Into this world of their birth  
All of one couple they came.

"Alike are the great and the small,  
No wonder that this should be thus;  
For God is the Father of all,  
The Lord and the Maker of us.

"He giveth the light to the sun  
To the moon and the stars as they stand;  
The soul and the flesh He made one,  
When first He made man in the land.

"Well-born alike are all folk  
Whom He hath made under the sky;  
Why then on others a yoke  
Now will ye be lifting on high?

"And why be so causelessly proud,  
As thus we find none are ill-born?  
Or why, for your rank, from the crowd  
Raise yourselves up in such scorn?

"In the mind of a man, not his make,  
In the earth-dweller's heart, not his rank,  
Is the nobleness whereof I speak,  
The true and the free and the frank.

"But he that to sin was in thrall,  
Ill doing wherever he can,  
Hath left the first life-spring of all,  
His God and his rank as a man:

"And so the Almighty down-hurl'd  
The noble disgraced by his sin,  
Thenceforth to be mean in the world,  
And never more glory to win."

Thus he tells us—

"WHERE TO FIND TRUE JOYS.

"Oh! it is a fault of weight,  
Let him think it out who will,  
And a danger passing great  
Which can thus allure to ill  
Careworn men from the right way,  
Swiftly ever led astray.

"Will ye seek within the wood  
Red gold on the green trees tall?  
None, I wit, is wise that could,  
For it grows not there at all:  
Neither in wine gardens green  
Seek they gems of glittering sheen.

"Would ye on some hilltop set,  
When ye list to catch a trout,  
Or a carp, your fishing net?  
Men, methinks, have long found out  
That it would be foolish fare,  
For they know they are not there.

"In the salt sea can ye find,  
When ye list to start and hunt  
With your hounds, the hart or hind?  
It will sooner be your wont  
In the woods to look, I wot,  
Than in seas where they are not.

"Is it wonderful to know  
That for crystals red or white  
One must to the sea-beach go,  
Or for other colours bright,  
Seeking by the riverside  
Or the shore at ebb of tide?

"Likewise we are well aware  
Where to look for river fish,  
And all other worldly ware  
Where to seek them when they wish;  
Wisely careful men will know  
Year by year to find them so.

"But of all things 'tis most sad  
That so foolish are so blind,  
So besotted and so mad  
That they cannot surely find  
Where true good is ever nigh  
And true pleasures hidden lie.

"Therefore never is their strife  
After those true joys to spur;  
In this lean and little life  
They half witted deeply err,  
Seeking here their bliss to gain,  
That is, God Himself, in vain.

"Ah! I know not in my thought  
How enough to blame their sin,  
Nor so clearly as I ought  
Can I show their fault within;  
For more bad and vain are they  
And more sad than I can say.

"All their hope is to acquire  
Worship, goods, and worldly weal:  
When they have their mind's desire  
Then such witless joys they feel,  
That in folly they believe  
Those true joys they then receive."

Thus he sings of the uses of adversity:

"None would think the daylight dear  
If dim night they did not fear;  
So, to every one of us,  
On the broad earth dwelling thus,  
Joy more joyous still is seen  
After troubles once have been.

"Also, thine own mind to please,  
Thou shalt gain the greater ease,  
And shalt go where true joys grow  
If all false joys thou forego,  
As ill weeds are pull'd with toil  
By the landchurl from the soil.

"And hereafter, thee I tell,  
True joys there await thee well;  
Aye and here, if these be first,  
Thou for nought beside wilt thirst,  
But all else shall fail to please  
If thou truly knowest these."

We take the following lines, which doubtless echo the King's own words, from the metrical fragment:

"KING ALFRED'S PARLIAMENT AT SHIFFORD.

"Wise the sayings Alfred said,  
Christ the Lord I bid thee dread;  
Meekly, O mine own dear friend,  
Love and like Him without end;

He is Lord of life and love,  
 Blest all other bliss above,  
 He is man, our Father true,  
 And a meek mild Master too,  
 Yea, our brother; yea, our King;  
 Wise and rich in everything,  
 So that nought of His good will  
 Shall be aught but pleasure still  
 To the man who Him with fear  
 In the world doth worship here."

The words of the dying King to his son and successor, Edward the Elder, with which the piece closes, are very touching:

"Thus quoth Alfred, 'My dear son, come near,  
 Sit thou beside, and I will teach thee here.  
 I feel mine hour is well-nigh come, my son;  
 My face is white; my days are almost done;  
 Soon must we part; I to another throne,  
 And thou in all my state shalt stand alone;  
 I pray thee,—for mine own dear child thou art,—  
 Lord of this people play their father's part.  
 Be thou the orphan's sire, the widow's friend,  
 Comfort the poor man and the weak defend,  
 With all thy might  
 Succour the right,  
 And be strong  
 Against the wrong:  
 And thou, my son, in law thyself restrain,  
 So God shall be thy guide and glorious gain;  
 Call thou for help on Him in every need,  
 And He shall give thee greatly to succeed.'"

It is a wonder that, amidst the multitude of his cares, he should have found time for literary employment at all, and it is probable that, as we know some of David's most excellent psalms were written amidst his troubles in the wilderness and the cave, so these of Alfred, which form in their number a very fair volume, were snatches of meditation in the woods and cottages of Athelney.

### VIII.

#### SOME OF KING ALFRED'S WITTY INVENTIONS.

A man who accomplished so much must naturally have been a great economist of time. He appears to have been very steady and persevering in his habits; he gave eight hours of each day to sleep, meals, and exercises; eight hours to affairs connected with government; and eight hours to study and devotion. But he found many hindrances and inconveniences, and this brought

out his inventive talent. Clocks, clepsydras, and other instruments for measuring time were then unknown in England; if the sun-dial had found its way to our island, as it most likely had ages before, yet it was unservicable on certain days, and the sky and planets, however regular and orderly themselves, were not sufficient indicators of time. Alfred therefore obtained a constant supply of wax in certain regular quantities to weigh down seventy-two pence in the scale; from this quantity he caused six candles to be made, each of equal weight, twelve inches long; these six candles burnt for twenty-four hours day and night. But then came another difficulty: the winds were boisterous; houses, although they might be palaces, with their doors, were full of crevices, through which the winds made their way, sometimes extinguishing the light, leaving the King in darkness, or causing it to burn down quicker than usual; so Alfred was the inventor of that primitive utensil the horn lanthorn, a means of light which has been displaced by more modern conveniences, and is now very seldom seen excepting in some stable-yard, or out-of-the-way country inn. Alfred discovered that white horn could be made transparent, so, with that material, he kept his candles from wasting and flaring, and was thus enabled to compute his time, which was to him so precious. "And therefore," says one of Alfred's recent enthusiastic biographers, "let none say we ever look upon an ostler's horn lanthorn, however poor and battered it may be, and however dim the light that shines within it, without thinking of Alfred the Great."

### IX.

#### KING ALFRED A PROTESTANT BEFORE PROTESTANTISM.

Alfred does not appear to have found favour with the Church of Rome; his life, his works, his childlike and serious reverence for the institutes of Christianity, and for the Scriptures both of the Old and New Testament, all appear side

by side with the most perfect freedom from all superstitious reverence for the Church, or for the priesthood of the Church; he looks more like a Protestant than any prince of ante-Protestant times with whom we are acquainted. He appears to have been on good terms with the priesthood, but he permitted no undue interference even with the more secular affairs of the Church itself, and he permitted none with the affairs of State. Amongst his friends we only find one identified as a priest—Bishop Asser; and no doubt while the King would listen with great respect to the wisdom, the advice and opinions of his friend, their relations were chiefly literary, or of the personally religious order.

We have seen that the true interests of the Church were the subject of his most sedulous attention. Wherever he carried his conquests he founded churches and schools; but he demanded for the churches conscientious priests, for the schools able masters, and he demanded that all the books employed should be in the language spoken by the people. In most of the places he found that the people had relapsed almost into heathenism, and therefore he never rebuilt a town without furnishing it with a good capacious school. The condition of the people need not surprise us when we remember what had been the condition of the country under his predecessors, and how unequal those predecessors were, and how indifferent to the greater claims of the ignorant and depressed people. The demands of home probably presented stronger claims to his mind than the greed of Romish shrines, which had received such gracious consideration from his father; in fact, we perceive that much of his conduct would not be likely to find favour at the Roman Court. "He walked," says Sir John Spelman, "with too much knowledge and understanding to be so easily led as his father was; he neither understood nor accepted the inferences which were built upon the idea of the authority of the Pope."

He exercised absolute authority, without referring himself to papal advice.

Then as to the diffusion of learning, Alfred's idea differed from that of the papacy; in the books of which he authorized the dissemination you do not find any which gave currency to the legends and superstitions of the Church; then his doctrine that the common people had a right to read the Scriptures, or to hear them in their own language—these were all matters upon which, while he never came to an open rupture with Rome, he differed from its policy and practice. His dissemination of knowledge, therefore, would be treated with coldness, and if not receiving the censure, would certainly not receive the approbation, of the sovereign pontiff. Hence, this great Christian prince was never canonized; after his death, his memory was passed over without receiving the honours of a saint, a designation so freely conferred upon princes his inferiors, and almost imbecile in comparison, but who, although governing the country to its undoing, had the virtue of referring themselves in everything to the crafty wisdom of "Rome."

## X.

### THE STATE OF EUROPE IN THE TIME OF ALFRED.

England in those days was working her own way to her great future, and had very little intercourse with, or knowledge of other nations. Rome was the capital of Christendom, and under Leo IV. and Benedict IV. was commencing her long career of ambitious splendour. France was a distracted and divided country beneath the weak and pusillanimous successors of Charlemagne, the great prince who belonged to the age immediately preceding the birth of Alfred. Paris, like London, was in existence before this time, but London had really been destroyed by the Danes, and was rebuilt by Alfred. Paris was then called Lutetia, and even in that age we hear it spoken of as a "noble

capital resplendent with glory, the treasury of kings, and the gate of nations." But while Alfred was restoring his capital of London, Paris was ravaged by the Northmen, and the same ruthless rovers with whom Alfred was constantly in conflict were disturbing the peace of France, governed by Louis le Debonaire and Charles le Gros.

The peninsula of Spain was passing through the most interesting and romantic period of its history, its Mosarabin period, founded by Abdal Rahman, the contemporary of Charlemagne and Haroun Alrashid. Probably, at this time, Spain was the most brilliant country in Europe; art was rearing the magnificent triumphs of Granada, Seville, and Cordova—but the nation seemed to be apart from the system of Europe, and was unmoved by the convulsions which were shaking the continent at its centre.

There were no relations which brought our country during the life of Alfred into connection with Europe; we were perhaps too obscure and insignificant to excite any regard. We do not seem to have been affected by the great controversies which were shaking the Church, for even then the nature and manner of the Divine or Real Presence in the Eucharist were a subject of great strife. Gotteschalk, a German monk, had raised a tempest by some questions concerning the Divine prescience, and the freedom of the human will, which introduces to us John Scot, or John Erigena, one of the great schoolmen of the age, whom Alfred was led by a strong desire to make his acquaintance to invite to our shores. The Greek emperors and empire had ceased to be a European power; but in Italy—among the young republics—Venice especially, seated on the lagoons of the Adriatic, was growing in that commercial importance and renown which, by-and-by, surrounded her with such a marvellous splendour. Germany, while ostensibly welded into an empire under Charlemagne, was an aggregation of little states perpetually in conflict with each other, or a reservoir of disturb-

ing races agitating all accessible parts of Europe. Such was Europe, seething with elements, waiting for the time to come when they should be organized, and development be given to the powers of industry and political activity, so that they might serve the cause of the progress of man and the civilization of the race. The ninth century is a most interesting epoch in European history. It is very noticeable that it commenced with the great reign of Charlemagne and closed with the more glorious reign of Alfred, the patriot and the sage, without doubt the most illustrious, the most pure and intelligent of all the mediæval princes.

## XI.

### KING ALFRED A SAINTLY SUFFERER.

The astonishment we feel at the great and manifold works to which Alfred devoted himself, is greatly increased when we remember that during his whole life he was a sufferer from some mysterious but incurable disease; we say his whole life—certainly the whole of his more active life, from about seventeen years of age. He had to perform the tasks which Providence assigned him beneath the pressure, or beneath the constant apprehension of bodily infirmity. It is certain that he suffered acutely from some disease, "a thorn in the flesh, a messenger from Satan to buffet him." It is unfortunate for Alfred that his biographers and chroniclers were monks, fond of falling back upon the miraculous, or bringing their monastic ideas to bear upon the solution of the circumstances of his life; what we know, however, of this subjection to suffering does bring out and place his character in a very beautiful light for its devoutness. We read that he was but a youth, when strong and vehement passions began to assert themselves in him, and thoughts and inclinations from which his higher self recoiled, and with which he heroically struggled; and, divesting the story of the air of miracle which the monks have thrown round it, there is no more beautiful instance in

history of a young boy's efforts at self-mastery than what he is said to have done to obtain a conquest over self. In the dead of night he would leave his bed and creep away in the dark to the cold and lonely chapel, and there, kneeling in devotion, pray that God would send to him some disease which would cure him. The prayer was strangely answered—a disease fell upon him. What it was we do not know, further than that it was intermittent, that its paroxysms were agonizing, and that for some time his life was despaired of; he believed that it was sent to him because he had asked for it, but he often doubted if he had done right in the asking. The story says that, when he was about nineteen, with a hunting party in Cornwall, he was near the well of St. Gueryr, which had the reputation of possessing medicinal properties, and where, in consequence, a small chapel had been erected; he dismounted from his horse, and, going into the chapel, he prayed that God would take pity upon him, and exchange the disease which He had given him for some other which he could more easily bear, and which would not disable him from doing his duty as a prince. And the petition, it is said, was again answered; his more acute sufferings ceased, but ever after throughout his life he was subject to epileptic fits. It may be said that all this may easily be explained by natural causes, or others may choose to ally the story with miracle and the supernatural; but what is really interesting is the deep and earnest faith in the character of the boy. Such conduct

will seem to many in our age superstitious—superstitious is an adjective very easily employed,—but the story really reveals strength of character as well as faith in a living and personal God, in whom Alfred believed that he “lived and moved and had his being.” And great sufferer as he was, it is probable that this circumstance of his early life tended rather to strengthen him in the work of his kingly mission, by deepening those feelings of sincere piety for which his whole life was so remarkable.

## XII.

### THE DEATH OF KING ALFRED.

At last this chequered but noble and eminently consistent life came to a close. He died on the 28th October, 901, at the early age of fifty-three years and six months; he was buried in the church which he had founded in Winchester, which had risen at that time to be the chief city in the kingdom. We have not mentioned that he was married in 868, in his twentieth year, to Elswitha, the daughter of Ethelred, Earl of Gaini, or Gainsborough; she was of the royal family of Mercia, and, from all that we know of her, was worthy of her husband. She shared with him his sorrows and adversities, his royalty and his triumphs, and she survived him, and died, the widow of Alfred, in 905, whose love to the God-fearing and faithful queen was shown not only by his attachment through life, but by the rich provision he made for her in his will.

E. PAXTON HOOD.



# ADONIRAM JUDSON.



# ADONIRAM JUDSON.

## I.

### EARLY YEARS AND CONVERSION.

AT Malden, Massachusetts, one of the picturesque suburbs of Boston, there stands an old wooden house embosomed among the trees, which is still pointed out as the birth-place of Adoniram Judson. His father, who also bore the quaint scriptural name of Adoniram, was a Congregational minister. Soon after his marriage he settled in Malden, and here, on the 9th of August, 1788, his eldest son, Adoniram, was born and lived until he was four years and a half old. The family then removed to Wenham, where they remained until he was twelve years old; after that they removed again to Braintree, remaining two years; and at last, when Adoniram was fourteen years old, they took up their abode permanently in the old historic town of Plymouth. As a child he was very precocious, learning to read when he was only three years of age. His sister tells us that at the age of four he used to collect the children of the neighbourhood round him, and, mounting a chair, go through the form of a public service in a very earnest manner. The hymn which he used always to give out on these occasions begins with the words, "Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord." When he went to the Grammar-school he showed much fondness for languages, and became specially proficient in Greek. His school-fellows gave him the nickname Virgil, or "Old Virgil dug up." His reading was very extensive even before he was twelve years old. Hearing some conversation one day about a new exposition of the Book of Revelation that had appeared, he felt that he must have this exposition; for he was very fond of the Book of Revelation, and had read everything on

it contained in his father's library. Overcoming the bashfulness which he felt, Adoniram went to a gentleman in the neighbourhood who had it, and asked for the loan of the exposition which excited his curiosity. He was refused. His father, to whom he made known his disappointment, showed much sympathy with him. "Not lend to you!" he exclaimed indignantly; "I wish *he* understood it half as well! You shall have books, Adoniram, just as many as you can read, and I'll go myself to Boston for them." He went, but did not bring the book on Revelation. It was not deemed suitable for Adoniram. His father stimulated his ambition to the utmost. He seems early to have formed the hope that his son would become a great man, and took no pains to conceal this expectation; so that even in childhood Adoniram's heart came to be full of worldly ambition, which in subsequent years had to be nailed to the cross. In 1804, he entered Providence College, afterwards called Brown University, one year in advance; and in 1807, was graduated valedictorian of his class, at the age of nineteen. During his college course he was a hard student, very ambitious to excel, and extremely circumspect in his behaviour. In the autumn of 1807, young Judson opened a private academy in Plymouth, which he taught for nearly a year. During this time he published two text-books—the *Elements of English Grammar*, and the *Young Lady's Arithmetic*.

But the most important event of this period of his life was his conversion. From his earliest years he had breathed a thoroughly Christian atmosphere, but during his college course he began to cherish sceptical views. At that time French infidelity was sweeping over the land like a flood, and young Judson did

not escape the contamination. Immediately on closing his school at Plymouth, and during a tour through the Northern States, a deep impression was made upon his mind by the sudden death of an intimate friend and classmate in college, who like himself had become imbued with the scepticism of the day. This incident occurred in a lonely country inn, where, quite unknown to each other, they happened to be spending the night in adjoining rooms. The landlord had apologised to Judson for putting him into a room next to one occupied by a sick young man, who was likely to die. Judson expressed his sorrow for the young man, but said it made no difference to him. He was haunted, however, by the question, If he himself were in a similar position, was he ready to die? Then he began to think about the state of the invalid. Was he a Christian, or, like himself, a Freethinker? Next morning, on inquiry, he heard that he was dead. He learned, moreover, who he was. The announcement completely stunned Judson. It put an end to his pleasure trip, and seemed to have changed him at once into an earnest searcher after truth. He returned home. His arrival was quite unexpected, but very welcome. His parents rejoiced greatly when they heard that he was now an anxious seeker for salvation. While in this state several ministers met him on different occasions, and had conversations with him in regard to his spiritual condition. They invited him to become a student at a Theological College with which they were connected, believing that he might thus be helped out of his difficulties. In this way he was led to enter the Seminary at Andover one year in advance. As he was neither a professor of religion, nor a candidate for the ministry, he was only admitted by special favour; but on the 2nd of December, 1808, he made a solemn dedication of himself to God, and about five months afterwards became a member of the third Congregational church in Plymouth.

## II.

### CONSECRATION TO MISSIONARY LIFE.

Conversion involved in itself for Judson a consecration of himself to the ministry, and at the same time he began to ponder the subject of foreign missions. With the last year of his theological course still before him, there fell into his hands a sermon, entitled, "The Star in the East," preached in one of the parish churches of Bristol, England, by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, who had for many years been a chaplain to the British East India Company. The leading thought of the sermon was the evidence of the Divine power of the Christian religion in the East. Dr. Buchanan described the progress of the Gospel in India, and especially the labours of the venerable German missionary Schwartz. This sermon fell into Judson's soul like a spark into tinder. Six months elapsed from the time of his reading Buchanan's "Star in the East" before he made the final resolve to become a missionary to the heathen. It was in February, 1810, that he and several other young men formally consecrated themselves to this work.

In becoming a missionary, young Judson turned his back upon the most flattering prospects at home. He had been appointed to and declined a tutorship in Brown University, and Dr. Griffin had proposed him as his colleague in the largest church in Boston. "And you will be so near home," his mother said. "No," was his reply, "I shall never live in Boston; I have farther than that to go." The ambitious hopes of his father were overthrown, and his mother and sister mourned him with tears of regret.

Young Judson fully appreciated the dangers and hardships of missionary life, and understood and accepted the privations and sufferings that awaited him. There was at this time no Foreign Missionary Society in America, to which he could offer himself, and which would ensure his support in the foreign field. He therefore, together with his missionary

associates, made known their wishes to their teachers in the Theological Seminary, and to several influential ministers in the vicinity. These wise and cautious men advised the students to submit their case to the General Association, a body representing all the Congregational churches in the state of Massachusetts; which was done accordingly, on June 27th, 1810. In this way the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a society known and justly revered at the present day as the mother of American foreign missionary societies, was organized. It was thought best by this body to send Mr. Judson to England, to ascertain whether in their feeble beginning they might depend for aid and co-operation on their brethren of the London Missionary Society. He embarked for England January 11th, 1811, on the English ship *Pocket*. She was captured on the way by a French privateer, and so he was subjected to imprisonment and compulsory detention in France. He arrived in London on the 6th of May, and was courteously received by the English directors; but a joint conduct of missions not seeming to them practicable, he returned to America, and arrived in New York on the 17th of August.

Soon after his return, Mr. Judson was appointed to labour as a missionary in Asia, either in the Burman empire,—which has acquired fresh interest in the eyes of Englishmen by the recent acquisition which has taken place,—Surat, Prince of Wales Island, or elsewhere, as Providence should seem to open the most favourable door. But he was not to go alone, for he was already betrothed to Miss Ann Hasseltine, whose zeal in the cause of missions, and whose sublime heroism, have made her one of the most remarkable women of her age. She was born at Bradford, Massachusetts, December 22nd, 1789, and was about a year younger than Mr. Judson. At the age of sixteen she received her first deep religious impressions. After a struggle of several months, she consecrated herself to the Christian life, and threw herself

with all her native ardour into its labours and joys. Her decision to become a foreign missionary was the more remarkable, that as yet no woman had ever left America for that purpose. Public sentiment was against it. On the 3rd of February, 1812, Mr. Judson took final leave of his parents at Plymouth; on the 5th, he was married to Ann Hasseltine at Bradford; on the 6th, he received ordination at Salem; and on the 19th, he embarked with his young wife on the brig *Caravan*, bound for Calcutta.

### III.

#### VOYAGE TO BURMAH.

After the shores of America had faded from their eyes, almost four months elapsed before Mr. and Mrs. Judson caught sight of land. While taking this long voyage to India, they adopted the views of the Baptists, and upon their arrival formally joined that denomination. This step necessarily caused them to be separated from all their missionary associates, and from the society that sent them out. But this separation was only the beginning of their troubles. India was ruled by the East India Company, which was opposed to the introduction of missionaries, particularly of Americans; England and America not being at that time on friendly terms. It was feared the natives would rise against the whole English race, and a war ensue, rendered the more intense by the spirit of religious fanaticism. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were, therefore, peremptorily ordered to return to America. They begged leave to settle in some other part of India, but were refused. They then asked leave to repair to Mauritius. Permission was granted; but no ship was ready to sail bound for that port, and they were compelled to wait two months. At the end of that time they were ordered on board one of the Company's vessels bound for England, but a vessel being just about to sail for Mauritius, they appealed to the Governor for a passport. This

was refused. The captain, however, good-naturedly agreed to take them without a passport, and they embarked under cover of the night. But while sailing down the Hooghly river to the sea, they were overtaken by a Government despatch and forbidden to go farther. They were put ashore on the bank of the river, and took shelter in a little tavern. After three or four days, some unknown benefactor procured them the much-desired passport to sail on the *Creole*, which they were fortunate enough to overtake anchored at Sangur, seventy miles below. After a voyage of six weeks, they arrived at Port Louis, in the Isle of France, January 17th, 1813.

The Isle of France, the scene of St. Pierre's pathetic tales of Paul and Virginia, was to our missionaries also, who took refuge here, a place of sorrow. Here they learned of a death which rivals in pathos the fate of Virginia. Mrs. Harriet Newell, the first American martyr to foreign missions, one of their missionary associates, who had sailed in the same ship with them from America, and who had preceded them to this place, having barely survived the tempestuous voyage from Calcutta, had just been laid to rest in the heathy ground of Mauritius. She was one who, "for the love of Christ and immortal souls, left the bosom of her friends and found an early grave in a land of strangers."

During the four months which Mr. and Mrs. Judson were obliged to spend in the Isle of France, their time was spent in self-sacrificing labours among the English soldiers that formed the garrison of the island; but they longed to reach their final destination, and decided to make another attempt to land on the coast of India. On the 7th of May, they embarked for Madras, intending to establish a mission on Prince of Wales Island, lying in the Straits of Malacca. On the 4th of June, they arrived at Madras, where they were once more under the jurisdiction of the East India Company. There was no vessel in the harbour bound for Prince of Wales Island,

and the only vessel about to sail in that direction was bound for Rangoon, Burmah. Their arrival was promptly reported to the Governor-General, and they feared they would be immediately transported to England. They dreaded to pass from the protection of the British flag into the power of the Burman despot, whose tender mercies were cruel; but their only alternative was between Rangoon and their own dear native land, and they chose the former. On June 22nd, they went on board the crazy old vessel *Georgiana*, and after a stormy and perilous voyage they reached Rangoon. Mrs. Judson was dangerously ill, and was obliged to be carried on shore.

Although Mr. Judson's change of denominational connection did not meet with universal approval at the time, yet good and wise men of all religious bodies, viewing his conduct from the standpoint of the present, are agreed that it was overruled for good to the Christian world at large. It occasioned the formation of another missionary society. When the tidings reached America, the Baptists throughout the whole land were aroused to action, and immediately organized themselves into what is now known as the American Baptist Missionary Union, whose receipts for 1884 were about three hundred thousand dollars. Thus there came to be two great American benevolent forces at work where before there was only one. What a history-making epoch that was! The action of those consecrated students at Andover led to the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and of the American Baptist Missionary Union; the one the organ of the Congregationalists, the other of the Baptists, of America. A watershed was upheaved from which two beneficent and ever-widening streams flowed forth for the healing of the nations.

#### IV.

##### LIFE IN RANGOON.

In Rangoon Mr. Judson began his labours as a foreign missionary, and here

the next ten years of his life were spent. He first addressed himself to the task of mastering the Burmese language, without grammar, dictionary, or English-speaking teacher. How well he succeeded has become a matter of history. He was enabled to render important service later on both to the Burmans and the English during the war of 1824, between Burmah and the English Government in India. He also made the acquisition of this most difficult language comparatively easy to all such as should follow in his footsteps. On the 13th of July, just three years to a day after his arrival in the country, he completed a Grammar of the Burmese language. A little later he completed his first tract. On the 20th of May, 1817, he finished the translation of the Gospel of Matthew, the first stage in the monumental task of translating the whole Bible. But work of this kind was always secondary to what he considered the business of his life, namely, to preach the Gospel to the heathen. There were only two channels through which religious truth could be communicated to the mind of the Burman—the eyes and the ears. The natives were emphatically a reading people, so that one way in which Mr. Judson communicated the Gospel was by the translation of tracts—either clear statements of Christian truth, or portions of the Bible. These were not scattered about like autumn leaves, but given in a discriminating manner to individuals, the gift often being accompanied by a solemn injunction to read, followed by a fervent prayer; and it is a noteworthy fact, that the attention of the first serious Burman inquirer was caught by two of these little writings that fell into his hands.

But far more important than translating and distributing truth in a printed form was the oral preaching of the Gospel. For this Mr. Judson had a rare aptitude, and in it he won his most signal triumphs. It was unlike the preaching of an orator about whom a throng gathers. After the little chapel or Zayat was built, public worship in-

deed was held, but most of the preaching at first was to the individual. A single person would enter into a discussion with the missionary, while a few others would draw near to witness the encounter. In these hand-to-hand frays Mr. Judson often extorted exclamations of admiration from the bystanders, as with his keen logic he hewed his opponent's arguments to pieces. His preaching abounded with images and illustrations. He preached with great fervour and earnestness, and with a touching simplicity in matter and language. Behind his words lay the magnet of a great character. There was no mistaking his motives.

On April 4th, 1819, when Mr. Judson was thirty-one years old, and had been in Burmah nearly six years, the first public service was held, and he ventured to preach to a Burman audience in their own language; and on the 27th of June, seven years after leaving America, he baptized the first Burman convert, Mounng Hau, who was soon followed by many more.

At this interesting period, when numbers were inquiring into the new religion, the black cloud of persecution gathered over the heads of the new converts and their Christian teachers. The Viceroy of Rangoon regarded with an unfavourable eye the attempt to introduce a new religion, and Mr. Judson resolved to go directly to Ava, the capital of Burmah, and lay the matter at the feet of the Emperor. If he could gain permission from the Burman monarch to propagate the Christian religion, he would be at once exempt from the persecution of provincial underlings. If he should fail, matters could be no worse, for news of the new movement must soon reach the ears of the King in any case. Mr. Judson returned from Ava utterly disheartened, having reaped only complete failure. He therefore decided to remove the mission to Chittagong, in order to be under the protection of the English Government; but the heroism of the disciples prevailed to keep him in Rangoon, where he continued his

labours for three years more in tolerable freedom. In 1822, Mr. Judson made a second journey to Ava, and this time found the King much more favourably disposed toward him; even inviting him to come and establish himself in Ava. The little church in Rangoon had grown to eighteen members, the Zayat had been built, schools established, a printing-press sent them from America, and two missionaries were on the ground with their wives to care for the infant church. There seemed no reason why he should not move into "the regions beyond," as he always longed to do. So, on the 13th of December, 1823, he set out for Ava, where he arrived January 23rd, 1824. This marks an epoch in Mr. Judson's life. His active, ardent temperament was to be subjected to the crucible of passive endurance, and we now pass from the record of his activities to the story of his sufferings.

## V.

## LIFE IN AVA AND OUNG-PEN-LA.

When Mr. and Mrs. Judson left Rangoon to establish a mission in Ava, the outlook was encouraging. They had been invited by the King to live in the capital city, and had received from him a plot of ground on which to build a mission-house. They felt sure of royal protection, and many persons in high rank seemed kindly disposed to the new religion. Mr. Judson preached in Burmese every Sunday, and held worship every evening, and Mrs. Judson soon had a school of native girls. A dark cloud of persecution, however, quickly gathered on the horizon. War broke out between Burmah and the English Government in India, and suspicion fell at once on all the white foreigners residing in Ava. It was thought that they were in collusion with the English.

Mr. Judson was seized on the 8th of June, 1824, and for twenty-one months endured the prolonged horrors of confinement in a loathsome Oriental prison. For nine months he was confined in three pairs of fetters, for two months

in five, for six months in one; for two months he was a prisoner at large; and for two months, although released from prison, he was restrained in Ava under the charge of the governor of the north gate of the palace. The prison was a building about forty feet long and thirty wide, and about five feet high. There was no ventilation except through the chinks in the boards, and upon the thin roof poured down the rays of a tropical sun. In this room were confined one hundred persons of both sexes and all nationalities, nearly all naked and half famished. The prison was never washed or even swept. Putrid remains of animal and vegetable matter, together with other nameless abominations, strewed the floor. In this place of torment Mr. Judson lay, with five pairs of fetters on his legs and ankles, weighing about fourteen pounds, the marks of which he carried to his dying day. At nightfall, lest the prisoners should escape, a bamboo pole was placed between their legs, and then drawn up by means of pulleys to a height which allowed their shoulders to rest on the ground, while their feet depended from the iron rings of the fetters.

When Mr. Judson was subjected to these indignities and tortures he was in the prime of life, thirty-six years old; but he was a student, unused to suffering hardship. His naturally vigorous constitution had been enfeebled by ten years of close application to study in a tropical climate, and of late years completely shattered by repeated attacks of Indian fever. This, however, only represents the physical side of his distresses. Who can measure the torture of twenty-one months of enforced idleness to an active methodical nature; or the horrors of close association with the basest criminals of the Burman capital—obliged to endure their filth, to look upon their repulsive features, his reluctant ears filled with their vulgar and blasphemous jests, compelled to look on while they were tortured with cord and mallet, and forced to listen to the writhing victims' shrieks of anguish?

He was a man of the strongest and tenderest affections. What keen mental anguish must he have endured as he thought of his beloved wife threading alone the hot and crowded streets, without friend or protector, liable at any moment to be seized and thrown into prison; hourly exposed to the insults of rude Burman officials, while, with intrepid courage, day after day she brought food to the prison; assuaged the wretchedness of the prisoners by bribing their inhuman keepers; pleaded for the release of her husband with one Burman official after another, and with such pathetic eloquence, that on one occasion she melted to tears the old governor of the prison; giving birth to her babe, and after a confinement of only twenty-one days, carrying it all the way in her arms to that "never-to-be-forgotten place," Oung-pen-la; nursing it and the little native girls under her charge through small-pox; and at last, broken down herself, and brought to death's door by the same loathsome disease, followed by the dread spotted fever, obtaining permission after many entreaties for her husband to crawl about the town in his iron fetters, in charge of a gaoler, with the little wailing creature in his arms, begging nourishment for it from some Burman mother!

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Judson in the midst of these horrors took refuge in the quietism of Madame Guyon. His sublime faith in God never faltered, though the Burman Bible remained unfinished, and the work of ten years in Rangoon was going to pieces in his absence. He employed his calmer moments in composing some exquisite poems and hymns, and a metrical rendering of the Lord's Prayer. At last he was released from his irons, and compelled to act as translator and interpreter for the Burmans in treating for peace with the English. From the beginning of his residence in the country, he had carefully avoided taking any part in political affairs, for he did not wish to endanger his influence as a religious teacher by

letting the Burmans receive the impression that he was in the interests of the English. But now he had no choice. He was probably selected because no one could be better trusted, and because of his remarkable knowledge of the language. He was taken from Oung-pen-la, where the prisoners had been removed six months previously, and sent to Maloum, where he remained six weeks on the Government business, when, in consequence of the advance of the English from Prome, he was hurried back to Ava, and again thrown into prison. He was soon released, however, at the demand of General Sir Archibald Campbell, who took Mr. and Mrs. Judson and their infant daughter immediately to his own quarters, and treated them with the kindness of a father rather than as strangers of another country.

## VI.

### LIFE IN AMHERST.

The treaty of peace was signed by the British and Burman commissioners on the 24th of February, 1826. On the 6th of the following month, Mr. and Mrs. Judson left the headquarters of the English army encamped at Tan-ta-lo. They sailed down the Irrawaddy in a British gunboat, and arrived at Rangoon March 21st, 1826. Having at last emerged from his long term of Oriental imprisonment, Mr. Judson turned to his life-work with undiminished ardour. The English desired to retain his valuable services as interpreter, and offered him a salary of three thousand dollars; but he declined.

When he arrived in Rangoon, he found his little mission, the result of ten years of labour, completely broken up. The war had driven the missionary associates whom he had left in charge to Calcutta, whither they had narrowly escaped with their lives. He had left a native church of eighteen disciples, and he found on his return only four. With the exception of two, however, none had disgraced their holy profession. It was out of



the question to think of remaining at Rangoon. The English were only holding the place temporarily, until the Burmans should pay their war debt; and at the close of the year the army vacated it, and Burmah resumed the possession of its chief sea-port. A state of anarchy followed the war, famine succeeded, and tigers and other beasts of prey began to infest the suburbs and carry off cattle and human beings. All these circumstances impelled the missionaries to leave Rangoon. It was no longer necessary to remain there in order to reach the native Burmans.

One of the results of the war was that the English had wrested from them a large part of their sea-coast. This country was peopled with Burmans, and the cruelty of the despot at Ava was sure to cause a large overflow of the population of Burmah proper into it. Here the Judsons might teach the new religion unmolested, under the protection of the British flag. Just at this time, Mr. Judson was invited by Mr. Crawford, the British Civil Commissioner of the new province, to accompany him on an exploring expedition, the purpose being to ascertain the best situation for a town which should be the capital of the new territory, the seat of government, and the headquarters of the army. Mr. Judson's knowledge of the language made him an invaluable assistant in such an enterprise, and finally he and Mr. Crawford selected as the site of the new city the promontory where the waters of the Salween empty themselves into the sea. The town was named Amherst, in honour of the Governor-General of India, and to this spot Mr. Judson decided to transplant the Rangoon mission, with the four faithful disciples as the nucleus of a native church.

They removed to Amherst July 2nd, 1826. But before missionary operations were fairly begun, Mr. Judson was compelled reluctantly to visit Ava, the scene of his imprisonment. The Governor desired to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Burman King, and Mr. Judson

was appointed a member of the embassy. His profound knowledge of the Burman language and character well qualified him for the delicate and difficult task of treating with the Court at Ava. At first he firmly declined; but when he was assured that if he would go as an English ambassador every effort would be made to ensure the insertion of a clause in the treaty granting religious liberty to the Burmans, so that the whole country should be thrown open to the Gospel, he reluctantly consented.

The stubborn intolerance of the native Government had hitherto been the chief obstacle to his missionary work, and religious freedom for the Burmans was a blessing for which he had long laboured and striven in vain. The step proved to be a most unfortunate one, for he soon learned that the King would on no terms agree to the clause in the treaty granting his subjects freedom of worship. He was obliged to remain about two months and a half in Ava, and this period embraces one of the saddest episodes in his life. On the 4th of November, a sealed letter was placed in his hands containing the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Judson. While conducting the affairs of the mission in her husband's absence, she was smitten with fever, and died on October 24th, 1826, at the age of thirty-seven, apart from him to whom she had given her heart in her girlhood, whose footsteps she had faithfully followed for fourteen years, over land and sea, through trackless jungles and strange crowded cities. She had shared his studies and his privations, illumining his hours of gloom with her bright presence; and with a heroism and fidelity never exceeded in the history of missions, had saved his life and soothed his sufferings during his long imprisonment. He whom she thus loved, and whose knowledge of Indian fever might have availed to avert the fatal stroke, was far away in Ava. No missionary was with her when she died, to speak words of Christian consolation, and the hands of strangers smoothed her dying pillow.

Mr. Judson returned to Amherst January 24th, 1827. The native Christians greeted him with the voice of lamentation, and his hearth was desolate. But though worn out with sufferings and sorrows, he did not remit for one moment his missionary labours. He met the Burmans for public worship on Sundays, and each day at prayers new inquirers stole in and were taught the religion of Christ. He was also busily employed in revising his translation of the New Testament, and completed two Catechisms for the use of the Burman schools, the one astronomical, the other geographical; while his sorrowful heart sought comfort in commencing a translation of the Psalms. His motherless child was the solace of his studies; but she too was taken from him on April 24th, 1827, at the age of two years. Thus, at the age of thirty-nine, he found himself alone in the world, bereft of wife and child.

The time had now come when the little mission at Amherst thus established with such mournful omens was to be broken up. Amherst was rapidly being eclipsed by the town of Maulmain, situated on the coast about twenty-five miles farther north, at the very mouth of the Salwen. Within a year of its first settlement, while the population of Amherst amounted to twelve hundred, the population of Maulmain had rapidly swelled to twenty thousand. The reason for this growth was an unfortunate misunderstanding between the Civil Commissioner, Mr. Crawford, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Archibald Campbell. The latter made Maulmain the headquarters of his army, which naturally attracted emigration thither, and it soon became apparent that this town instead of Amherst was to be the metropolis of the ceded provinces of Tenasserim. Accordingly, it seemed best to transfer the mission to Maulmain, the site for a mission-house and Zayat having been presented by Sir Archibald Campbell. Just before leaving Amherst, with its treasure of precious dust gathered under the hope-tree, and within three months

of the burial of his child, Mr. Judson learned of the death of his venerable father.

## VII.

### LIFE IN MAULMAIN.

There are traces that at this time Mr. Judson was inclined to embrace the mystical tenets of Thomas a' Kempis, Fenelon, and Madame Guyon; and that under the stress of grief and physical enfeeblement, he approached the perilous verge of fanaticism. He, however, soon recovered his mental and spiritual equilibrium, and in the busy whirl of missionary activity, threw off whatever excesses of self-denial may temporarily have characterized his views and practices. Having brought with him from Amherst the whole little flock of native converts and inquirers, together with nineteen scholars, we find Mr. Judson taking up his abode in the new mission-house in Maulmain. Work was at once begun in four widely separated centres of Gospel influence, where public worship was held, followed by close personal conversation with any who desired to become acquainted with the new religion. He soon had the happiness of baptizing his first convert; and many others speedily followed, yielding little by little to his solemn and gentle persuasion. School work progressed, and was not less effective. But amid the cares and toils of beginning a missionary enterprise in Maulmain, Mr. Judson did not remit his literary labours. The odd moments of time left from preaching and school work were occupied in translating; and it was at this time that he began the task of translating the Old Testament into Burmese.

While thus engaged, he was not unmindful of the smouldering camp-fire at Rangoon and Amherst. At Rangoon especially, where he had first unfurled the banner of Christ, and whence he had been so rudely driven by the intolerant spirit of the King of Ava, he reorganized a native church under a Burman pastor, who was one of the original converts.

This has since grown so, that in 1881 the Rangoon mission embraced 89 churches and 3,700 members. At Amherst, also, Mr. Judson established a native church under a native pastor.

In 1830, he made another attempt to establish the Christian religion in Burmah proper. Leaving Maulmain in charge of other missionaries, he went to Prome, where thousands heard the Gospel from his lips. But the King gave orders that he should be required to depart, and he was forced, sadly and reluctantly, to abandon the project of entering Central Burmah. He did not at once withdraw, but remained for almost a year at Rangoon, situated just within the gate of the empire. He retreated only step by step before intolerance, disputing every inch of the ground, and using the printed page as an engine for disseminating the truth, when preaching by the living voice was impossible. About this time, the Mission Board in America sent Mr. Judson an urgent and affectionate invitation to revisit his native land. He was forty-two years old, and had been absent from America eighteen years; his health was shattered, his family he had laid in the grave; but he replied that he did not feel justified in accepting their kind invitation, and remained at his post. He who dealt so sternly with himself, however, cared with almost a woman's tenderness for the health and comfort of his missionary associates.

After an absence of thirteen months in Rangoon and Prome, Mr. Judson returned to Maulmain, to find the church enlarged by the addition of many Burmans, Karens, and Talings. Two millions of pages of tracts and translations of Scripture had been printed, and a church of fourteen members established in the neighbouring jungle. Soon after his return, he entered upon a new field of operations, by making tours among the wild Karen tribes inhabiting the jungle behind Maulmain; a people whom he found peculiarly accessible to the Christian religion. These tours were attended by great fatigue and danger. He took

with him a band of missionary associates and native workers, whom he despatched two and two, to the right and left, up the tributaries of the Salwen, to penetrate the jungle, and meeting their teacher a few days later, report to him the result of their labours.

After eight years of domestic solitude, Mr. Judson was married, on the 10th of April, 1834, to Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman, widow of the sainted George Dana Boardman, one of his missionary associates. He found in her a kindred spirit. She had spent the three years of her widowhood in heroic toil among the Karens at Tavoy, continuing her husband's labours after his death. She was the guiding spirit of the mission. She pointed out the way of life to the Karen inquirers who came in from the wilderness; she even made long tours in the jungle. With her child carried by her followers at her side, she climbed the mountain, traversed the marsh, forded the stream, and threaded the forest. She conducted her schools with such ability, that when an appropriation was made by the English Government for schools throughout the Provinces, it was especially stipulated that they should be conducted on the plan of Mrs. Boardman's schools at Tavoy.

On the 31st of January, 1834, Mr. Judson completed the Burman Bible. Seven years more were spent in revising the first work, and on the 24th of October, 1840, the last sheets of the revised edition were sent to the press. Competent judges pronounce Mr. Judson's translations of the Scripture the most perfect work of its kind that has ever appeared in India. Twenty-one years were spent in translation, and seven in revision. It is perfect as a literary work; and will probably three centuries hence be the Bible of the Christian churches of Burmah, as Luther's Bible is now in the hands of Protestant Germany.

Upon the completion of the fiftieth year of his life and his twenty-fifth in Burmah, his health gave way. Disease fastened upon his lungs, entailing loss of voice and intense pain, and he was

compelled to take a sea-voyage to Calcutta. After an absence of two months, he returned somewhat improved; but Mrs. Judson's health also began to fail, and she was attacked by the disease which proved fatal to her in the end. Their children also being sick, it became necessary to take another voyage to Calcutta. One of the children died there, and then they proceeded to the Isle of France, and returned to Maulmain benefited.

### VIII.

#### VISIT TO AMERICA.

While working at his gigantic task of compiling a Burman Dictionary, undertaken at the request of the Board of Missions in America, Mr. Judson was obliged to embark on a voyage to America, in order to preserve Mrs. Judson's life. She had taken several short journeys along the coast, without deriving any permanent benefit, and her case had now become so desperate, that she was unable to attempt the long journey to America alone. Her life was of immense value, not only to her husband and her little family of six helpless children, but also to the mission; as, next to Mr. Judson himself, she spoke and wrote the Burman language more perfectly than any white foreigner then living; while her marked ability and earnest missionary spirit would render her loss one impossible to repair. On the 26th of April, 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, with their three elder children, embarked on the ship *Paragon* for London, leaving their three younger children behind, in the charge of the missionaries. The vessel sprang a leak, and the captain was obliged to put in at the Isle of France.

Mrs. Judson had so far improved that the missionaries formed the purpose of separating, she to continue the voyage alone, and he to return to his work in Maulmain. But she soon experienced a severe relapse, and it became impossible to leave her. After remaining three weeks at Port Louis, they embarked on a

ship bound directly for the United States. Again she rallied, and again experienced a dreadful relapse, which terminated in her death on ship-board off the port of St. Helena, on the 1st of September, 1845. Having prepared her for burial with his own hands, her body was carried ashore the same afternoon and deposited in the public burial-ground at St. Helena, and at evening, this lone rock of the ocean, which contained all that was mortal of the mother of his children, faded out of his sight for ever.

Mr. Judson, with his three children, reached Boston on the 15th of October, 1845. He was ill prepared for the enthusiastic greeting that awaited him in America. Every home was thrown open to him, and soon his progress from city to city almost assumed the proportions of a triumphal march. His movements were chronicled alike by secular and religious newspapers. He was in exceedingly delicate health, his pulmonary complaint prevented his speaking above a whisper, and he could only address an audience at second hand, whispering his words to a speaker at his side, who conveyed them to the ears of the hearers. He had so long used a foreign tongue, that it was difficult for him to form sentences in English. Naturally shy and humble, he shrank from observation, and found it exceedingly distasteful to be publicly harangued and eulogised. He often disappointed public assemblies by declining to relate his own adventures, and telling instead the simple story of the Cross.

While on this tour through the country, everywhere kindling missionary enthusiasm, he met in Philadelphia Miss Emily Chubbuck, who, under the *nom de plume* of Fanny Forrester, had achieved a wide literary reputation. He secured her to prepare a suitable memoir of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, and the acquaintance thus formed terminated in marriage on the 2nd of the following June. This lady, who took the place at his side left successively vacant by Ann Hasseltine and Sarah Boardman, had, besides her

intellectual gifts, an intensely religious nature. She was the child of Christian parents, and was very early the subject of religious impressions. In subsequent life she dated her conversion as occurring when she was eight years old, and she seems to have been haunted from her earliest years by the conviction that she was some time or other to become a missionary to the heathen. The marriage was pleasing neither to the literary nor to the religious world. The one thought that the brilliant Fanny Forrester was throwing herself away in marrying "an old missionary," the other feared that the moral grandeur of the missionary cause was compromised by an alliance between its venerable founder and a writer of fiction. But the missionary's heart kept turning towards the field of his labours far across the sea. On the 11th of July, 1846, after bidding farewell to his three elder children, who were to remain in America, Mr. Judson embarked, with his wife and several newly-appointed missionaries, for Maulmain on the Fanueil Hall; and though he well knew that the dear ones from whom he was parting would probably never be seen again on earth, yet it was with deep joy that he turned his face once more towards Burmah.

## IX.

### LAST YEARS.

More than four months elapsed after Mr. Judson parted from his friends in Boston before he arrived in Maulmain, to clasp once more in his arms two of the three children whom he had left behind eighteen months before, one having died during his absence. He still ardently cherished the purpose of entering Burmah proper, and his eye was upon his old field, Rangoon, just within the empire. The new King was a bigoted Buddhist, and bitterly opposed to the propagation of the Christian religion. But in Maulmain there were labourers enough; while in Rangoon he would be favourably situated for completing the Dictionary, as he would have access to

learned men, and to books not to be found in Maulmain. Moreover, he hoped that Burman intolerance might at last yield, and he was eager to press into the interior of the empire and establish a mission in Ava, the scene of his sufferings.

Impelled by these motives, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, with their two little boys, set out for Rangoon on the 15th of February, 1847. Missionary operations, however, were obstructed from the outset by the intolerance of the Government. They were no longer, as in Maulmain, under the protection of the British flag, but were exposed to the barbarities of a bigoted and unlimited despotism, and the prospects of the mission were never darker. The Acting Governor of Rangoon is described by Mr. Judson as being the most ferocious and bloodthirsty monster he had ever known in Burmah, and his house and courtyard resounded day and night with the cries of people under torture. Missionary operations had to be conducted with the utmost secrecy. Any known attempt at proselyting would have been instantly punished by the imprisonment or death of the proselyte, and the banishment of the missionary.

Mr. Judson kept at work on the Dictionary, while he gathered for secret worship the few scattered members of the native church, and any inquirers who, at the risk of their lives, visited him by night. The condition of his household was made still more distressing by sickness, every member of the family being prostrated by disease; and their malady was aggravated by the want of nourishing food. But amid all these sufferings, Mr. Judson never fell into despondency; he had long since mastered the science of contentment. He had been instructed both "to be full and to be hungry, to abound and to suffer need." At last, the intolerance became so fierce, that there was no hope of retaining even a foothold without going to Ava to secure the favour of the royal Court. Mr. Judson's heart was set upon doing this. He believed it was the only way by

which the Gospel could be established in Burmah proper; and bitter indeed was his disappointment when the policy of retrenchment at home not only prevented him from pushing on to Ava, but compelled him to retreat from Rangoon.

It was with an almost broken heart that this wise and intrepid leader, after this last fruitless effort to break the serried ranks of Burman intolerance, returned to Maulmain, in obedience to the timid and narrow policy of his brethren in America. Two years afterwards, only a few months before his death, he received permission from the Board to go to Ava. But it was too late. The opportunity for penetrating Burmah proper had passed away.

From the time of his return to Maulmain he worked steadily at the Dictionary, and at the same time took a general oversight of mission work, being in the nature of the case a guiding and inspiring force. He preached, and part of the time the whole care of the native church devolved upon him. His reputation had extended through the whole of India, and he was held in the highest esteem even by eminent Buddhists. To his fellow-missionaries, his wide experience and affectionate disposition made him an invaluable adviser and friend.

But dark shadows began to gather around the path of the missionaries. Mrs. Judson's health began to decline, and, while he cherished dark forebodings about her, he little imagined he would precede her by several years through the valley of the shadow of death. In November, 1849, he was attacked by the disease which, after a period of a little over four months, terminated in his death. A trip down the coast of Mergui afforded only partial relief. He tried the sea air of Amherst, but only sank more rapidly, and hastened back to Maulmain. His only hope lay in a sea-voyage. The ocean breezes had never failed to invigorate him. A French barque, the *Aristide Marie*, was to sail on the 3rd of April. The dying missionary was carried on board by his weeping disci-

ples, accompanied only by Mr. Ranney, of the Maulmain Mission. There were unfortunate delays in going down the river, so that several days were lost. Meanwhile that precious life was ebbing rapidly away. It was not until Monday, the 8th, that the vessel got out to sea. Then came head - winds and sultry weather, and after four days and nights of intense agony, Mr. Judson breathed his last, on the 12th of April; and on the same day, at eight o'clock in the evening, the crew assembled, the larboard port was opened, and in perfect silence, broken only by the voice of the captain, his body was lowered into the Indian Ocean, without a prayer.

## X.

### POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

Mr. Judson did not live to complete the Burman Dictionary. He finished the English and Burmese part, but the Burmese and English part was left in an unfinished state. In accordance with his desire, expressed only a few days before his death, Mrs. Judson transmitted his manuscripts to his friend and missionary associate, Mr. Stevens, upon whom the task of completing the work devolved.

It now remains for us to ask what were the results this great life left behind it in the state of human society. Mr. Judson's achievements far exceeded the wildest aspirations of his boyhood. During the early years in Rangoon, when the mighty purpose of evangelizing Burmah began to take shape in his mind; even before the first convert, Moung Hau, was baptized; when indeed the young missionary was almost forgotten by his fellow Christians at home, or merely pitied as a good-hearted enthusiast—the outmost limit reached by his strong-winged hope, was that he might before he died build up a church of a hundred converted Burmans, and translate the whole Bible into their language. But far more than this was accomplished during the ten years in Rangoon, the two years in Ava, and the twenty-three years in Maulmain.

At the time of his death, the native

Christians (Burmans and Karens publicly baptized upon profession of their faith) numbered over seven thousand. Besides this, hundreds throughout Burmah had died rejoicing in the Christian faith. He had not only finished the translation of the Bible, but had accomplished the larger and more difficult part of the compilation of a Burmese Dictionary. There were sixty-three churches established among the Burmans and Karens. These churches were under the oversight of one hundred and sixty-three missionaries, native pastors, and assistants. He had laid the foundations of Christianity deep down in the Burman heart, where they could never be destroyed.

It was Mr. Judson's lot to labour in the hard and obscure period of first beginnings of missionary enterprise, which has since his day, in many places, yielded large results. And not only so, but he undertook the task of planting Christianity, not among a people like the Sandwich Islanders, without a literature, and without an elaborate religious system; but rather in a soil already preoccupied by an ancient literature and by a time-honoured religion, which numbers among its devotees one-third of the population of the globe. When these considerations are taken into account, the tangible results that Mr. Judson left behind at his death are simply amazing.

But these are only a small part of what he really accomplished. Being dead, he yet speaketh. The early actions of Mr. Judson and his fellow-students at Andover resulted in the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This society, representing the Congregationalists of America, may justly claim to be the mother of American foreign missionary bodies. It was organized for the support of certain young men while they were engaged in the work to which the Lord had called them. In the year 1880, this society received and expended over six hundred thousand dollars. It is conducting successful missionary operations in Africa, Turkey,

India, China, Japan, Micronesia, Mexico, Spain, and Austria. In these different countries it has two hundred and seventy-two churches, over seventeen thousand church members, and sixteen hundred and eighty-five missionaries, native pastors, and assistants.

The change in Mr. Judson's views on the subject of baptism, to which we have already referred, led immediately to the formation of what is now known as the American Baptist Missionary Union. This society is at work in Burmah, Siam, India, China, Japan, and also in the countries of Europe; and it reports nine hundred and eighty native churches, eighty-five thousand, three hundred and eight church members, and twelve hundred and fourteen missionaries and native preachers.

A few years after Mr. Judson's departure from America, and the organization of these two societies, the Episcopalians and Methodists of America organized themselves for the work of foreign missions. In 1836, the Presbyterians also organized a society of their own. All these vigorous Christian bodies sustained by the missionary conviction of the churches in America, with their vast army of missionaries and native communicants now pressing against the systems of heathenism at a thousand points, when they come to tell the story of their origin, do not fail to make mention of the name of Adoniram Judson. His life formed a part of the fountain-head from which flow these beneficent streams, which fringe with verdure the wastes of paganism. There are few of those who have gone from America as missionaries, who are not indebted to Mr. Judson for methods and inspirations; and not alone in America has his career of heroic action and suffering stimulated Christian activity, but his influence has been an inspiration everywhere. The memory of his sufferings at Ava will never cease to stimulate missionary endeavour. They appeared at the time unnecessary and fruitless. He himself, upon emerging from them,

spoke of them as having been "unavailing to answer any valuable missionary purpose, unless so far as they may have been silently blessed to our spiritual improvement and capacity for future usefulness." But the spectacle of our missionary lying in an Oriental prison, his ankles fettered with five pairs of irons, his heroic wife ministering to him like an angel during the long months of agony, has impressed itself on the heart of Christendom, and has made retreat from the missionary enterprise impossible. It is God's law that progress should be along the line of suffering. The world's benefactors "have been from time immemorial crucified and burned." The sufferings of Mr. Judson's life have been as fruitful of blessing as

his toils. Christianity will never retreat from the graves of its dead on heathen shores. England is pressing into Africa with redoubled energy since she saw placed on the pavement of her own Westminster Abbey the marble tablet of him who was "brought by faithful hands over land and sea, David Livingstone, missionary, traveller, philanthropist." Until that day shall come when every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess the name of Jesus, Christian hearts will not cease to draw inspiration from the memory of those who found their last resting-places under the hope-tree at Amherst, on the rocky shore of St. Helena, and beneath the waves of the Indian Ocean.

EDWARD JUDSON, D.D



# FRANCIS BACON.



## FRANCIS BACON, THE HERALD OF MODERN SCIENCE.

---

AN hour's easy railway journey from London brings the traveller to St. Albans, an ancient city to which a rich and varied interest attaches. It has a memorable place in the records of the planting of Christianity in our island, and the sufferings of its first confessors. It has an honourable name, too, in the literary annals of our country. In its immediate vicinity lies the estate of Gorhambury, three centuries ago the retreat of the Bacon family. Half a mile to the west of the stately abbey, which Offa founded in memory of St. Alban, the reputed proto-martyr of the Gospel in Britain, stands the old church of St. Michael, in which the dust of the most illustrious member of that family has long reposed. Within this house of prayer the student of English history and English literature looks upon a tomb and reads an epitaph, which excite strangely mingled emotions of pity, honour, and regret. It is the tomb of Francis Bacon, statesman, historian, essayist, philosopher, one of the sceptred sovereigns in the world of English letters. It is an epitaph which recalls the painfully broken career of one who, had his strength of moral purpose at all equalled the imperial order of his intellect, would have left behind him a name rivalled by few in the long succession of those of whom his country is justly proud.

### I.

#### THE ERA TO WHICH HE BELONGS.

In many respects—some of them sad enough—the life of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, repays attentive study. It is the life of an English genius on whom very opposite judgments have been pronounced. The familiar line in which Pope has described him as “the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,” has so stamped

itself upon the English mind as to have largely determined the popular conception of the man, and writers like Macaulay whose works have an almost universal circulation, have gone far beyond the poet in the reprobation with which they have branded his character. Others, and among them some of the most reliable inquirers, have found reason for softening the severity of the verdict. Bacon himself was content to commit his reputation to the sober estimates of the future. “For my name and memory,” he wrote, “I leave it to men’s charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next ages.” One who knew him well, his chaplain, Dr. Rawley, concludes a narrative of his life with the words: “But however his body was mortal, yet no doubt his memory and work will live, and will in all probability last as long as the world lasteth.” If the expectation which an admiring associate expresses seems too high-pitched, we may at least claim for Bacon the distinction of being one of the greatest figures in one of the greatest and most productive ages. The era into which he was born ranks admittedly among the most brilliant and eventful periods in English history. Many influences were at work quickening and enlarging the English mind, and making the land the home at once of song and of science. It was a time when new life was bursting on every side, and the old, staid, provincial England was giving place to a larger and a freer England. Of this exceptional epoch in the history of the English nation—an epoch which started English science on its career of triumph—Bacon was the genuine child. He became the exponent of many of its best thoughts, the interpreter of its aspirations after a wider and more certain knowledge, the prophet of a new scientific method and a new scientific spirit.

## II.

## HIS PARENTAGE AND YOUTH.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, for twenty years Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, occupied York House in the Strand. Here on the 22nd January, 1560-61, his son Francis was born. Sir Nicholas had been twice married. By Anne Cooke, his second wife, he had two sons, Anthony the elder by a couple of years, and Francis who was destined to make the family name so famous. Of the father we know surprisingly little. It is certain, however, that he was a personage of importance in the political world, enjoying the confidence of Queen Elizabeth. We know more of the mother's character and connections. She belonged to a good family, distinguished for its Protestant zeal. Her father, Sir Anthony Cooke, had been tutor to Edward VI. She appears to have been a woman of considerable parts, well read, accomplished, and fervently pious. She adhered to the school of Calvin. Her sympathies were with the types of thought and the order of things prevalent in Geneva, Strassburg, and Zürich, and with the men in England who prayed and laboured for the nation's acceptance of the more decided form of the Protestant faith. The influence of such a mother must have told powerfully on the active and susceptible mind of the boy. We have scant information, however, of his opening life and earliest training. No doubt he would be with his father about the Court at times, and there is reason for believing that more than once, though at how early a period is not certain, he attracted the notice of the great Queen. Dr. Rawley refers to early incidents of this kind, and says that the boy "was endued with that pregnancy and towardness of wit, as they were presages of that deep and universal apprehension which was manifest in him afterwards, and caused him to be taken notice of by several persons of worth and place, and especially by the Queen, who, as I have been informed, delighted much to

confer with him and to prove him with questions; unto which he delivered himself with that gravity and maturity above his years that her Majesty would often term him, *The young lord keeper*." In proof of his quickness of perception and readiness of reply, the story is told that, Elizabeth having once asked him, while he was yet a mere boy, how old he was, he answered that he was "two years younger than her Majesty's happy reign." It is important, also, to observe that through his mother he was connected with one of the ablest and most incorruptible of English statesmen, William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who had married another daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. This connection with the greatest minister of the Crown in these times might have been expected to facilitate Bacon's advance in public life. But for reasons which can only be in part surmised, this did not prove to be the case. Born, however, as he was, in times prolific of great men, a few years earlier than Shakespeare and Galileo and Kepler, a few years later than Spenser and Hooker and Raleigh, he was familiar as a child with the high places of England, and with the notable men who filled the Court of the Virgin Queen. It is of even greater interest to know that the religious influence under which he was reared was Puritanism. His childhood was spent in the keen air of Puritan aspiration. The Puritan faith was the nurture on which his spiritual nature was fed. The first preachers to whom he listened were apparently those of the Puritan camp. And the impression made upon his opening life seems never wholly to have left him through all the changes of his later years. His opinions on many things dear to his Puritan mother soon became modified or reversed. He proved himself by-and-by a sharp critic of much that was characteristic of the Puritan movement and inherent in the Puritan system. But he never lost his admiration for the strong characters and the patient lives that were the frequent products of Puritanism. He never wholly forgot

his sympathy for those who struggled against ecclesiastical oppression. By whatever motives prompted, he continued to advocate on fit occasion the need of reform in the Church. "Why should the civil state," he asked long years after, "be purged and restored by good and wholesome laws made every three years in Parliament assembled, devising remedies as fast as time breedeth mischief, and contrariwise the ecclesiastical state still continue upon the dregs of time, and receive no alteration these forty-five years or more?"

### III.

#### HIS STUDENT CAREER.

In due time the brothers were sent to the University of Cambridge. They matriculated in June, 1573. Francis, therefore, became a member of the university, mixing with its learned men and taking part in its learned studies, when he was little more than twelve years old. His college was Trinity, the master of which was the well-known John Whitgift, a man of severe character and a strict administrator. We have little more than hints of the kind of life he led in Cambridge, and the use he made of his academic opportunities. We gather that he had times of sickness, and from a child indeed he seems to have been of delicate constitution. We come across the names of a number of books, the *Iliad*, Xenophon, Cicero, Livy, Demosthenes, Caesar, Aristotle, Plato, and others, which were given him to study. Whitgift's methodical habits have left us a minute account of many petty details of his college expenses, down to the twelve pennies charged against him for the dyeing of his stockings. We know, too, that Cambridge was visited by the plague in the years 1574-75, and, as the students were scattered for the time, there appears to have been an interruption of his residence for about seven months. But we have no distinct picture of what he was as a student, nor anything to indicate that the boy (for boy he still was) was regarded as one of very rare parts and

promise. We are indebted to himself, however, for some interesting reminiscences, which show how his future bent was discovering itself even so early. He tells us of an iron pillar which supported the roof of an upper room in Trinity College, and how he observed that, when this pillar was struck, it made "a little flat noise" in the upper chamber, but "would make a great bomb in the chamber beneath." He reports another observation on sound, which may also belong to this period. "There is in St. James's Fields," he says, "a conduit of brick, unto which joineth a low vault; and at the end of that a round house of stone; and in the brick conduit there is a window; and in the round house a slit or rift of some little breadth; if you cry out in the rift it will make a fearful roaring at the window." Stories like these indicate how instinctively the youth's attention was directed to the forces of nature. But there is another recollection of his university years, which is of peculiar interest in view of what the student was to become. It is given thus by Dr. Rawley:—"While he was commorant in the university, about sixteen years of age, (as his lordship hath been pleased to impart unto myself,) he first fell into the dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle; not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way; being a philosophy (as his lordship used to say) only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man: in which mind he continued to his dying day." It appears, therefore, that before he left Cambridge, he became dissatisfied with the prevalent Aristotelian philosophy, notwithstanding his respect for the intellect of Aristotle himself; that he had come to regard the investigation of nature as doomed to barrenness of result so long as it was ruled by that philosophy; and that he began to ask whether a more fruitful method might not be

devised. Some have made light of this passage in his early youth. But there is no doubt that he himself attached great value to it, and looked back upon it with the feelings which consecrate an event of decisive influence in the shaping of a life. The time when the question whether there might not be a better method of studying nature and getting at her laws first took possession of his mind, deserves to be recognised as a time of supreme importance in the determination of his career. It is so recognised by the best of all his biographers. "From that moment," says Mr. Spedding, "he had a vocation which employed and stimulated all the energies of his mind, gave a value to every vacant interval of time, an interest and significance to every random thought and casual accession of knowledge; an object to live for as wide as humanity, as immortal as the human race; an idea to live in vast and lofty enough to fill the soul for ever with religious and heroic aspirations. From that moment, though still subject to interruptions, disappointments, errors and regrets, he could never be without either work or hope or consolation."

#### IV.

##### TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

He left the University of Cambridge in 1576. Before the year was out he had an opportunity of visiting France. Sir Amyas Paulet was appointed to the English Embassy in Paris, and young Bacon was sent to join his household. It is probable that the father, with all the interest of a veteran statesman in politics and diplomacy, took this step with a view to the son's preparation for public life as well as for the completing of his education by travel. Francis spent some time in Paris. He saw something, too, of several of the provinces. Among other towns which we know him to have visited, were Blois, Tours and Poitiers, in which last he passed some months. His observant eye found much to note. The times were anxious and

eventful. Don John of Austria was running his daring career. Projects, secret or open, were on foot for invasions of England and Ireland in the interest of popery, for the marriage of the Queen of Scots, for the marriage of Elizabeth, for the pacification of the Low Countries. It was a period of political intrigue and agitation, of uncertainty in the relations between the great European Powers. It does not appear that Bacon had much to do with the work of the Embassy. We know that when he finally left Sir Amyas, he carried with him a dispatch in which the ambassador commended him to Elizabeth as a youth who, "if God gave him life, would prove a very able and sufficient subject to do her Highness good and acceptable service." But in France he was more a learner than an actor. From what he saw, however, of the state of the country, the political confusions and the popular movements of the time, he gathered much that became of use in after life. It is evident, too, that the tastes and aptitudes which had begun to show themselves in Cambridge, asserted themselves in these years of travel. We find him preserving the records of observations of sound which belong to this period. He recalls an echo which he heard repeat itself thirteen times in a small chapel on the banks of the Seine at Pont-Charenton, and notices how it would not return the sound of the letter S. At this time, too, he invented a cipher for use in diplomatic correspondence.

#### V.

##### CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

A crisis in his life was now approaching. It came unexpectedly, yet not without some strange forebodings. About the 17th February of the year 1579, while he was yet in Paris, he had a dream that his father's house in the country was "plastered all over with black mortar." Soon the intelligence reached him that Sir Nicholas Bacon had died after a brief illness brought

on by falling asleep at an open window during a thaw which had followed a severe snow-storm. Nothing more untimely could have befallen Bacon. It had been his father's intention to make a suitable provision for him. That intention was frustrated, and the younger son had to begin life a poor man. In many cases a misfortune of this kind might have proved a blessing in disguise, stimulating to greater exertion and preparing the way for greater success. With Bacon it was not so. He was weighted with position, and had inherited tastes fitting him for a career which demanded liberal means. All students of his life recognise the evil effect this unlooked-for loss had upon his future. It dragged him almost at once into difficulties which became a life-long burden, and made him too much of a petitioner for favours from those high in the State. It tempted him to the borrowing of money and to other practices which told disastrously on his character. He returned to London and decided on devoting himself to the legal profession. His object, at the same time, was to get some post in the State's employment, which would free him from the necessity of practising at the Bar for his maintenance. He approached Burghley, and got him to recommend him to the Queen for some place in the public service. Beyond some gracious words, however, nothing came of this matter, and Bacon had to address himself all the more diligently to his profession. Already we can see that he began life with aims and ambitions of no ordinary kind. Already three great aspirations were appearing which never ceased to possess him through all the disappointments and declensions of the future. He aspired to do some distinguished service to mankind, to his country, and to the church. He was capable of discharging the highest service to each of these three, nor did he altogether fail in what he had the power of doing for any one of the three. Already, too, the ideas of some of his greatest contributions to literature and philosophy were taking shape in his mind.

About the year 1582 he wrote a tract, containing the first rough outline of thoughts which ultimately formed the substance of the treatise by which his name is known all over the world.

## VI.

### FIRST STEPS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Bacon's first attempt to obtain a good start in the career which he had marked out for himself, had failed. A second application made to Burghley was still more disappointing. It called forth only a prompt and somewhat cutting refusal. It may be that there were nearer claims to consider. It may be that there was something in Bacon himself, a large self-assertiveness or what seemed an impracticable imaginativeness, which repelled the experienced man of affairs, and provoked his distrust. Bacon had to wait long until any piece of solid preferment reached him. It came in the year 1589, in the shape of the reversion of the Clerkship of the Star Chamber. This was something substantial, the duties of the office being discharged by deputy, while the salary attached to it was £1600 or more *per annum*. The immediate benefit, however, was nothing. About twenty years elapsed before the reversion fell in and the fruits of the office reached him. During which weary space of hope deferred it seemed to his sick heart, as he himself expressed it, "like another man's ground buttalling upon his house, which might mend his prospect, but did not fill his barn." Meantime he entered Parliament, taking his seat in 1584 as member for Melcombe Regis. In the Parliament of 1586 he sat for Taunton, and about two years later he became member for Liverpool. Besides the business of the House of Commons, other affairs of public interest engaged his busy intellect. The controversy between the Churchmen and the Nonconformists was raging bitterly. It was the time of the Martin Marprelate tracts. An anonymous writer had made a violent assault upon the Churchmen in behalf of the Puritan cause, and had been answered

by the Bishop of Winchester. The flame once kindled burst into a furious fire. Pamphlet followed pamphlet through the years 1588 and 1589, the Bishops' party and the Puritan party vying with each other in passionate and slanderous license. Bacon, who had seen something of the evils of religious strife in France, watched these noisy dissensions with a keen eye. He drew up an important paper on the subject, entitled "Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England." This composition seems to have been circulated at the time only in manuscript. Its matter, however, was found to be so weighty that it was printed many years afterwards. But however much attention he gave to the political and ecclesiastical agitations of the time, he never suffered his mind to be diverted from the high purpose which he had set himself in the service of mankind. This comes out in a very notable way in a letter to Burghley belonging to the year 1592 or 1593, when he was thirty-one years of age. In this letter he refers to his desire to serve her Majesty and to his own depressed circumstances, and then proceeds to speak of his aims and aspirations in terms which may well have seemed the language of overweening self-importance to the shrewd Secretary, but which to us who know the issue are among the most remarkable of the early utterances of men destined to greatness. "I confess," he says, "that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends: for I have taken all knowledge to be my province; and if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers, whereof the one with frivolous disputations, confutations and verbalities, the other with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils, I hope I should bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries—the best state of that province. This, whether it be curiosity or vainglory or nature, or (if we take it favourably) *philanthropia*, is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be re-

moved." He professed himself ready to resign all else on which his ambition had been fixed, in order to be "a pioneer in that mine of truth."

## VII.

### LOSS OF THE QUEEN'S FAVOUR.

Bacon was now launched fully on a statesman's career. It was in Parliament that he was to achieve some of his greatest successes. It was in Parliament, too, that he was to sustain some of his bitterest disappointments. From his first entrance into the House of Commons he took an active interest in the business and secured a prominent position. In his second Parliament he spoke on the case of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was one of those who on November 12th, 1586, approached Elizabeth with the address praying that the sentence which had been pronounced against her Scottish rival might be made public and speedily executed. A prosperous Parliamentary career seemed to have opened for him. Soon, however, all was overcast. An emergency arose which induced him to make a stand on behalf of what we should reckon constitutional right. The consequence was the unexpected displeasure of the Queen—a displeasure which refused to be pacified or to forget. The circumstances were these. In the Parliament of 1593, Bacon took his seat as member for Middlesex. It was a time of distracting rumours of foreign combinations against England. Energetic measures had to be taken for the defence of the island at more than one point. A subsidy was required from Parliament. Bacon was in favour of this, and acted on the Committee appointed on the subject. At this juncture the Committee of the House of Lords approached the Commons intimating that nothing less than a treble subsidy payable in three years would satisfy them, and asking a conference on the question. A settlement was at last reached under which the proposals of the Upper House were accepted, with the modification that the period within which the three subsidies were to be levied should



be four years instead of three. Bacon was of opinion that even with this mitigation the charge would prove too heavy, and moved that six years should be allowed for the payment of the triple subsidy. In this he was unsuccessful, and he accepted the decision. But he had resisted the original proposal of the Lords, because it implied a claim to interfere in matters of supply. This independence was an almost unpardonable offence in the eyes of Elizabeth, and deprived him of much that might otherwise have been his. She could not, indeed, altogether exclude him from public employment. His services were called into requisition in various matters of a weighty and confidential kind. But as long as she lived, he was balked of every opportunity of remunerative advancement. The Attorney-Generalship, the Solicitor-Generalship, the Mastership of the Rolls fell vacant one after the other. To each of these he had very considerable claims. But notwithstanding the exertions of his friends, all were given to others. His circumstances became more and more embarrassed, till at last he was subjected to the indignity of arrest for debt. Notwithstanding the Queen's displeasure, however, his reputation stood high both in Parliament and in the country. In Elizabeth's last Parliament he was elected both for Ipswich and for St. Albans. The journals of the House of Commons show how he kept, and more than kept, the position of influence which his talents had already secured. Neither did he attempt to undo what cost him so much with the Queen. It has been alleged by some who take an unfavourable view of his action in all things, that he shaped his conduct in Parliament somewhat abjectly, and repented of the step he had taken in the dispute between the Lords and the Commons. But his letters and speeches give no indication of this. They show on the contrary that, though he felt keenly the disadvantage to which he was put, he made a firm and dignified defence of the stand he had taken. To these public cares and dis-

appointments were added private sorrows. Early in 1601 his brother Anthony died. Through all these years of shadow, however, his mind continued to work on subjects of greater and more permanent value than those which engrossed him so largely and yielded him so little in the political arena. The interesting composition known as his *Promus of Formularies and Elegances*, which has been described as exhibiting "the footprints of a journey in the mind over a large field of reading and meditation with a view to fix the leading features in memory and store them for future use," belongs to the years 1594-96. In 1597 he issued a small volume containing the first form of his famous *Essays*, then only ten in number, and along with them his *Meditationes Sacrae* or *Religious Meditations*, as also his *Colours of Good and Evil*. He dedicated the book to his brother Anthony in a characteristic epistle, in which he says that in printing these things he was doing "like some who have an orchard ill-neighbour'd, that gather their fruit before it is ripe, to prevent stealing," and (in reference to a recent coinage) compares these "fragments of his conceits" to "the late new halfpence, which though the silver were good, yet the pieces were small."

## VIII.

### BACON AND ESSEX.

The events of most importance to Bacon at the close of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth, were those in connection with the fall of the Earl of Essex. They seriously affected both his public life and his reputation. The part he had to play, or chose to play, in them, made him unpopular with his fellow-countrymen as before he had been with his Queen. It exposed him to unhappy misunderstanding in much that he did, and became the basis of charges against him which have only begun to yield to the force of clearer evidence. Bacon had lived for a good many years on intimate terms with



Essex, and had gradually stepped into the position of a trusted adviser. He owed much to Essex, who had used his influence with Elizabeth in his friend's favour, and, on failing to secure high office for him, had insisted on his acceptance of a piece of land near Twickenham which brought him timely help to the extent of £1800. Throughout this connection, however, Bacon seems both to have fairly maintained his own independence and to have acted as mentor to the brilliant and self-sufficient Earl. In receiving his gift he gave him to understand that he did so "with the ancient savings," that is, without prejudice to the superior claims of his sovereign and his country. When the intoxication of his success with the Cadiz expedition made Essex less master of himself than ever, Bacon warned him of the danger he was incurring. But it went for nothing with the Queen's favourite, who had now become the people's idol. The warmth of the intimacy between the two men began to cool, and events rapidly followed which entirely altered their relations. In 1599 Essex crossed to Ireland with a large force. The expedition was a disastrous one; and treasonable designs were suspected in its leader. His defiant return to London led to his imprisonment and trial. By the Queen's command Bacon had to take some part, though not a prominent part, in the proceedings. The result was that Essex escaped with a censure, some slight and temporary restraint upon his liberty, and an order not to appear at Court. In the early months of next year, however, the Earl had involved himself fatally in the meshes of mad intrigue. A conspiracy was hatched with the intention of attacking the Court and seizing the Queen. It was hurried into premature execution; a foolish attempt was made to raise the city; the issue was a skirmish in the streets, and the surrender of Essex. He was quickly put upon his trial, which ended in his confession and execution. Bacon's action in these unhappy events has been severely condemned. He has been represented

as basely deserting a benefactor and working meanly for his destruction. The accusation is not borne out by facts. The position which Bacon had to occupy was a painful and awkward one. As one of the Queen's Counsel he had to take part in the case, and in the final proceedings he intervened more than once in the interest of the Crown when the prosecution was being mismanaged. It is possible that tenderness for the former friend was sunk too absolutely in zeal for the Queen's service. But in the first trial and in drawing up the narrative of what led to it, Bacon's concern for Essex endangered the Queen's goodwill. By the time of the second arraignment he had come to know of a depth of treasonable scheming on Essex's part, which made it impossible to regard him otherwise than as an enemy to the State. "After a careful review of this strange eventful history," says a judicious writer, Mr. Aldis Wright, "the whole course of which must have been inexpressibly painful to Bacon, it is difficult to see how, as a good citizen, whose first duty was to his country, he could have acted otherwise. His contemporaries passed no censure upon him. Essex, who laid the blame of his own treason upon his personal enemies, did not reckon Bacon among them. And these things being so, we may confidently expect at the hands of posterity a verdict not only of 'not proven,' but of 'not guilty.'"

## IX.

### BRIGHTENING FORTUNES.

Up to this time his fortune had been backward. He had been rising steadily indeed in reputation; he had won his way slowly to some positions of dignity and had received one or two pecuniary benefactions. But his affairs had been embarrassed; he had obtained no remunerative office; and the avenue to substantial promotion seemed still closed to him. When Elizabeth died and James succeeded, a better prospect appeared to open. He felt that his time

was at last come. He recommended himself to the new sovereign in a variety of ways. He helped him in the cause of union. He stood by him when questions of prerogative arose. His own ideas of government were to a large extent in sympathy with the King's, and the relations between the two men became close. He received the dignity of knighthood in 1603, was appointed King's Counsel with a salary of £40 and a pension of £60 in 1604, and was made Solicitor-General in 1607. In 1608 the Clerkship of the Star-Chamber, so long waited for, at last fell in. When the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench had to be filled up in 1613, certain transferences were effected, the result of which was his elevation to the post of Attorney-General. This was followed by his appointment successively as Privy Councillor in 1616, Lord Keeper 1617, and Lord Chancellor in 1618. In the last-named year he was created Baron Verulam, and soon he reached the height of his honours when he was made Viscount St. Albans. It was during this period, too, that he married, his bride being Alice Barnham, the daughter of a London alderman. Something is told us of the magnificence in which he indulged on the occasion of his wedding on the 10th May, 1606. But we hear very little of the married life of the couple. What does come under our notice would lead us to conclude that it was not altogether a happy connection. During these years, however, amid all the changes in his fortunes, under the pressure of public business and the demands of the Court, and in private trials such as his mother's death in 1610, he continued to prosecute his favourite studies. These ranged over a great variety of subjects, embracing not only physical phenomena and philosophical questions, but matters of law, collections of aphorisms, historical inquiries, ecclesiastical and economical discussions. Above all he worked steadily towards the completion of the great enterprise of his life, publishing his *Advancement of Learning* in 1605,

composing the second part of his *Instauratio* about 1606, and issuing his *Novum Organum* in October, 1620. These were years distinguished by success in the attainment of the chief objects of his ambition, both in the honours of the State and in literary effort. They were to be succeeded by sudden disaster and by years of defeat and disgrace. To understand a catastrophe so unlooked-for and so overwhelming as to find few parallels in history, but which yet had been in secret preparation for many years, it is necessary to know something of Bacon's relations to certain distinguished contemporaries, and above all to one who ranks among England's most eminent jurists.

## X

## BACON AND COKE.

From the first there had been a keen competition for the honours of the State between Francis Bacon and Edward Coke. The latter was a man of uncommon determination as well as ability, of a bold and independent spirit, but apt to be harsh, violent, and overbearing. The man who, when Sir Walter Raleigh was on his trial, was capable of taking advantage of his position to make the noble prisoner the mark for insolent abuse, and gibe him as one who had "an English face but a Spanish heart," was not the man to be over-scrupulous or hesitating in the use of means likely to compass the overthrow of a rival. On various occasions of importance the race had been won by Coke. In the case of early promotion he had again and again succeeded where Bacon had failed. He had stepped in even in the matter of marriage, securing the hand of the wealthy Lady Hatton, whom Bacon had aspired to wed when his fortunes were at the lowest. The rivalry between the two men became intenser as years wore on. When Bacon's star at last began to rise, Coke became one of his most inveterate enemies. They differed widely in political sympathies. Coke was in favour of checking prerogative

by law. Bacon held a theory of government alien to our present ideas. He was a strong supporter of the King's prerogative, and regarded Parliament as an assembly of advisers whom the monarch had wisely to direct rather than to hear. In this he was out of harmony with the rising spirit of the time. He suffered in public opinion then for the constancy with which he adhered to his theory. He suffers for it still in the judgment often pronounced upon his professional conduct. He has been accused of an abuse of law in the case of Oliver St. John, a gentleman who opposed the raising of "benevolences" as an unconstitutional method of relieving the King's financial embarrassments. But in this case it appears that he acted only by instructions of the Council, and that the judges (including Coke himself) were at one in finding against St. John. His action in the more famous case of Edmond Peacham is less easy to unravel. This Somersetshire clergyman, in whose house a discourse was found which was taken to be of treasonable import, was put to the torture with the view of eliciting information as to accomplices. It was the miserable practice of the time, and there is nothing to show that Bacon had more to do with it than the other Commissioners. It was decided further that the opinion of the judges should be taken separately, on the question whether Peacham could himself be tried for treason. Coke opposed this, on the ground that it was not the custom to consult the judges separately. Bacon has been accused of attempting to isolate Coke and overbear his judicial independence. But it was James himself that proposed the method of consultation. Bacon erred in consenting to second the King in what was contrary to the practice of the realm. But it is beyond all warrant to hold him up to opprobrium as the instigator of a course of procedure amounting to deliberate interference with the judges of the land. His action in this case and in other cases where the royal prerogative was concerned, showed, nevertheless, how his

theory of government could warp his judgment and draw him into questionable courses. It put him at a great disadvantage, too, with those who were opposed to the King, and who looked on Coke as the champion of constitutional right. His connection with Buckingham, the Court favourite, had also serious elements of danger in it. It made him still more unpopular with many, and it was a very insecure source of power. Already a little cloud had overcast the sky when Bacon tried to prevent the marriage which was projected between Coke's step-daughter and Buckingham's brother; and although this passed away, there was little to trust to in his relations with the haughty favourite. So it happened that at the very meridian of his success, when all the possibilities for which he had sighed and toiled through many long years, had at last become actualities, danger and uncertainty so hemmed him in that it needed but an opportunity to make his degradation easy and sure. He was so misguided as to make that opportunity for his enemies by his own unworthy conduct. The high position so long coveted, and now at length possessed, was not righteously held. The noble ambition to serve mankind, his country, and his church, was not purely satisfied. The moral weakness which had made him ready to trim his actions and convictions to suit the King's feelings, clung to him still, and showed itself in culpable neglect of the honour, if not in ignoble abuse of the sacred power, which belongs to a great functionary of State.

## XI.

### HIS FALL.

His degradation makes one of the most painful and perplexing chapters in the annals of England's great men. With all that has been done in the collecting of evidence, it is doubtful whether we are even now in a position to pronounce a final verdict. The catastrophe came with almost unparalleled suddenness. For some years he had been riding on the

topmost wave of success. He stood out before the English public the most eminent man in the State. He had outdistanced Coke in the race they had run against each other so long. On the 27th January, 1620, he had been created Viscount, and on the 30th of the same month he had met Parliament, and addressed the new Speaker. Within little more than three months after these events he was under the crushing sentence of the Lords. His enemies, though checked for a time, had not been inactive. An attempt was made to reach him through an attack upon the system of patents, which had become an enormous oppression. Bacon had been alive to the dangers involved in an extension of this unpopular practice, but had yielded too easily to the interested persistency of Buckingham. This instrument of attack proving insufficient, another and a more effective one was found all too easily. Coke, who was again a member of Parliament, moved for an inquiry into public grievances. A Committee was appointed to report on the Courts of Justice. It was Bacon and his Court that were specially aimed at. He met the proposal as one who feared nothing. He agreed that every man should say freely all that he had to say on the management of Chancery cases. In less than a month from the institution of the inquiry it was reported to the House of Commons that the Lord Chancellor stood accused of corruption. A man, Aubrey by name, had charged him with taking money during the process of a suit, and had been followed by another with a similar statement. A conference took place between the two Houses, which sickness prevented Bacon from attending. He failed to realise his danger, and looked upon these charges as schemes of his enemies which would fall through. By-and-by, however, as the charges grew in number and the real situation dawned upon him, he recognised the hopelessness of the position, deserted his defence, and wrote to the Lords moving them to condemn and censure him. His confession was not deemed satisfactory. He had to

make a second, in which he "plainly and ingenuously" admitted himself guilty of corruption. On the 3rd May he was condemned to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during his Majesty's pleasure; to be excluded from office in the State and from Parliament; and to be debarred from coming within the verge of the Court. What was the measure of his guilt? His own confession, it has been rightly said, makes it impossible to absolve him. The confession itself, however, must not be forced to imply a measure of conscious guilt beyond what facts and his own statements warrant. Twenty-three charges had been formulated against him. The last of these dealt with exactions made by his dependents, and he acknowledged himself guilty of a "great fault that he had looked no better to his servants." Of the remaining twenty-two there were only four in which he admitted that he had received any kind of present during the process, and even with respect to these it was not alleged that his decisions were affected. Those who brought the first charges allowed that he actually decided against them. During the four years that he held the Chancellorship he had pronounced perhaps eight thousand orders and decrees. But no judgment, no order of his was set aside. It is too much to affirm that he perverted justice or was guilty of taking bribes for corrupt ends. It is too much to deny that he was guilty of falling in with pernicious practices which had long prevailed, but which were none the less inconsistent with supreme judicial responsibility. The judgment he pronounced upon himself is the judgment which seems truest under the whole circumstances of the case. "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years." What he felt a victim to was a vice of the age as well as an error of the man. It was one of the customs which clamoured for reformation, and no one has better or more pathetically

expressed Bacon's relation to this than Bacon himself, when he compares the beginning of reformation to the pool of Bethesda but with the contrary power, the one having strength to cure, the other having strength to hurt, him, and him only, who is first cast in.

## XII.

### CLOSING DAYS.

The ruinous sentence was but partially carried out. He was allowed to retain his titles. Though he was taken to the Tower, he was quickly discharged. Soon he obtained leave to go to his own house; he was released from his fine; he was allowed to come as near the Court as Highgate; and finally he could take up his residence again in London. His name is found in the list of peers summoned to attend Charles's first Parliament. But, though leniently dealt with thus far, he suffered much. He was stripped of an income amounting to about £6000 a year; and the King, whom he had served only too well, was not the man to be very helpful to him in his extremity. He had again to contend with financial straits, and he was refused the vacant provostship of Eton which he had sought as a quiet retreat. These last five years of his life, though in some respects the saddest, were far from his worst. They were years in which he had something of the peace of a retired and studious life. They were years full of fruitful work. His zeal in the prosecution of those studies by which he hoped to enlarge the boundaries of man's knowledge and enrich man's life was the occasion of the sickness which carried him off. Driving to Highgate on a cold spring day, he thought of experimenting on the preserving qualities of snow. He stopped his carriage, purchased a fowl, and stuffed it with snow. A chill was caught, and fever ensued. He had to take refuge in a house of Lord Arundel's, and in a few days he died. Thus passed away, on the 9th April, 1626, a man who came sadly short of his

own standard, but yet brought lustre to the English name. Thus closed a life which in many respects was poor and disappointing, but which, nevertheless, did distinguished service to mankind. "The great and wonderful work which the world owes to him," it has been said, "was in the idea, and not in the execution." It was all the greater a work that it was so. And whatever else tended to degrade his life, there was one thing ever in it to ennoble it. It was the sleepless pursuit of knowledge, the passion to win the conquest of nature, the ambition to achieve for men a larger understanding and a richer power.

## XIII.

### BACON THE WRITER.

Bacon's right to rank as one of the glories of English literature is beyond dispute. He was a prolific writer. He wrote largely on law, and proved himself a master of its principles. He wrote on history, on physics, on philosophy, on subjects of antiquarian interest. He attempted verse, and put his hand to lighter compositions. He wrote both in Latin and in English, and it has been often remarked as the curious miscalculation of a great genius that he looked for fame not from his writings in his native tongue, but from those in the dead language. One marvels that, with all his professional work and the part he played in the political movements of the time, he found leisure to produce so much, and to engage in so many different branches of inquiry. Nor is the marvel lessened when we discover how laborious a writer he was. He has left behind him records which enable us to follow him in his methods of composition. We see that he was at vast pains to gather matter for each successive effort, to store up illustrations, to elaborate his imagery, to think out his happiest phrases. All that he wrote is marked by dignity, weight of matter, and the richest fancy. That he is believed by some to be the author of the plays attributed to Shake-

speare is a singular testimony to his genius and his extraordinary insight into nature and life. His pages sparkle with gems taken from the treasures of classic story. The choice things of the mythologies of the old world, the notable passages in the annals of the young nations of Europe, are skilfully used to lend a charm to the most unpromising themes, a brightness to the most abstract statements. He had a lordly eloquence in public speech. Ben Jonson tells us that, when Bacon spoke, "his hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss," and that "the fear of every man that heard him was that he should make an end." There is the same grave and fascinating eloquence in his writings. It is by his *Essays* that he is most widely known, and many of their choice sentences have passed into the speech of educated Englishmen. The wisdom which inspires them seldom rises above the level tracts of the duties and expediencies of ordinary, everyday life. But everywhere the rare power of genius is seen lighting up the most commonplace subjects with the fire of originality, and clothing all in a style at once strong, terse, ornate and varied. Others of his works, the *New Atlantis*, the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, the *History of Henry VII.*, have equally remarkable qualities. But even his scientific and philosophical treatises have the same characteristics, and abound in noble passages. Dean Church speaks of the *Advancement of Learning* as "one of the landmarks of what high thought and rich imagination have made of the English language," and pronounces it "the first great book in English prose of secular interest; the first book which can claim a place beside the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*."

#### XIV.

##### BACON THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

There has not been the same unanimity of opinion on Bacon's scientific position as on his literary merits. On the one hand he is exalted as the father of

modern science; on the other hand it is alleged that the contribution he made to the cause of scientific progress was neither large nor original, and that he was himself conspicuously defective in practical scientific work. This last statement must be admitted to be to a large extent true. But in order to understand his real position, we must look at the actual condition of science in his time. It is true that there were some men of science working then on just methods, and reaching substantial results, and that the essence of what Bacon taught may be discovered in the writings of Aristotle and others. But it was his great merit to exhibit the principles of scientific research systematically, to apply them definitely, and to persuade men of their reasonableness. It was his ambition to re-organize science, and give man power over nature. He saw that, in order to do this, it was necessary that man should become the patient interpreter of nature. He showed how men had gone astray by following their own notions of what nature was, instead of dealing with facts and rising slowly from the particular to the general, from the phenomena to the laws. In his *New Instauration*, he projected a scheme of knowledge and a reconstruction of science which will be a permanent monument to his capacious genius and far-reaching vision. In the most important section of that vast work, the *Novum Organum*, or *New Instrument*, he exposes the fallacies which had weakened scientific effort and rendered it barren of result. In the same treatise he illustrates his new method by the case of *heat*. In order to get at the *form*, or law, of heat, he proposes to begin by making three collections of facts—first, all instances in which heat is present, sun-rays, quick-lime with water, &c.; secondly, all those in which heat is absent where its presence might have been expected, moon-rays, &c.; thirdly, all those in which heat appears in different degrees. He then compares these the one with the other, and sets aside, as

he expresses it, "the several natures which are not found in some instance where the given nature is present, or are found in some instance where the given nature is absent, or are found to increase in some instance when the given nature decreases or to decrease when the given nature increases." This process of comparison and exclusion detaches what is contingent and exhibits what is essential in the phenomenon. The result shows what heat is. By these negatives we reach the affirmative of its law, its nature, its cause.

His position is perhaps nowhere more justly fixed than in the following testimony from Sir John Herschel:—

"By the discoveries of Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo, the errors of the Aristotelian philosophy were effectually overturned on a plain appeal to the facts of nature; but it remained to show on broad and general principles, how and why Aristotle was in the wrong; to set in evidence the peculiar weakness of his method of philosophizing, and to substitute in its place a stronger and better. This important task was executed by Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who will, therefore, justly be looked upon in all future ages as the great reformer of philosophy, though his own actual contributions to the stock of physical truths were small, and his ideas of particular points strongly tinged with mistakes and errors, which were the fault rather of the general want of physical information of the age than of any narrowness of view on his own part—and of this he was fully aware. It has been attempted by some to lessen the merit of this great achievement by showing that the inductive method had been practised in many instances, both ancient and modern, by the mere instinct of mankind; but it is not the introduction of inductive reasoning, as a new and hitherto untried process, which characterises the Baconian philosophy, but his keen perception, and his broad and spirit-stirring, almost enthusiastic, announcement of its paramount importance, as the alpha and

omega of science, as the grand and only chain for the linking together of physical truths, and the eventual key to every discovery and every application. Those who would deny him his just glory on such grounds would refuse to Jenner or to Howard their civic crowns, because a few farmers in a remote province had, time out of mind, been acquainted with vaccination, or philanthropists, in all ages, had occasionally visited the prisoner in his dungeon."

## XV.

### BACON'S RELIGIOUS FAITH AND TEACHING.

There can be no doubt that Bacon was a man of strong religious conviction. He was profoundly assured of the truth of Christianity. One of the strangest and saddest things in him was the union of this robust intellectual conviction of the reality of spiritual things with a weak moral nature. In this respect his life is full of warning. His fate came upon him, it has been said, like the *Nemesis* of some hero of antiquity. It is impossible to overlook the infirmities, the errors, the perverted sentiments, the time-serving by which his name has been stained. He was conspicuously deficient in the power of moral resistance. On the other hand, he had a deep interest in theological studies, and commended "Sacred and inspired Divinity" as the "Sabbath and port of all men's labours and peregrinations." We can gather from his writings that he heartily accepted all the main doctrines of Christianity. He bowed implicitly to the authority of the Bible. His love for the Word of God was wonderful. "Thy creatures," he says, "have been my books, but Thy Scriptures much more." There is a rich vein of Scripture allusions running through all his works. It meets us everywhere, even in the course of the most abstruse discussions, and indicates a mind steeped in Bible truth and Bible terms. He turns often to religious subjects. Knowledge and faith, the mystery of death, the work of God's Spirit, the character of the Christian, are among his most frequent themes.

He speaks thus of faith and knowledge: "Give unto faith that which unto faith belongeth; for more worthy it is to believe than to think or know, considering that in knowledge, as we now are capable of it, the mind suffereth from (or, is influenced by) inferior natures; but in all belief it suffereth from a spirit, which it holdeth superior and more authorised than itself."

He expresses himself thus on death: "Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear of children is increased by tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious—but the fear of it as a tribute due unto nature is weak."

And as to the Spirit he says: "The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of sense: the last was the light of reason; and His Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of His Spirit. First He breathed light upon the face of matter or chaos; then He breathed light into the face of man; and still He breatheth and inspireth light into the faces of His chosen."

From his confession of faith we take the following:—"I believe that Jesus, the Lord, became in the flesh a sacrificer and a sacrifice for sin; a satisfaction and price to the justice of God; a meriter of Glory and the Kingdom; a pattern of all righteousness; a preacher of the Word which Himself was; a finisher of the ceremonies; a corner-stone to remove the separation between Jew and Gentile; an intercessor for the Church; a lord of nature in His miracles; a conqueror of death and the power of darkness in His resurrection; and that He fulfilled the whole counsel of God, performing all His sacred offices and anointing on earth, accomplished the whole work of the redemption and restitution of man to a state superior to the angels;

whereas the state of man by creation was inferior; and reconciled and established all things according to the eternal will of the Father.

Of the Christian he writes: "A Christian believes Christ to have no need of anything he doth, yet maketh account that he doth relieve Christ in all his acts of charity (Matthew xxv. 34-36). He knoweth he can do nothing of himself, yet labours to work out his own salvation. He professeth that he can do nothing, yet as truly professeth that he can do all things; he knoweth that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet believeth he shall go to heaven both body and soul."

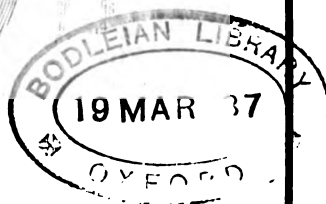
Above all, the reverence and religious feeling which survived almost everything else in the man, reveal themselves in his prayers. With one of these we may best conclude the story of his career.

"There is mercy with Thee, O Lord, that Thou mayest be feared; yea Thy mercies swallow up the greatness of our sins: speak peace to our souls and consciences: make us happy in the free remission of all our sins, and be reconciled to Thy poor servants in Jesus Christ in whom Thou art well pleased; suffer not the works of Thine own hands to perish; Thou art not delighted in the death of sinners, but in their conversion. Turn our hearts and we shall be turned; convert us and we shall be converted; illuminate the eyes of our minds and understanding with the bright beams of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may daily grow in the saving knowledge of the heavenly mystery of our redemption wrought by our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; sanctify our wills and affection by the same Spirit; the most sacred fountain of all grace and goodness: reduce them to the obedience of Thy most holy will in the practice of all piety towards Thee and charity towards all men."

STEWART D. F. SALMOND, M.A., D.D.



# GEORGE WHITEFIELD.



He speaks thus of faith and knowledge: "Give unto faith that which unto faith belongeth; for more worthy it is to believe than to think or know, considering that in knowledge, as we now are capable of it, the mind suffereth from (or, is influenced by) inferior natures; but in all belief it suffereth from a spirit, which it holdeth superior and more authorised than itself."

He expresses himself thus on death: "Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear of children is increased by tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious—but the fear of it as a tribute due unto nature is weak."

And as to the Spirit he says: "The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of sense: the last was the light of reason; and His Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of His Spirit. First He breathed light upon the face of matter or chaos; then He breathed light into the face of man; and still He breatheth and inspireth light into the faces of His chosen."

From his confession of faith we take the following:—"I believe that Jesus, the Lord, became in the flesh a sacrificer and a sacrifice for sin; a satisfaction and price to the justice of God; a meriter of Glory and the Kingdom; a pattern of all righteousness; a preacher of the Word which Himself was; a finisher of the ceremonies; a corner-stone to remove the separation between Jew and Gentile; an intercessor for the Church; a lord of nature in His miracles; a conqueror of death and the power of darkness in His resurrection; and that He fulfilled the whole counsel of God, performing all His sacred offices and anointing on earth, accomplished the whole work of the redemption and restitution of man to a state superior to the angels;

whereas the state of man by creation was inferior; and reconciled and established all things according to the eternal will of the Father.

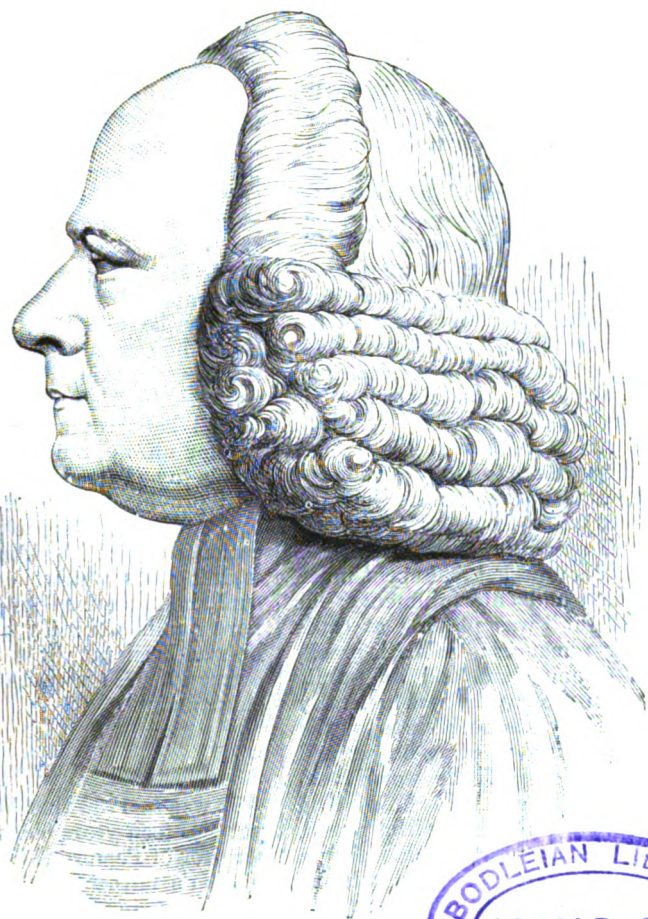
Of the Christian he writes: "A Christian believes Christ to have no need of anything he doth, yet maketh account that he doth relieve Christ in all his acts of charity (Matthew xxv. 34-36). He knoweth he can do nothing of himself, yet labours to work out his own salvation. He professeth that he can do nothing, yet as truly professeth that he can do all things; he knoweth that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet believeth he shall go to heaven both body and soul."

Above all, the reverence and religious feeling which survived almost everything else in the man, reveal themselves in his prayers. With one of these we may best conclude the story of his career.

"There is mercy with Thee, O Lord, that Thou mayest be feared; yea Thy mercies swallow up the greatness of our sins: speak peace to our souls and consciences; make us happy in the free remission of all our sins, and be reconciled to Thy poor servants in Jesus Christ in whom Thou art well pleased; suffer not the works of Thine own hands to perish; Thou art not delighted in the death of sinners, but in their conversion. Turn our hearts and we shall be turned; convert us and we shall be converted; illuminate the eyes of our minds and understanding with the bright beams of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may daily grow in the saving knowledge of the heavenly mystery of our redemption wrought by our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; sanctify our wills and affection by the same Spirit; the most sacred fountain of all grace and goodness: reduce them to the obedience of Thy most holy will in the practice of all piety towards Thee and charity towards all men."

STEWART D. F. SALMOND, M.A., D.D.

# GEORGE WHITEFIELD.



# GEORGE WHITEFIELD

---

## I.

### BOYHOOD.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born in the Bell Inn, Gloucester, on December 16, 1714. His father, Thomas Whitefield, was at first a wine merchant in Bristol, but afterwards became an inn-keeper; his mother was Elizabeth Edwards, of Bristol. The surroundings of the boy were not calculated to make him religious, yet in his mother's heart there was a thoughtful love which did all that was possible to shield him from the worst temptations of his lot. As his father died in 1716, George, the last-born of his seven children, fell exclusively to the mother's care. His boyhood was a wild, merry, thoughtless, sin-stained time. Although his mother did not allow him to draw liquor for customers, his tastes and habits show the influence of a public-house. He confesses to lying, evil speaking, and petty thefts from his mother's pocket; he spent much money in plays and entertainments; his "heart's delight" was playing at cards and reading romances; Sabbath-breaking was a common sin, and at public worship, when present, he was generally irreverent. He was so reckless as to rush into the Dissenting meeting-house, and shout out the name of the worthy old minister—"Old Cole! Old Cole! Old Cole!" Even at this early, wilful period, however, some thought of his future calling had found its way into his heart. Asked one day by one of Mr. Cole's congregation what business he meant to follow, he saucily replied: "A minister; but I would take care never to tell stories in the pulpit like the old Cole." A great conflict went on in his mind. He would read his Bible, and also books of devotion, stolen for the purpose; part of the money taken from his mother was given to the

poor! One serious check he received was when his mother married a second time, and injured her children's temporal position. At fifteen he became a common drawer in her inn. A little later she was too poor to allow him a bed to lie upon, and he stretched himself upon the floor. Intervals of reforming zeal came to him amid his sinful indulgences, and there can be no doubt that the Holy Spirit was preparing the way for a full and permanent change in his heart and life. He says that one morning, as he was reading a play to his sister, he remarked to her: "Sister, God intends something for me which we know not of. As I have been diligent in business, I believe many would gladly have me for an apprentice; but every way seems to be barred up, so that I think God will provide for me some way or other that we cannot apprehend." His education, so far as his desultory and broken training at several schools could be called such, had procured for him one pre-eminent qualification for his future work—he had been taught to write and speak correctly. He was, as a boy, no mean elocutionist.

## II.

### AT OXFORD.

It was in 1732 that Whitefield, hardly yet eighteen years old, was entered as a servitor of Pembroke College, Oxford, his mother's faithful love being the means of this happy change in his circumstances. Some of his friends used their influence with the master of the College; another friend lent him ten pounds upon a bond, to defray the expense of entering; and the master admitted him as a servitor without delay. He justified all the confidence that was placed in him. He toiled at his classics, lightened the bur-

dens of his friends who stood as his money-securities, adhered to the religious practices he had formed at his last school, and thus laid the foundations of a manly life. Law's *Serious Call to a Divine Life* made him think in earnest of religion; the same writer's *Christian Perfection* stirred him still more deeply. Standing aloof from the general body of students, resisting the solicitations of many who shared in the same room with him, and who "would have drawn him into excess of riot," and practising daily devotions with austere regularity, it was only natural that he should be thrown among the Methodists, who were beginning their new life, and whom he had always defended, even before he came to Oxford, or knew them. He was already looked upon as a "singular odd fellow"; and when he was between nineteen and twenty, he joined the band of devout young men, "after his soul had longed for above a twelvemonth to become acquainted with them." At this time they were fifteen in number, and included John and Charles Wesley, Benjamin Ingham, T. Broughton, and James Herve. Persecution brought him to their side, as well as religious sympathy and a longing for more light and knowledge. The sight of the shameful insolence to which they were subjected every week as they went to St. Mary's to receive the Lord's Supper, kindled in him a wish to follow their example. An opportunity of becoming acquainted with them soon offered itself. A poor woman in one of the workhouses made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide; and Whitefield, aware of Charles Wesley's readiness for every good work, sent a message to him by an apple-woman of Pembroke, asking him to visit her. The messenger was, for some unaccountable reason, charged not to tell Wesley who had sent her. That charge she broke, and Wesley, who had often met Whitefield walking by himself, pondering "the deep things of God," and knew of his pious habits, sent him an invitation to come and breakfast with him the next

morning. Whitefield gladly went; then and there the two students formed a lifelong honourable friendship.

It was not, however, within the power of any members of the "Holy Club" to give the young servitor the special help he required. Neither of the Wesleys could guide him into the rest of faith, for they knew nothing of it themselves. The best service they rendered him was when Charles lent him Scougal's little book, *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*; he says that when he read that "true religion is a union of the soul with God, or Christ formed within us, a ray of divine light instantaneously darted in upon his soul, and from that moment, but not till then, did he know that he must be a new creature." This was light, but not rest. A long, dark, terrible conflict followed. His thoughts were so troubled, that, for some weeks, he scarce slept above three hours at a time. "God only knows," he says, "how many nights I have lain upon my bed groaning under the weight I felt, and bidding Satan depart from me in the name of Jesus. Whole days and weeks have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground, and begging freedom from those proud, hellish thoughts that used to crowd in upon and distract my soul. But God made Satan drive out Satan. For these thoughts created such a self-abhorrence within me, that I never ceased wrestling with God till He blessed me with a victory over them. Self-love, self-will, pride and envy buffeted me in their turns, that I was resolved either to die or conquer. I wanted to see sin as it was, but feared, at the same time, lest the sight of it should terrify me to death. Having nobody to show me a better way, I thought to get peace and purity by outward austerities." From the bitter useless pains of asceticism he passed into the methods of quietism; but neither here could he find deliverance from his crushing load and wounded conscience. He returned again to what the Methodists called "externals," acts of charity, observance of times and seasons, fasting, and prayer. Still

no peace was found. He was failing in health; part of one of his hands was quite black with his "neglect of the body"; he could scarce creep up-stairs for weakness. His tutor wisely called in the doctor. Left alone in his sick room, and liberated from the stern rule under which he had placed himself; above all, freed from the supposed necessity of doing something to find peace with God, his mind could turn to God Himself, and he taught by Him. About the end of the seventh week, "after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months' inexpressible trials by night and day under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on His dear Son by a living faith, and by giving me the Spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, even to the everlasting day of redemption. But oh! with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled, when the weight of sin went off; and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith broke in upon my disconsolate soul!"

The secret of Whitefield's life is in those sentences. His soul had seen the beauty of the Lord; he had tasted the sweetness of the love wherewith God has loved the world; he had found a sure foundation in the perfect sacrifice offered once for all for the sins of the whole world; and from this time forward his watchword was GRACE. The charm of grace grows upon him to the last. It had saved him from legal bondage and from hopeless struggles, and he knew its virtue. The simple word grace seemed to disclose new glories to his spiritual vision, and he never wearied of speaking and writing of it. "It passeth knowledge."

### III.

#### ORDINATION.—FIRST SERMONS.— EARLY POPULARITY.

Although Whitefield had been accustomed to visit the prison at Oxford almost from the time of his entering Pembroke

College, and reading to the prisoners, he yet shrank from being ordained, when his friends urged him to take orders. The warning of Scripture against a "novice" being made a minister, filled him with grave concern, and he asked his friends at Oxford to pray God to confound the efforts of his friends at Gloucester to get him ordained. He felt some sense of security because of the purpose of Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, not to ordain any one who was under twenty-three years of age, and he was only twenty-one. There can be no doubt, however, that the wider and deeper current of his own mind was in favour of a step which, for the present, he shunned. Whenever he saw the Bishop at church, a strong persuasion would arise in his mind, that he should shortly go to see him. He checked it, and prayed God to preserve him from ever desiring that honour which cometh from man. One day the Bishop took a walk to Lady Selwyn's, who had previously shown kindness to Whitefield. She recommended him to the Bishop, who asked him to an interview, at which he said: "Notwithstanding I have declared I would not ordain any one under three-and-twenty, yet I shall think it my duty to ordain you whenever you come for holy orders." His course, he felt, was now clear. The solemn event was anticipated with humble and devout feelings. The day preceding it was spent in abstinence and prayer; in the evening he retired to a hill near the town, and prayed fervently for about two hours in behalf of himself and those who were to be ordained with him. Next morning he rose early, and prayed over St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, and more particularly over that precept, "Let no one despise thy youth." The good of souls was before him as his only principle of action. He said in his journal: "Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforward live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament, upon the pro-

fession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the Church. This I began with reading prayers to the prisoners in the county gaol. Whether I myself shall ever have the honour of styling myself a prisoner of the Lord, I know not; but, indeed, I can call heaven and earth to witness, that when the Bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me."

A remarkable experience, not unlike that passed through by some of the prophets, preceded Whitefield's first attempt at preaching. He stayed in Gloucester for a fortnight, partly with the intention of composing some sermons, as he wished to have at least a hundred. He had matter enough in his heart, but nothing would flow from his pen. He strove and prayed, but all to no purpose. After seeking counsel from one and another, he thought he found the cause of his inability explained by the words: "We assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered us not;" and by the words spoken to Ezekiel: "Thou shalt be dumb; but when I speak unto thee, then shalt thou speak." This made him feel easy, and on the morning after his ordination, while he was praying, the command came ringing through his heart: "Speak out." He was obedient; in the next thirty-four years he preached 18,000 times, or an average of about ten times a week.

His first sermon was preached on June 27, 1736, in St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, to a large congregation. A complaint was made to good Bishop Benson that it had driven fifteen persons mad; the Bishop replied that he hoped the madness might not be forgotten before another Sunday. Soon afterwards he was asked to take the place of the curate of the Tower Chapel, London, for a short time. He went with fear and trembling, and preached his first sermon to a London audience in Bishopsgate Church on Sunday afternoon, August 8th. His youthful appearance as he

went up the pulpit stairs provoked, he thought, a general sneer; but there was solemn seriousness when he got into his sermon. He conquered himself and his congregation; and the people, on his descending from the pulpit, showed him every respect, and blessed him as he passed along. No one could answer the question which was now on every one's lips: "Who was the preacher to-day?" The Tower Chapel was crowded every Sunday for the next two months. His activity during that time was characteristic of the loving zeal with which he laboured to the close. He preached and catechised once a week, and visited the soldiers in the barracks and in the infirmary daily; every morning and evening he read prayers at Wapping Chapel; and on the Tuesday he preached at Ludgate prison.

Not long afterwards he paid a visit to Bristol, his mother's native city, and a place with which he was to be very intimately connected. It being his custom, go where he might, to attend the daily services of the Church, he went to St. John's to hear a sermon. When prayers were over, and the psalm was being sung, the minister came and asked him to preach. Having his notes with him, he complied. The next day the same thing was repeated at St. Stephen's; but this time the "alarm" excited by his preaching was so widespread, that, on the following Sunday, crowds of people, of all denominations, flocked to the churches where he had to officiate, and many were unable to find admission. The Mayor also appointed him to preach before himself and the corporation. For some time following he preached all the sermons on week-days, and twice on Sundays, besides visiting the religious societies. The spiritual effect of his preaching was most marked; the truths he taught made their way like lightning into the hearers' consciences. If genius had to do with the impression he made from the first sermon to the last, we can still more distinctly trace the power of God's truth and God's Spirit. He was

"a worker together with God," and was careful to be in harmony with the Father's will. Amid the excitement and eagerness of the city to hear him, he thus entreats a friend to pray for him: "Oh! pray, dear Mr. H., that God would always keep me humble, and fully convinced that I am nothing without Him, and that all the good which is done upon earth, God doth it Himself."

#### IV.

##### CALL TO GEORGIA.—ROUGHING IT.

Whilst Whitefield was engaged in these early and desultory ministerial labours, he received an invitation from his friends the Wesleys to join them in their work for the colonists of Georgia, and his way being opened, he decided to offer himself to the trustees of the colony as their chaplain. In the meantime, however, the Wesleys had returned, and on the same morning that Whitefield sailed from Deal, John Wesley arrived there. After a somewhat rough passage, the first of thirteen he made across the Atlantic, Whitefield landed at Savannah, and was kindly received by the magistrates. He had a desire to preach to the Indians, as well as to the Europeans; but he had no special fitness for missionary work, and his attention was given to the mixed, motley, strange company of emigrants who had sought a home in this far-off land. For oratory there was little scope in Georgia, where a congregation of one or two hundred persons was the largest that could be got; but here, as everywhere, there was ample scope for industry, humility, gentleness, and self-denial; and by his assiduous cultivation of these graces, he showed that he cared more for charity than for the gift of speaking "with the tongues of men and of angels." Oratory was nothing to him as an art; it was supremely valuable as a talent to be used for his Lord, an instrument by which hearts might be drawn to the cross. When it could no longer be exercised, except in a limited way, his

zeal and tact adopted the only method by which truth and purity could be diffused among such a community. He went among the villages, like a travelling missionary in a heathen land; he made himself the friend of every one, men, women, and children, irrespective of their creed and nationality; he praised their industry and success; he reproved their faults; he invited them to put their trust in Him who could save them from their sins. He was scrupulously careful not to offend the religious or national prejudices of any; and strove to draw all by the cords of love, because he rightly judged that obedience resulting from that principle was "the most genuine and lasting." It is easy to believe that a chaplain whose heart was touched with the colonists' every sorrow, who entered into their difficulties, who came to cheer them at their work, and sit as one of them in their huts, where the children gathered around his knee, and the workers talked about the soil and the crops, was loved as a personal friend. As such they looked upon him. His dauntless and brotherly spirit, which still retained a touch of the asceticism of his Oxford days, made him resolve to bear the worst hardships of colonial life. The weather was at this time intensely hot, sometimes burning him almost through his shoes; and "seeing others do it who," he says, "were as unable, I determined to inure myself to hardness by lying constantly on the ground; which, by use, I found to be so far from being a hardship, that afterwards it became so to lie on a bed." In such a colony there could not fail to be much misery and vice, but it contained also some beautiful and hopeful elements of social and religious life brought by holy men from over the sea. There was a company of Highlanders at Darien, settled under the care of an excellent minister named McLeod. These crowded the house in which Whitefield arranged to preach to them. The Saltzburghers also, who had left their native land in search of religious liberty, and were settled



here, after weary wanderings, over land and sea, at a place which they thankfully called Ebenezer, were a body of men who acted as a healthy and purifying influence in the community. When Whitefield came amongst them they received him with brotherly love, and he joyed at beholding their order. Their lands were the best cultivated in the colony, and yielded the best crops. Their differences were referred not to any court, but to the judgment of their two pastors, whom they loved devotedly, and to whom they looked up as fathers. They had an orphanage for the children of emigrants who died, founded upon the model of Professor Franke's of Halle, and had in charge seventeen "little lambs," as Whitefield calls them, when he first visited the settlement.

Before leaving England he had collected from his large congregations a considerable sum of money for the orphans of the colony, whose sad condition had touched the heart of Charles Wesley, and made him beg Whitefield to carry them some help. He felt that he must now return to lay their case before the English people, and also to obtain priest's orders.

## V.

### "IN PERILS OF THE SEA."

As Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, he really spent a long time on the ocean. His life there exemplified the earnestness and sincerity of his desire for the salvation of men; its comparative quietness rested him between his times of tremendous exertion. His voyages were his vacations. Not always without peril and hardship, but sometimes full of restorative power to his shattered health, and offering him opportunities for doing a kind of work not possible to him amid his activities on shore. Letter-writing and reading occupied a great deal of his time, and enabled him both to follow up the good he had done, and to prepare for future work.

But he took a full share in the life of

the ship. On his first voyage he began his seafaring life with great prudence and kindness. He attended the men in sickness, and taught and catechised them. To the officers who were on board, both naval and military, he showed marked deference, and did not allow his zeal to carry him into any unwise attempts to force religion upon their attention. The difficulties and troubles of men were employed as an opportunity for doing the men good by serving them in any way within his power. At night he would walk on the deck, that he might have an opportunity of speaking quietly to some officers whom he wanted to win for Christ; or he would go down into the steerage where the sailors were congregated, that he might be as one of them. He soon made himself a favourite. The captain of the ship gave him the free use of his cabin, the military captain who was on board was friendly, and so were the rest of the officers. He got leave to read prayers in the great cabin. In the Bay of Biscay they had some rough experiences. One night, about twelve o'clock, a gale arose, and increased so much by four in the morning that the waves raged horribly, and broke in like a great river on many of the soldiers, who lay near the main hatchway. Creeping on his knees between decks, he went with a friend to sing psalms and comfort the poor wet people. The gale spent itself and left beautiful weather behind. At the close of one of the services the captain asked the soldiers to stop whilst he informed them that, to his great shame, he had been a notorious swearer himself; but, by the instrumentality of that gentleman, pointing to Whitefield, he had now left it off, and exhorted them, for Christ's sake, that they would go and do likewise. The women began to remark, "What a change in our captain!"

His second voyage was a very dangerous and trying one; when they had been a month at sea, they were caught in a gale, which slit the sails and rent the tackling. Not a dry spot could be

found anywhere, so violently did the sea break over them. The sailors said, "How should we have been blaming and cursing one another, had not Mr. Whitefield been amongst us!" The storm left the vessel sadly disabled, besides having destroyed or washed away a large portion of the provisions. Contrary winds prevailed a long time, and at the end of the second month the passengers were allowed only a quart of water a day. For a long time their food was salt beef and water dumplings. Before they sighted land, most of those in the cabin had begun to be weak, and to look hollow-eyed. At length they were reduced to an ounce or two of salt beef, a pint of muddy water, and a cake made of flour and skimmings of the pot, as the allowance for each man. Cold weather set in, and they knew not where they were. Whitefield's prayer in this extremity was: "May we now learn that man liveth not by bread alone." Next morning they sighted land and were safe.

The trial of short rations was always possible, but was always made less so by the gifts which friends sent him on board. There were also dangers from privateers. Sometimes he suffered from the tedium of having no sufficiently educated and intelligent friend to converse with. During his last voyage he humorously observed that he only wanted somebody about him with "a little more brains," then his comfort would be complete. Yet this voyage was made through high and dangerous gales, and had a full share of unpleasantness. He was constantly to the last "in perils of the sea."

## VI.

FIELD PREACHING.—SETS WESLEY AN  
EXAMPLE.—AT MOORFIELDS.

On his return to England from his first visit to Georgia, he encountered coldness and opposition from some of the heads of the English Church; but these also ministered to the furtherance of the Gospel. Out of them, coupled with the great size of his congregations, sprang field-preach-

ing. The first thought of resorting to the open air was suggested to him one Sunday afternoon by the sight of a congregation of a thousand persons who failed to gain admission to Bermondsey church. It met with no encouragement from his friends; they thought it was "a mad notion." He cherished it, however; and soon afterwards, when he was denied the use of churches at Bristol, he put it into practice. When he first went abroad to convert the Indians and the colonists, some of his friends remarked, "What need of going abroad for this? Have we not Indians enough at home? If you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough in Kingswood." To these men, sunk in ignorance and sin, he turned the day after he was refused leave to preach in the city. On a Saturday afternoon he took his stand on Hannam Mount, and spoke to a congregation of two hundred from Matthew v. 1, 2 and 3. Thus he revived in England the method of the earliest preachers when our forefathers were heathens, the method also of John Wyclif when he saw the people deprived of the Gospel by those who should have declared it, and the method of the Puritans when once again a great aggressive work had to be done. It was evidently a great relief to him to think that the step was taken; for he writes: "Blessed be God that the ice is now broke, and I have now taken the field! Some may censure me. But is there not a cause? Pulpits are denied, and the poor colliers ready to perish for lack of knowledge." These field congregations rapidly grew in numbers, the second of them, assembled two days after the first, being four or five thousand persons; and presently as many as twenty thousand came together. The effect of the Gospel upon them is thus described in his own words: "Having no righteousness of their own to renounce, they were glad to hear of a Jesus who was a friend to publicans, and came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The first discovery of their being affected was to see the white gutter

made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of their coal-pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which (as the event proved) happily ended in a sound and thorough conversion. The change was visible to all, though numbers chose to impute it to anything rather than the finger of God. As the scene was quite new, and I had just begun to be an *extempore* preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say, either to God or them. But I was never totally deserted, and was frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I knew by happy experience what our Lord meant by saying, 'Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and, at times, all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame, me."

The overpowering emotion which thrilled and awed these congregations, and the tears which made white gutters on the begrimed faces of the colliers, were a response to his own passionate feelings. The Spirit of God kindled feeling through feeling. Whitefield was a preacher who could keep back nothing of that which he thought and felt. The fact that he seldom preached without drenching his audience in tears was due quite as much to his unrestrained manifestation of feeling as to his words. Especially must his characteristics have touched the hearts of rough men, who, having never been cared for, at last saw a clergyman willing to endure fatigue and contempt for the sake of preaching to them, and who was not ashamed even to weep over them. The compassion of the Saviour strove mightily within

him. One of his friends, Cornelius Winter, testifies: "I hardly ever knew him go through a sermon without weeping more or less, and I truly believe his were tears of sincerity. His voice was often interrupted by his affection, and I have heard him say in the pulpit, 'You blame me for weeping; but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are upon the verge of destruction, and for aught you know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you?'"

It is worth noting that although John Wesley as the leader of a widespread religious body is always regarded as the founder of Methodism and the originator of its methods of work, he in reality generally, if not invariably, adopted the methods of some one more advanced than himself, and made them his own. His class-meetings were an adaptation of agencies already in existence; the preaching of laymen was begun without his consent, and he would have stopped it, had not his mother, one of the wisest as well as one of the saintliest of women, interfered and prevented him; and concerning open-air preaching he writes in his journal: "In the evening I reached Bristol, and met Mr. Whitefield there. I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he set me an example on Sunday; having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church." But the next day this feeling of shame had so completely forsaken him, that before Whitefield had been three hours gone from Bristol, Wesley says he submitted to make himself more vile than he had done the preceding day by accompanying his friend when he preached in the highways, for he perpetrated that irregularity himself. Within a week he was employing his new method as vigorously as his friend himself, and with the happiest results.

This delightful union between the two evangelists was some time afterwards most unhappily broken by doctrinal differences, and by the action of some of their unwise disciples. They became the unwilling heads of rival parties among their own converts. Both were to blame, though Whitefield was not the first to offend, and both were, in due time, glad to bury the past.

The denial of the use of Islington church determined Whitefield to do in London as he had done at Bristol; he preached in the churchyard, and announced that he would preach the next Sunday at Moorfields. "The Word of the Lord," he says, "runs and is glorified. People's hearts seem quite broken. God strengthens me exceedingly. I preach till I sweat through and through." When the news of his intended visit to Moorfields spread through the city, which it soon did, many said that if he entered into that domain of the rabble he would never come out alive. It was, indeed, a perilous step to take. The place was the favourite resort of the roughest and most profane of the people, but love drew him to them. "An exceeding great multitude" came together on Sunday morning, April 29, 1739, some of whom amused themselves by breaking to pieces a table which had been placed for his pulpit. He came accompanied by a friend on either side, and tried to force his way through the crowd. His friends were soon detached from him, but as soon as he was alone, his congregation parted, and left an open course for him, first to the place where his demolished pulpit ought to have been standing, and thence to the wall which divided the upper from the lower fields, upon which he took his stand.

The scene was surely one of the most impressive,—the most hope-inspiring, and most Christian, our country has ever witnessed. It was a novel sight to the preacher—that mass of London rabble—as his eye ranged over it; it was a more novel sight to the people—that young clergyman in gown, bands, and cassock, as he lifted him-

self up before them. His tall, graceful figure; his manly and commanding bearing; his clear blue eyes, which, though disfigured with a squint, melted with tenderness and kindness; his raised hand which called for attention—everything about him declared him a man who was capable of ruling them; and they were willing to listen to him. When he spoke, and they heard his strong but sweet voice, exquisitely modulated to express the deepest, strongest passion, or the soberest instruction, or the most indignant remonstrance, they stood charmed and subdued. Then his message was so solemn and so gracious, something in which every one was interested for time and for eternity; and he delivered it as if it was all real to him, as it was; as if he believed it and loved it, and wanted them to do the same, as indeed he did. No scoffer durst raise his shout, no disturber durst meddle with his neighbour, as the thrilling text flew all around, every one hearing it. "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour in which the Son of Man cometh;" and as the preacher cried, "There shall be a day wherein these heavens shall be wrapt up like a scroll—the elements melt with fervent heat—this earth and all things therein be burnt up, and every soul of every nation summoned to appear before the dreadful tribunal of the righteous Judge of quick and dead, to receive rewards or punishments according to the deeds done in their bodies." Quietness and attention reigned through all the host while he spoke of the wise and foolish virgins, and then entreated them with a last entreaty not to reject his message because he was young. "Oh! do not turn a deaf ear to me," he begged; "do not reject the message on account of the meanness of the messenger! I am a child, a youth of uncircumcised lips, but the Lord has chosen me, that the glory might be all His own. Had he sent to invite you by a learned Rabbi, you might have been tempted to think the man had done something. But now God has sent

a child that cannot speak" [he was not yet twenty-five years old], "that the excellency of the power may be seen to be not of man, but of God. Let better-learned Pharisees, then, despise my youth; I care not how vile I appear in the sight of such men, I glory in it; and I am persuaded, if any of you should be set upon your watch by this preaching, you will have no reason to repent that God sent a child to cry, 'Behold! the bridegroom cometh!' Oh my brethren! the thought of being instrumental in bringing some of you to glory fills me with fresh zeal. Once more, therefore, I entreat you—'Watch, watch and pray;' for the Lord Jesus will receive all that call upon Him faithfully. Let that cry, 'Behold! the bridegroom cometh!' be continually sounding in your ears; and begin now to live as though you were assured this was the night you were to be summoned to go forth to Him."

A far worse congregation of 10,000 persons was gathered on a Whit-Monday morning at six o'clock for the sports and abominations of a fair. Whitefield, with a company of praying people appeared on the scene, and preached on Jesus being lifted up as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness. The people gazed, and listened, and wept; many were stung with deep conviction for their past sins. All was hushed and solemn. He and his friends went again at noon; the scene was wild beyond description. Yet when he preached the crowds were so drawn away from the places of amusement that the showmen and others, fired with anger and vexation, pelted him with stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and dead cat. At six o'clock he went again to a wilder scene, and was met by a fiercer, firmer opposition; but again God gave him the victory. He continued in praying, preaching, and singing—"for the noise was too great at times to preach"—about three hours. He retired with his friends to the Tabernacle (his wooden chapel close by), with his "pockets full of notes from persons

brought under concern, and read them amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands who joined with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many sinners were snatched in such an unexpected, unlikely place and manner, out of the very jaws of the devil. This was the beginning of the Tabernacle Society. Three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received in one day;" and the number of notes, he believed, exceeded a thousand. The next day he had a fiercer fight, and was in greater peril, at Maryle-Bone fields; and the Lord gave similar blessing to the word of His grace.

These irregular proceedings alienated from Whitefield a great number of churchmen; bishops had a special and intense objection to them. Bishops Gibson, Warburton, and Lavington attacked him in violent pamphlets; and even Bishop Benson regretted that he had ordained him; but that good man lived long enough to change his opinion back again to its former kindness; and on his death-bed he sent Whitefield a present of ten guineas for his orphan-house, and begged to be remembered in his prayers. Whitefield replied to his practical exclusion from the Church of England by simply saying: "If you and the rest of the bishops cast us out, our great and common Master will take us up."

## VII.

### VISITS SCOTLAND.—REVIVAL AT CAMBUSLANG.

It is a remarkable fact that whereas Wesley could make no impression upon Scotland, Whitefield gained a most powerful influence over it, or rather, the Spirit of God wrought mightily through him upon the Scotch people. His first visit was paid at the request of the two brothers Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, the founders of the Secession Church; and the jealousies and rivalries between the Established Church and its youngest child placed some serious difficulties in his way. But he had only one object in view, go where he might—to win souls for Christ. Hence he declined to side

with any denomination, or to be against any. He would preach "for a Jesuit priest or a Mohammedan," if they would invite him; "he would go and testify against them." He visited every Scottish town of importance; he was made a freeman of Aberdeen; and the magistrates of Edinburgh always allowed him a church to preach in. His labours in Scotland were the means of doing unspeakable good; and for the congregations at Edinburgh he conceived as warm an attachment as for those at Moorfields.

The scene of his greatest success was at Cambuslang, then a little village on the south side of the Clyde, about five miles from Glasgow. Although the parish contained only 900 souls, a wonderful work of God had been going on for some time under the care of the Rev. W. McCulloch, the parish minister, who had read to his people the accounts of the revival in England and America. At the request of some of his parishioners, he had also commenced a weekly lecture on Thursday, and this became a daily sermon followed by private teaching, exhortation, and prayer. The church was too small to hold the Sunday congregations, and as many as 10,000 persons would assemble on the adjacent hill-side to hear either the parish minister or one of his brother ministers from a near or distant parish. The deep interest, stirred in a natural and simple way in the first instance, had spread far and near; and every means was taken both to deepen it and preserve it from any admixture of hypocrisy or delusion. No truer spiritual work could be imagined than that which had been done before Whitefield appeared on the scene. It embraced all ages, all classes, and all moral conditions. Cursing, swearing and drunkenness were given up by those who had been guilty of these sins, and who had come under its power. It had caused remorse for acts of injustice. It had compelled restitution for fraud. It had won forgiveness from the revengeful. It had imparted patience and love to endure the injuries of enemies. It had bound pas-

tor and people together with a stronger bond of sympathy. It had raised an altar in the household, or had kindled afresh the extinguished fire of family religion. It had made men students of the Word of God, and had brought them in effort and purpose and thought into communion with their Father in Heaven. And that it was not a passing breeze of feeling is evidenced by the fact that for long years afterwards, humble men and women, who dated their conversion from the work at Cambuslang, walked among their neighbours with an unspotted Christian name, and then died peacefully trusting in Him whom they had learned in the revival days to call Lord and Saviour.

It was into the midst of a people thus taught, and roused, and prepared to expect great things that Whitefield came as a messenger from God. The congregations were of an extraordinary size, and the place of meeting became, as he described it, a very field of battle. The first services were continued from noon on a Tuesday till far into the night. Whitefield began his third sermon at nine o'clock, and at eleven the enthusiasm had reached its highest pitch. For an hour and a half the loud weeping of the people filled the stillness of the summer night; while now and again the cry of some strong man, or more susceptible woman, rang above the preacher's voice and the general wailing, and there was a swaying to and fro where the wounded one fell. Often the word would take effect like a shot piercing a regiment of soldiers, and the congregation was broken again and again. Helpers carried the agonised into the house, and, as they passed, the crying of those whom they bore moved all hearts with fresh emotion. Many walked the fields all night, praying and singing, the sound of their voices much rejoicing the heart of Whitefield as he lay awake in the neighbouring manse.

The following Sunday was a memorable sacrament day. Ministers came from near and distant places to assist

in the services, and give addresses at the successive tables. Seventeen hundred "tokens," as the metal pieces used for the purpose were called, were issued to admit those who wished to communicate. All around the inner company of believers was a mighty host, scarcely less earnest or less outwardly devout. All through the day preaching by one or another never ceased, and at night, when the last communicant had partaken, all the companies, still unwearied and still ready to hear, met in one congregation, and Whitefield, at the request of the ministers, preached to them. His sermon was an hour and a half long, and the audience of 20,000 was not tired of it.

### VIII.

#### AMONG THE RICH AND TITLED.

The news of God's great work among the poor attracted the attention of the rich, and the preacher, whose voice was heard on every common and in every market-place where he could gather a congregation, in churchyards, on bowling-greens, at races and fairs, was to be a messenger of God to them also. In his college days Lady Betty Hastings, sister of the Earl of Huntingdon, had given Whitefield and other Methodists much-needed pecuniary help, and thus began an intimacy between him and her family which lasted as long as he lived. During his visits to London, the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon and the Earl's sisters mingled in the crowds at the Tabernacle; then others found their way there, some of them among the most notable characters of the day. Very striking are the expressions of some with regard to the hollowness of earthly pomp and pleasure, and the necessity for having a possession which cannot be taken away; of some who abhor being addressed as ordinary beings and sinners like the rest; and of others who have found in Jesus Christ true and eternal blessedness. The Duchess of Marlborough writes to Lady Huntingdon: "God knows we all need mending, and none

more than myself. I have lived to see great changes in the world—have acted a conspicuous part myself, and now hope, in my old days, to obtain mercy from God, as I never expect any at the hands of my fellow-creatures. . . . Women of wit, beauty, and quality cannot hear too many humiliating truths—they shock our pride. . . . When alone my reflections and recollections almost kill me, and I am forced to fly the society of those I detest and abhor." The Duchess of Buckingham considers the doctrines of Methodist preachers "most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks, and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth." The Countess of Huntingdon appointed Whitefield one of her chaplains, and in her drawing-room he often had the opportunity of addressing audiences of the most distinguished kind; few of whom, it is to be feared, cared as much for the message as for the eloquence and genius of the messenger. Lord St. John, half-brother of Bolingbroke, was a convert; his last words, spoken to the clergyman who attended him, were: "To God I commit myself; I feel how unworthy I am; but He died to save sinners, and the prayer of my heart now to Him is, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

Not the least of the benefits of this universal ministry, which made its appeal to all classes, was, that it brought them closer together, and formed a bond of spiritual sympathy between them. It exhibited the Gospel as a living power—a very surprising power to most of them. "Of all the preachers we ever heard," exclaimed some ladies to Lady Huntingdon, "Mr. Whitefield is the most strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things—would your ladyship believe it?—he declared that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that He did not object to receive even the devil's castaways. Now, my lady, did you ever

hear of such a thing since you were born?" Lady Huntingdon admitted it was singular, and as Whitefield was in the house, he was questioned about it. He replied: "Did your ladyship notice, about half-an-hour ago, a very modest single rap at the door? It was given by a poor, miserable-looking, aged female, who requested to speak with me. I desired her to be shown into the parlour, when she accosted me in the following manner: 'I believe, sir, you preached last evening at such a chapel?' 'Yes; I did.' 'Ah, sir, I was accidentally passing the door of that chapel, and hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of doing—I went in; and one of the first things I heard you say was, that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that He did not object to receiving the devil's castaways. Now, sir, I have been on the town for many years, and am so worn out in his service, that I think I may with truth be called one of the devil's castaways. Do you think, sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?'" He assured her there was no doubt of it, if she was willing to go to Him. It afterwards appeared that she did go; she became a new creature in Him who "tasted death for every man"; and when she died she left a clear testimony that the ever-adorable Saviour had loosed her from her sins with His own blood, and had taken her into the city of the holy

### IX.

WORK IN AMERICA.—HIS ORPHAN-HOUSE.—  
A SLAVE-OWNER.

The itinerancy of Whitefield extended over the whole of England, including every place of importance, and also some remote parishes, such as Haworth, the scene of the zealous labours of the Rev. W. Grimshaw; over a great part of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; over the whole of the English colonies on the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia; it also included Gibraltar and Bermudas. It is a remarkable fact that the greater

portion of this wide circuit was covered at a very early period of his career, as if Providence would early make him acquainted with his sphere of work. His labours in New England, at Philadelphia, New York, and Savannah, greatly resembled those in Scotland, and were carried on amongst a people many of whom were very like the Scotch in feeling, in education, in theological views, and in ecclesiastical sympathy. His labours at home greatly aided those in America, and *vice versa*. The news from the colonies stirred the Christians at home; while sermons preached at home were often sent to lonely settlements of emigrants, were read by the camp-fire, were lent from hand to hand, and became the means of winning souls for Christ.

New England greatly charmed him; he gave God thanks for sending him to it. He said: "I have now had an opportunity of seeing the greatest and most populous parts of it, and, take it altogether, it certainly on many accounts exceeds all other provinces in America, and, for the establishment of religion, perhaps all other parts of the world. Never, surely, was a place so well settled in so short a time. The towns all through Connecticut and eastward towards York, in the province of Massachusetts, near the river side, are large, well peopled, and exceeding pleasant to travel through. Every five miles, or perhaps less, you have a meeting-house, and, I believe, there is no such thing as a pluralist or non-resident minister in both provinces. God has remarkably, at sundry times and in divers manners, poured out His Spirit in several parts of both provinces; and it often refreshed my soul to hear of the faith of their good forefathers who first settled in these parts. . . . Many glorious men of God have come out of their colleges, and many more, I trust, will be sent out from time to time, till time itself shall be no more." Among his hearers at Northampton, formerly the scene of such astonishing revivals, was the aged Jonathan Edwards, through



whose labours and prayers they were mainly brought about, who might be seen sitting with his head bowed, weeping. At Philadelphia one of his most constant hearers was Benjamin Franklin, who has left some curiously interesting records of the evangelist. He it was who took the pains to verify, by actual measurement of space and distance, the statements as to the numbers of some of Whitefield's congregations and the great distance at which he could be heard. Whitefield's preaching-place at Philadelphia was opposite Franklin's shop, and although he could not persuade the hard-headed printer to adopt his religious views, he swayed almost absolute power over his humane feelings. The story of how he once constrained him to put first the copper, then the silver, then the gold and all into the collector's dish for the orphan-house in Georgia, is well known. Not so well the other story, that a gentleman who attended the same service had taken the precaution of emptying his pockets before he came. "Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was: 'At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.'"

It seems strange to think of a preacher who was welcome in the drawing-rooms of the nobility and had vast influence in every city of the kingdom, living oftentimes a wandering, toilsome, and often dangerous life in a thinly-populated country; riding through forests, and sometimes getting lost; meeting congregations of farmers and emigrants in some opening that had been cleared; crossing wide rivers and arms of the sea; and enduring the heat of summers that always prostrated him. But to this he was led by the joy and peace in God which he had found in his young man-

hood, and which still remained with him as the earnest of Heaven.

His visits to America were partly caused by the necessity of superintending an orphan-house which he built about ten miles from Savannah, and called Bethesda, or House of Mercy, because he hoped many acts of mercy would be shown there, and "that many would be stirred up to praise the Lord as a God whose mercy endureth for ever." He laid the foundation-brick himself, with the workmen for spectators; together they sang a hymn and knelt in prayer; and thus, with a sum of £150 in hand, he started a home for the poor helpless children, whose condition was extremely wretched. It was to prove a blessing as well as a burden to himself. It was one fixed point in his roving life, one constant thing to be attended to under all circumstances, one object of affection to be commended to his countless friends. His most pathetic appeals were made for his orphans, and some of his quietest days were spent in their midst. Amid the excitement of his work in England he would find time to pen personal letters to one child and another whom he specially wished to help.

The orphan-house has had a strange history, and remains to this day.

It would now be thought impossible for a man of Whitefield's kindness of heart to be a slave-owner; and yet he was one, and owned slaves for the sake of working the estate on which the orphan-house stood! He was not inexcusable in this matter. The founder of the colony was opposed to slavery, and so were the Moravian settlers; but Whitefield somehow got it into his mind that the colony could never prosper till rum and slave-labour were introduced. He perhaps more than any man was responsible for the introduction of slavery into Georgia. Could he have seen the dark and tragic career it ran in that one state alone, with what horror he would have recoiled from his act! He used to say that men are but human at the best; and he himself, great and

good though he was, illustrated his own words.

## X.

HIS MANNER OF PREACHING.—SOME OF HIS SAYINGS.

The power of Whitefield's preaching, regarded simply as an effort of human genius, is abundantly shown by the widely diversified congregations he addressed. The same voice that charmed rough colliers, sailors, backwoodsmen, and London roughs, had power over William Pitt, Lord Chesterfield, David Hume, and David Garrick. Perhaps the finest tribute to his ability and sincerity was that which the public paid him when they called Garrick "the Whitefield of the stage." The cold and sceptical Hume thought him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and said it was worth going twenty miles to hear him.

That he should often have caused loud responses to be uttered, and have made the general crowd of his hearers shout out their feelings of excitement, was to be expected, but he once compelled even Lord Chesterfield to start up and utter a cry of alarm in a chapel.

Some of his sayings are well worth remembering. "The only Methodism," he exclaims, "I desire to know is a holy method of dying to ourselves, and of living to God." To students he said, "I hope you will enter into your studies, not to get a parish, nor to be polite preachers, but to be great saints." To ministers he used to say, "Beware of nestling." The secret of his labours is in this word: "I do not preach for life, but from life." "Like a pure crystal, I would transmit all the glory that God is pleased to pour upon me, and never claim as my own what is His sole property." "I have always found awakening times like spring times: many blossoms, but not always so much fruit." "I find a love of power sometimes intoxicates even God's own dear children,

and makes them to mistake passion for zeal, and an overbearing spirit for an authority given them from above." "Let the name of Whitefield die, so that the cause of Jesus Christ may live."

## XI.

LAST DAYS.—DEATH.

In his last days Whitefield, who had been thin and active, became corpulent and heavy. His tremendous exertions brought on repeated attacks of serious illness from his young manhood to the end. He sometimes rose up from what seemed to be almost death to go and preach. Asthma was his constant affliction. John Wesley, speaking of one of their last interviews, says: "I breakfasted with Mr. Whitefield, who seemed to be an old, old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, though he has hardly seen fifty years. . . . He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he goes." His last sermon was preached in the fields at Exeter in Massachusetts; and before going out to preach it, he clasped his hands together, and looking up, said: "Lord Jesus, I am weary in Thy work, but not of Thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the fields, seal Thy truth, and come home and die." After his sermon he rode forward to Newburyport, to the house of the Presbyterian minister. At night, as he was going to bed, he addressed from the stairs, with his bedroom candle in his hand, a crowd that had gathered round the door; he spoke till the candle went out. At six o'clock next morning, Sunday, September 30, 1770, the asthma choked him. He had expected to die silent; he said, "It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for Him during my life, that He will require none from me when I die." And so it was.

J. P. GLEDSTONE.

# JOHN BACON, R.A.



good though he was, illustrated his own words.

## X.

## HIS MANNER OF PREACHING.—SOME OF HIS SAYINGS.

The power of Whitefield's preaching, regarded simply as an effort of human genius, is abundantly shown by the widely diversified congregations he addressed. The same voice that charmed rough colliers, sailors, backwoodsmen, and London roughs, had power over William Pitt, Lord Chesterfield, David Hume, and David Garrick. Perhaps the finest tribute to his ability and sincerity was that which the public paid him when they called Garrick "the Whitefield of the stage." The cold and sceptical Hume thought him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and said it was worth going twenty miles to hear him.

That he should often have caused loud responses to be uttered, and have made the general crowd of his hearers shout out their feelings of excitement, was to be expected, but he once compelled even Lord Chesterfield to start up and utter a cry of alarm in a chapel.

Some of his sayings are well worth remembering. "The only Methodism," he exclaims, "I desire to know is a holy method of dying to ourselves, and of living to God." To students he said, "I hope you will enter into your studies, not to get a parish, nor to be polite preachers, but to be great saints." To ministers he used to say, "Beware of nestling." The secret of his labours is in this word: "I do not preach for life, but from life." "Like a pure crystal, I would transmit all the glory that God is pleased to pour upon me, and never claim as my own what is His sole property." "I have always found awakening times like spring times: many blossoms, but not always so much fruit." "I find a love of power sometimes intoxicates even God's own dear children,

and makes them to mistake passion for zeal, and an overbearing spirit for an authority given them from above." "Let the name of Whitefield die, so that the cause of Jesus Christ may live."

## XI.

## LAST DAYS.—DEATH.

In his last days Whitefield, who had been thin and active, became corpulent and heavy. His tremendous exertions brought on repeated attacks of serious illness from his young manhood to the end. He sometimes rose up from what seemed to be almost death to go and preach. Asthma was his constant affliction. John Wesley, speaking of one of their last interviews, says: "I breakfasted with Mr. Whitefield, who seemed to be an old, old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, though he has hardly seen fifty years. . . . He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he goes." His last sermon was preached in the fields at Exeter in Massachusetts; and before going out to preach it, he clasped his hands together, and looking up, said: "Lord Jesus, I am weary in Thy work, but not of Thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the fields, seal Thy truth, and come home and die." After his sermon he rode forward to Newburyport, to the house of the Presbyterian minister. At night, as he was going to bed, he addressed from the stairs, with his bedroom candle in his hand, a crowd that had gathered round the door; he spoke till the candle went out. At six o'clock next morning, Sunday, September 30, 1770, the asthma choked him. He had expected to die silent; he said, "It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for Him during my life, that He will require none from me when I die." And so it was.

J. P. GLEDSTONE



# JOHN BACON, R.A.



# JOHN BACON, R.A.;

## SCULPTOR.



JOHN BACON the sculptor was in his time as pre-eminent in his line of art, as was Sir Joshua Reynolds as a painter. The fine statues of John Howard and Samuel Johnson in St. Paul's, and the monuments of Chatham in Guildhall and in Westminster Abbey, are admired by many who are not familiar with his name. High as was his reputation as an artist, a greater distinction belonged to him as a man of humble faith and earnest piety. His was the honour of being one of the founders of the English School of Sculpture; but a greater honour was that of being one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society. In the record of the first formation of that now important society, along with well-known leading evangelical ministers of the day, appear the names of four laymen—"William Wilberforce, John Thornton, Charles Grant, and John Bacon, the sculptor." This is a man worthy of a place in the records of Christian biography, as well as in the annals of British art.

### I.

#### BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY YEARS.

John Bacon was born on November 24, 1740, in Southwark, where his father, Thomas Bacon, carried on business as a cloth-worker. He was descended from an old family in Somersetshire, his grandfather, John Bacon, possessing a considerable estate at Wincanton, in that county. Of the early life of the future sculptor some anecdotes are preserved, especially of more than one marvellous escape from accidents that nearly proved fatal. When only five years old, the child fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and would have perished there, if a workman, entering the yard, had not rescued him just in time to save his life. Not

long after he narrowly escaped being crushed by a waggon. Such providential deliverances are not uncommon in the history of men who have afterwards risen to eminence, and in this case the remembrance of them produced an abiding sense of dependence on the Divine protection, and of humble gratitude for sparing mercies.

When very young he showed a taste for drawing, and this seems to have determined his first occupation in life. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to Mr. Crispe, of Bow Church-yard, where he was employed, among other things, in painting on porcelain. Mr. Crispe had a manufactory of china at Lambeth, where the young apprentice was sometimes sent to assist. He showed skill in designing models for domestic ornaments—shepherds and shepherdesses, and other homely figures. The demand for these was so large that his employers paid him generously for his designs, and he was able to help in supporting his parents by the produce of his labours.

### II.

#### EARLY EFFORTS IN ART.

While employed in the Lambeth factory, the young apprentice had opportunity of observing the models of different sculptors, which were sent to a pottery on the same premises to be burnt. The sight of these designs and models induced a strong desire to make the sculptor's art his future profession. He devoted himself with so much zeal and success to his new studies, that his invention and skill were apparent to all who saw his works. His first attempt was a small figure of Peace, after the manner of the antique. This was in 1758. The "Society for the Encouragement of Arts," then as

now, awarded prizes as well as praise, to rising merit; and from their reports it appears that in the years 1763 to 1766, no less than nine times were the first premiums, in those classes for which he competed, awarded to John Bacon.

It was in 1763 that he made his first attempt to work in marble. Having never seen a professional sculptor at work, he had to depend on his own ingenuity and skill, and he invented an instrument for transferring to the marble the form of his clay model, or for "getting out the points," as artists call this technical process. Of this invention a curious anecdote is recorded. A Frenchman visiting Mr. Bacon's workshop, said: "I see you have M. Hudon's instrument for taking points! You are not above copying a French artist." Mr. Bacon said it was not a foreign invention. His visitor replied that he had himself seen it in use in the studio of M. Hudon, the sculptor. Upon which Mr. Bacon assured him that M. Hudon had first seen the instrument in his workshop, and was so much pleased with its novelty and utility, that he had made him a present of one for his own use. "He was much employed," we are told by Allan Cunningham in his *Lives of the Sculptors*, "at Coade's Artificial Stone Manufactory, Lambeth, and in great favour with the proprietor, who felt that his talents were making a profitable impression on the public. Groups and statues as large as life, coats of arms, sculptured key-stones, wreaths of flowers, and all that species of work known by the general name of 'ornamental,' were here modelled, moulded, and burnt. Nichols, in his *History of Lambeth*, speaks of this manufactory in these words: 'Here are many statues which are allowed by the best judges to be master-pieces of art, from the models of that celebrated artist, John Bacon.' This was written in 1784, after the sculptor had attained to the highest rank in his profession. Mr. Nichols adds, that Flaxman displayed his genius in the same factory, and even Benjamin West, the President, laid down his brush for a

time 'through suasive words or more persuasive gold,' and modelled ornamental statues." One of Bacon's successful works at this factory was a colossal head of Ossian. The poems published by Macpherson were then the talk of the town, and exciting much attention and controversy; and "this head, representing, with no small skill, the qualities ascribed to the blind bard, made the learned and illiterate stare when it was placed over the gateway of Coade's establishment."

### III.

#### AT THE SCHOOL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In 1768, being then about twenty-eight years of age, he attended the school of the Royal Academy, which was instituted that year. Here he received his first regular instruction in his future profession. Whether from the jealous secrecy of the chief sculptors of that time, or from his own blameworthy aversion to ask permission, he had never seen a trained artist at work either in modelling or sculpture. He now made good use of his opportunity. In 1769, the gold medal for sculpture, the first ever given by the society, was awarded to him. In the following year, 1770, he was elected an Associate. He exhibited that year a statue of Mars, with which the Archbishop of York was so much pleased that he resolved to engage the young sculptor for a bust of King George III., which he intended to present to Christ Church, Oxford. With this purpose he presented Mr. Bacon to the King, who was pleased to sit to him for the portrait-bust. While thus engaged the King conversed with him, according to his affable usage. Asking if he had ever been out of the kingdom, and being answered in the negative, His Majesty said: "I am glad of it—you will be an honour to it."

### IV.

#### RIISING TO PROFESSIONAL EMINENCE.

When Benjamin West, the President, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the Royal

Academy, saw the model of Mars, the earliest statue which Bacon exhibited, he said: "If this is his first essay, what will this man do when he arrives at maturity?" This was high praise, *laus a laudato*, from one so distinguished in art. He had previously been honoured by receiving, from the hands of Sir Joshua himself, the first gold medal for sculpture ever given by the Academy. The subject was Æneas bearing his father Anchises from the burning of Troy. Of still greater advantage to the young sculptor was his securing the Royal patronage, from the success of the King's bust for Christ Church, for which the Society of Arts conferred on him a gold medal. His Majesty was pleased to give an order for a second bust, intended as a present to the University of Göttingen; and then a third for his own collection. Mr. Bacon afterwards executed a fourth, which was ordered for the Hall of the Society of Antiquarians.

From this time he had commissions for work, more than he could soon execute. So great was the demand, that he might have been justified in raising his price accordingly; but his moderation, now and throughout his life, was remarkable, and he only begged for the patience of his patrons, whose orders he hoped gradually to attend to. The recommendation of the Archbishop of York had brought many applications from ecclesiastical dignitaries or corporations; the King's bust at Oxford led to his employment by the Dean and Fellows of Christ Church, and other colleges; while the Royal patronage gained the notice of people of wealth and high position throughout the country. The first figures which he executed in marble were for the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood. He was not, however, without honour in his own city. The Governors of Guy's Hospital engaged him to prepare a model for a monument to be erected in the hospital, to the memory of the Founder. This Mr. Bacon undertook with special pleasure, both from the excellence of the institution, and from the ambition to

produce a worthy memorial in his own native borough of Southwark. It was this work which chiefly recommended him to the civic authorities for the execution of the great monument in Guildhall to Lord Chatham. This was admired at the time, and is one of the historical memorials worthy of the metropolis and of the nation. The committee in charge of the work were so much pleased with it, that the sculptor was presented with a handsome gratuity after the sum agreed for was paid.

This Guildhall monument was the first work which gained public favour for the sculptor. "When Chatham's monument was erected," says Allan Cunningham, "half the people of London flocked to see a work which the prints of the day declared to be 'most magnificent.' And magnificent it may be called, for the grouping is picturesque and pyramidal, the positions are imposing, and the symbols of wealth and trade and prosperity are scattered with an affluent hand. Chatham stands high and in the centre, and Commerce and Manufactures under his protection pour Plenty from the Four Quarters of the World, into the lap of Britannia. These figures, however, both the allegorical and natural, are somewhat affected: they are also too full of action, and too studious of looking picturesque."

Most persons nowadays will agree with this criticism, the simpler and severer style introduced by Flaxman, commending itself to artistic taste; but the florid and allegorical treatment was approved in Bacon's time, and he suited his productions to the popular taste. The school in which he had been trained—the pottery and the artificial stone factory—had made him acquainted with popular feeling, and revealed to him the knack of addressing his art to the understanding of the many rather than the criticism of the few. "In all that he did," says his biographer, "there was a plain meaning—a sentiment which lay on the surface, which ignorance had not to call on learning to explain, and which could be felt without any reference to



the antique." When working for the judgment of artists, as in his statues for the prizes of the Royal Academy, he adopted more classical models.

## V.

### GRATITUDE FOR EARLY HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

In 1773 Mr. Bacon presented two statues to the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts," with a letter expressing his gratitude for the encouragement and patronage bestowed on his early efforts. The letter was in the following terms: "The honour you have done me in your acceptance of my statues affords me an opportunity, which I gladly embrace, of acknowledging the many obligations I have to the Society. It was your approbation which stimulated, and your encouragements which enabled me to pursue those studies which a disadvantageous situation had otherwise made difficult, if not impossible. Believe me, gentlemen, I never think of the Society without gratitude and without the highest idea of the principles on which it is formed; and which justly place it among the institutions that do honour to human nature, raise the glory of a nation, and promote the general good of mankind." The statues were only plaster models of Mars and of Venus; but the members of the Society of Arts at that time had regard to the intellectual character more than the material value of the gift, and directed the statues to be placed in their great room. A polite answer was sent to the donor, accompanied with their gold medal, on the reverse of which is inscribed EMINENT MERIT.

This incident is worth recording, not only as characteristic of the artist, but as an exemplary instance of the benefits conferred on struggling genius and patient industry by those, whether as individuals or in societies, who have the means and the opportunity to help and encourage others whose lot is cast in less favoured conditions of life. The re-

membrance of this help made the recipient of it to be ever watchful and ready to encourage the poor and friendless, in their efforts to rise to any position for which their talents or character appeared to justify their aspiring. This gratitude was a trait in his character which might be due to natural disposition alone; but we shall have to mention other qualities which nothing could produce, save the spiritual grace that animated his whole life as a humble and devoted follower of Christ. But we must continue the references to some of his chief professional triumphs.

## VI.

### SOME OF HIS PRINCIPAL ART-WORKS.

Among the numerous sculptures which he executed we shall only mention a few of the best known and most admired statues or monuments, not in the chronological order of their execution, but as showing the importance and variety of the memorials on which he was employed. The earliest of his statues in marble we have mentioned as being at Goodwood. The earliest monument in marble is that of Mrs. Withers, in St. Mary's, Worcester. Of his portrait-busts Oxford possesses several, besides that of George III. at Christ Church, and of Dr. Johnson at Pembroke. At Christ Church are busts of Archbishop Robinson, Bishop Barrington, and General Guise. The statue of Sir William Blackstone at All Souls, of which he was a Fellow, is universally admitted to be marked by spirit and dignity, and commands admiration. As to the costume there has been difference of opinion; some critics objecting to the rigid adherence to the judicial costume, where a profusion of wig and of ermine has been reproduced with what might be deemed pre-Raphaelite exactness. But he judged rightly that, if modern dress is not to be wholly discarded for antique drapery, the artist must give the correct costume of the time and of the subject. The full dress of an English judge of the Georgian epoch has great disadvantages for a sculptor, and few artists could have

succeeded so well as Bacon has with his statue of Blackstone.

He adopted the opposite extreme in the colossal statue of Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's Cathedral, where the English sage is clad in the habit of a Greek philosopher. "The statue of Johnson," says Allan Cunningham, "represents him in the attitude of profound thought—his head, neck, and arms are bare, and over him is thrown a robe which reaches to the pedestal, displaying amid the arrangements of its folds, the manly form which it covers. There is an air of surly seriousness about it which corresponds with the character of the man,—he stands musing and pondering; there is enough of good portraiture to satisfy those who desire likeness in statues, and enough of poetical skill and treatment in the costume to please those who, while they covet simplicity, are sensible that modern dress is injurious to the dignity of sculpture." The companion statue of John Howard, the philanthropist, presents the appearance of an English gentleman, and the whole design, statue and relieves, is worthy of the subject. It is an honourable distinction, and of good augury, that this was the first monument erected in the metropolitan cathedral. It is said that a foreigner, on first beholding these two statues at each side of the entrance to the choir, took them for St. Peter and St. Paul, as Howard bears the key in his hand, and Johnson a roll of parchment!

He was much gratified when orders came from distant places, and some of his best statues are in foreign lands. In Jamaica, there are memorials of Lord and Lady Effingham, and Admiral Lord Rodney; and the people of Jersey, desiring to honour the memory of the gallant Major Pierson, who fell in defending their island from the French, committed to Mr. Bacon the execution of the monument. A commission came from India for a colossal equestrian statue of the Marquis of Cornwallis, which was designed by him, but was finished by his son. It may be mentioned that out of

sixteen competitions, open to all artists, Mr. Bacon was successful in all but one instance.

## VII.

### SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS.

Of sepulchral statuary Bacon has left many examples, and it is generally allowed that we are indebted to him for notable improvement in this department of art. We think, nevertheless, that he carried to excess the idea of representing the virtues of deceased worthies by symbolical figures. There are not a few of such emblematical groups in Westminster Abbey, sometimes with happiest effect, as in his monument to Whitbread, one of his latest works, with the figure of Benevolence, which a critic has described as "a beautiful composition, well worthy of the antique."

The originality and classic taste displayed in the cenotaph memorial to the poet Mason in the Abbey, have been celebrated by good judges of art; a Muse reclining on an antique altar, on which are carved in relief a lyre, the tragic masque, and laurel wreath, holds the poet's portrait on a medallion. This allegorical treatment is in accordance with classic forms as seen on ancient sarcophagi, but the preference of our time is for simpler style in sepulchral memorials. In the Abbey church at Bath, and in Bristol Cathedral, are some of his masterpieces, especially in the latter place, the monument to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, the Eliza of Sterne, whose admiration of her is not countenanced by like charms in the marble memorial. In the same cathedral is a monument to Catherine Vernon, "formed by nature to attract observation and invite respect," which is also scarcely suggested by the sculpture. The statues and monuments in Westminster Abbey are of a higher class, such as those of Lord Halifax, Lord Heathfield, and of Bishop Thomas, Sir George Pocock, and the poet Gray. Of open air sculptures, the figures for the pediment of the India House in Leadenhall were most admired,

and that best known now is the gigantic figure of the River Thames in the court of Somerset House.

We must conclude this brief reference to his works by quoting what Lord Macaulay says of one of the grandest of them all. Speaking of the great statesmen who rest in the northern transept of the Abbey, the historian says: "High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham; and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes." The poet Cowper is equally eloquent as to the sculptor's work:

"Bacon there  
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,  
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.  
Nor does the chisel occupy alone  
The powers of Sculpture, but the style as much."

It is the high honour of John Bacon to have been one of the founders of the English School of Sculpture. We have had great sculptors during the present century, and in our own day; but to Bacon, with Banks, Nollekens, and Flaxman, England owes its taking a place which only foreigners had before filled. When the bust of George III. was first seen, the remark was that "it had the strength of Bernini." Nothing but Italian statuary had estimation up till that time. The most popular of English statues, such as those of Handel, and of Shakespeare, were by Roubilliac, a foreigner by birth. The larger number of the statues in the Abbey, during the reigns of the first Georges, are by Scheemaker, and Rysbrack, who were brought over to supply the lack of native talent and skill.

It is possible that Bacon's pre-eminence over all his contemporaries would not be so universally admitted now as it was then. Certain it is, however, that his works were equally excellent in the judgment of artists and in popular opinion. Too often in art (and in every branch, in sculpture as well as in painting and in music) it is usual to contrast the classical and the popular, and it is rare

to find superiority in both. In Bacon's case both were combined; he was honoured by the awards of the Royal Academy and the Society of Arts, while his works delighted the common people.

### VIII.

#### HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE.

From professional eminence, let us now pass to higher excellence; for this English sculptor, like Michel Angelo, the greatest of all the fraternity of art, was a man of piety as well as of genius. It does not appear at what time he received his first religious impressions. He tells us that his father was a singularly devout man, and that his open Bible was sometimes on the table even during meal-times. It is highly probable that the instructions and example of such a father had not been without effect on the mind of his son. His dutiful and affectionate conduct towards his parents we have seen, in the delight with which he helped to make them comfortable and free from care in their advancing years. Whatever were the influences or events which marked the early rise and progress of his religious life, his character, when he was known to the world, was that of a deeply spiritual and actively practical Christian man. We have in his own words a true portraiture of his inner life, when he thus wrote: "I find I can know but little of even the world before me, nor can I, independently, take a single step in it safely. What then can I do with respect to the next world, without my Bible? I find myself indeed in the midst of a system of deep moral disorder and perpetual vicissitude. No philosopher offers me anything that *meets*, much less that *relieves* my case. One cheering light alone shines into this our moral darkness. It shows me the holy law I ought to obey, and declares my true character as a transgressor, from my birth. I feel that very depravity and weakness in my nature, which the Bible describes.

"In such a case, dare I venture my

soul upon conjectures and probabilities? If infinite wisdom, holiness, power, and love, unite in appointing my ransom only through a Saviour on His cross, God forbid that I should glory save in that alone. *There* I see the perfections of God harmonized, His law magnified, the evil of sin exposed. I tremble at the thought of being found negligent under a constitution in which God the Father is willing to become my father; God the Son, my redeemer; God the Spirit, my guide, sanctifier, and comforter.

"I have, as others have, looked around me for some other standing, but I find I can abide consequences upon no lower ground. I will, therefore, neither be frowned nor flattered out of a privilege of which I am so distinctly conscious. A man may as well tell me I never received nourishment from bread, nor light nor warmth from the sun. Verily, it is Christianity or nothing, or worse than nothing."

Where could we find a profession of faith, more strong, clear, and manly, than this creed of an artist? Few professional theologians could better state the grounds of belief, and the internal evidences of grace, than we see in this *Religio laici*, this devout meditation of a layman. His religion was that of a nature born from above, renewed by grace, and with a hope full of immortality, grounded alone on the work of his Redeemer. This religion he manifested in his whole life and conversation. His house was a home of daily prayer, and constant beneficence. He used to visit his workmen when sick, and converse with them about their eternal interests, and prayed with them and for them at their bedside. His Sabbaths were consecrated to God, and were truly days "of rest and gladness." If any visitors came, and insisted on seeing him on a Sunday, they very soon took their leave, finding that "the only business they could transact with him that day was to obtain part of a sermon!" This he managed, however, with such address and courtesy, that

the visitor generally left him in perfect good humour.

This respect for the Lord's day, and enjoyment of its privileges, formed a marked feature in Bacon's character. He has not been alone among artists in this feature of his professional life. David Cox, for instance, was a sincerely religious man, not with much show, but with great earnestness, and his influence was not lost in his day, among the frequenters of the Royal Oak at Bettws-y-Coed. We have been told by more than one artist of the honour and love in which the old man was held, even by the loosest Bohemians of the parlour; and they themselves speak with warm remembrance of their journey with him to church on Sundays, and of their still following the genial artist's example in "remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

An example of earlier date may also be recalled. Dr. Johnson in his latter days had a conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and among other requests he begged him, if it were only for the sake of example, not to paint on Sundays. And Sir Joshua never did, after the hint given by his loved and honoured friend. Let us hope that the number of those will be increased, who, like John Bacon, respect the law of God, and the usages of their country, in regard to the Lord's day.

## IX.

### ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING HIS RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

When he was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham in the Abbey, one of the clergy, to whom he was an utter stranger, coming behind him unobserved, tapped him on the shoulder, saying (in allusion to the classic story of Zeuxis), "Take care what you are about—you work for eternity." Mr. Bacon said nothing at the moment; but next morning, having heard this gentleman deliver a discourse from the pulpit, he watched him in his passage to the vestry, and,

coming behind him, tapped him on the shoulder in a similar way, saying, "Take care what *you* are about—you work for eternity."

A gentleman, looking at the works in his studio, recognised a bust of George Whitefield. "Mr. Bacon," said he, "after all that has been said, this was a truly great man—he was the founder of a new religion." "A new religion, sir?" replied Mr. Bacon. "Yes," said his visitor. "What do *you* call it?" "Nothing," said Mr. Bacon, "but the *old* religion revived with *new* energy, and as if the preacher really *meant* what he said."

In company he was often vexed by the utter frivolity and insipidity of the conversation, even in what is counted good society. He generally was on the watch for any opportunity for introducing some useful and rational, if not religious topic. On one such occasion he made a remark to a lady who sat next him, such as a religious man would make quite naturally, and such as would commend itself to any right-thinking person. "As to that, Mr. Bacon," said the lady, "my religion is to fear God and keep His commandments, and not to talk about such matters." "But, madam," replied Mr. Bacon, "you may recollect what is written: 'They that feared the Lord spake often one to another.'"

The Rev. Richard Cecil, who knew Mr. Bacon very intimately in his latter years, and has written the best memoir of his life, especially in its religious aspect, tells us that he one day had a conversation with him about his enthusiasm for his art. Whether Mr. Cecil intended a hint of censure or of caution, as to being too much absorbed in worldly pursuits, we do not know; but he received a reply which at least shows the relative importance of secular and sacred things. "I consider," said Mr. Bacon, "the profession in which I am providentially placed, and in which I have prosperously and honourably succeeded, to be as lawful as any other that is not employed in furnishing the necessities of life. Besides, part of it, especially the

monumental, may be employed to an important moral purpose. But the truth is, if the work itself be innocent, the workman, I hope, is not accountable for the abuse sometimes made of it; and, as the world will have not only its necessities, but its toys, I may as well be the toyman as any other."

Such was his estimate of art, as compared with higher objects. The works of human genius and skill at their best serve to please the eye and gratify the taste; while to the man of reason and of religion, his treasure, and consequently his heart, is in Heaven.

A pleasant trait in Bacon's character was his great love of children, and his happy way of instructing and entertaining them. He was truly a children's friend, and a universal favourite with them. "Tell us a story," was a constant demand, when he appeared in a home where there were little folk. He would then take some incident or event in the Bible, which the hearer was well acquainted with; but he put it into a form so new and plain, and so bright with illustration, that the listener was beguiled to suppose it was a story entirely new, till the familiar name of Joseph, or Moses, or other hero, made the listener know that it was an old story newly told.

## X.

### HIS FAMILY AND THEIR TRAINING.

Mr. Bacon was twice married. He left two sons and three daughters by his first wife, and three sons by his second wife, who survived him. One of his sons, John Bacon, junior, was also distinguished as a sculptor, and to him the nation is indebted for some fine monuments and other memorials. But it is about the religious tone of his household that we are here mainly concerned, and the following extracts from letters to one of his daughters present the father in his best mood, watchful and anxious for their highest welfare. Thus he writes: "I desire to rejoice in your behalf for the comforts you are

favoured with, and perhaps I ought to rejoice in your conflicts too. Sure I am, you would have less evidence of the reality of a Divine work if you were entirely without them. God obtains honour in supporting you under them, and you acquire patience, experience, and other graces by the exercise. My dear child, all mankind have their conflicts. He that is entirely of the world, finds it a world of conflicts, and cannot escape many a wound from it; but the worst of his case is, that he had no physician to apply to, though the sorrow of the world worketh death. What a blessed thing it is to fight for the truth, for the honour of God, for everlasting life; to strive for the noblest prize, to wear celestial armour, to have free access to that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and which heal every wound upon the immediate application; to fight with the Captain on our side, and to be sure of victory at last.

"Certainly we have a foe, subtle and powerful, but in both these respects he is a conquered enemy. It is impossible for me to describe a thousandth part of his stratagems. One general hint I will suggest to you: take the Armour of Righteousness on the right hand and the left. There is scarce a temptation but has an opposite one as dangerous. Who can tell which is the most to be dreaded, presumption or despair?—either for us to think that God will never punish sin, or that He will never pardon the penitent? If we in any degree gain the victory over sensuality, Satan will tempt us to pharisaism or spiritual pride. There is no end of these opposite temptations. If he cannot keep us from the conscientious performance of duties, he will urge us to a performance beyond our strength, that he may tempt us to despair. From the fatal effect of which contrary snares may the blessed Saviour, my dear girl, deliver you! A Dieu, A Dieu!"

Again, he thus writes to her: "I do indeed most heartily concur with you in the sentiment that there is no subject so

proper for a letter from one sinner to another as that of Immanuel, God with us. While the animal spirits move briskly, the vision of happiness may subsist. The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but a small wound in that spirit annihilates all. This is the moment, and many such moments there are, when nothing can apply to our case but the Gospel. We see the firmest friendship and the fondest affection often exerting their utmost effort in vain; but who can communicate to the spirit of man but He who made it? He that searches the heart, alone knows the depth of the malady; and He that probes the wound, alone knows what will cure it. The balm may be found in Gilead, where the Physician is also."

To such a father, the responsive piety of a child must have brought heartfelt joy and gratitude. The glimpses of the home life are pleasant incidents in his biography.

## XI.

### PERSONAL HABITS AND PRINCIPLES OF CONDUCT.

As with all true believers, the general course of his life was determined by the rules of God's Word and by the guidance of the Spirit of Christ. But there were traits of character and habits of life which marked his individuality. While not without just ambition to excel in his art, no man had ever less regard for worldly honour or social display. His domestic life was on a scale of the utmost frugality, with no attempt to keep up appearances, and no needless expenditure on luxuries or pleasures. When the gains of his profession increased, he spent no more on himself, but was more liberal in his charities and gifts to others. In his integrity and honesty, even those who had no sympathy with his religious views had the most perfect confidence. A notable instance of this has been recorded. Mr. Ryley, a well-known artist, much employed by the publishers of engravings, had occasionally executed finished drawings of Mr. Bacon's designs.

Mr. Ryley was a professed Deist, and had no respect for Mr. Bacon's Christian creed; but in conversation one day at the studio, having heard Mr. Bacon say he was then pressed for a sum of money, he went out, and presently returned with a bag containing two hundred guineas, which he begged Mr. Bacon to use. Mr. Bacon blamed him for keeping so much cash in his house, and having often observed him to appear anxious and depressed, spoke to him about arranging his affairs; particularly, knowing he had property, urging him to make his will. Mr. Ryley said he wished to do so, but was unwilling to go to a lawyer, and did not himself know how. Mr. Bacon offered his assistance, which was accepted. After naming some legacies to relations, Mr. Ryley proposed to appoint Mr. Bacon his executor and residuary legatee. This was of course positively refused, and the property, which turned out to be of considerable amount, was divided among the relations; the disinterested advice of Mr. Bacon increasing, if possible, the respect in which his character was held by his friend.

In regard to the works of other artists, it was noticed that he was always generous in his praise of any merit, while never severe on any errors or defects that might have afforded fair mark for criticism. His own readiness to accept criticism from those who were his inferiors in art, is a more notable trait in his character. A friend was looking at the work in his studio, and on passing a statue which was nearly finished, said hastily: "Mr. Bacon, that leg is too short." He replied: "Stop; look again, for it never struck me as being too short." "Phoh," said his friend, "I am no judge; no doubt you are quite right." "I don't know that," was his reply; "I have taken no measurement but that of my eye, and the remark of a fresh eye is a matter of serious consideration with me."

In other concerns besides those of his art, he showed like humility. So far from taking any offence when told of his faults, he used to express gratitude for

such censure; and he regarded reproof as the truest mark of friendship. Even if the strictures were severe, or the reproof harshly uttered, his feeling was that "faithful are the wounds of a friend."

A singular incident is recorded in connection with his getting the order for the statue of Henry VI. at Eton. A gentleman called one day, without giving his name, and from his appearance, and his dress of rusty black, Mr. Bacon took him for a poor clergyman applying for relief. The great respect he had for persons in such condition, and the satisfaction he had in relieving them, induced him to receive this stranger with much courtesy and kindness of manner. After a few words of general conversation, the stranger said: "Pray, Mr. Bacon, have you ever been at Rome?" Being answered in the negative, he then said: "I suppose you have been at Wilton, to see the antiques there?" No, he had not seen them. "Well," said his visitor, "have you ever been at Westminster Abbey?" in a tone of surprise and almost impatience. On Mr. Bacon's telling him he had often been at the Abbey, the stranger said he would like to look at the works in his studio. Examining them attentively, he muttered to himself, as he looked at one and another of the pieces, "Well—very well—excellent—and all this produced without going abroad to study!" Then turning to the sculptor, he added: "But I can tell you one thing, and that is, you have no need to go." He then gave an order for a bust of Henry VI. for Eton College, and paid down half the sum named by the artist.

When the bust was finished, the gentleman was much pleased with it, but said he had only one fault to find, and that was, that it was not a whole-length statue. He then told Mr. Bacon that he had left in his will a sum of money for a statue of the Founder, to be placed in the chapel of the college; "but," said he, "upon second thoughts, it seems I had better have it done while I live; and you shall set about it immediately. I

am not sure, however, that I can conveniently pay down the usual amount of half the money on giving the commission, but I think I can let you have £100." "Pray, Sir," said Mr. Bacon, "do not let that be a consideration. You have shown yourself a man of honour—I leave everything to your convenience, and will make the design at once." "I think," said the gentleman, after a pause, "I can let you have £200." After thus demurring, he paid down the whole customary deposit before he left the house. From this incident an obvious lesson is, that to strangers, whatever their appearance, it is well to be courteous, at least till the purpose of their coming is known. This courtesy was never lacking in John Bacon. It was a part of his Christian spirit and conversation in the world.

A more amusing and less profitable encounter with an unknown stranger is recorded. Walking one day in the Abbey, he observed a person standing before the Chatham monument, who by his air and gestures seemed as if he thought himself an appreciative admirer of art. As Mr. Bacon passed, whom he evidently took for an ignorant stranger, he called his attention to the monument, which he said was "admirable on the whole, but has great defects." "I should be greatly obliged," said Mr. Bacon, "if you will be so kind as to point them out to me." "Why, here," said the critic, "and there; don't you see? Bad, very bad!" at the same time tapping on some of the lower figures with his stick so violently, that he was in danger of injuring the work. "But," said the sculptor, "I should be glad to be informed *why* the parts you touched are bad." He found, however, nothing determinate in the reply; but the same vague assertion repeated, accompanied with similar violence from the stick. "I told Bacon," said he, "of this, repeatedly, while he was at work on the monument." "What, then, you are personally acquainted with Mr. Bacon?" "Oh yes," replied the stranger, "I have been intimate with

him for many years." "It is well for you, then," quietly rejoined the sculptor, as he prepared to pass on, "it is well your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow, for he would not have been well pleased at seeing his work handled so roughly."

In one of his letters, he had been describing the alarming state of the country, threatened with war abroad and revolution at home. "A fortnight ago," he says, "I felt an alarm in my breast arising from the state of public affairs: and my mind was ruminating upon various means to stem the increasing tide of popular discontent. But, suddenly, I recollected David's most powerful resource. In the calculation of politicians, all hope was over with David: that army was most numerous which was with Absalom; and he had, besides, stolen the hearts of the people; he had also a deep and subtle revolutionist in his camp. David had but one seemingly poor manœuvre left (one that I believe is never mentioned in all the books of Tactics), *Lord, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness!* Was ever so simple a step? It seemed less efficient to meet a powerful enemy with, than even the sling and the stone: yet it was the very thing, and the only thing too, that effected David's deliverance. Such a prayer as this was my best confidence; and I have not yet been confounded."

A man who lived thus a life of prayer and of faith, could not but have calmness and peace in his heart, even in the midst of confusion and trouble.

## XII.

### LITERARY WORK.

Mr. Bacon wrote little for publication. His pen was often busy, but only in correspondence or in giving expression to his own thoughts and feelings. He contributed occasional papers to various journals, and he wrote the article on Sculpture for an edition of Chambers' Dictionary, at the request of the editor, Dr. Rees. This article contained much that was valuable and interesting, coming



from one who was described by the editor as "an artist of very distinguished eminence in his profession." His comparison between Sculpture and Painting may not in all respects please the painters, for the writer magnifies his own office, and gives good arguments for his setting the chisel above the pencil, in artistic judgment if not in popular taste. "It is probable," he says, "that sculpture is more ancient than painting; and, if we examine the style of ancient painting, there is reason to conclude that sculpture stood first in the public esteem; as the ancient painters have evidently imitated the statuarics, even to their disadvantage; since their works have not that freedom of style, more especially with respect to their composition and drapery, which the pencil might easily acquire to a greater degree than that of the chisel; but as this is universally the case, it cannot be attributed to anything else besides the higher estimation of the works on which they formed themselves and sought to imitate.

"Which is the more difficult art, has been a question often agitated. Painting has the greater number of requisites; but, at the same time, her expedients are the most numerous; and, therefore, we may venture to affirm, that, whenever sculpture pleases equally with a painting, the sculptor is certainly the greatest artist, as producing the effect with fewer and simpler materials. Sculpture has, indeed, had the honour of giving law to all schools of design, both ancient and modern, with respect to purity of form. The reason perhaps, is that, being divested of those meretricious ornaments by which painting is enabled to seduce its admirers, it is happily forced to seek for its effect in the higher excellencies of the art; hence elevation in the idea, as well as purity and grandeur in the form, is found in greater perfection in sculpture than in painting.

"Besides, whatever may be the original principles which direct our feelings in the approbation of intrinsic beauty, they are, without doubt, very much

under the influence of association. Custom and habit will necessarily give a false bias to our judgment; it is therefore natural, and in some measure reasonable, that those arts which are temporary, should adapt themselves to changes of taste and of fashion. Whereas Sculpture, by its durability, and consequent application to works of perpetuity, is obliged to acquire and maintain the essential principles of beauty and grandeur, that its effect on the mind may be preserved through the various changes of mental taste."

Mr. Bacon also discusses at considerable length the disputed question of the superiority of ancient or modern sculpture. He thinks that "they cannot be fairly compared, till both are made to submit to certain recognised rules of reason and nature. The ancients confined themselves chiefly to the expression of the sublime or the beautiful; and whenever a pathetic subject has come before them, they have sacrificed expression to beauty. The famous group of Niobe is an instance. Therefore, however great our partiality to the ancients may be, none can hesitate to affirm, that, whenever the modern shall unite great expression with great beauty, they will wrest the palm out of their hands." These remarks have interest for professional readers mainly, and are quoted as showing that the writer was versed in the principles as well as the practice of his art. In his latter years he directed his attention to a more humble but not unimportant matter connected with one branch of his work. The inscriptions placed on monuments are often neither truthful nor instructive, and this Mr. Bacon felt so strongly, that he has been known to refuse commissions where his name would be connected, even in this indirect way, with what he disapproved. With the same purpose he employed himself in composing a number of epitaphs, which he deemed more suitable and profitable than those commonly in use for sepulchral memorials. In this laudable attempt we cannot say he had

great success, few of his epitaphs rising above the conventional stonemason style of poetry. Two of them are quoted by Mr. Cecil.

ON ONE WHO HAD BEEN A PROFLIGATE.

"Satan's captive, long enchained,  
All the viler passions reigned :  
From this tyranny released,  
Say not 'Miracles are ceased.'"

ON A PIOUS YOUTH.

"Precious plant of heavenly grace,  
Waiting here a little space,  
While the wintry months forlorn  
Pass, and spring's sweet gales return;  
Then beneath propitious skies,  
Thou in living bloom shalt rise."

Before he wrote his article on ancient and modern sculpture, he was told that an artist had affirmed that "he understood nothing about the antique." On hearing this he set about modelling his large head of Jupiter Tonans, keeping his work secret. Several eminent connoisseurs, on inspecting the work, pronounced it a remarkably fine antique, and one of them inquired from what foreign temple it had been brought! The preference for ancient statues he regarded as often being mere affectation. "Call a thing 'an antique,' and people begin immediately to find some previously unobserved beauty. Look at that figure in the corner of my studio. Can you see anything in it? Yet many who come here and at first take no notice of it, as soon as they hear it is a cast from the antique, begin to admire! Had I made it a few years ago, it would not have produced me a shilling."

XIII.

FAULTS OF CHARACTER AND LIFE.

In a faithful biography, faults of character, and errors of conduct, should never be omitted. John Bacon was naturally irritable and of hasty temper, although he could not retain angry or malevolent feeling. If he suffered injustice he expressed his annoyance, but never sought to resent his wrongs. It is

not in the absence of temper, but in the restraint of it, that grace is most shown. His friend Cecil says, "I do not recollect any one, in whom I have observed so much natural irritability tempered with such meekness and forbearance. I remember to have seen his temper greatly tried in two instances. The first of these was a most unprovoked insult; the exemplary patience with which it was received was remarked with admiration by several persons present. The latter instance produced only a silent grief, being a wound in the house of a friend."

He was charged sometimes with penurious habits, and even as being avaricious. There was no foundation for this accusation, beyond the thrifty and frugal mode of his life. This was not merely the result of habit, acquired in early years of straitened means, but it arose from choice and from principle. He disapproved of the expensive and luxurious living too common at that time, and indeed in all times, not merely among the wealthy, but amongst the professional and middle classes, who strove to keep up appearances beyond their means. He resisted this tendency in his own person through preference for simple and unostentatious living, but also for the sake of setting an example to his large and increasing family. It may be that, after rising to comparative affluence, he erred in continuing his frugal mode of life; but it does not appear that he spared any necessary expense for the health or comfort of his family; and he certainly was never charged with lack of liberality to the poor and needy; many of whom were indebted to his beneficence, and some of them were pensioners on his bounty.

A graver charge was made at one time, in regard to a matter of professional etiquette, if not honour. When the statue of Chatham was to be placed in Westminster Abbey, it was expected that the design would be to some extent open to competition. The Royal Academicians

had assumed to themselves the functions of a public committee of taste, and almost claimed a right to nominate artists for certain works, or at least to define the terms of competition. Mr. Bacon ignored this claim, maintained by no legal or just right, and without conferring with his brethren, sought an interview with George III., and showed his model, with which the King was so much pleased that Bacon received the Royal command to execute the monument. If the money had to be paid out of the King's own pocket this would have been all in order; but as there was a parliamentary vote, there is no doubt that the King, as was often his wont, strained his prerogative, and Bacon showed want of courtesy to his comrades of the Academy. He was accused of stealing a march on them, and using his private influence with the King for his personal benefit. While admitting his fault, we cannot think that he had any motive in obtaining the commission beyond a confidence in his own ability, and distrust of the appeal to competition, when rival artists and not an impartial court must adjudicate. It is probable that the same overweening estimate of his own powers, and not the mere desire of gain, prompted him to make an offer "to do all the national monuments," at a lower price than was usually paid by parliament. At first the brethren of the chisel were incensed against Bacon, but the anger was turned to amusement when they learned that the Government had actually made inquiry as to the feasibility of getting the monuments voted by parliament done by contract! Bacon was the first to hear of this, and made the offer; on which Fuseli, always ready for a punning jest, said: "Shade of Phidias, Bacon is to do all the stone work for the army and navy—they ought to give him the contract rather for hams and pork!"

With regard to Chatham's statue, so far as the nation is concerned, it is well that the royal command was given as it was. Any feeling on the part of his brethren seems soon to have passed away.

One of his accusers, not long after the erection of the Chatham monument, requested Mr. Bacon to value some work which he had executed, as the price demanded was objected to by his employer. Mr. Bacon gave an impartial estimate; but it was so much below the expectation of the sculptor, that he took great offence and brought the matter before the public in the newspapers. Mr. Bacon was charged by him with unfairness, and abused with opprobrious epithets. Whether Mr. Bacon's dignified silence, or his own conscience affected this artist, he came to him a second time, with a similar request, begging his pardon for what had passed, and confessing that he knew no one upon whose justice, integrity, and candour he could rely with more perfect confidence. It is difficult in any profession to avoid occasional errors and misunderstandings, but in Bacon's case he lived down every hostile feeling, and in his latter years was looked up to by all as a man of honour and probity, as well as of genius and skill in his calling.

#### XIV.

##### HIS PUBLIC SPIRIT.

In his latter years Mr. Bacon was much concerned about the attempts made against social order and religious belief. "These fellows," he said of the Jacobins and infidels of the day, "these fellows are famous at the pick-axe. They can quickly pull down a palace, but cannot build so much as a shed." The flood of atheistic and sceptical publications filled him with alarm, and he tried to form a literary society, whose object should be to oppose works of an irreligious and erroneous tendency by publications of a better sort, especially by issuing periodicals of a wholesome kind. The Religious Tract Society, established soon afterwards, has done something to carry out that design. He strongly advocated the establishment of Sunday-schools, for the training of the rising generation in truth and godliness.

When war came, and invasion was threatened, he armed his sons and his workmen, as volunteers; and he hailed joyfully every patriotic and loyal movement. His subscription to the Government fund, for which an appeal was then made, was most liberal, and he helped every good and praiseworthy cause. The missionary operations, at home and abroad, he warmly supported.

Mr. Cecil tells that one day, after church service, when the sermon had been about Abraham leaving his own country at the Divine command, Mr. Bacon said: "I think that in this simplicity of aim and of implicit dependence, *all* the spiritual children of the Father of the faithful are perfectly united." If Abraham went out not knowing whither, yet he knew *why* and with *whom* he went out. And with regard to the unity of the faith, in all times and in all believers, it is added: "Whatever may be the external forms and petty distinctions caused by education or connections, the one grand inquiry should be, Is the sinner humble and penitent before his God? Is he seeking acceptance only through that Redeemer whom God hath set forth for a propitiation through faith in His blood? Is he found walking in holy obedience? If this be really the case, then call such a man by what name you please, the man is alive to God, and will join his fellow-believers in serving Him: if not in the same modes, yet to the same ends. In the *matter* of their confessions, prayers, and praises, they will agree, however in the *manner* they may differ: there will be unity, though not uniformity, through union with the one living Head of the Church."

His own tolerance, and his preference for the substance over the form of ecclesiastical polity and Christian worship, was evinced by his being equally at home under the ministry of Cecil, and under the preachers in the Tabernacle founded by Whitefield.

## XV.

## HIS LAST DAYS.

The meeting for founding the Church Missionary Society was held in the spring of 1799. A few months later, in the autumn of the same year, this good man passed away, after a brief and unexpected illness.

The amount left by his will, to be equally divided among his family, was £60,000, no large sum for one who had executed so many important works. His charges were to the last moderate, and this when he might have demanded higher payment. Far larger sums have been since paid to artists in every way inferior to John Bacon.

In his personal appearance, he was remarkable for the vivacity and cheerfulness of his look and gait. He was five feet eight high, well made, and of fair complexion. Few men have been more beloved by his friends as well as by his family, and more widely honoured and respected.

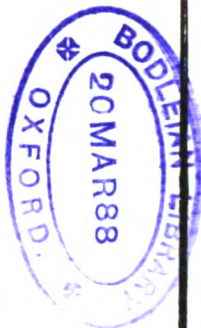
The truth that he had loved and defended through life, he desired to bear testimony to, after his death; and therefore he ordered, by his will, a plain tablet to be placed near his grave in Tottenham Court Road Chapel, with the following inscription, after the name and date:

"WHAT I WAS AS AN ARTIST  
SEEMED TO ME OF SOME IMPORTANCE  
WHILE I LIVED:  
BUT  
WHAT I REALLY WAS AS A BELIEVER  
IN CHRIST JESUS  
IS THE ONLY THING OF IMPORTANCE  
TO ME NOW."

He died on the morning of the 5th August, 1799, in the 59th year of his age. In his last hours he expressed to those around him his firm reliance on Jesus Christ as his Saviour,—the sure foundation on which his soul rested.

JAMES MACAULAY, A.M., M.D.

# THOMAS CHALMERS.



# THOMAS CHALMERS.

---

## I.

### BOYHOOD AND COLLEGE.

THOMAS CHALMERS was born on the 17th of March, 1780, in the burgh-town of Anstruther, in the east of Fife; he was the sixth child of a large family of fourteen. His father, John Chalmers, was a shop-keeper, who had risen to be provost or mayor of the little sea-port, a tall, genial and even jovial man, with a good deal of religious feeling and fervour. His mother, Elizabeth Hall, lacked her husband's geniality and attractiveness, being short in person and stiff and unbending in manner; but she was at least his equal in a strength and energy of religious principle, which as years went on more and more mellowed her character. Amid so large a household, young Tom Chalmers had of course very much to take his chance, and the case was not very different after he went, at the early age of three, to a carelessly-taught parish school. At school and at home alike, he showed no indications of genius, and no tendencies to study. He was known merely as one of the idlest, strongest, and merriest of the boys of the town, with a certain impetuousness in everything he did, and a "redundant energy of temperament," as he afterwards described it, which impelled him to be always doing something. There seems to have been also an occasional abstraction of mind, which may have foreshadowed the more speculative side of his later career.

But with Chalmers, as with many young Scotchmen of all classes, the intellectual birthtime was not till he went to college. In his case, indeed, as he became a student at St. Andrew's at the boyish age of twelve, the first two years of attendance there were very much wasted. Not till his third session, and

at the still unripe age of fourteen, did the youth come under those influences which were to mould the man. It was mathematics, the most abstract of studies, which originally kindled the intellect of the most practical Scotchman of our century. For ten years from his third session at college, this science, with the kindred subjects of natural philosophy and chemistry, were young Chalmers's delight, and to become a professor of mathematics was his highest ambition.

Yet the mind, when it wakens, wakens to all around it: and the year he entered the mathematical class was the great year of the Revolution—1793! When John Knox, three centuries before, went as a youth to Glasgow University, he came there in contact with that wave of Academic Liberalism, which, rising two centuries before in Paris and Bologna, was destined not to subside till it merged in the Reformation. So young Chalmers, in his fifteenth year, caught the distant crash of the political and social wave that broke that year on the continent, and even found its ripples rushing up to his feet in quiet St. Andrew's. The professor of mathematics, Dr. James Brown, and his two distinguished assistants were described by their students in after days as "ultra Whigs, keen reformers, and what would now be called Radicals;" and Chalmers, the son of a Tory household, and all his life a Conservative in political principle, was thus brought at once in contact with that "condition of the people question" which pressed upon him afterwards continually. In this session he became a member of the "Political Society" of the university; and on its table, or in the hands of the professors, he found a book, published in the January of that year, which more than any other represented in this country the principles of the continental

revolution. It was the *Political Justice* of William Godwin. Its speculations on human nature, on philosophical necessity, and on the rights of man, the boy read with avidity, and received with profound admiration; and though ere long he came to doubt the truth of Godwin's solutions of many of these social problems, the problems themselves remained part of the permanent horizon of his mind. In the meantime, however, the newly-awakened passion for demonstration, so characteristic in later years of all the utterances of the orator and author, expended itself in the study of mathematics.

## II.

### THE DIVINITY HALL AND JONATHAN EDWARDS.

In his fifteenth year Chalmers became a student of divinity, but certainly without much interest in the subject. His views now and for years to come were simply professional. As a child he had been seen to climb on a chair in the nursery and preach with ardour to the one hearer below; and his resolve to be a minister dated from the same early time. Since coming to college he had commenced English composition, and his exercises, at first plain and severe, were already passing into the style of exuberant amplification which he retained to the end. But in his theological classes and his theological professors he took no interest. The students of St. Andrew's, as he afterwards explained, "under the chilling influences of Moderatism inhaled not a distaste only but a positive contempt for all that is properly and peculiarly gospel," and this spread a barrenness over the surrounding fields of natural theology and divinity during all those years of study.

One memorable exception there was in the spring of 1796, when Chalmers was entering on his seventeenth year. At that date he happened to open the stateliest work of one whom his contemporary, Robert Hall, loved to call "the greatest of the sons of men"—

Jonathan Edwards. "He studied *Edwards on Free Will*," says a class-fellow, "with such ardour that he seemed to regard nothing else, could scarcely talk of anything else, and one was almost afraid of his mind losing its balance." Here again it was a book of rigid demonstration that enchained the mind of the young Scotchman—the demonstration, as it seemed to him, of a universal necessity subordinating all things under "the magnificence of the Godhead." Not a single hour elapsed at this period, as he afterwards told a member of his family, in which this overpoweringly impressive imagination—"the glory of the sum of things"—did not stand out bright before him. Yet common hours were not enough for its contemplation. He used to rise early in the morning, and leaving behind him the grey towers of St. Andrew's he would stride far away into the country, that in the bliss of solitude his new-found conception might broaden before the inward eye. And twenty-four years afterwards, looking back on this "twelvemonth of mental elysium" from a point of nearer access to God, he writes: "O that He possessed me with a sense of His holiness and love, as He at one time possessed me with a sense of His greatness and power, and His pervading agency!"

## III.

### THE PERIOD OF WAITING FOR A CHANGE.

Such was the height of mental exultation attained in his seventeenth year by one who had been but three years before an unintellectual and uneducated boy, but who was now a student for life. Yet it does not appear that the scientific enthusiasm—the passion for abstract truth—was at any time the central and regulative principle of Chalmers's career. Perhaps, indeed, in the case of so practical a man of his century, it could not be so. This seems to be partly the explanation of the ten unsatisfactory years which followed the completion of his studies at St. Andrew's. Licensed in 1799 as a preacher, and presented in 1802 to



the parish of Kilmany, he still continued to devote himself to mathematics and chemistry, and during successive years actually carried on classes with immense energy and success in the neighbouring university town of St. Andrew's. Disappointed in 1804 and 1805 as candidate for two university chairs of science, he turned with equal activity towards philosophy and literature, and his first published work was *An Enquiry into our National Resources*. His parish work was pursued with the same eager but somewhat indiscriminating zeal. The hospitality and personal friendliness of the minister of Kilmany were acknowledged by all his parishioners. His sermons had already assumed the style of glowing and cumulative eloquence for which they were afterwards so well known. He occasionally broke out in Presbytery or Assembly with a speech which startled those around him by its fresh impetuosity; and he took every opportunity that offered of contributing to the periodical literature of his profession.

How came it that with all this incessant energy of a man now approaching his thirtieth year, Chalmers at this time gave no sign of attaining the boundless influence over others which he was very soon to exercise? It was not from any want of simplicity and sincerity, of honesty and ardour, in each of these details and fragments of his life. Now in rising manhood, as before in his boyhood and in his college days, there was an ardent and straightforward energy about everything he took up which was quite characteristic. But what his life lacked was—a centre. It had no meaning as a whole, while it wasted itself in incessant and disconnected detail. And because it had as yet no unity and no meaning, it had no influence upon others. As long as there was no fixed point on which he could himself rest, there was no fulcrum from which to move those around.

The change began in the way in which it has begun with many. That which in the case of nine-tenths of

men reminds them that life is a whole, is—death. Chalmers was near his thirtieth year, and had been six years a minister, when the death of one after another of his near relatives brought him face to face with the strange fact that in this world we do not live for ever. And these blows were followed up, in the winter of 1809, by a prostrating illness which, for six months, shut him out of his pulpit, and for four months shut him up in his chamber, face to face with what he believed to be the approach of death. The effect on Chalmers's views is recorded by himself in a striking incident of his later life. Long after this time, in a debate in the General Assembly, where he, as usual, was opposing all pluralities held by a minister, an opponent skilfully quoted against him some words from an anonymous pamphlet which he had published during his earlier years at Kilmany. In it the author had maintained from "the authority of his own experience, that, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week in uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." Thus he had indeed thought, and so he had written, in those days of his devotion to mathematics. And now that, the words came back to him from the accusing past, he met them amid the dead silence of the General Assembly neither with denial nor with evasion, but with the confession of "a repentant culprit" before its bar. "Alas, sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride, strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes—I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity!"

#### IV.

##### THE CHANGE COMPLETED.

So now for the first time Chalmers came to look at his life as a whole, in its true



place and perspective in the universe. And the immediate result was the acknowledgment which he records on his thirtieth birthday, that, "throughout those past years my whole conduct has been guided by the rambling impulse of the moment, without any direction from a sense of duty." But as in former days the impulse of the moment spent itself honestly upon fragments and details of his life, so now the awakened central sense of duty seized upon it within and without, and as a whole. Slowly month by month the pale face of death which had looked in upon him withdrew its threatening; and in like gradations life and the complications of life crowded back. And by God's grace the spark of religion which had been kindled by the former experience did not in this man's case expire when it came to deal with the latter.

His private journal, commenced at this time, is profoundly interesting, not as containing anything exceptional or unique, mentally or spiritually, but on the contrary, as recording that most fascinating of all experiences—the slow and honest advance of an ordinary and imperfect man, towards the light. It is in truth occupied chiefly with the record of his own daily shortcomings from the ideal now for the first time steadfastly set before him. But one thing in it is very noteworthy. That ideal is a practical one. It is so not merely in the sense that Chalmers's main difficulty was with the will—with attaining moral conformity to the law of righteousness—but that this law pressed upon him chiefly in its social aspects, and in his relations to those around him. His biographer, Dr. Wm. Hanna, points out how while other men, like Loyola and Luther, have been roused to a higher life by a similar startling experience, the life in each had characteristic differences. Loyola occupied himself chiefly with the question of personal purity and spirituality; Luther with that of his justification and acceptance at the bar of God. "Dr. Chalmers busies himself mainly

with the state of his affections and behaviour towards his fellow-men, with all of whom he tried to be on terms of perfect and cordial amity ere he passed into eternity." And when it was not death but life and its duties that he had to begin to meet, he applied to that still harder problem the same practical and social test. This is instructive in the case of one whose subsequent work was to be chiefly, as he characteristically described it, "the prosperous management of human nature." Yet his first impulse to a higher life was the recollection of another world, and his chief means of attaining it soon came to be God's message of reconciliation through Jesus Christ.

Chalmers had since his student days no speculative difficulties as to the truth of Christianity. His concern with religion was as a motive power—as a propulsive and regulating force for the new life he felt called upon to lead. How was he to lay hold upon God so as to walk among God's creatures in humility and love? Was it even a possible thing to do? This man knew of course that a revelation had been given expressly to supply an answer to this question. But it would appear that among a race of beings who have largely forgotten, not only their Maker, but the proportions between time and eternity, even a revelation from heaven is apt to be misconstrued by careless eyes. Chalmers's eyes were no longer careless, and they had now for a year past been fixed intently on this subject in the interest of the practical life which had begun. Yet it was only gradually, after much study and prayer (his chief assistance in the matter being the recently published *Practical View of Christianity*, by William Wilberforce), that the Scripture system assumed in his mind the clear form which he ever after preached. Nowhere is this change more distinctly put than in a letter which he writes to his brother in the year 1820.

"Somewhat about the year 1811," he says, "I had *Wilberforce's View* put into

my hands, and as I got on in reading it, felt myself on the eve of a great revolution in all my opinions as to Christianity. I am now most thoroughly of opinion, *and it is an opinion founded on experience*, that on the system of—Do this and live, no peace, and even no true and worthy obedience, can ever be attained. It is, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. When this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it. The righteousness which we try to work out for ourselves eludes our grasp, and never can a soul arrive at true or permanent rest in pursuit of this object. The righteousness which, by faith, we put on, secures our acceptance with God, and secures our interest in the promises, and gives us a part in those sanctifying influences by which we are enabled to do with aid from on high what we can never do without it. We look to God in a new light—we see Him as a reconciled Father—that love to Him which terror scares away re-enters the heart, and, with a new principle and a new power, we become new creatures in Jesus Christ our Lord.”

This faith to which he thus attained became henceforth the spring of the theology which Chalmers preached. But what he ever afterwards urged upon others came first as a revelation to himself—a revelation which solved the moral problem which had oppressed him. How to cast out this and that form of sin in his life had baffled all his efforts till the problem came to be solved by what he called in his energetic delight “the explosive power of a new affection!” For belief, if it be genuine, always becomes affection; and a central and deep belief, like that of God in Christ, necessarily becomes a commanding and controlling power.

So now the life which had formerly been dispersed over many things had at last found a unity. And beginning “to move altogether when it moved at all,” it pressed outwards with tremendous power. It took effect first in Chalmers's

own parish, and in his personal and pastoral relations to those around. In his own house, in the houses of the sick and dying, in intercourse with the young, in correspondence with friends whose minds were rising to spiritual things, the new life burned and spread. But it was especially in Kilmany church and pulpit that it found its scope, and from this centre the fame of the new preacher soon spread abroad. On the 25th of November, 1814, he was elected minister of the Tron Church in Glasgow, where he preached his celebrated discourses on the connection between the discoveries of astronomy and the Christian Revelation. Eager crowds listened to them, and when published 20,000 copies were sold in one year. But before going to this great centre of Scottish life, the little “Church of the Valley” in northern Fife had already seen him in possession of that amazing pulpit power which continued during his long subsequent career.

## V.

### CHALMERS'S POWER AS AN ORATOR.

As early as 1816, Lord Jeffrey, the greatest critic of the age and then editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, heard Chalmers speak in Edinburgh. “It reminds me,” he said, “more of what one reads as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard.”

Dr. Wardlaw of Glasgow, himself one of the most eloquent preachers of that age, has given a description, not so much of Chalmers as of the effect on his audience of the successive climaxes of the preacher's style. After each “there is a pause. The moment is embraced—there is free breathing—suppressed coughs get vent—postures are changed—there is a universal stir, as of persons who could not have endured the constraint much longer—the preacher bends forward—his hand is raised—all is again hushed. The same stillness and strain of unrelaxed attention is repeated, more intent still, it may be, than before, as the interest of the subject and of the speaker

advance. And so, for perhaps four or five times in the course of a sermon, there is the *relaxation* and the '*at it again*' till the final winding up." And the effect of such a winding up of a paragraph is described by another hearer about the same time in these words: "It was a transcendently grand—a glorious burst. Intense emotion beamed from his countenance. I cannot describe the appearance of his face better than by saying, as Foster said of Hall's, it was 'lighted up almost into a glare.' The congregation, in so far as the spell under which I was allowed me to observe them, were intensely excited, leaning forward in the pews like a forest bending under the power of the hurricane—looking steadfastly at the preacher, and listening in breathless wonderment."

The enthusiasm of Edinburgh and Glasgow in these two years was almost exceeded in the following year in London. "All the world wild about Dr. Chalmers," says Wilberforce, the friend of Pitt; and going to hear him preach at London Wall, he records in his diary "how greatly Canning was affected: at times he was quite melted into tears." A passage on Irish character affected him in this way. Canning's own verdict as he stepped out of the church was more emphatic still: "The tartan beats us all!"

And this overwhelming effect he produced almost invariably, notwithstanding many things in his appearance and manner which did not tend to prepare for it. "His great massive head, his broad forehead, and white necktie thrown carelessly around his neck, and as crumpled as if he had slept in it," together with his "broad Scotch accent, the broadest I have ever heard," astonished his English audiences, and did not prepossess those even of Scotland, until his peculiarities had become known and dear to all. Then his style was to the last not admirable according to any rule. It was a torrent of cumbrous and big-sounding Latinisms, in defence of which all that his admirers can say is that "as was the man, so was the style—not a fine clarified liquid, but

a fermentation of genius and goodness."<sup>1</sup> And stranger even than this uncouth manner and turbid style is the fact that the subject of this most impressive orator's addresses was generally an abstract proposition—a general truth, which he set himself not so much to illustrate as to prove, and to prove usually by a reiterated and cumulative demonstration! So characteristic of Chalmers was this iteration—this incessant swing and stroke of the battering-ram,—that his contemporary, Robert Hall, said that his mind "moved upon hinges, not upon wheels." Perhaps, however, this fact, which at first sight seems so opposed to the success of oratory, may when examined lead us unto the secret of its unparalleled success in the case of Thomas Chalmers.

## VI.

### THE SOURCES OF HIS POWER.

Chalmers was not a mere popular preacher. For the greatest part of his life the pulpit was not even part of his professional duty. He was elected to a Glasgow church, as we have seen, in 1814: but in 1823 he left it to become professor of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's. In 1828 he exchanged that chair for the professorship of theology in the University of Edinburgh. His university chair of theology he resigned at the disruption of the Church in 1843, in obedience to a still existing law which restricts it to Presbyterians of the Established Church alone. But he was at once appointed principal and professor of theology in the Free Church College of Edinburgh, and he held that central office till his death. He was thus for twenty-three years a teacher of academic science, moral and divine. And this self-chosen destination was undoubtedly connected with his early passion for science, and with his life-long belief in truth, however abstract, as a central and seminal thing.

<sup>1</sup> James Dodds, of London, whose *Biographical Study of Dr. Chalmers* is penetrating and powerful.

The works which he published were very numerous; they fill more than thirty volumes. Among his apologetic, theological, expository and devotional ones may be mentioned his *Bridgewater Treatise On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man*; his *Lectures on Natural Theology*, containing his masterly refutation of Hume's objection to miracles; his *Institutes of Theology*, in which he sought to "combine into one complete and harmonious system the varied testimonies of the Divine Record as they lay scattered over the sacred page"; his *Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans*, and his *Daily Bible Readings*.

The spirit in which he pursued his theological studies, and one of the sources of his power, is seen in a prayer given in his *Horæ Sabbaticæ*: "Let me not be the slave of human authority, but clear my way through all creeds and confessions to Thine original Revelation. . . . Deliver me, O God, from the narrowing influences of human lessons, and more especially of human systems of theology. Teach me directly out of the fulness and freeness of Thine own word, and hasten the time when, unfettered by sectarian intolerance, and unawed by the authority of man, the Bible shall make its rightful impression upon all, because the simple and obedient readers thereof call no man master but Christ only. . . . Oh, that we were unfettered from all which has the effect of distorting and deranging the Christianity of the Bible in the artificial system of human orthodoxy."

Whether Chalmers was a man with much scientific faculty of construction, may be doubted. None of his many volumes indicate the power of the system-builder in philosophy. But we should mistake if we thought that his work does not contain high intellectual qualities. To mention no other qualities, Dr. Chalmers had, in all the regions of thought to which he turned, more or less of that which John Stuart Mill ascribes to him in the matter of economic science—he "always had the merit of studying phenomena at

first hand." This (which in other words is *originality*,) impressed those who met Chalmers as characterizing even his most ordinary converse. And it extended into all mental departments with which he had to deal. His early enthusiasm for chemistry and mathematics was succeeded by a like direct and passionate contact with morals and divinity. In the lower regions he dealt with facts—or phenomena, as Mill calls them—rather than with mere representations of them: with facts at first hand. And in the higher regions he dealt with truth at first hand rather than with orthodoxy; for orthodoxy he took to be truth at second hand. And this admirable mental quality was connected with a certain massiveness and deliberation in the acquisition of his ideas, which contrasted strongly with the impetuosity with which he afterwards delivered them to others. What Chalmers did as a seeker was to bare his own mind to the truth. And then, slowly and gradually, one or two big facts came to him "at first hand," and grew upon him till they were accepted as the facts ruling in the region, or called for by the time. For his was no quick and nimble intellect, shifting with arrowy sail along the coasts of life, and threading the channels which other men's thoughts have formed. His was a nature slow, massive, whole-hearted, single-minded, and with a great moral receptiveness even in matters intellectual.

And it was one result of this that in dealing with the truth which he had received, his mind moved on it as on a hinge: it became to him for the time the "cardinal" point of the universe. "Give me," he used to say as each new public question came up, "give me the one main point of the case and I will work it out: I cannot scatter myself over a multitude of points." So when the one great point with which he dealt was moral or religious, it did not matter to him that it might seem to many to be also an abstract or general one. That such a truth was abstract often meant to him simply that it was

universal—to be received by all, and to be urged upon all. Chalmers could not endure the idea of any private faith of his own in which any others—all others—might not share. “To him,” as was well said on the day of his centenary,<sup>1</sup> “faith was passion, was vehemence, was mortal combat—strong enough to shake kingdoms, to break up churches, to make old things pass away, and all things become new.” But his faith had these vast public results because it had a certain public element in its very nature. Unconsciously to himself, perhaps, Chalmers sought truth for others as well as for himself—sought it, therefore, in that broad and simple form which all might find and feel. He saw truth, when at last he did come to see it, with a prophetic consciousness of the multitudes of his fellow-men, and especially of his fellow-countrymen near him, whom it equally concerned. And nothing is more characteristic of him,—from beginning to end of his course, in sermon, in lecture, and in platform utterance,—than a certain incredulous amazement and indignation that what was now so clear and luminous to himself should be hid from the view of any living man whom his voice could reach. Hence the main characteristic of his eloquence—the unparalleled urgency with which he pours forth his new-found conviction upon his hearers, and the sweep and storm of illustrative argument which accumulates until he can hope that they also are convinced and moved to act—to act individually and to act in masses and organizations.

## VII.

### HIS EXPERIMENT OF THE CHURCH AND PAUPERISM.

For the same passionate outgoing of Chalmers upon his fellow-men which made him the greatest preacher of Scotland in this century, made him also its greatest statesman and organizer. His public work, various as its aspects from time to

time became, may all be summed up as in different ways a work of organization—organization of Christian energy. Nor is this strange. Organization of some kind, statesmanship in some form, was sure to result in Scotland when so great a force was liberated. In that northern land, the religion of the individual, it has been remarked, always results in a religion of the community. Chalmers, too, had said of himself as a young man, that nature intended him to be a military engineer, and his life-work has been well described as that of a “moral engineer.” When meeting Guizot in Paris, in 1838, he records his delight in the agreement expressed by the statesman with his own view that “the solution of all the great problems lay in the reciprocal influence of the moral and the economical”—identifying the moral, however, with Christian influence. We have already seen how even in early youth he had come to share in the great continental and revolutionary impulse as to the secular welfare of the people. And now in Christian manhood the needs and claims of his fellow-men, the wants and capabilities of the masses, surrounded his imagination continually. But they still haunted him, characteristically, as a problem, a question to which the Christian mathematician must be able, and is therefore bound, to furnish a solution.

The first great experiment which was made by Dr. Chalmers, was the attempt to solve a secular problem—not a religious or ecclesiastical one. It was the question of pauperism, and to it he for a time almost devoted himself. He had come to Glasgow in 1815, to be minister of the Tron Church. But in 1819 he was translated to the new and therefore less fettered church of St. John’s; the parish of which was handed over as a fresh field in which to work out his great theory. What was that theory? Nothing less than this—that throughout Scotland the Church should support the whole destitute poor; and that the parish of St. John’s should lead the way by

<sup>1</sup> By Dr. John Cairns.

the church of St. John's supporting the whole poor of the parish. St. John's was then not only one of the largest in the city, having upwards of ten thousand souls: but it was the poorest parish of all. And the proposal and offer which on its behalf he made to the authorities was this—"to relinquish for the future all claim upon the fund raised by legal assessment; to conduct this large population, the cost of whose pauperism averaged £1400 annually, into the condition of an unassessed country parish, and to provide for all its indigence out of the fund raised by voluntary contributions at the church doors." To this theory and experiment Chalmers was urged by a twofold long-cherished conviction. One part of that conviction was economical. He denied the right of men to call upon the public to stand between them and poverty; and he believed that the idea of a legal claim on the public by the poor was destructive of the feeling of honourable independence on the one hand, and that of natural obligation of relatives and friends on the other. But along with this, there was the other conviction that while private charity was better than legal claim even for him who received the charity, it was infinitely better for those whose duty it was to exercise the charity. What they were called upon to exemplify in its exercise, was a wise and discriminating and individual kindness—the only effectual form in which that Christian and unselfish compassion, which takes up the burden not legally imposed, can do its work. Under convictions like these, various in their origin but convergent in their tendency, Chalmers built in his own mind a charitable Utopia for Scotland, and began, with his twenty-five deacons, his great experiment of St. John's. And his experiment was a wonderful success. At the end of four years, not only had the expense during these years of all they had undertaken been defrayed, not only had an additional burden of £90 a year in respect of the hospital patients of the parish been assumed, but there was

a surplus of £900 in hand; while their previous expenditure of £1400 per annum was now reduced to £280. It was done with a vast expenditure of personal energy and discriminating care—with a care by which every application was sifted and every deserving applicant was personally relieved. But it was done; and Chalmers looked up with the hope that what was done in St. John's might be repeated in every parish first in Glasgow and then throughout Scotland.

Was that dream ever realizable? It was at all events not destined to be realized. Even in Glasgow no one of the other parishes adopted it; and, after St. John's struggled on for eighteen years under the disadvantages of an exceptional system for which no provision was made around, it too gave it up. Chalmers, now settled in the east of Scotland, still held to his theory; but by this time the Church, from whose voluntary exertions in things outside her mere church work he hoped so much, had got into difficulties with the State about her proper and internal affairs. In 1840 Dr. Alison and others successfully urged upon the Legislature the institution of a poor law founded upon a legal right of relief to the aged and infirm. But in that very year the Church, to which Dr. Chalmers looked to show by its example a better way, was within a short distance of Disruption, and Dr. Chalmers himself had been called off from other things to act in that conflict as her most energetic champion. And still more unfortunately, in 1845, when the Poor Law Statute was actually passed, Chalmers and his Church were already overwhelmed with the work of providing shelter and support for its now houseless ministers and congregations. It was hopeless to ask for any arrest of judgment. It was not merely that the champion was otherwise occupied. It was that his best argument was taken away. And from that day to this, Chalmers's idea of a country in which the Church shall undertake the whole burden of supporting the poor, has been held to be a hopeless dream.

It is possible that politicians may have been too rash in coming to that conclusion. Perhaps we may be able in the future to pick up some fragments of the broken ideal. When the maimed and broken are seated at our feast of life, it is well. But all is not done. It remains that they be waited on with respect and tended with kindly hands. And to whom does this belong so naturally as to the Church?

### VIII.

#### HIS WORK OF CHURCH EXTENSION.

The next chapter in Dr. Chalmers's life, which in one view indeed occupied it till its close, was that devoted to the important work of Church Extension. This at least was a work which belonged to him properly as a Christian minister. The seed had been sown in his heart at Kilmany, and it spread and grew into the form of Church extension from the moment in which he came into contact with the masses of the great city of the West of Scotland. As early as 1817, Dr. Chalmers had urged that Glasgow should not be content without the erection of twenty new parochial churches; and though the proposal was then generally regarded as visionary, some of those who heard it, and who had followed Chalmers during his eight years' ministry there, had never lost sight of it. Now, in 1834, when Chalmers, after a few years' unsatisfactory residence in St. Andrew's, had come as professor to Edinburgh, his Glasgow friends put the proposal into practical form. A committee of merchants was formed, and in a few months £20,000 was subscribed to start with. The Church Building Society of Glasgow thus formed, set itself to its work with the constant co-operation of the great preacher, now in the other capital; and the result was that by the year 1841 the twentieth church was completed. But the same year, 1834, which for the first time gave Dr. Chalmers and the Evangelical party a majority in the General Assembly, was the origin of a great

Church Extension movement not in Glasgow alone. In the Tron parish there his own personal surveys had satisfied him that of the working-classes generally not one-half attended church. In the village of the Water of Leith, near which his Edinburgh house now stood, it appeared that out of thirteen hundred people only one hundred and forty had taken seats in any place of worship. But facts like these were repeated in all parts of Scotland, though of course they were most striking in the great towns. Since the days of the Reformation the population of Scotland had doubled, and fourteen hundred churches should have been added to make accommodation for the increase. Little or nothing had for a long time been attempted by the Church established; though the various bodies which now form the United Presbyterian Church had done a great work, for the religion of the heart and conscience, in their gradual growth from the days of the first Secession of 1733, and the second of 1752. Now, however, the first reforming Assembly gave the strongest pledge of its new life by appointing Dr. Chalmers to be convener of its Committee on Church Accommodation, with powers co-ordinate with those of other committees for Propagating the Gospel abroad, and for Education at home. The General Assembly at the same time passed an Act admitting the ministers of new congregations sanctioned by the Church to the full status of parochial ministers—a measure at the time supposed to be within the native powers of the Church. Scarcely had the Assembly dissolved, when Dr. Chalmers called his enthusiastic committee together and addressed them. "I trust, gentlemen," he said, "the committee will not relax in its exertions, and not relinquish them, even though it should require the perseverance of a whole generation, till we have made it a sufficiently thick-set establishment, and brought it into a state of full equipment."

So amid the glow of a new day rising over Scotland, the enterprise was begun.

Dr. Chalmers was at first full of hope that funds for the new and great enterprise of his Church might be got from Parliament; and the King's Speech of 1835 called the Legislature to give "earnest attention to the condition of the Church of Scotland, and to the means by which it may be enabled to increase the opportunities of religious worship for the poorer classes of society." But in a short time it was clear that nothing was to be hoped from this quarter. The justice of the Church retaining her existing endowments was called in question in the so-called "voluntary controversy"; and the political result was for the time not unequally divided. On the one hand, Dr. Chalmers's lectures, delivered in London, in defence of Church establishments in general, and that of his own Church in particular, excited great enthusiasm by their eloquence and power. On the other, it became plain that neither side of politics was likely to propose any new or additional endowments, even for a Church which had now awakened to a fresh sense of its duties and responsibilities. In these circumstances Chalmers without hesitation threw himself upon the people, and urged them to co-operate with the voluntary effort of the Church. During the six years in which he held the con- venership of this committee—years which latterly became troubled with impending agitations of another kind—the work went on; not in the great towns only, but in every locality to which his voice and the voice of the Church could reach. It was a work closely associated with the best interests of the people. For in these new churches, almost without exception, the gospel was preached earnestly, and preached to the poor; and the people who gathered into them shared in the hopes of that stirring time. When Chalmers laid down his office in the year 1841, *two hundred and twenty-two* churches had already been added by the voluntary liberality of the Church of Scotland to the roll of its charges.

## IX.

## THE CHURCH-AND-STATE CONFLICT AND DISRUPTION.

Long before that date, however, Dr. Chalmers had entered upon the next great chapter of his career—that in which he became the champion of his Church in the constitutional conflict between it and the courts of law down to the year 1843. It was a branch of the great question of the rights and relations of the Church and the State, a question which has for centuries reappeared in various forms, on which the minds of men are not yet by any means agreed, and on which we do not go here into details. It has been said by some that in a purely biographical point of view this era of Dr. Chalmers's career was more striking than any other, and that he was himself greater, morally, than at any other time. It may well have been so; for Chalmers, as we have seen, was drawn reluctantly into the great conflict, and as a Conservative in politics he declined to take part in it under the first aspect in which it fascinated many Scotchmen, as a defence of popular rights. "Non-intrusion," or abolition of patronage, though he sympathised with them, were local and administrative questions in which he had little or no interest. It was not till the later development of the struggle seemed to him to involve what he held "a truth for all ages, and all countries, and all churches"—the freedom of the Church in things spiritual from the control of the State—that he became its foremost defender. And the moment when he committed himself to what he believed to be a truth of this order, was that in which it was becoming plain that he and his Church must either withdraw from their position or undergo the loss of all emolument and endowment. In its "Claim of Right" of 1842 that Church had pledged itself by a large majority not to withdraw. But the question on the morning of the 18th of May, 1843,



still was, how many, or whether any number, would be found that day to adhere to the unparalleled pledge?

It was a grey and cloudy afternoon on the ridge of the new-town of Edinburgh, where masses of spectators gathered in breathless expectation round the tall spire of St. Andrew's Church. Into its interior, crowded since early dawn with a like eager multitude, the members of Assembly and the glittering *cortège* of the Queen's Commissioner had just disappeared. The doors were now shut, while Scotland waited outside. Suddenly they seemed to be broken open, and a roar of acclamation rent the air as the ex-Moderator in his robes, and by his side the venerable face of Chalmers, were seen to appear. For following these two came the leaders of the Evangelical revival in the Church of Scotland from Highlands and Lowlands alike. The crowd surged in emotion around them, so as to make the old men in front the head of an involuntary procession. It took a few steps westward, and then, turning to the right, moved down the steep brow of that long slope which connects northern Edinburgh with the sea. One by one the ministers then in Edinburgh, who had resolved to cast in their lot with the Church, fell into the moving line. But after them marched a train of young men, the "licentiates" or candidates, who had looked forward to the benefices of the Church, but who (like all its missionaries without exception in foreign lands) chose now to belong to this its forlorn hope. Together they set their faces to the long descent into that valley of humiliation. Before them the waters of the Firth gleamed under the blue and bitter north, and beyond it stretched many a moor and strath, with the manes which the old men were the next day to leave and the young men were never to enter. Yet still the line increased, swollen now by the accession of many laymen, upon whom the Presbyterian constitution imposes the duty of ruling the Church and the honour of bearing its burdens; until

at last the procession became a quarter of a mile long. And before even the head of the column had reached its destination the news had spread through Edinburgh. Lord Jeffrey was sitting far away in his room when some one burst in with the words, "Four hundred of them are out!" Springing to his feet, the old judge exclaimed, "I am proud of my country—there is not another upon earth where such a deed could have been done!" But by this time it was done in truth. More than one half of the members of Assembly (if enumerated according to the principles of the Church and its Claim of Right) entered Tanfield Hall, whose broad roof rose where the Water of Leith leaves Edinburgh for the sea. Within its walls was completed the signing of that "Act of Separation and Deed of Demission," by which so many as four hundred and seventy ministers at last separated from the State, and surrendered to it their parishes and life interests, while protesting that they and their people still constituted the Free Church of Scotland. But the first thing which the first Assembly of that Free Church did, was to call upon Dr. Chalmers to act as its President or Moderator. Three thousand men rose to their feet as he took the chair in that gloomy afternoon; but even as he spoke the first words of invocation, "O send Thy light forth and Thy truth," a sudden radiance flashed upon him from the southern windows of the hall. It was the type of that light "arising to the upright in darkness," which at this crisis made the old man eloquent more sublime than ever, and irradiated that whole period of storm and sacrifice with an attractive splendour.

Yet we must remember that to Chalmers himself the Disruption of his Church from the State had not won this attractive aspect. Nothing indeed could be conceived more baffling in some respects to him who had been the chief builder of the house. On a sabbath morning in December, 1841, Dr. Chalmers foresaw the blow. He had

been reading a certain chapter in Genesis, and he took his pen and wrote (not to man, but as his custom was, to God): "I too have been set on the erection of my Babel—on the establishment of at least two great objects, the deliverance of our empire from pauperism, and an adequate machinery for the Christian and general instruction of our whole population. . . . Though I cannot resign my convictions, I must now—and surely it is good to be so taught—I must now, under the experimental sense of my own helplessness, acknowledge with all humility, yet with hope in the efficacy of a blessing from on high still in reserve for the day of God's own appointed time, that 'except the Lord build the house, the builders build in vain.'"

But even as he so wrote the good man was on the verge of the crowning achievement of his life—the great Building for which his matured powers had been reserved.

## X.

### THE RECONSTRUCTION OF 1843.

This great work, the central part of which belonged to Dr. Chalmers, may be recalled in an aspect in which it is of the highest value for all parts of the Christian Church. Now, as before, the enterprise for which Chalmers braced himself was "moral and economical": but it was for the first time national. The question, "Who is my neighbour?" which he had originally put within the narrow limits of a country parish and afterwards in one great city after another, was now forced upon him and his coreligionists as a question for the whole of Scotland. And it was answered for the whole of Scotland by the institution of that great yearly treasury of the Free Church, which afterwards came to be called its Sustentation Fund—a fund for the support of the ministry, to be contributed to by all its congregations and to be used for division among them all. In November, 1842, Dr. Chalmers unfolded to a celebrated assembly, called "the Convocation," held in view of the dis-

ruption of the following year, "no bare unfinished outline, but a complete and detailed account of that system of financial operation which was adopted afterwards without a single alteration in any of its provisions." He founded his proposal on what he called the "mighty power of littles" when they flow from permanent Christian feeling, and pointed out that the annual £100,000 he demanded would be met by "a penny a week from each family of our Scottish population." What was needed was that the Christian feeling should shape for itself a Christian organization; and for this it was not enough to have the ordinary Scottish Presbytery. By it each congregation was already confederated with all others in the same district: and all congregations in Scotland were already represented in their annual General Assembly. But in each congregation an order of deacons was now instituted to manage money matters, and under them collectors male and female to meet with individual members, and one congregational treasurer to transmit the proceeds to Edinburgh, to be there redistributed in something like equal proportions to the whole of Scotland. And in the midst of all this improvised organization stood Dr. Chalmers, invoking the forces of belief in the Gospel on the one hand and unselfish patriotism on the other, as the only powers that would make it work.

It needed all his genius and all his faith. It was not only that he invited poor and rich congregations alike to look henceforward not on their own things but on the things of others, and to throw in their means, small or great, into one purse; it was that he called upon them to do this in the midst of exceptional difficulties and extraordinary hardships. Each of those congregations was homeless, and some of them, to whom sites to build on were refused, had to worship that winter and even for years after in the open air. The ministers had left the manse, and not incomes only but dwellings had to be provided for them. All the parish schoolmasters, all the professors of

the universities, and all the preachers or candidates, who adhered to the outgoing Church, and the whole of the foreign missionaries, without exception, were left penniless, and had to be immediately provided for. Even Chalmers's new churches, built during the previous ten years by the liberality of the Church itself, were taken away, and their places too had to be supplied. Yet in the midst of this scene of desolation the building of the house began, and its success astonished all except the wisely enthusiastic old man who sat at the centre. The money, he soon reported, "has come in upon us like a set rain at the rate of £1000 a day," and the flow of the central or Sustentation Fund was found to be as steadfast as a river. "I doubt," said Chalmers's successor, "if there is any other revenue in the kingdom, civil or ecclesiastical, that comes in with such reliable regularity as our Free Church Sustentation Fund."

It was but a small part of this success that Chalmers himself during the four remaining years of his life was permitted to see. It was six years after his death before the fund reached even the original minimum aimed at of £100,000 a year, and it has been reserved for our own day to see it, with twice the strain upon it, attain double that amount. In the year of his death the whole contributions of his Church were only £270,000 a year, but before its half century was out they had become Four hundred thousand, and since 1880 they have exceeded the Six hundred thousand. But the Moses of that Exodus would have rejoiced still more had he been permitted to see the results in the form he most loved—of Church Extension. During the time that his own Church's pecuniary liberality has been thus increasing, the congregations it supports have also multiplied from the original 500 to more than 1100. Nor would he have rejoiced less to see—for it was still more in the line of his original plans and hopes—that during the same period the Established Church of Scotland has added

to the same small country as many as 350 endowed parishes by its own voluntary liberality—the churches of not a few of them having been originally raised through his personal efforts. But the whole experiment of reconstruction was one wrought through the faith of Chalmers rather than by his foresight. His great and crowning success, indeed, was, as we have seen, to follow long after he was himself gathered to his repose. But in the meantime there remained to him some years of a golden afternoon of life and a beautiful twilight of advancing age.

## XI.

### HIS LAST YEARS.

Till his death, in his sixty-eighth year, Chalmers remained the Principal of the most fully equipped theological institute in theological Scotland. Year by year young men gathering round him from all parts of the country still shared the influence which an honoured survivor of his first class, Dr. Horace Bonar, has described as commencing a generation before in "that eventful year, when new life burst in upon our divinity hall, and a new theology as well as a new Christianity took possession of our divinity chair." While this was his proper and professional work, and while, as we have seen, many other public labours were accumulated around it, his private life was spent with his wife and daughters in a channel of unbroken peace and love. When it overflowed its banks it was generally in such an enterprise as that territorial mission in the West Port of Edinburgh, not far from his own residence, which he commenced in 1845, on the principles which he had urged now for so many years. Its success was extraordinary. "It stands," says Dr. Hanna in 1852, "the only instance in which the depths of city ignorance and vice have been sounded to the very bottom; nor can the possibility of cleansing the foul basement story of our social edifice be doubted any longer." But while still occasionally throwing himself

into such a work as this, Chalmers by this time felt, and cheerfully welcomed, the weight of advancing age. He moved about Edinburgh, a loved and venerated figure, by common consent the most illustrious of its citizens.

And as he grew in authority, he seemed still to grow in humility and kindness, in originality and in a certain humorous simplicity. How deeply these characteristics impressed strangers, even at a much earlier date, came out strikingly on the centenary of Dr. Chalmers's birth in a letter written by Mr. Gladstone to Sir Henry Moncrieff. The statesman had one year in early youth frequently met Dr. Chalmers in Edinburgh, and he now declared, that what had then chiefly attracted his admiration was his "simplicity and detachment from the world," and the absolute impotence of lucre and lower motives "to lay hold of his great, stately, and heavenly mind." Fortunately the sources of the growing simplicity and sincerity of that massive nature are not hid from us. In his journals, and above all in the *Sabbath Readings* of his later years, we find him in his most secret hours continually turning in heart and mind to God, adjusting his relation to all around in the light of conscience alone, and continually receiving afresh the mandates of the Gospel as the motives of his private and his public life. So, as his years wore on, they gave somewhat of the beauty of holiness even to his external appearance, and it disarmed those whom no other spell could bind. In the last month of his life, the May of 1847, he travelled to London to give evidence before the House of Commons on the position of his Church and its principles as to reunion; and after doing so went down to Chelsea to see Thomas Carlyle and his now celebrated wife. The former twice over records the meeting, and it is interesting to note how that venerable face at once struck from Carlyle's hand the sarcastic knife

with which he has bitten into steel the portrait of almost every other contemporary. "I had not seen Chalmers for five-and-twenty years. It was a pathetic meeting. The good old man is grown white-headed, but is otherwise wonderfully little altered—grave, deliberate, very gentle in his deportment, but with plenty, too, of soft energy. . . . It is long since I have spoken to so good and really pious-hearted and beautiful an old man. . . . I believe there is not in all Scotland, or all Europe, any such Christian priest left."

He was not much longer left on earth in the priesthood of believers. A fortnight later he arrived in Edinburgh while the General Assembly was sitting, and all men looked forward to Monday, when he was to give in a report to the Free Church on one of its Christian schemes. But a sabbath intervened. He went to church, and on his return wrote to his favourite sister, saying he could form no definite plans now on this side of the grave, but left her "with earnest prayers for the mercy and grace of a reconciled Father in heaven on one and all of us." Walking round his garden a little later, he was overheard to mutter, "O Father, my Heavenly Father!" That evening he was kind, cheerful and happy almost beyond his wont, and as he retired he waved his hand to his family, with the words, "A general good night!" Next morning there was silence in his room. His servant at last entered, and drew aside the curtains of the bed. He sat there, half erect, but for some hours dead—his head reclining gently on the pillow, and the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose. He was gone from the land for which he had done so much, and a few days later in the same city of Edinburgh "they buried him amid the tears of a nation and with more than kingly honours."

A. TAYLOR LYNES.

# DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



New Biographical Series.—No. 38.

2101-e-44

# DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

## I.

### THE LIVINGSTONE FAMILY.

Just before Dr. Livingstone left his native land for the last time, he was present at the public examination of a school, where one of his children was a pupil; and being called on to make a speech, he uttered a few words, much to his own discomfort, and concluded by giving the school a maxim for life: "Fear God, and work hard." No words could have expressed better the secret of his own life. It seems to have been a family rule for many generations. In the island of "the Wolf"—Ulva, one of the Staffa group,—his forefathers had fought the battle of life under hard enough conditions, striving as Highland crofters to drag a livelihood out of a morsel of poor land, after having duly paid the rent; and with such credit to themselves, that one of them who could go back for several generations, could not remember any Livingstone who had been a thief. From Ulva, the grandfather of David emigrated to the mainland, and found employment in connection with a spinning-mill at Blantyre, on the banks of the Clyde. He had several sons, most of whom joined the army or the navy during the excitement of the French war. The life they led was not very favourable to steady habits; and Neil, the only civilian among them, saw, to his great distress, that conviviality was proving the snare of his brothers. In the hope of exercising a good influence upon them, he became a teetotaler, and persevered as such with unswerving regularity during the remainder of his days.

This Neil Livingstone, father of David, began active life as a tailor, and ended

it as a travelling tea-merchant, in neither of which callings could he do more than earn a very moderate living. He was a man of most sterling character, of deep puritan convictions, quick of temper, but very warm-hearted and kind. He was a great reader, especially of religious books; travels and biography, even of the more secular type, were acceptable; but of all novels and other works which he deemed frivolous, he had a profound horror. For some reason he had left the Established Church, and become a Congregationalist. This tended to break up the conservative character in religious matters for which Highlanders have long been conspicuous; it threw him more among a party of progress, and enabled him more readily to accept so much of the new ideas and methods as might commend themselves to one who was anchored immovably to the Puritan faith. These new ideas concerned such matters as Sunday-schools, Christian missions, religious literature, and prayer meetings, in all which Neil Livingstone was virtually a pioneer. It is said of him that having once got his hands on one of Mr. Campbell's books—probably his first missionary travels in Africa—he was so interested that he read it from beginning to end without ever lifting his eye from the page. It made a profound impression on him, and seemed to lay the foundation of the interest of the family in African missions. Family worship was maintained morning and evening with undeviating regularity; the Sabbath was kept with great devoutness, and absence from church, whether at ordinary or extraordinary meetings for worship, was a thing unknown, except in cases of serious sickness.

The mother of David Livingstone was

Agnes Hunter, a member of a lowland family, distinguished, like the father's, for high integrity and consistent godliness.

Neil Livingstone and Agnes Hunter were married in 1810, and after an unsuccessful trial of life in Glasgow, returned to Blantyre, where five sons and two daughters were born to them, two of the sons dying in infancy. Mrs. Livingstone thoroughly agreed with her husband in all his views of Christian life and domestic duty. She was an excellent housekeeper, was neat and tidy in her ways, kept things wonderfully respectable, and had some touches of refinement that rather offended her neighbours. These ways of his mother clung to her son David, and were always remembered with gratitude.

It was not merely while under their roof that David Livingstone thought highly of his parents, and of the order of God's servants to which they belonged. The more he saw of mankind, the higher was his respect for them. He might have said as Thomas Carlyle said in 1832: "I have a sacred pride in my peasant-father, and would not exchange him, even now, for any king known to me." On their tombstone he recorded his gratitude for his poor and pious parents, "with a deep feeling that their worth shone the brighter for their poverty."

## II.

### DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S BOYHOOD AND STUDENT LIFE.

Of this most worthy couple, David, the second son, was born at Blantyre, 19th March, 1813. He was a kindly boy, much liked by his family, fond of long walks, early interested in natural history, a great reader, and a fair scholar. At the early age of ten he had to begin to work for his living, entering as a piecer at Blantyre cotton-mill. Hours of labour were long in those days. At six in the morning all hands had to begin, summer and winter, and work went on till eight at night, with short

intervals for breakfast and dinner. Such was David's love of learning, that after this long day's work he used to attend an evening-school from eight to ten, at which he acquired his knowledge of Latin. Even ten o'clock did not bring an end to his toil, for often he would be poring over next day's lesson till midnight or longer, if his mother did not interfere and snatch the books from his hands.

From early childhood he had had many a serious thought on religious subjects, but without any very decided result. It was about his twentieth year that the book called Dick's *Philosophy of a Future State*, seemed to throw a sunbeam into his mind, revealing the freeness and richness of the grace of God, and encouraging that spirit of trust in the Saviour which continued to the end of his life to be the leading feature of his piety. The impression made on David Livingstone was that of deep obligation to the love and mercy of the Saviour, begetting an intense desire to live according to His will; and along with this, a desire for the welfare of his fellow-men, and especially a desire to make known to those of them who were in greatest darkness the grace and love of the Saviour. The missionary spirit was already forming itself in him. To strangers, David Livingstone was reserved and unemotional, and while he lived, comparatively few people understood what passed within him. But all his life long, in whatever work he might be more immediately engaged, the firm steady desire that men should become acquainted with the redeeming love of God in Christ worked at the bottom of his soul. To control his emotions and keep them in the background, was a constitutional habit; and when he became a public servant, he seemed to think that it would be a kind of impertinence to divulge them. This accounts for the somewhat cold, dry tone of some of his books; it gave rise to a feeling in many quarters, that he had no true missionary sympathy. It has been shown very clearly that this was a false

view of his character, although we think it may be admitted that during the latter part of his life he carried his reserve to excess, and did injustice to the eager christian longings which lay in the depths of his heart.

The desire to be a missionary having grown to the strength of a steady purpose, China began to engage his thoughts. An appeal by Gutzlaff, the German missionary, on behalf of China, made a great impression on him, and determined him to offer his services to the London Missionary Society on behalf of that country. When he offered himself to the Missionary Society, it was with a full knowledge of the difficulties and trials of the missionary. "The hardships and trials of missionary life," he said, "so far as I have had the means of ascertaining their nature and extent, have been the subject of serious reflection, and in dependence of the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit, I have no hesitation in saying that I would willingly submit to them, considering my constitution capable of enduring any ordinary share of hardship and fatigue." He had already studied for two sessions in Glasgow, at Anderson's College, the University, and Dr. Wardlaw's Congregational theological classes. When accepted by the Society, he continued his studies at a seminary which the Society had at Chipping Ongar, in Essex; and afterwards in London, where he gave special attention to medical study. In the course of these studies, he formed friendships with several eminent men, that stood him in good stead in after life. Among these were Mr. James Young, afterwards Dr. Young of Kelly—"Sir Paraffin," as he used playfully to call him, in recognition of his discovery of paraffin and paraffin-oil; Professor Owen; Rev. Dr. Bennett; and his son, now Sir J. Risdon Bennett.

In consequence of the breaking out of the unhappy Opium war, it was found impossible to send him to China. The visit of Mr. Moffat to England at this time brought the claims of Africa very

vividly before him; for Africa he was accordingly destined; and after hurried visits to Scotland in 1840, to receive his diploma, as Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and to take farewell of his family, he was ordained a missionary in Albion-street Chapel, London, on the 20th November, 1840; and on the 8th December, he embarked on board the ship *George*, which after having had to put in at Rio Janeiro, in due time brought him to the African shore.

### III.

#### EARLY LABOURS IN AFRICA, 1841-1852.

Livingstone first spent a month at Capetown, waiting for his ship to carry him to Algoa Bay, the point at which he would disembark for Kuruman, or Lattakoo, in the Bechuana country, the scene of the very successful labours of Robert Moffat. He was not long discovering that even then missionaries were of two classes—those whose sympathies were all for the colonial population, and those who took up the cause of the native. Instinctively Livingstone went with the latter. At the Cape, too, he learned that a long way in the interior there was a lake called 'Ngami, which no missionary had ever seen, but which it was important to reach. If they would only give him a chance, he would spare them all trouble in finding the lake. He had been directed to remain at Kuruman till Mr. Moffat should return, turning his attention to the formation of a new station in the north. To the north, accordingly, Livingstone's eyes were directed, for he scorned to settle where other men had laboured, and after his first experiences, was eager for "fresh woods and pastures new." A long journey of seven hundred miles into the Bechuana country gave him his first full acquaintance with the natives, and showed him how easy it was to obtain influence with them, if, instead of bullying them, as had been too often done, he treated them frankly and kindly, and showed them good manners,



good principles and good conduct. From the very outset Livingstone saw that character was an essential factor in mission work, and this conviction remained with him through life. He might have said, substituting one word for another in the apostle's famous declaration: "If I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not *character*, I am nothing." It showed the simplicity and the wholeness of his nature, that while he dealt with the natives most solemnly on the great facts of nature and grace, he could bring the playfulness of his disposition to the help of the Gospel; he understood, and the natives felt, the power of humour in drawing people together, and he would often disarm hostility and suspicion by the very ease and geniality of his manner. While roaming through their country, eating porridge with the natives, healing their diseases, apparently absorbed with plants and animals, and laboriously studying the language, he was cherishing the most intense feelings of the Christian missionary; and nothing could be more touching than his wailings over any with whom he had friendly relations, especially a great chief named Sebituane, who died suddenly without giving any evidence of having embraced the offers of the Gospel.

Having found a place, Mabotsa, a long way from Kuruman, Livingstone built a house and organized a Mission. He had not been long here when he had a very narrow escape from being killed by a lion, that seized him by the arm and inflicted an injury from which he never thoroughly recovered, but immediately left him to attack another man. While at Mabotsa, Livingstone married Mary, eldest daughter of Robert and Mary Moffat, under whom Kuruman had become a blessed oasis in the desert. Six children, of whom one died in infancy, were the fruit of this marriage. The Livingstones had soon to leave Mabotsa for another station, Chonuane, and then to leave Chonuane for Kolobeng. At this last place, they were greatly

gladdened by the conversion of Sechelé, a Bakwain chief.

But Livingstone was not satisfied with doing a little good at Kolobeng. The lake he had heard of at the Cape came vividly into his mind. He heard so much about it, and of the country of broad rivers and streams around it, that he determined to make an effort to reach it. To do this, he had to pass over a desert—the Kalahari—a fearfully dry stretch, where water sometimes could not be got for days. But Livingstone surmounted its difficulties, reached the lake, and plucked the honour and the reward of its discovery almost from the hands of men far better equipped, but less persevering and enduring than he was. Twice after he returned to 'Ngami, on one occasion accompanied by his wife and children. But he met with a great disappointment. The great chief Sebituane, who had welcomed him very cordially, and from whose influence he hoped for great assistance in planting a new station, suddenly died. Besides, the district was unhealthy, and a suitable locality for a station could not be found. A new project now arose in Livingstone's mind. It would confer an immense boon on the people in these far-off central regions, if a highway to the sea-coast could be found, to bring them within the sphere of Christianity, commerce and civilization. He determined he would try to find this way. With this view, it was necessary to send his wife and family home for a time, and explore the country alone. Livingstone accordingly went with his family to the Cape, parting from them in great sorrow, but under a deep sense of duty to the country for whose welfare he had consecrated his life.

There was another consideration that moved Livingstone to take this important step. While at Kolobeng, he had made several excursions into the Transvaal territory, which had recently been taken possession of by Dutch Boers from the Cape of Good Hope, who were dissatisfied when the Cape passed from

the hands of the Dutch into those of the British. Livingstone's indignation was roused by the way in which these Dutch Boers treated the natives. He held that from the very beginning of the Dutch colony in South Africa, their treatment of the natives had often been an outrage and a disgrace to the Christian name. They had stolen their land and their cattle, virtually enslaved the people by compelling them to labour without remuneration, and by seizing their children. Whether they actually believed their own assertion that the natives had no souls, they treated them as if this were true. In the Transvaal the Boers were opposed to missionaries coming among the natives, afraid that they would teach them their rights, and interfere with the uses to which the Boers put them, with so much convenience and advantage to themselves. Livingstone frankly admitted that the Boers had many good qualities, but this was a dreadful drawback. It might not be true of all of them, but Livingstone had found it too true of those with whom he came into contact in the Transvaal. It was one of his favourite plans to send native Christians here and there, who would teach the people the Christian faith, and try to win them to Christ. But in the Transvaal, nothing of the kind could be done, on account of the hostility of the Boers. In fact, the Boers were highly offended at Livingstone's presence at Kolobeng, and his work among the Bakwains. Of this he found a new and overwhelming proof on his return to Kolobeng in 1853, after parting with his wife and family at the Cape. The Boers had made a wild raid upon Sechelé and his tribe, killed many of them, destroyed their town, and finished off by wrecking Livingstone's house, and either stealing or destroying his property. When Livingstone was absent, his whole worldly goods and his wife's, in value about £300, were destroyed or stolen. Amid the havoc, the heart of Livingstone, though sorely tried, remained undaunted. "They are determined to

shut up Africa," he said; "but I am determined to open it up. Time will show which of us shall succeed. As for me, I am determined to open up Africa, or perish."

During all these eleven years, in which Dr. Livingstone had planted three stations, done a great amount of preaching and teaching, exercised to great advantage the healing art, and tramped many a hundred miles in the work of exploring, now plashing through swamps, or having his clothes torn to rags in prickly jungles, now exposed to the attacks of furious beasts or contending with the malignant hostility of the Boers, he had at the same time done no small share of literary work. Wherever he could get an opening for papers on Africa, he availed himself of it. He studied the language carefully, and sought books to help him, not easily found. He made careful observations of the geography, the geology, and the meteorology of the country, with a view to scientific as well as missionary purposes. To his friends he wrote long and interesting letters. To the Directors of the London Missionary Society he detailed his work and expounded his plans. To Professor Owen and Dr. Buckland he wrote accounts, or sent specimens of the natural history of the country. Most interesting and remarkable of all he wrote at this time is a paper entitled "Missionary Sacrifices," which never saw the light till long after his death, when it appeared in the *Catholic Presbyterian*, in January, 1879. Its great purport is to show that the sacrifices encountered by any missionary are not worthy to be thought of in the view of the sacrifice made for our salvation by our great Lord and Saviour. If the discovery of gold in any part of the world caused a tumultuous rush towards it of men who cared nothing for distance from home, or parting with relations, or roughing it in any form, provided they got a due share of the precious metal, was it not a shame that men owing their salvation to Jesus Christ should make a fuss about what

they called the sacrifices involved in going to such a country as Africa? It dwelt warmly, as was Livingstone's wont, on the final consummation: "The world for Christ will yet be realized. The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

#### IV.

##### GREAT JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

Livingstone had been detained so long at the Cape, previous to setting out for his great journey, that it was not till the middle of June, 1852, that he got away. Another long detention took place at Kuruman. Linyanti, on the Zambesi, was not reached till the middle of the following year. The chief Sekelétu was friendly and helped him. On November 11, 1853, he set out on his journey for the Coast, first along the upper Zambesi, and it was not till the 31st of May, 1854, that he reached St. Paul de Loanda. On setting out, Livingstone fully realized the perils of the expedition and the possibility of his never returning. His whole retinue consisted of twenty-seven men, and the whole stores consisted of a few tusks—a present from Sekelétu—the oxen needed for carrying, and a trifling amount of coffee, cloth, beads, &c. "The Barotse men who accompanied him, usually called the Makololo, though on the whole faithful and patient, were a burden in one sense as much as a help in another; chicken-hearted, ready to succumb to every trouble, and to be cowed by any chief that wore a threatening face. Worse, if possible, Livingstone himself was in wretched health. During this part of the journey, he had constant attacks of intermittent fever (thirty-one in all), accompanied in the latter stages of the road with dysentery of the most distressing kind. In the intervals of fever, he was often depressed both in mind and body. Often the party were destitute of food of any sort, and never had they food suitable for a fever-stricken invalid. The vexations he encountered were of no common kind;

at starting, the greater part of his medicines was stolen, much though he needed them; in the course of the journey, the pontoon was left behind; at one time, while he was under the influence of fever, his riding-ox threw him, and he fell heavily on his head; at another, while crossing a river, the ox toppled him into the water; the heavy rain and the necessity of wading through streams three or four times a day kept him almost constantly wet; and occasionally, to vary the annoyance, mosquitoes would assail him as fiercely as if they had been waging a war of extermination. The most critical moments of peril, demanding the utmost coolness and most dauntless courage, would sometimes occur during the stage of depression after fever; it was then he had to extricate himself from savage warriors, who vowed that he must go back unless he gave them an ox, a gun, or a man. The ox he could ill spare, the gun not at all; and as for giving the last—a man—to make a slave of, he would sooner die. At the best he was a poor ragged skeleton when he reached those who had hearts to feel for him and hands to help him. Had he not been a prodigy of patience, faith, and courage, had he not known where to find help in all time of his tribulation, he would never have reached the haunts of civilized men." (*Personal Life*.)

At St. Paul de Loanda he was well received. But not a single letter was awaiting him. No one seemed to expect that he would ever reach it. When the news of his achievement reached home, it created admiration and astonishment. The Royal Geographical Society awarded him their gold medal—the highest honour they could confer. On the 24th September, 1854, he left Loanda; arrived at Linyanti, 11th September, 1855; left it, 3rd November; and reached Quilimane, on the eastern coast, 20th May, 1856. No other European had ever gone by the same route. The greater length of time occupied in the return journey to Linyanti was caused by detentions which he

could not control. In the return journey he continued to suffer from fever, though not to the same extent as formerly. He was much struck with the beauty of the country, and formed a high estimate of its capabilities if opened to Christianity and commerce. But the state of the people was very lamentable. Once he had been disposed to think poorly of the converts to Christianity at Kuruman; but when he saw unadulterated heathenism, he perceived what a great change had taken place. It was his custom to hold meetings with his men on Sundays, to which he tried to gather the people of the place in which he happened to be; but however solemn his appeals to them might be, he was unutterably pained to witness their utter levity as soon as the meeting was over—dancing and singing and screaming as if they had never heard of God's love or of a judgment to come.

Arrived at Linyanti, he found the chief Sekelétu still friendly, and the property he had left there safe. Setting out for the east coast, he first signalized his journey, which carried him down the Zambesi, by the discovery of a magnificent set of falls on that river, which he named the Victoria Falls. He likewise came to a clear conclusion that, despite the danger from fever in so many places, there were two longitudinal ridges which were healthy, and where Europeans might dwell in safety. On this journey, as much as on any of the others, he had to encounter the hostile attacks of native tribes. "At the union of the rivers Loangwa and Zambesi the suspicious feeling regarding him reached a climax, and he could only avoid the threatened doom of the Bazimka (that is, Bastard Portuguese), who had formerly incurred the wrath of the chief, by showing his bosom, arms and hair, and asking if the Bazimka were like that." Livingstone felt that there was danger in the air. In fact, he never seemed in more imminent peril. In a prayer in his journal he says: "O Jesus, grant me resignation to Thy will, and entire reliance on Thy

powerful hand. On Thy word alone I lean. But wilt Thou permit me to plead for Africa? The cause is Thine. What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open, if I perish now! I commit my way unto Thee. . . . It seems a pity that the important facts about the two healthy longitudinal ridges should not be known in Christendom. Thy will be done! They will not furnish us with more canoes than two. I leave my cause and all my concerns in the hands of God, my gracious Saviour, the Friend of sinners. *Evening.* Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, 'all power is given unto Me in Heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, and lo, I am with you always even to the end of the world!' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there's an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night, as I intended. It would appear a flight; and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God. *15th Jan. 1856.* Left bank of Loangwa. The natives of the surrounding country collected round us this morning, all armed. Children and women were sent away, and Mburuma's wife, who lives here, was not allowed to approach, tho' she came some way from her village in order to pay me a visit. Only one canoe was lent. . . . They stood armed at my back for some time. I then showed them my watch, burning-glass, and so I kept them amused till all were over, except those who could go into the canoe with me. I thanked them all for their kindness and wished them peace."

Calmly though all this is told, it is the record of one of the finest triumphs of the spirit of trust that even Christian biography supplies. But this trust was the great characteristic of Livingstone.

And it rested on a few simple texts of the Word of God. "Commit thy way unto God; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy steps." "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not on thine own understanding." "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus."

Communications continued to be sent to the Royal Geographical Society, explaining his view of the structure of intertropical central Africa. The centre was a depressed basin, which originally had contained more water than now, much of the water having escaped by fissures in the rocks, of which the Victoria Falls presented a remarkable instance. Horizontal ridges rose on either side of this hollow, comparatively free from fever, and suitable for the residence of Europeans. The course of the river depended partly on these ridges, so that if they were explored, light might be thrown on the country, and facilities might arise for commerce and Christianity. To the Directors of the London Missionary Society he also wrote, explaining his plans, and indicating very clearly that as it seemed to him far more important at that crisis to break up the way over the vast continent than to reap a little harvest at some new Mabotsa or Kolobeng, he wished to be set apart for the former service. But the Directors could not enter into this view. The difference between them ended in Livingstone's withdrawing himself from their direct service, and accepting an offer from the British Government which gave him the opportunity to prosecute the work on which his heart was set. But all that might be done in opening up Africa was only the scaffolding of the work in hand, or as he expressed it in pithy words that should never be forgotten, "THE END OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL

FEAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THE ENTERPRISE."

Having reached Quilimane on the 20th May, H.M. brig *Frolic* carried him to Mauritius, and from thence he proceeded to England. Having most narrowly escaped shipwreck in the Bay of Tunis, he reached Old England on the 9th December, 1856. On the way he heard the painful tidings of his father's death. They had been most desirous to meet, but that was not to be till seventeen more years had run their course, and many more things had happened of which David Livingstone had no conception then.

## V.

### FIRST VISIT HOME.

If Livingstone had risen from the grave he could hardly have been looked on with more interest, or loaded with more honour than he was in England. The simple record of his receptions and honours would alone occupy a considerable space. The London Missionary Society, the Royal Geographical Society, corporations, universities, institutes of every kind, rushed to acknowledge his remarkable achievements. Some time was spent in visiting his friends, and in addressing meetings over the country, designed to make known his work and the object to which it was directed. In these meetings it was sometimes remarked that Livingstone gave a prominence to the geographical and secular bearings of his work beyond what might have been looked for from a Christian missionary. The more spiritual aspects of it were not often dwelt on, nor were such details given regarding the conversion of the natives to the faith of Christ as many of his friends desired. No one who studies the early life of Livingstone can have any doubt of the profound interest he felt in the conversion of the natives of Africa. That interest continued undiminished to the end; perhaps we should rather say, it became deeper and deeper. For it was the profound interest which he felt in the

highest welfare of the African people that led him to ponder before God the problem, in what way he might best serve them.

Eagerly and anxiously did he debate with himself the question, Shall I do most for the people in the end by building up another Kolobeng in the region of the Zambesi, and perhaps reducing the Barotse language to literary form, or by devoting myself to the opening up of Africa from circumference to centre, establishing pathways for legitimate commerce and Christianity, and bringing the whole continent with its teeming millions into sight and sympathy with the Christian Church? There were many considerations in favour of the former alternative. One which was all but invincible was, that if he accepted that mode of life he would be surrounded by his family, and while enjoying the domestic calm which he loved, would be able in person to do his duty to them, and not have to leave them to the charge of strangers. Livingstone was an affectionate man, and he was not a man of worldly ambition; and it is at once unjust in itself, and contrary to all reason to say, that the ambition of being a discoverer outweighed the conscience of the missionary and the heart of the husband and the father. It was the pressure of irresistible duty that drove him to the conclusion that he must devote himself, as his life work, to the opening up of Africa. Not that he would give up being a missionary; wherever he had opportunity, he would proclaim the love of God in Christ; but his immediate function would be to open Africa to all the higher influences of which it stood so much in need. But inasmuch as many friends of missions thought that this work did not belong to a missionary, he would withdraw from the London Missionary Society, cease to draw the salary which he had hitherto received from them, and look out for some other connection.

That other connection came unsought. So much public interest was excited in his work, and in the plan of exploration

along the banks of the river Zambesi which he had formed, that at the suggestion of the British Association for the Advancement of Science an offer was made to him on the part of the Government to become the head of an Exploring Expedition which they were willing to fit out and to place at his disposal. Livingstone felt keenly that for a man like him, who had never been accustomed to direct and control his countrymen, this was a serious undertaking, and he knew that if he accepted the offer he would expose himself anew to the charge of deserting the work of a missionary; but he deemed the offer so providential, and he saw so little chance of his being able to accomplish his great object in any other way, that he thankfully accepted it.

There were two pieces of work, however, among the things done by him while in England, that cannot be passed over without special mention. One was the writing of his book, called *Missionary Travels*. To accomplish the writing of so large a volume would have been a serious task to any man during a furlough in which he was pulled about in so many directions by the solicitations of friends and the requirements of his public work. But to one who had lived for years mainly in the open air, and had used his pen for little more than letters and reports (full and elaborate though these often were), the task was unusually irksome and onerous. Livingstone used to say, half in joke half in earnest, that it was harder work to write his book than to cross Africa. When published the book was a great success, and it contributed in a marked degree to increase the interest felt in Africa. In point of fact, it did far more towards this than any previous book. It contributed essentially to give the public, not only of England, but of the civilized world, a new conception of the continent of Africa. The old notion that it was a huge wilderness of sand, fringed by a habitable selva, had now to be entirely abandoned; and in place of that the conception was introduced of a continent of broad rivers

and fertile plains, immense lakes and massive mountains, swarming with a population, which, immense though it was, was not by any means of such magnitude as its fertile soil and sunny climate were capable of sustaining.

The other matter to which especial attention is due in connection with Dr. Livingstone's work when at home, was a visit he paid to the University of Cambridge. His appearance there produced a great impression. In an introduction prefixed to the lectures delivered by Livingstone at Cambridge, Professor Sedgwick remarked that "in the course of a long academic life he had often been present at the Senate-house on exciting occasions; in the days of Napoleon, he had heard the greetings given to our great military heroes; he had been present at four installation services, the last of which was graced by the presence of the Queen, when her youthful husband was installed as chancellor, amid the most fervent gratulations that subjects are permitted to exhibit in the presence of their sovereign. But on none of these occasions were the gratulations of the University more honest and true-hearted than those which were offered to Dr. Livingstone. He came among us without any long notes of preparation, without any pageant or eloquence to charm or captivate our senses. He stood before us a plain, single-minded man, somewhat attenuated by years of toil, and with a face tinged with the sun of Africa. . . . While we listened to the tale he had to tell, there arose in the hearts of all the listeners a fervent hope that the hand of God, which had so long upheld him, would uphold him still, and help him to carry out the great work of Christian love which was still before him."

The importance of this visit lay in the seed that was sown in the hearts of ardent young men. The Universities' Mission sprang from it. And the Universities' Mission was the first to follow Livingstone and aid him in his work. It has had its ups and downs, its trials and its reverses, and at one time it ap-

peared on the verge of extinction. But phoenix-like, it rose from its ashes and renewed its youth, and now among the many Christian agencies that have been set to work in Africa through the influence of Livingstone, the Universities' Mission is among the most honoured and the most useful.

## VI.

### THE ZAMBESI EXPEDITION.

On the 10th of March, 1858, Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone, accompanied by their youngest son, Oswell, left Liverpool on board H.M. colonial steamer Pearl, which carried on board the sections of the Ma-Robert, a small steamer to be used by the Expedition in exploring the Zambesi. Unhappily, Mrs. Livingstone became so ill that, with Oswell, she had to be left at the Cape, and it was not for some years that she rejoined her husband. The following brief statement shows how the years of the Expedition were occupied. "The remainder of 1858 was employed in exploring the mouths of the Zambesi, and the river itself, up to Tette and the Kelrabasa rapids, a few miles beyond. Next year, 1859, was devoted mainly to three successive trips on the river Shiré, the third being signalized by the discovery of Lake Nyassa. In 1860, Livingstone went back, with the Makololo whom he had brought with him from Linyanti, up the Zambesi to the territories of Sekelétu. In 1861, after exploring the river Rovuma, and assisting Prof. Mackenzie to begin the Universities' Mission, he started for Lake Nyassa, returning to the ship towards the end of the year. In 1862, occurred the death of the Bishop and other missionaries, and also, during his detention at Shupanga, the death of Mrs. Livingstone; in the latter part of the year Livingstone again explored the Rovuma. In 1863 he was again exploring the Shiré valley and Lake Nyassa, when an order came from Her Majesty's Government recalling the Expedition. In 1864 he started in the Lake Nyassa for Bombay, and thence returned to England."

The difficulties that Livingstone encountered in this expedition were far beyond what he had ever expected. The members of it were a sort of scratch crew, not accustomed to the work, not very harmonious or subordinate, and liable to be not a little disconcerted by the delays, the hard work, and especially the irritating effects of a fever to which they were constantly exposed. The *Ma-Robert* turned out to be worthless, old and rickety, and at best ill-constructed for the exploration of a river where shallows and sandbanks were ever occurring. So much was Livingstone disconcerted by this, that at last he obtained a second steamer at his own expense, which however arrived too late to be of much service to him. When anything cheering did occur, there was always something sad to balance it. When his wife joined him on 1st February, 1862, it was only to be snatched from him by fever in less than three months. When Bishop Mackenzie and others came to set up the Universities' Mission, the joy of welcoming them was hardly over when it was dashed by the tidings of the death of the Bishop and Mr. Burrup. When such a splendid discovery as that of Lake Nyassa was made, there had to be set over against it the horrid discovery of a traffic in human flesh, the slave-hunting expeditions of hostile tribes, stimulated and promoted by Portuguese traders, whose infamous work was winked at, if not encouraged, by their Government. At last came the recall of the Expedition by the Government. Yet amid all his distresses the assurance became firmer in Livingstone's mind that he was on the right track, and that good would come of his work. He was particularly pleased with Lake Nyassa, and felt assured that it was a most important centre, both for commerce and for Missions. He was cheered by meeting with the Rev. James Stewart (Dr. Stewart of Lovedale), who had been sent out by the Free Church of Scotland to confer with him as to a Mission which that Church was desirous of planting.

To Lake Nyassa he very earnestly directed Mr. Stewart's attention, and would even have made over his ship to him and other things if the Mission had been undertaken. Mr. Stewart reported that the district seemed too disturbed for operations then; but a few years after (in 1874), the Livingstonia Mission of the Free Church, followed by the Blantyre Mission of the Established Church of Scotland, and the resumption of the Universities' Mission at a spot not far off, showed how thoroughly Livingstone had impregnated others with his views as to the importance of the Nyassa district as a missionary and commercial centre.

Livingstone had set his heart on exploring the shores of Lake Nyassa; and after the Expedition had been recalled, and almost all his European associates had left Africa, although he could only travel by walking, and the risks and troubles were beyond calculation, he had gone a certain way; but he was obliged to return, because he had charge of a Government ship which required to be got down to sea while the river was in flood. Looking back on the expedition, Livingstone was thankful for a few things that had been done, though infinitely less than he had hoped. What had hindered him had been the accursed slave traffic, the promoters of which took advantage of his discoveries in order to forward their infamous work. To have discovered and exposed the slave trade was the real service of the expedition. As long as it was permitted to flourish, it would frustrate every beneficial endeavour. "For some time to come, his efforts and his prayers must be directed to getting influential men to see this, so that one way or other the trade might be abolished for ever. The hope of obtaining access to the heart of Africa by another route than the Zambesi, which lay through Portuguese settlements, was much in his heart. He would go home, but only for a few months; at the earliest possible moment he would return, to look for a new route to the interior."

Livingstone crossed the Indian Ocean



in his little steamer, *Lady Nyassa*, and after a most perilous voyage, arrived at Bombay 13th June, 1864. After a pleasant visit to Sir Bartle Frere, he sailed for England, revolving two projects; 1st, to expose the iniquity of the slave trade; and 2nd, to try to find an access to the centre of Africa beyond the Portuguese lines. He reached England 23rd July, after an absence of nearly eight years.

## VII.

### SECOND VISIT HOME.

Dr. Livingstone remained at home from July, 1864, to August, 1865. A new distress came upon him; he heard of the death of his eldest son, Robert, who had entered the Federal army of the United States, and died in hospital there. Two sons and two daughters still remained to him. Livingstone applied himself steadily to his purpose of exposing the iniquity of the Portuguese slave trade. A speech delivered at the meeting of the British Association at Bath gave great displeasure to the Portuguese. Livingstone thought it a good sign, and wondered whether they would keep their senses when a book came out which he was engaged in writing.

This book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, was the main result of this visit to England. In order to get leisure and quiet to compose it, he accepted an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Webb to pay them a long visit at their magnificent seat, Newstead Abbey. Mr. Webb had first made his acquaintance in Africa, while on a sporting excursion. Livingstone had given him all the help he could, as he always did to strangers whom he had it in his power to oblige. Newstead Abbey had been the patrimonial inheritance of Lord Byron, but had passed into other hands, and after being greatly improved by Colonel Wildman, had become the property of Mr. Webb. Dr. Livingstone was very happy under his roof, and the composition of his volume went on apace.

While busy with his book, he received

a letter from Sir R. Murchison, with whom, as a distinguished member of the Royal Geographical Society, he had been in frequent communication, respecting a new undertaking. A great geographical problem yet remained to be settled—the watershed or watersheds of Central Africa. Would Livingstone go and determine it? If he would consent to do this, unshackled by other pursuits than those of the geographical inquirer, Sir Roderick would do his best to get the Geographical Society to lend their help. It would be a grand *finale* to his work, and perhaps he might find the source of the White Nile! Livingstone was evidently taken with the proposal. But he would not go on Sir Roderick's terms. He would not go simply as an explorer. He would keep up his missionary character. Whether this firm purpose of Livingstone annoyed the Geographical Society, we cannot tell; but the sum they contributed, £500, was very paltry. From Government, too, he did not receive the encouragement he deserved. They too contributed £500. He was offered an office which should carry no salary and entitle him to no retiring pension. Livingstone was infinitely disgusted. In spite of all, he prepared to go, relying chiefly on a gift of £1000 from his friend Dr. Young of Kelly, perhaps on the price of the steamer *Lady Nyassa*, and on the profits to be derived from the book he was writing.

The book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, appeared after he had left. It was well received by the reviewers, and 4,800 copies were sold on the first night of Mr. Murray's sale. It contributed very materially to increase the interest in Africa, especially the Nyassa district, and also to raise the indignation of the country against the Portuguese slave-trading operations.

## VIII.

### LAST EXPEDITION TO AFRICA.

On leaving England, Dr. Livingstone sailed first to Bombay, where he had left the *Lady Nyassa*. He had a most cordial

reception from his friends, who, blushing for the stinginess of the Government and the Geographical Society, made a contribution to his work of some £800. The *Lady Nyassa*, which had cost £6000, brought only £2,300. From Bombay he went to Zanzibar, and from Zanzibar, accompanied by a somewhat miscellaneous body of men, to the mouth of the Rovuma. For the last time, he set foot on the African continent, praying the Most High to prosper him, "by granting him influence in the eyes of the heathen and blessing his intercourse with them."

It was not long before his troubles began. Some animals of burden that he had taken with him died through the ill-treatment of his people. Some of the people themselves behaved badly, and had to be dismissed. The frightful spectacle of the slave trade appeared wherever he went. When he reached Lake Nyassa he was haunted by old scenes and disappointed hopes. His immediate objects were, to find a locality for a station for commerce and Missions, which the Bombay gift might be used to establish, then to settle the question of the watershed. As regards the people through whose countries he passed, he desired to instruct them in the leading truths of Christianity, and to inspire them with horror of the slave trade. "We mention," he says, describing the tenor of his addresses, "our relationship to our Father, the guilt of selling any of His children, the consequences; e.g., it begets war, for as they don't like to sell their own, they steal from other villages, who retaliate. . . . We mention the Bible, future state, prayer; advise union, that they would unite as one family to expel enemies, who came first as slave-traders, and ended by leaving the country a wilderness."

Not finding any site for a station that pleased him so well as the neighbourhood of the Shiré and Lake Nyassa, he passed on westwards to determine the watershed. It was now that a man called Musa and some others deserted, and reaching Zanzibar, circulated a story

that he had been killed by natives. The narrative was so circumstantial that it was generally believed. But some who knew the character of Musa, held it to be a lie, and Mr. Edward D. Young, who had been with Livingstone in the Zambesi expedition, was sent out to make inquiry. Mr. Young was fortunate in obtaining intelligence that completely refuted the story, and the public at home, who had been profoundly moved by the intelligence, felt a great relief.

Onward trudged Livingstone, amid new disasters; losing his goats that gave him a supply of milk; losing his medicine-chest, and feeling as if sentence of death had been pronounced on him; reaching Lake Tanganyika; discovering Lake Mooro; then Lake Bangweulu; suffering from severe sickness in the beginning of 1869; returning to Ujiji on Tanganyika, and finding, to his disgust and horror, that a supply of goods he expected had been made away with in every direction, and that his medicines and other comforts were at Unyanyembe, thirteen miles distant, while a war was raging between.

The next two years, from July 1869 to October 1871, were spent in a journey from Ujiji to the river Lualaba, and back. These were apparently the saddest and most disastrous years in his life. His desire was to sail down the Lualaba, and ascertain the direction of its flow. This would determine the question of the watershed. If it flowed westward, it could not be the Nile but the Congo. For a long time Livingstone was possessed with the conviction that the sources of the Nile were in this region. He was fascinated with the idea of solving a problem which had baffled geographers for thousands of years. Latterly he began to doubt whether his view was correct. When he reached the Lualaba, he could not get canoes. His followers had behaved very ill, and had greatly aggravated his difficulties. New troubles came on him in the shape of sickness. Irritating sores fastened on his feet and made it impossible for him to walk.

Sometimes he was detained for months together in his tent. Another bitter disappointment awaits him; a few men sent by Dr. Kirk from Zanzibar reach him, but they are slaves, and of no use. Again he tries to get afloat on the Lualaba, from Nyangwe, and again fails. His soul is grieved beyond description at the fearful barbarities of the slave-dealers, and especially at a massacre which he is compelled to witness, so horrible that he almost fancies himself in hell. There is nothing for it but to try to reach Ujiji, make a new attempt to get suitable men, and renew the enterprise at some future time. How he contrived to keep up his courage amid such a sea of troubles would be a mystery, but for an entry in his journal that tells us that he read his Bible from beginning to end four times during the detentions of this period.

Arrived at Ujiji, the cup of his tribulation is filled to overflowing. A worthless fellow named Shereef, sent from Zanzibar in charge of his goods, having divined on the Koran and learned that he was dead, makes free with the goods, sells and scatters them, so that Livingstone on arriving finds nothing. A skeleton in body, he is a beggar in means. What to do next might well have baffled him, but for an unexpected and most providential meeting with Henry M. Stanley, who had been sent to look for him by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, junior, Editor of the *New York Herald*. Stanley supplied all his wants in the most bountiful manner. He proved the good Samaritan indeed to one who had fallen among thieves. They spent four months together. They explored the northern part of Lake Tanganyika. Stanley was most urgent that Livingstone should return home, but he would not listen to the proposal. He resolved to remain, get fresh men, and make one more attempt to reach the sources. That one more attempt cost Livingstone his life. But the nobility of the man, his contempt of ease and comfort when duty called him, and his generous devotion to the cause of Africa, never shone out more brightly than in this last great resolve to

make one more attempt to solve the problem, let it cost him what it might.

Stanley leaves him at Unyanyembe, proceeds to Zanzibar, finds for him a new set of men, and sets sail for England. At first his story is received with incredulity, but ere long it is believed, and the obligation of the world to Stanley—an obligation which has been immensely increased since that time—is cordially owned. The men reach Livingstone—a far better set than Dr. Kirk had sent him. Instead of going at once to the Lualaba, he determined again to visit Lake Bangweolo, and after going round it proceed north-westward till he had solved his problem, and then return home. Five days after parting with Stanley, on his 59th birthday, he offered the prayer: "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen. So let it be." Two months after, he wrote in his Journal: "He will keep His word—the gracious One, full of grace and truth; no doubt of it. He said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out;' and 'whatsoever ye will ask in My name, I will give it.' He will keep His word; then I can come and humbly present my petition, and it will be all right. Doubt is here inadmissible, surely."

Onward then trudged Livingstone once more, with his back turned anew on home and kindred and the civilized world; onward through savage wilds and dreary swamps, the Nile problem receding into the background of his mind, while the awful horror of the slave-trading business came to the front, and inspired him with the burning desire to expose it and help to end it. Even discovering the fountains would be nothing except that it would enable him to raise his voice with power among men against this burning horror and disgrace. His last birthday (19th March, 1873) found him in much the same circumstances as before. "Can I hope for ultimate success? So many

obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus." On the 21st March, "nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

"FORWARD!" It was still his word, as much as in the fresh days of his early youth, when waiting for the Directors to determine his locality, he said: "I am willing to go anywhere—provided it be FORWARD!" Forward, once more, but only to die. Dysentery, accompanied with excruciating pains, was rapidly doing its work. At Chitamboo village in Ilala, on Lake Bangweolo, the end came. It is touching to read how his men had to carry him over swamps and through swollen rivers, and whenever they came to a level place, how he would beg them to lay him down, that he might get a little ease from his pain. The 29th of March was the last day of his travels. "On the 30th he lay undisturbed. At four o'clock the next morning, the boy who lay at his door became alarmed, and called for Susi, one of his most trusted attendants. By the candle still burning they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside, with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad yet not unexpected truth soon became evident; he had passed away on the furthest of all his journeys, and without a single attendant. But he had died in the act of prayer—prayer offered in that reverent attitude about which he was always so particular; commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Saviour: and commending Africa, his own dear Africa, with all her woes and sins and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost."

We can only refer to the way in which Susi and Chuma, two of his native attendants, contrived to have his remains carried to the coast and put on board a vessel for England; and to that memorable assembly in Westminster

Abbey on the 18th of April 1874, when his body was laid in the tomb. It is more important to tell, though but in a concluding paragraph, how the news of his death sent a thrill not only through the heart of Europe but also of the civilized globe. More than that, it roused thousands to exert themselves to continue his work. Mission committees, statesmen in their councils, geographical societies, commercial companies, even newspaper proprietors, were all set on the *qui rir*. Africa became the favourite field of Christian philanthropists of every name and denomination. Scottish Missions were planted on Nyassa and the Shiré. The Universities' Mission returned to its old quarters, and likewise established itself on the Rovuma. English societies took up Lake Tanganyika. A French society established a Mission about the head-waters of the Zambesi. American Missions took hold of the West coast. But of the fruits of Livingstone's work, one deserves especial notice—the Congo Free State. The mantle of Livingstone fell on Henry M. Stanley, who had met him at Ujiji. Crossing the dark continent, he struck the Lualaba, found it to be the Congo, and amid numberless attacks by hostile natives, sailed to its mouth. Employed by the King of the Belgians to plan a settlement, Stanley returned to the Congo, and after hundreds of treaties with native chiefs, brought back word that a great Free State was now possible in the vast and fertile region watered by the Congo and its tributaries. The Great Powers at Berlin framed and ratified a constitution for the Free State, carrying out almost every principle for which Livingstone contended. We cannot see into the future; but for the Congo Free State we wish all peace and prosperity. Livingstone did not live nor die in vain. As he often said, "It will come out right in the end." It has come out, beyond expectation. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

W. G. BLAINE, D.D.

JUÁN AND ALFONSO DE VALDÉS.



*The Emperor Charles the Fifth.*



obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus." On the 21st March, "nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

"FORWARD!" It was still his word, as much as in the fresh days of his early youth, when waiting for the Directors to determine his locality, he said: "I am willing to go anywhere—provided it be FORWARD!" Forward, once more, but only to die. Dysentery, accompanied with excruciating pains, was rapidly doing its work. At Chitamboo village in Ilala, on Lake Bangweolo, the end came. It is touching to read how his men had to carry him over swamps and through swollen rivers, and whenever they came to a level place, how he would beg them to lay him down, that he might get a little ease from his pain. The 29th of March was the last day of his travels. "On the 30th he lay undisturbed. At four o'clock the next morning, the boy who lay at his door became alarmed, and called for Susi, one of his most trusted attendants. By the candle still burning they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside, with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad yet not unexpected truth soon became evident; he had passed away on the furthest of all his journeys, and without a single attendant. But he had died in the act of prayer—prayer offered in that reverent attitude about which he was always so particular; commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Saviour: and commending Africa, his own dear Africa, with all her woes and sins and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost."

We can only refer to the way in which Susi and Chuma, two of his native attendants, contrived to have his remains carried to the coast and put on board a vessel for England; and to that memorable assembly in Westminster

Abbey on the 18th of April 1874, when his body was laid in the tomb. It is more important to tell, though but in a concluding paragraph, how the news of his death sent a thrill not only through the heart of Europe but also of the civilized globe. More than that, it roused thousands to exert themselves to continue his work. Mission committees, statesmen in their councils, geographical societies, commercial companies, even newspaper proprietors, were all set on the *qui vive*. Africa became the favourite field of Christian philanthropists of every name and denomination. Scottish Missions were planted on Nyassa and the Shire. The Universities' Mission returned to its old quarters, and likewise established itself on the Rovuma. English societies took up Lake Tanganyika. A French society established a Mission about the head-waters of the Zambesi. American Missions took hold of the West coast. But of the fruits of Livingstone's work, one deserves especial notice—the Congo Free State. The mantle of Livingstone fell on Henry M. Stanley, who had met him at Ujiji. Crossing the dark continent, he struck the Lualaba, found it to be the Congo, and amid numberless attacks by hostile natives, sailed to its mouth. Employed by the King of the Belgians to plan a settlement, Stanley returned to the Congo, and after hundreds of treaties with native chiefs, brought back word that a great Free State was now possible in the vast and fertile region watered by the Congo and its tributaries. The Great Powers at Berlin framed and ratified a constitution for the Free State, carrying out almost every principle for which Livingstone contended. We cannot see into the future; but for the Congo Free State we wish all peace and prosperity. Livingstone did not live nor die in vain. As he often said, "It will come out right in the end." It has come out, beyond expectation. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

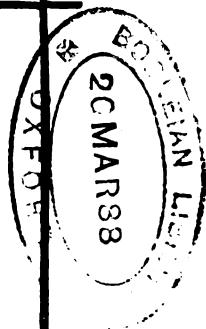
W. G. BLAIRIE, D.D.



JUÁN AND ALFONSO DE VALDÉS.



*The Emperor Charles the Fifth.*



# JUÁN AND ALFONSO DE VALDÉS,

## THE SPANISH REFORMERS.

---

### I.

#### BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF THE BROTHERS DE VALDÉS.

THE family of Valdés was among the most ancient and honourable of the Spanish kingdom of Leon and Castile, having been settled at Cuenca from the latter part of the twelfth century. In fact, that city was founded by Fernando de Valdés, who built magnificent houses and a chapel, and established his family in wealth and reputation. The city, which was the seat of this illustrious house, is situated in a hilly and picturesque district half-way between Madrid and Valencia. Towards the close of the fifteenth century the head of the family was another Fernando de Valdés, who was the hereditary proprietor and governor—called in the Spanish tongue the *Regidor*—of Cuenca.

This Spanish Hidalgo, who seems to have fulfilled the duties of his station with honour, and to have been imbued with liberal ideas such as were at this time beginning to circulate among the upper and educated classes even of Spain, had two sons, both of whom rose to eminence. Even apart from their religious influence, they were both distinguished as courtiers, and as men of letters. Alfonso became Latin Secretary to the Emperor Charles V., and Juan became Chamberlain to Pope Clement VII. And both of them—Juan especially—added by their writings to the wealth of Spanish literature. It is, however, their remarkable position and influence, as spiritual and evangelical Christians, which, at this distance of time, constitute their chief claim to be remembered. Their controversial, expository, and devotional writings have of late been brought again to light, and studied with no little enthusiasm. In an epigram,

written not a generation after his death, Juan de Valdés was thus mentioned by an English divine: "*Valdesio Hispanus scriptore superbiat orbis*" (Of Valdés, as an author, let all Spain be proud). And in our age, when the beginnings of great movements are scrutinised with keen and diligent interest, it is not to be wondered at that a Valdesian literature has sprung up, with the result of proving how considerable and beneficent a part was played by these noble and scholarly Spaniards in the early scenes of the great drama of the Reformation.

Alfonso and Juan have sometimes been confused, but there is no longer room for doubting that these were the names of two separate persons. They were designated by Erasmus and others as twins,—an expression to be taken literally.

There is no certain evidence as to the seat of learning in which these young Spanish gentlemen received their education, but there is no question that they enjoyed the very highest advantages in intellectual training and accomplishments. Alfonso was one of the most elegant Latin writers of his time, and Juan was not only one of the chief acknowledged authorities with regard to his native tongue, but he was also a competent scholar in the two original languages of the Scriptures. There was a tradition that they enjoyed a legal education. However this may be, after completing their academical course, they graduated in the vaster university of the world. As was natural in the case of high-born, gifted, and accomplished young gentlemen, they attached themselves to the brilliant Court of their sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella.

It was mainly the influence of one able and distinguished man, which gave to these two brothers their bias in favour



of freedom of opinion, literary culture, and pure morals. This was Peter Martyr of Anghiera, a native of Arona, a cultivator of the new learning, who had been brought from Italy by the brilliant Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, with the mission of forming the youthful aristocracy of Spain to a higher type of nobility. It is certain that Anghiera was not merely an accomplished man of letters, but also one who took a just view of ecclesiastical affairs, and even of the true nature of religion. He was accustomed to censure the worldliness and profligacy of Churchmen, even of such as occupied the highest stations, not excepting the Papal throne; and expressions occur in his writings from which it appears that he had some glimpse of the duty of private judgment in religion.

## II.

### ALFONSO AS LATIN SECRETARY TO CHARLES V.

In the year 1518 Charles appointed Mercurino de Gattinara as his Chancellor, or chief Minister of State. Not long after, by the influence of Anghiera and of Don Diego Ramirez, the young Alfonso de Valdés was introduced into the Chancery to get training and experience in official duties. He became Secretary to the Chancery, and at the beginning of 1520 was appointed Latin Secretary to the Emperor. From this time, until his death in 1532, he occupied a most important and confidential position, and had thus the means of becoming acquainted with everything of political and ecclesiastical importance that happened, and with most matters of public interest that were discussed, not only in the Empire, but throughout Europe. And these were not ordinary times, for whilst Charles V. of Spain was Emperor, Francis I. was on the throne of France, and Henry VIII. was King of England. Their rivalries and intrigues were more numerous and subtle than the acutest intellect could follow; but no one knew more of them than Valdés. And if these were the great figures in the political

world, those in the ecclesiastical world were not less striking, for the Medicean Leo X.,—a man little better than a Pagan, notwithstanding his love and patronage of letters and art,—was still occupying the Chair of St. Peter, and Luther was rousing Germany to revolt against the abuses of Rome.

Valdés' official position rendered it necessary that he should accompany the Emperor and his Court in the movements which took him from one part of his vast dominions to another. On the 23rd of October, 1520, Charles was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, and his secretary wrote a description of the ceremony in a letter to his friend and master Angghiera.

From this time we are at no loss in tracing the history of Alfonso's mind; letters written by him, and to him, remain in sufficient number to allow us to comprehend his views upon great questions of European and world-wide interest. From his letters to Angghiera we learn what were the impressions made upon the secretary's mind by the great movement which grew into the Reformation. It is evident that at first Valdés regarded Luther and his designs with little favour; he looked at the great contest as one largely growing out of jealousy between the Augustinian and Dominican monks, and at the same time he feared that the estrangement of the Germans from Rome might become incurable unless averted by wise political action. He regarded with favour the proposal of the Germans that a General Council should be summoned to consider, and, if possible, compose the religious differences of the time.

## III.

### LUTHER AND ERASMUS.

In the following year Valdés accompanied his Imperial master to the Diet at Worms, a convention summoned with the view of settling the affairs of the Empire and of religion. He now had the opportunity of judging for him-

self of matters which hitherto he had known only from hearsay. He was present on the memorable occasion when Luther appeared before the Diet, and wrote to Anghiera, describing what took place. Alfonso's narrative agrees with the oft-told story, but the sagacious reflections with which he concludes his account are worthy of being transcribed.

"Here you have, as some imagine, the end of this tragedy, but I am persuaded that it is not the end, but the beginning of it. For I perceive that the minds of the Germans are greatly exasperated against the Romish See; and they do not seem to attach great importance to the Emperor's edicts; for since their publication Luther's books are sold with impunity at every step and corner of the streets and market-places. . . . This evil might have been cured, with the greatest advantage to the Christian republic, had not the Pontiff refused a General Council, had he preferred the public weal to his own private interests. But whilst he obstinately stands upon his right, though possibly from a pious motive, or stopping his ears, he is anxious that Luther be condemned and burned at the stake, I see the whole Christian republic hurried to destruction, unless God Himself succour us."

Like Gattinara, Valdés was in favour of a Council and of reform in the Church, but he had, at this time, no sympathy with Luther. As one of his biographers puts it, he was not a Lutheran, but an *Erasmian*, i.e. a disciple of Erasmus.

There were at this period two opposing tendencies and parties in Spain, as indeed was the case in other countries of Europe. There was a conservative party, wedded to the old order of things, to ecclesiasticism, and scholasticism—a party tolerant of abuses; and another, a liberal party, of which Peter Martyr and the brothers De Valdés were members, in favour of progress, of enlightenment, of increased liberty, of purification. The liberal party among the Spaniards came to follow the banner of Erasmus, who is to be regarded as the chief of

the "moderates" in religion—steering a middle course between a bigoted adherence to the Papacy, and an acceptance of the tenets of the German Reformer.

Erasmus rendered immense service to the cause of Scriptural religion by his contributions to Biblical learning and interpretation, and dealt many a hard blow at the Papal system by his exposure of the ignorance and corruption of the monks. In common with other "humanists," or advocates of sound learning, he prepared the way for Protestantism, but beyond all others of the scholarly order he directly promoted the principles of the Reformation. This, however, he did with timidity; it was a leading principle with him that a schism in the Church should be avoided. And he had no sympathy with religious enthusiasm: whence Luther, Farel, and other leaders of the Reformation, were distasteful to him. It is well known that he attacked Luther's doctrine of the bondage of man's will.

Now, whilst on the one hand the monks in Spain strove to excite public feeling against Erasmus, and to induce the Inquisitor-General to prohibit the circulation of his writings, the enlightened and liberal party rallied round him, read his books, and sympathised alike with his denunciations of Papal abuse, and his satires upon the monks, and with his dislike of Luther, and his dread of schism. Alfonso de Valdés used all his influence with those in high places in Erasmus' favour, and had a share in securing for the great scholar the countenance of the archbishops of Toledo and of Seville. The correspondence which was carried on between Erasmus and Valdés reveals a true friendship, and witnesses to the Dutchman's gratitude to the Spaniard. A letter is extant, written by the Emperor Charles to Erasmus, expressing appreciation of his services, and promising Imperial protection and support. This letter is dated Burgos, 13th of December, 1527, and is believed to be the composi-

tion of the Emperor's secretary, Alfonso de Valdés.

It is a very singular fact that for a long series of years—from 1520 to 1551—there appeared successive translations of the works of Erasmus, published in Spain and in the Spanish language, under the very highest sanction and authority. The *Encheiridion* and the *Colloquies* were included; and the fact is evidence of a wider spread of liberal ideas in the Peninsula than has usually been deemed compatible with subsequent facts. Indeed, the reader should bear in mind that the Spaniards—who afterwards became the most bigoted nation in Europe—were, previously to the epoch of the Reformation, conspicuous above all other people for their defiance of the arbitrary authority of the Popes.

#### IV.

THE BROTHERS DE VALDÉS WRITE DIALOGUES EMBODYING THEIR VIEWS ON AFFAIRS IN CHURCH AND STATE.

In the year 1522 it would seem that Alfonso de Valdés returned with the Emperor, his master, from Germany to Spain. Probably for several years the brothers were much in each other's society; and their intercourse could not but be stimulating to the minds of both, and encouraging with reference to their projects and hopes of Church reform. And what events were transpiring to form the theme of conversation and discussion! The battle of Pavia, in 1525, ruined the power of the French king, who became a prisoner at Madrid. And in 1527 the forces of Charles V., under the Constable Bourbon, assaulted and sacked the city of Rome. This event, though the natural outcome of the political action of Pope Clement VII., who made war upon the Emperor, and suffered the consequences, was nevertheless an event which could not but excite the deepest feeling throughout the whole of Europe. On the one hand, the adherents of the Papacy represented the sack of Rome as a sign of the progress

of irreligion, and as an act of impious rebellion against God, whose vicar the Pope professed to be; whilst, on the other hand, the Reformers and all lovers of liberty rejoiced at a blow delivered with such effect against the temporal ambition and power of the Roman See. Alfonso de Valdés was at Valladolid when the news arrived of the victory of his master's troops; and he resolved to vindicate in writing the action of the Emperor—with whose counsels and political position he was beyond other men perfectly familiar. In fact, he had been concerned in all the great events of the period, and his name is subscribed to Imperial letters of the years 1526 and 1527, addressed to Pope Clement VII. and to the College of Cardinals, in which urgent demands had been made for the summoning of a General Council.

It is a very noteworthy fact that the Providence of God should have placed a man of the character of Alfonso de Valdés in so exalted and influential a position, in closest relations with the most powerful potentate of the time. In many ways he must have aided the progress of Divine truth, and furthered the cause of enlightenment and true religion.

The two brothers, men of character and principles so identical, doubtless conferred with each other regarding the stirring events which had been and still were taking place. As a result of their conferences, there appeared at this time two compositions in the form of Dialogues, which were circulated in manuscript among the intellectual and liberal men who abounded at the Court of Spain. One was entitled *Dialogue of Mercury and Charon*, and contains discussions upon the general politics of the period; the other, *Dialogue treating of the Events that happened at Rome in the year 1527*.

That the two Dialogues were the work of one or other, or of both, of the two brothers, does not admit of any question. But opinions vary, even amongst Valdesian students, with regard

to the part taken severally by the brothers, in the authorship. Some writers think that both Dialogues were joint compositions, Alfonso contributing the political and Juan the religious elements. Others are of opinion that one was the production of one brother and the second of the other. There seems no sufficient evidence to decide the controversy.

Juan de Valdés at a later period wrote other works, both literary and religious; but it is upon these Dialogues that the literary reputation of Alfonso may be said chiefly to rest. As compositions, they are regarded as among the masterpieces of the Spanish language; their purity, elegance, and felicity of diction have elicited praise from all competent students. It is known that they were studied by the Spanish poet Garcilasso de la Vega, and afterwards by the great Cervantes, who were both indebted to them as models of language and style. Both Dialogues afford us insight into the personal character and religious principles of the high-minded and accomplished authors.

### V.

#### THEY EXPOSE THE CORRUPTIONS OF ROMANISM AND TEACH THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The Dialogue between Mercury and Charon shows how far Alfonso was in advance of the religious views current in his time. He was not indeed a Lutheran, but still less was he a Romanist. The disembodied soul, who is depicted as conversing with Charon, gives in the following terms an account of its earthly life, and especially of its sincere endeavours to serve God.

"I reasoned thus: Either the doctrines of the New Testament are true, or they are not; if they are true, is it not gross folly for me to live as I am doing, in opposition to them? If they are false, why do I impose on myself the numerous ceremonies and regulations observed by Christians? Then God enlightened my mind, and knowing the

doctrines of the New Testament to be true, I determined to lay aside superstitions and vices in all their forms, and to occupy myself in following out the former to the best of my poor ability, although friends and relatives placed immense obstacles in the way of my doing so. Some said that I was going mad, and others that I was about to turn monk, whilst I made sport for them all. But from love to Jesus Christ, I bore it all patiently."

In these words there can be no doubt one of these brothers was recording his own experience. And he is evidently expressing his own views when he represents the soul as condemning ambition, pride, and self-indulgence, and as placing no confidence in monkery, in pilgrimages, in fastings, or in other merely external circumstances. Why should he go "to seek at Jerusalem what he had within himself?" He founded neither church nor monastery, for such works were usually suggested by ambition. He confessed to a priest "once a year, in order to comply with the requirements of the Church." His "jubilees and indulgences were resolutions to follow Jesus Christ's teachings." His view of a Christian's death-bed is very touching. The dying man is represented as putting aside all the childish questions and suggestions of the priest who visited him, and concentrating his attention upon eternal realities:

"They asked me whether I wished to die in the habit of St. Francis; I replied, 'Brethren, you know how careful I have ever been to deceive no one; why do you wish me now to seek to deceive God? If I have lived like St. Francis, I am quite certain that Jesus Christ will receive me into Heaven, as He did St. Francis; and if my life has been unlike his, what shall it profit me to let this body be covered here with a garb like his?' It was then late, and I asked them all to go to bed, save a friend whom they might leave there to read to me such passages of Scripture as I might select, and especially the dis-

course which Jesus Christ addressed to His disciples at the Last Supper, every word of which excited and inflamed within me a burning desire to reach His presence who had uttered them. On the morrow they placed a lighted candle in my hand, and I, having the psalm rehearsed which Jesus Christ recited when on the cross, and whilst listening attentively to it, felt that my soul had begun to leave my body; and exclaiming, 'Jesus Christ, receive my sinful soul!' I escaped from the dungeon of the flesh. And I am now journeying to that place where Jesus Christ has promised His people that they shall enjoy His glory."

A passage like this shows how completely the authors of the Dialogue were emancipated from the formal and ceremonial views of religion which Rome had for centuries diffused and sanctioned.

It was, however, the Dialogue upon the sack of Rome which aroused against its authors the bitter hostility of the adherents and representatives of the Papal See. And no wonder; for it contains an indictment against the ambition, the selfishness, the cruelty, the unprincipled politics of Rome, such as could not be repelled, and therefore could not be forgiven. Alfonso's primary design was to vindicate the action of the Emperor, and to show that the Pope had brought upon himself the calamities of which he complained. In carrying out such a purpose the secretary could not but expose the utterly unchristian conduct of the heads of the Church. Valdés derived his facts from unquestionable authority, especially, no doubt, from the Chancellor Gattinara, who had just arrived at Valladolid from Italy. This circumstance doubtless enhanced the interest with which the Dialogue was read when circulated in manuscript among the Spanish courtiers, and among the more liberal-minded among Spanish politicians and scholars.

The Dialogue is between a young knight of the Emperor's Court, named Lactantio, and his friend, the Archdeacon of Viso, just escaped from Rome in the

disguise of a soldier. The ecclesiastic having admitted that the function of the Emperor is to administer justice, and that the Pope is bound not only to teach the doctrine but to follow the example of Christ, Lactantio urges that, as a matter of fact and history, the Pope has fomented war and dissolved peace, and has altogether gone out of his way by entangling himself in political matters; and that the Emperor was consequently justified in chastising him, as a temporal sovereign, for his injustice, cruelty, and perfidy.

The errors, faults, and abuses of the Roman Church could not be more vigorously exposed than in this remarkable Dialogue, which (be it remembered) is not the work of a Lutheran, but of a Spanish courtier, albeit a devout and enlightened Christian. Here, for instance, is a picture of Rome itself. The Archdeacon admits:

"God knows what my heart felt to see that city, which in all reason should have been a virtuous model to the whole world, so full of vices, dishonest dealing, frauds, and flagrant knavery; to see that unblushing sale of offices, benefices, bulls, indulgences, and dispensations, that it seemed to be a mockery of the Christian faith; and that the ministers of the Church had no care, save that of inventing modes to extort money. The Pope had certain figures of the Apostles, which had been cast in gold; these he pawned, and then made an imposition to be paid by the issue of bulls for the redemption of the Apostles!"

What could be more effective than this passage on the avarice of the clergy?

"From the majority of Christ's ministers we can obtain nothing without money. At baptism, money! at confirmation, money! at marriage, money! for holy orders, money! at confession, money! at the Sacrament, money! They will not give extreme unction, unless for money; they will not toll the bells, except for money; they will not bury you within the church, except for money; you shall not hear mass during interdict, except for money! So that Paradise

appears to be closed to those who have no money!"

Were the relics of which Romanists then boasted—and of which, indeed, many of them boast even at the present day—ever more justly ridiculed than in this Dialogue?

"I have seen the head of St. John the Baptist at Rome and at Amiens. As to the Apostles, we shall find more than twenty-four of them in different parts of the world. . . . If all the pieces of the cross which they pretend to show you were collected together, they would make a cart-load. The teeth which our Lord shed when a child exceed five hundred."

He mentions many absurdities exhibited; e.g., a bit of the brook Kedron, a part of the Angel Gabriel's wing, the shadow of St. James's staff, the feathers of the Holy Spirit, etc.

The author of this Dialogue gives his own view of the purpose for which men like Erasmus and Luther were raised up by the providence of God. He maintains that, since the Roman pontiffs and their satellites would not learn from the prophets, the evangelists, or the Fathers of the Church, God sent "that excellent man, Erasmus of Rotterdam," to expose the prevalent vices and frauds.

"As this did not improve them at all, but on the contrary their vices and evil habits waxed worse daily, God deigned to employ another mode for their conversion, and permitted that monk, Martin Luther, to rise up, who not only lost all shame with reference to them by publishing their vices in the most unsparing manner, but drew away many nations from obedience to their prelates, so that if you would not be converted from a sense of shame, you might at least by the fear lest you should lose the revenues which you derived from Germany."

But the author is not satisfied to denounce and expose abuses; he would build up the edifice of spiritual religion: "The surest way," he says, "of arriving at salvation, is that which Jesus Christ has proposed—to love God above all

things, and to place all one's trust in Christ."

## VI.

### ALFONSO'S TRAVELS WITH THE EMPEROR.

It is not surprising that the emissaries of Rome were alarmed at the impression which this Dialogue made among the Spanish nobility and Court officials. Castiglione, the Papal Nuncio to the Court of Spain, procured a copy of the work—it would appear, through the treachery of a fellow-official and former friend of Valdés. The Nuncio denounced the Dialogue to the Emperor, and sought to put the terrible machinery of the Inquisition in motion against its author. The grievance was that Valdés had spoken evil of the Pope, and had written in a way fitted to bring the Roman See into contempt. Letters are extant from which we learn that Valdés, on his part, justified his treatment of the subject, whilst Castiglione reviled his correspondent in the most violent and threatening language. It is very creditable to the justice and patriotism of those in the highest ecclesiastical position in Spain, that they exonerated the accused from the charge of Lutheranism, and refused to proceed against him. Charles himself still continued to treat his secretary with confidence. The death of Castiglione, early in 1529, relieved Valdés of further concern or alarm, at all events for a time.

In the summer of 1529 the Emperor Charles left Spain for Italy, and took with him, in his suite, his secretary. Alfonso de Valdés, who now quitted his native land—never to return. The progress of the Emperor through Italy is matter of history, with which we are not here specially concerned; the route was by Genoa to Piacenza, and thence by Parma to Bologna, where the meeting took place between Charles and Pope Clement, who were now reconciled. At Piacenza there came from Germany three deputies from the Protestant cities, to present to the Emperor the protest of the Diet of Spire, and again to request the

calling of a General Council to consider and settle matters of religion. Gattinara and Valdés introduced the deputation, but Charles received the demands unfavourably, and even imprisoned the delegates. About this time Valdés' friend Gattinara received a cardinal's hat; the elevation of his chief was an additional pledge of the secretary's security.

Valdés was witness to the public meeting of Pope and Emperor at Bologna, where the sovereign knelt before the Pontiff, and received from his hands the iron crown of Lombardy. Here, too, Valdés received letters from his friend Erasmus. At this time politics and religion were strangely intermixed. Charles seems to have been growingly inclined to support the Pope, in opposition to the Protestant States of Germany; the Pope urged him to make an end of the Reformation by force of arms, and this he would perhaps have done had not the progress of the Turks inspired him to view with alarm the prospect of any dissension within the Empire. The Emperor summoned a Diet of the States to meet at Augsburg in the spring of 1530, to consider the progress of the Turks, and to settle religious difficulties.

It was on the road northwards, when the Emperor and his suite were at Innspruck, that Valdés sustained the heaviest loss that could befall him, in the death of the Grand Chancellor, Gattinara, his enlightened and liberal-minded friend and patron. About the same time died his father, Don Fernando. A letter is extant, written by Erasmus, to console his friend Alfonso upon these severe bereavements.

## VII.

### ALFONSO'S INTERVIEW WITH MELANCHTHON.

The Imperial party arrived at Augsburg in June, and it was at this place and time that there occurred one of the most interesting episodes in the official life of Valdés. Charles was in a very difficult position. On the one hand, he wished to remain in league with the Pope, and to prevent schism in the

Church. On the other hand, his eyes were open to the corruptions of the Papal system, and a General Council seemed to him a reasonable remedy, whilst he was naturally most averse to any course which should alienate from him the Protestant princes of Germany, and should deprive him of their military aid. It was arranged that Valdés, probably as a scholar and known advocate of reform, should meet with Melanchthon, the most amiable and conciliatory of the Protestants, and that the two men should consult with a view of finding some *modus vivendi*, if nothing better. Valdés explained to Melanchthon how grossly the Lutherans were misrepresented among the Spaniards, who believed the followers of Luther to have rejected the doctrines of the Trinity and the Deity of Christ, and who thought it more meritorious to slay a Lutheran than even a Turk! Philip, on the other hand, showed Alfonso how firmly the Lutherans held all the great doctrines of Christianity. Valdés reported the substance of the conversation to his Imperial master, who admitted that there seemed to be nothing in the tenets of the Lutherans which was contrary to the standards of the Roman Church, and who directed his secretary to procure from Melanchthon, as the representative of the Protestant party, a statement in brief of the religious doctrines held by the Lutherans. Such was the origin of the famous "Confession of Augsburg."

Alfonso de Valdés thus performed the part of a mediator between the Papal legate on the one hand, and the Re-forming theologian on the other. The differences were reduced within a narrow compass. The controversy was limited to the Sacrament in both kinds, the marriage of the clergy, and the abolition of private masses; if Rome would give way upon these points, the moderate Lutherans were willing to return to her communion. It seems that there was a disposition to yield upon the first and second of these points, but not upon the third. Valdés, as a man of the world,

saw that these were differences too deep to admit of a compromise. However, it was through his agency that the way was prepared for the "public reading of the Protestant Confession in the presence of the Emperor and of the powers of the realm." And thus an impression was produced which bore fruit at the Diet of Ratisbon, in the improved position of the Reformed party.

### VIII.

#### ALFONSO'S DEATH.

In 1531 we find Alfonso de Valdés at Brussels, whether engaged upon any public service, there are no means of knowing. But a letter from the Papal Nuncio Alexander to the secretary of the Pope is held to refer to him; it speaks of a noble and scholarly courtier who, whilst in the habit of speaking against the Lutherans, really aided and abetted them, and who was wont to extol to the clouds the merits of Erasmus.

Valdés was well aware of the hostility entertained towards him by the rank and file of the Papal party; he knew that, if he returned to Spain, such was the hatred of the monks towards him, especially as author of the Dialogues, that not even the Emperor himself could preserve him from a violent death.

At the end of the year, Alfonso left Brussels, and joined the Emperor's Court at Vienna. Here, in the autumn of 1532, whilst in the prime of life, he was cut off by death. The circumstances of his decease are related in a letter from Thomas Cranmer to Henry VIII. This letter tells of "a great infection of the plague, whereof many of the Emperor's household died, and among others Waldesius, a Spaniard, the Emperor's chief secretary, who enjoyed his singular favour. He was well learned in the Latin tongue, and partly in the Greek; and whensoever the Emperor would have anything well and exactly done in the Latin tongue, it was ever put to Waldesius."

### IX.

#### JUAN DE VALDÉS LEAVES SPAIN FOR NAPLES, AND BECOMES CHAMBERLAIN TO THE POPE.

The more interesting and better known part of Juan de Valdés' life comprises the years from 1530 to his death in 1541, and especially the last eight of these eleven years, those which followed the death of his brother Alfonso in 1532. In turning from Alfonso to Juan, the student of these biographies is conscious of a very marked transition. Both brothers were courtiers, scholars, and Christians. Yet there is a decided difference between them. From circumstances, and probably from choice, Alfonso led a life actively devoted to public business, to political affairs. Juan, on the other hand, was more distinctively the interpreter of Scripture, the mystic theologian, the pastor of inquiring and noble souls.

It is known that, like his brother, Juan attached himself to the Court of the Emperor Charles, and mixed with the highest society of the age. This was between the years 1522 and 1529. He has himself told us that in his early manhood he was addicted to the reading of romances and novels, and tales of chivalry, which at that period were so popular in Spain. But the influence of the society of his brother Alfonso, and the influence of the writings of Erasmus, seem to have been the means used for awakening this young Spanish gentleman to a higher and nobler life. He was addressed by Erasmus in 1528 as "highly-honoured young man," and the Dutchman congratulates him upon being "devoted to the study of the liberal arts, with a view to the enrichment with all kinds of ornaments, of a spirit born for virtue." His own writings bear abundant evidence, not only of great natural gifts of intellect, but of that culture of taste and polish of style which only thorough and prolonged study can impart.

After the publication—if it may be so



called—of the two “Dialogues,” it was growingly evident that Spain was no longer a safe residence for the brothers De Valdés. A letter of Erasmus gives us to understand that opponents of the Truth were numerous and powerful in the Peninsula—“nests of vicious hornets,” he calls them. Notwithstanding the powerful patronage by which these brothers were supported, the position of men who had in so outspoken and unsparing a way exposed and denounced the corruptions of the Church, was precarious and even perilous. The Inquisition, the unsleeping and ruthless foe of all Reform, was ready, upon the first opportunity, to crush those who so fearlessly asserted the spirituality of religion, and so vigorously, by the weapons of truth and sarcasm, attacked the hypocrisy of the ecclesiastics.

Juán de Valdés repaired to Naples, in which kingdom the Inquisition had not yet been established. In 1531 he left Naples, and went to Rome. There is some obscurity about this period in Juan's life. It is certain that at Rome he enjoyed the friendship of Sepulveda, the historian, who in writing to Alfonso, expressed his attachment to the brother, and made allusion to the remarkable resemblance between the two. And it is also certain, from an extant letter in Juan's own handwriting, to Dantiscus, bishop of Culm, that, at the beginning of 1533, he—Juan—was at Bologna, and in attendance upon the Pope, Clement VII. In this letter he refers to his deceased brother, and begs that the friendship which his correspondent had shown to his brother might be enjoyed by himself. And it seems highly probable that, at this time, Juan de Valdés was *Camarero* (Chamberlain) to the Pope. At the beginning of 1533, when he held this office, the Pope and the Emperor were at Bologna; and it was then that the Pope consented to the convocation of a General Council. We thus observe Juan occupying at this period a most eminent and confidential

position, and one which must have afforded him great opportunities for acquaintance with public affairs, both Imperial and Papal. The Pope may have nominated the author of the “Dialogue” to this post with a view to conciliate his former enemy, Charles V. But as we can hardly believe it to have been a congenial office, it can occasion us no surprise to find that later in the same year he quitted Rome, and returned to Naples. It is a singular episode in his life, but one which must have been the occasion of enlarging his experience, and doubtless of strengthening his convictions regarding Reform.

## X.

### JUÁN AT NAPLES, THE CENTRE OF A SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.

At Naples Juan de Valdés resided during the eight years which preceded his death. Here it was that the great work of his life was accomplished. He had at this time become possessed with the conviction that all external observances and organisations are of very inferior importance, and that what is chiefly to be sought is the indwelling within the individual soul of the Word and the Spirit of God. To the enterprise of spreading the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, this high-minded and holy man henceforth devoted all his abilities and all his energies. The two methods by which he sought to promote the truth were: personal intercourse with intelligent, pure, and open natures; and the exposition and enforcement of the lessons of Holy Scripture. His success in his evangelistic efforts remains now to be related.

It must not, however, be imagined that Valdés despised human learning. When in Rome he had studied with eager interest both general literature and natural science, though in what directions this latter pursuit interested and led him, we do not know. He had also made a collection of Spanish proverbs, which unfortunately has been

lost. But Valdés was as diligent and accurate a student, as he was an elegant writer, of his native tongue. A party of Italians and Spaniards were, upon Valdés' return to Naples, accustomed to meet together for intellectual conversation. Appreciating his singular and felicitous acquaintance with the Spanish language, his friends induced Juan to discourse to them on successive days upon this congenial theme. A reporter was concealed in the apartment, who took notes of the conversation which was carried on among the friends, and in which Valdés spoke as the authoritative instructor. At the request of his friends, Valdés consented to correct and revise the notes. This was the origin of the *Diálogo de la Lengua*, which is characterised by Wiffen as "a production of great beauty, in which wit and learning are charmingly blended with graceful turns of individual character, and which will be read with pleasure by every student of the Spanish language, for its intelligence and discriminating good sense." As a standard of the Castilian tongue, giving upon the best authority, judgments upon orthography, style, idioms, etc., this Dialogue ranked very high, and many of the great writers of Spain have been indebted to it for their accuracy and elegance. For two hundred years it lay hidden in manuscript, but in the last century was recovered and given by means of the press to the world of letters.

In the year 1536, Valdés accompanied Charles V., who had visited Naples, to the city of the Popes. How long he remained there is not known, but we get a glimpse of his personal appearance, and of the impression he produced upon his contemporaries, in a brief description relating to this period of history. A chronicler records: "There came with Charles V. to Rome one Don Juan de Valdés, a Spanish nobleman. . . He was, as the Cardinal of Monreale, who remembered him, told me, of a fair countenance, very sweet manners, and soft and attractive speech; he professed a

knowledge of languages, and of the Holy Scriptures."<sup>1</sup>

Upon his return from Rome to Naples, Juan de Valdés settled down to the mode of life which characterised him to the end.

He resided in the vice-regal palace, a house with charming gardens by the borders of the most beautiful bay in Europe. Here he received the many friends who were drawn around him by the attractions alike of his society and of his religious teaching. It was in this singular manner that a Spaniard became the chief promoter of the Reformation of religion in Italy. Valdés' life was in outward circumstances the life of a retired scholar, yet few men have exercised a more powerful, though subtle and gentle, influence for good. This was owing to the fact, that his social position and his scholarship, added to the fascinations of his society and the depth of his insight into truth, drew around him men and women of no ordinary type, but of the first rank in ability, learning, and character.

## XI.

### THE FRIENDS AND SCHOLARS OF JUÁN DE VALDÉS.

It may be well to glance at some of the more prominent among those who formed this interesting circle. Among the ecclesiastics who looked to Valdés as leader and teacher in Divine truth, was Peter Martyr, Vermiglio, a well born and highly educated gentleman, a student of the Scriptures in the original languages, a powerful preacher, and abbot of a monastery in Naples. He was a warm friend of Valdés, and was accustomed to attend the religious meetings held at his house. Peter Martyr is well known to readers of the history of the Reformation in England; when compelled to flee from Italy, he, by the invitation of Cranmer, took refuge in our country, where he exercised a powerful influence for good.

<sup>1</sup> It is to be regretted that no portrait of either of the brothers De Valdés is known to exist.

Bernardino Ochino was at this time the most powerful preacher in all Italy. Charles V., who heard him preach when at Naples, declared that his eloquence was such as might move the very stones to tears. It is known that Ochino derived both his doctrines and the inspiration of his fervent ministry from Valdés. He, like Peter Martyr, when exiled from Italy, found a refuge and a sphere of work in an English university.

To these names may be added others. Marc Anthony Flaminio, the poet; Jacopo Bonfadio, the poet and historian; Giulio da Milano, a professor of theology; Galeota, an accomplished Neapolitan gentleman; Cusano, a distinguished Greek scholar; Mollio, a learned lecturer, and many besides, were accustomed to assemble with what has been called "the Church of Naples" in Valdés' apartments, there to enjoy Christian communion, and to reap the ripe fruits of the master's scholarship and thought.

One of the most interesting personages in this evangelical fellowship was Pietro Carnesecchi, the protonotary of Pope Clement VII. By birth a Florentine patrician, by education a scholar, this distinguished man was in the confidence of the Pope, and was deemed the real administrator of the Church. During his residence at Naples, he became intimate with Valdés, and received from him the impulse to a more spiritual apprehension of Christianity. Accused of heresy, he powerfully and successfully defended himself from the charge, and lived for many years at Naples, a witness to Christ. But in the year 1567 he was brought before the Inquisition, found guilty of holding the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and was beheaded, after which his body was burned.

Among Valdés' disciples were also some ladies of high birth and spotless character, who became profoundly attached to the truths of the Gospel—to the doctrine of Justification by Faith in Christ, and that of the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit of God in the soul. Among Spanish ladies in this circle were

Isabella Manrique da Bresegna, sister of a cardinal, and Constanza d'Avalos, duchess of Amalfi. Of Italian ladies, those best known were Vittoria Colonna, and especially Giulia de Gonzaga, the latter renowned for her beauty, accomplishments, and virtues. Her loveliness and excellencies were the theme of the verses of Ariosto, and of other distinguished contemporaries. Her celebrated beauty occasioned the almost incredible attempt of the corsair Barbarossa, who in 1534 made a descent upon the coast by Fondi, and attacked her castle, with the intention of capturing the lady, and carrying her off as a present for the Sultan! From this fate Giulia very narrowly escaped. She left Fondi, and took up her abode at Naples, where she maintained a suitable establishment, whilst residing, by permission of the Pope, in a Franciscan convent. With this lady Juan de Valdés was on terms of cordial friendship, and for her special benefit some of his religious treatises were composed. A beautiful portrait of her is prefixed to Mr. Betts's translation of the *CX Considerations*.

## XII.

### THE WRITINGS OF JUÁN DE VALDÉS.

Of Valdés' writings some have only lately been discovered in the Imperial Library of Vienna, and elsewhere, chiefly by the diligence of the learned Dr. Boehmer. They have been found in places in which they had the chance of escaping the diligent search and relentless hostility of the Inquisition. Some of them are not extant in the language in which they were originally written.

Some account must here be given of the writings of Juan de Valdés upon religious and especially Scriptural subjects. The *Christian Alphabet* (*Alfabeto Cristiano*) was originally written for the benefit of Giulia Gonzaga. This lady had been passing through much harassing trouble, arising from differences with relatives regarding property. When in mental distress she on one occasion

heard the great preacher, Ochino, whose discourse produced a profound impression upon her mind. Upon leaving the church in company with Valdés, she spoke frankly to him of her spiritual conflicts, and he at some length conversed with her, and opened up before her the way of peace by perfect faith in Christ, and consecration of heart and life to Him. At her request, Valdés expanded this conversation, and produced a treatise in the form of a Dialogue, treating of the elements of practical Christianity. The redemption of Christ is represented as the foundation of the believer's peace and hope; and the love of Christ is exhibited as the motive to consecration, obedience, and holiness. This treatise was lost for centuries, and has only recently been recovered and presented to the world. It fulfilled its first purpose in leading the duchess, for whom it was written, into the path of true peace. She withdrew her mind from worldly affairs, fixed it upon the Saviour, and devoted her life to the study of His Word, and to the relief, instruction, and service of those for whom He died.

It was for the benefit of the same lady that Valdés wrote his Commentaries upon several books of Scripture. It seems probable that all these expositions were offered to the company of friends who assembled at Valdés' house on the Lord's day. They originated, not in an ordinary love of study, but in a ministerial solicitude for the enlightenment and guidance of human souls.

Valdés was a Hebrew scholar, and translated the Psalms into Spanish, accompanying his translation with expository notes, and prefixing a dedication, in which he most plainly sets forth that justification is the source, and not the result, of an obedient and holy life. He also prepared Commentaries upon the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and upon St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and to the Corinthians. These Commentaries are of a very spiritual—of what is called an experi-

mental character; and may still be read with profit by the devout Christian, and by the sincere seeker after Divine Truth. There is a seriousness and earnestness of tone which is felt by a sympathetic reader as peculiarly impressive.

The *Benefit of Christ* (*Beneficio di Christo crocifisso verso i christiani*) was printed at Venice, which at this time was the emporium for Protestant literature, and is said to have been circulated in tens of thousands of copies. The authorship of this popular treatise, in which the doctrine of Justification by Faith is set forth with great explicitness, has been attributed to Valdés, but it is now known to have been the production of a Benedictine monk named Don Benedetto da Mantua.

Valdés himself gives us a clear insight into the practical purpose which he had before him in translating and writing Commentaries upon the books of Holy Scripture; it is to be found in the Preface prefixed to his Spanish version and exposition of St. Paul's Epistles. Here is the first sentence of his dedicatory letter, addressed to Giulia Gonzaga:—

"Being persuaded, most illustrious lady, that by the constant perusal of the Psalms of David, which I (having translated them from Hebrew into Spanish) sent you last year, you will have moulded within you a mind as pious and as confiding in God, and as submissive to God in all things, as was that of David: and desirous that you, advancing still further, should mould within you a mind, as perfect, as stable, and as constant in things pertaining to the Gospel of Christ as was that of St. Paul, I now send you these Epistles of St. Paul, translated from the Greek into Spanish, by the continual reading of which I am certain that you will greatly progress in spiritual edification."

The work by which Valdés is best known, and which is perhaps the truest and fullest expression of his mind and heart, is the *CX Considerations*. There is no formal unity in this work, but

there is the higher unity which arises from the presence throughout of the great ideas of the spirituality of religion, the debt of the Christian to Divine grace, the joy of fellowship with, and consecration to, the Saviour God. The *Meditations*—for such they are—constitute a series which may probably have engaged the minds of the Neapolitan Brotherhood on successive Lord's days for a lengthened period. The book is one which should be used as a work of devotion, and a stimulus to faith and charity.

More than a century after Valdés' death, Morhof wrote thus of Valdés and the "*Considerations*":

"Those *Considerations* of his are full of piety, and evidently written with the taste of a purer theology than the common, so that there is no pontifical leaven to be found in them. And it is altogether wonderful that even in that age there were men concealed under Papal darkness, who profoundly fathomed the depths of religious mysteries."

The evangelical tone and spiritual discernment of Juan de Valdes may be judged from the following brief extracts from several of his published works.

"If you wish to banish all fear from your soul, love Christ; for no fear can dwell in the soul which sets its view with a lively and efficacious apprehension on Christ crucified, considering with entire faith that Christ made atonement and payment for it."

Christ, by His suffering, "established a new covenant between God and mankind, annulling and making void the old. And the new covenant is, that we, mankind, should believe ourselves to be justified by the blood of Jesus Christ, and that Christ justifies us, forgiving our sins."

"The law teaches us what we have to do; the gospel gives us spirit by which we are enabled to fulfil it. The law makes the wound, the gospel heals it; the law slays, the gospel gives life."

"It rightly follows that there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ

Jesus, who are His living members. And seeking to give a token whereby it may be known who the men are who are in Christ Jesus, He says that they are those who live in this present life, not carrying out the affections and lusts of the flesh, but the movements and inspirations of the Holy Spirit. So that 'to be in Christ Jesus,' is the same as to be true and living members of Christ, and that it is the profession of those, who are the members of Christ, to follow the Spirit and not the flesh: 'walk,' is the same as life and converse."

"As to the manner in which St. Paul understands that the Spirit of God witnesses with our spirit, or to our spirit, that we are children of God, since it is an inward thing, I do not think that it can be made intelligible, save to those who feel it—feeling inward peace with God, freedom from the law, union with God which is through love, and finally all those inward loving motions and affections most like to those which a loving and obedient son has to his father."

### XIII.

#### THE DEATH AND CHARACTER OF JUÁN DE VALDÉS.

The date of Juan de Valdés' death is fixed by an expression in a letter of Carnesecchi, who says that his friend and master died a few months after his (Carnesecchi's) departure from Naples for Rome, which took place in May 1541. It was accordingly in the autumn of that year that Valdés quitted his little fellowship of intelligent and pure-minded Christians at Naples, for the society of the Church triumphant above. His end was tranquil and happy. He was visited in his last moments by the Archbishop of Otranto, who was one of his friends and scholars.

His loss was severely felt and sincerely mourned. One of his disciples wrote to another—but a few days after the bereavement: "This is a great loss for us and for the world, for Valdés was one of the rarest men in Europe, as is proved by

his writings upon the Psalms and St. Paul's Epistles. He was doubtless a man accomplished in acts, in words, and in all his feelings." Such was the witness of Bonfadio. And it is recorded that when at Venice, in 1543, the Archbishop of Otranto, then a member of the Council of Trent, saw Carneseccchi for the first time after Valdés' death, they passed an evening together, vying one with another in reciting the praises of their beloved and sainted master.

The following testimony is borne to our author by his eminent countryman, Juan Perez de Pineda, a diplomatist, Churchman, and scholar of the sixteenth century. Introducing the Commentary by Valdés upon the Epistle to the Romans, Perez says :

"The author who composed this book was a Cavalier, both noble and wealthy. But he piously and wisely considered that true nobility consisted, not in holding himself to be of bluer blood than others, but in being an imitator of Christ, and in obeying the laws of Christian chivalry. . . . He devoted himself to the study of sacred letters. . . . He did not thereby aim to rank amongst those sages whom the world esteems, but to be a Christian, classed among those whom God approves."

One other testimony shall be added : Celio Secondo Curione wrote in 1550, with reference to the *CX Considerations* : "No writer has soared to such a height, nor demonstrated so powerfully, nor reasoned so sweetly, nor with such majesty, nor with such authority, nor with such grace, as our Valdés."

Valdés was taken away from the evil to come. The few years of peace and liberty allowed to him at Naples had been wisely and faithfully employed. Seeds of truth had been sown in many minds, and books had been written which Providence did not intend to perish. But after his death "persecu-

tion arose." The disciples of Valdés were scattered ; some died the martyr's death, and some settled in distant lands, and diffused far and wide the seeds of spiritual truth.

Giulia Gonzaga lived many years after in her retirement at Naples, holding and practising the truths she had received from the lips and the pen of Valdés. At last she was summoned to Rome to answer to a charge of heresy ; but before proceedings could be taken against her, she died at her Neapolitan convent, in the year 1566.

Whether the gatherings which Valdés had held at his villa for religious edification and fellowship were kept up after his death, there is no evidence to determine. There is no doubt as to the spread of Valdés' doctrines, especially among the educated classes of Naples. A Roman Catholic writer has estimated that no fewer than 3000 persons, especially those engaged in education, were by the Spaniard's influence led to adopt the Reformed doctrines.

Thus these noble brothers furnish us, not only with an example of the power of Divine grace and Divine truth over the heart and life of true Christians, but with a proof of the presence and operation of the Spirit of God in times and amidst circumstances which might justly be deemed unfavourable to spiritual and vital religion. And their lives and writings show us that the love of truth and the service of Christ may be found in association with worldly greatness, and may shine all the more brightly in contrast with prevalent error, corruption, and hypocrisy. They were rejected by Spain ; but they were accepted by God. The enemies of truth sought their life, and endeavoured to destroy their writings ; but the seed of God proved itself then, as always, incorruptible and imperishable.

J. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A.

GEORGE BURDER,  
FOUNDER OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.





# GEORGE BURDER.

---

## I.

### HIS TIMES AND HIS WORK.

THE career of GEORGE BURDER, the principal founder of the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, notably illustrates those forms of Christian activity which signalized the latter part of the eighteenth century. The "Great Revival" under Wesley, Whitefield, and their coadjutors, had left behind it a glow and energy hitherto unknown in the churches; and among those who kept alive the sacred flame, Burder was one of the foremost. He was, in the best sense, a man of the time, quick to perceive and competent to meet the special needs of his generation. He seems to have been always at work: unceasing, unceasing; lucid in speech, if never brilliant; strong and decided in action, if not strikingly original; rarely perhaps impassioned, but constant and intense in his earnestness; with a vigour of understanding and practical good sense that fitted him to take the lead in the enterprises of Christian charity devised, in those stirring years, by an awakening Church. Burder's *Village Sermons*, now little read, were in their day models of the most effective evangelical preaching; his *Tracts*, also, have had their day; but in their popular and forceful exposition of Christian truth they pointed in the direction in which a multitude of writers have happily followed; while no history of the SUNDAY SCHOOL system, or of the MISSIONARY enterprise, would be complete which did not include the reverent and honourable mention of his name.

The career of Mr. Burder thus formed a link between two generations. He entered on life beneath the influence of Whitefield and Wesley, of Fletcher and Romaine; he saw the dawn of the modern missionary era, and in turn influenced the lives of such men as Baptist

Noel and Dr. Leifchild, Dr. Fletcher, Dr. Bennett, the brothers Clayton, and Caleb Morris. The name of a man so honoured in his day, so fitted to be an example and inspiration to ourselves, may well be enshrined in grateful remembrance.

## II.

### HIS EARLY LIFE.

George Burder was born in London, June 5, 1752. His father, Henry Burder, a Puritan of the old school, was a deacon of the Independent church then and now assembling in Fetter Lane. Our first glimpse of the child is as a little mourner, not yet ten years old, shedding tears at his mother's funeral in Bunhill Fields. Next we see him, a "grave and attentive" school-boy, plodding on his way to school in Hatton Garden; soon beginning to learn Latin, and liking it, although "little thinking," as he afterwards said, "that he should ever become a minister." In time he rises to be head of the school, and becomes, as the serious, old-fashioned lad was sure to be, a favourite with the master. His first exercises in public speaking were in Latin orations on the annual school-day, "at the great room of Tunbridge Wells Gardens, near Islington," where he "took pains to excel": in the quaint costume of the day, and with his formal ways, moving the wonder of worthy citizens, and filling his good father's heart with secret delight.

His character from the first was formed under Christian influences. The mother whom he had lost, though always serious and devout, had been brought to full decision under George Whitefield's ministry; and after her death, the father lost no opportunity of pointing his child to Jesus. On George's tenth birthday, it is especially recorded, Mr. Burder talked to the boy very earnestly, urging



him to seek the Lord. After the conversation the little lad went to his chamber, and for the first time poured out his soul in heartfelt prayer. "Surely," he afterwards thought, "I was born of God at that time"; while yet the consciousness of many imperfections made him unable to say how far the change was real. Extracts from a juvenile Diary preserved in his *Autobiography*, vividly show how, like other young people, he was by turns anxious and forgetful. On his sixteenth birthday, he writes: "Alas! one year more is elapsed, but O how little improved! . . . I would once more lie low in the dust, on the consideration of another year's guilt"—with much longing, also, for an "assurance of an interest in Jesus." These, he expressively says, in transcribing the extracts, "are the last memoranda of the sort for several years."

On leaving school, his father, who discerned in his son some artistic powers, apprenticed him to Mr. Isaac Taylor, the engraver,<sup>1</sup> father of the Rev. Isaac Taylor of Ongar, and grandfather of the well-known family of authors, Isaac and Jane Taylor and Mrs. Gilbert. Young Burder's employment brought him into connection with artists; he was also attracted by the theatre, and became a great admirer of Garrick, who was now at the zenith of his powers. In due course the young artist became a student at the newly-formed Royal Academy, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds was President. His professional course seemed fixed, but new influences began secretly to shape his life.

Some wonderful escapes are recorded by him in this part of his career. One day a house fell, in a street leading from the Strand, immediately after he had passed that way. On another occasion, when bathing in the Thames from a boat, with a brother and a friend, all were with difficulty rescued from drowning. These occurrences could not but

awaken serious reflection. He had also become a hearer of Whitefield, at first with mere admiration, comparing him with Garrick; but afterwards with a deeper interest. He especially records how he reported the great preacher's farewell discourses in London, 1769, standing in the midst of dense crowds that thronged the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court-road Chapel, taking down the sermons in shorthand, then sitting up through the night to transcribe the notes, glancing now and then through the window at the comet which was blazing in the sky. One of the sermons was printed, but very incorrectly; Mr. Whitefield's discomposure, and even anger, being a terrible disappointment to the juvenile reporter. "I was too young," writes Burder long afterwards, "for such a task, and too forward."

Some time afterwards we find the youthful artist a frequent hearer of Mr. Romaine, at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, and St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street; also of Captain Scott, an officer in the dragoons, an evangelist of note in his day, afterwards known as the Rev. Jonathan Scott. "From about this time," Burder writes, "I became much more fond of that sort of preaching which was then termed methodistical. I found it really useful to me." The elder Mr. Burder had meantime married a lady of some property, soon after which event the son visited her estates in Shropshire. Here he came under the influence of Fletcher of Madeley, with whose preaching and conversation he was greatly impressed. This intercourse, in fact, proved the turning-point of his life; and in September, 1775, having now attained the age of twenty-three, he was received into the fellowship of the church in the Tabernacle, City Road, Mr. Rowland Hill presiding at the Communion, at seven o'clock in the morning.

### III.

#### FIRST EFFORTS FOR USEFULNESS.

George Burder now began to study Greek and Hebrew, with a view to read

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Isaac Taylor was the Secretary and one of the founders of the "Royal Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain," from which the Royal Academy sprang in 1768. One of his pupils was Thomas Bewick.

the Scriptures in the original. His long latent desire to become a minister of Christ began to take a definite shape. He was one of the original members of the "Evangelical Society," founded early in 1776, for Home Missionary work; and in the summer of that year, on a second visit to Shropshire, he made his first attempt to preach, at a little week-day gathering, in a farmhouse kitchen at Bromstone Heath, near Moreton. On the following Sunday he preached again in the same place. By this time the fame of the young evangelist had spread through the neighbourhood; the farmhouse could no longer hold the congregation, and, adjourning to the shelter of an old oak-tree in the grounds, George Burder discoursed "in the methodistical way," as he writes, from the text: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The notes of this, his first Sunday sermon, were carefully preserved, and in their lucid, easy, yet somewhat formal arrangement, are curiously like the productions of his later days. "Observe," he says, "four things: Who is at the door: at whose door he is: what he does: what he says." After this outline the rest comes naturally. "Who is at the door?—The Amen—the Alpha and Omega—the Prophet, to instruct—the Priest, to atone—the King of kings and Lord of lords." So again, under the last head: "What He says: *If any man*—all sorts: *hear*—men are deaf: *open*—the door is shut and barred: *I will come in*, though the house be dirty and filthy: *I will sup with him*. Christ brings the provision—heavenly bread, living water, pardon, peace, love, assurance, joy": the whole concluding with a fervent appeal to those who have opened the door and to those before whose door He still stands. This fashion of preaching may be somewhat out of date: at any rate, it was a method which impressed the truth upon the memory; and the young artist's first discourse might compare for impressiveness and true usefulness with many a more ambitious and elaborate performance. Once more he

preached in Shropshire, "in Edward Bates's fold," from the words, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," and the next day set off for London, having taken a step, although unconsciously, fraught with happiest consequences to himself and to many generations.

His next effort was with his pen. Three or four months after that Shropshire visit, he wrote and put to press his first work: *Early Piety; or, Memoirs of Children eminently religious*. The little volume met with instant success; and for more than three-quarters of a century held its place in Christian homes. It is now superseded by the multifarious contents of our young people's libraries: but in its quaint simplicity it is interesting still, as reflecting the ways of Christian households when life had fewer interests and excitements than in our more stirring times. "Master Billy and Miss Betsey Goodchild," the small hero and heroine of the book, well represent our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers when they were young. "They were sent," we are told, "by their parents into the country, to a preparatory boarding-school, where they were put under the care of Mrs. Lovegood, a lady of singular piety and wisdom." When they returned home for the Christmas holidays, "they took leave of Mrs. Lovegood with tears of affection, begging her prayers for their safe journey to town." On their arrival, "when they entered the room, after making their obeisance, they ran and begged their parents' blessing." Then, after a while, "behaving themselves so well, they deserved some indulgence; and they had not been at home long, when a great man, John Benevolent, Esq., hearing of them, invited them to his country house at a very pleasant village near London; and he sent his own coach for them too." At Mr. Benevolent's house they saw certain edifying pictures, which he described to them in Bunyan-like style, (and which are engraved as illustrations to the little book). On Twelfth-day there is a "pious assembly" of young

people at Mr. Goodchild's house, when it is proposed that, "instead of the idle diversion of choosing king and queen, which he knew they were above, they should each tell some pretty history which they had read, that might tend to their mutual advantage. This being directly agreed upon, Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild withdrew, leaving only the young people together, that they might speak with the greater advantage." The stories that follow—mostly about good children who died, with the awful example of Jack Perverse by way of contrast,—are related by Miss Mild, Miss Candour, Master Considerate (who puts into capital prose the *Hermit's Tale*, by Parnell); also by Master Tender, Master Prayerful, and other like-minded young gentlemen. In such improving ways the Christmas holidays are spent; and when they came to a close, Master and Miss Goodchild "were on the appointed day again conducted to school, to which they returned with the utmost pleasure; well knowing their need of farther instruction in every branch of useful knowledge." It is likely enough that these prim little people may provoke a smile; but they were realities a hundred years ago,—and in such style was the generation nurtured that gave Sunday Schools, Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Christian Missions, to the world! Our own household life may move less stiffly, more naturally; but let us at least be careful that it is inspired by the same spirit of loving obedience and simple piety!

#### IV.

##### HE ENTERS THE MINISTRY.

George Burder was now a recognised preacher, in many various and unlikely places. Visiting Woolwich on one occasion, he had preached in a hulk to the convicts; and returning in a boat, was hailed by the prisoners in another, who begged also for a sermon. With some doubt, as the captain had not been consulted, Burder went on board. "When I stood up," he says, "many

seemed very thoughtless, and laughed. But we had no sooner begun prayer than a very visible alteration took place in their behaviour: they fell on their knees unasked; the noise of their irons on deck was tremendous; many were affected so as to weep. I then preached a short sermon quite extempore; it was, I think, on repentance." The captain, who had by this time come on board, was very cordial. "I apologized for venturing to preach without his leave: he said he was much pleased, and, sailor-like, swore by his Maker, that "if *that* would not bring them to repentance, nothing would!"

On another visit to Shropshire, in the same year, we find Burder occupied in a round of preaching services. Opposition of the kind then in fashion was aroused against him. A clergyman preached against "the Methodists," and entered into an angry controversy with the zealous young evangelist: in more than one place mobs assembled to disturb the services by clamour, stone-throwing and other insults. Such scenes were frequent in those days. But Burder only hoped that these controversies and excitements would draw larger numbers and be blessed to many souls. Once some rude fellows threw a hedgehog at him, excoriating his skin with its spines. "I little thought," was his only remark, "that I should ever live to shed blood in my Master's cause!" That his father still doubted his call to the work, and had old-fashioned scruples against open-air preaching, was a yet heavier trial; but at last the good old man's scruples were removed, and none rejoiced more ardently than he in the labours and successes of his son.

#### V.

##### WORK AT LANCASTER, 1776-1783.

The decision of George Burder to devote himself entirely to the work of the ministry was brought about through a visit from a Mr. Robert Gardner, of Lancaster, who visited London in quest

of a pastor for that town or for Ulverston. The zealous young artist seemed the man for the post, and after much conference and prayer, Burder resolved to accompany Mr. Gardner to the north. They started on horseback, and arrived after a journey of more than a fortnight, visiting several towns, preaching on the way; a leisurely fashion of travelling, in which Burder always delighted. The impression produced was immediate and great; but many preliminaries had to be settled; Burder made another journey to London, to arrange for the relinquishment of his profession, in which he had already attained considerable success; and it was October before he was formally set apart to the ministry of the Gospel in Lancaster. His good father was perhaps a little uneasy that the work should be undertaken by one who had received no special academical education; and this may have suggested the movement in which he soon afterwards took a leading part, to establish an additional College in London for the training of Nonconformist ministers.<sup>1</sup> This institution, at first called the Evangelical Academy, afterwards Hoxton Academy, subsequently High-bury College, now merged in New College, St. John's Wood, was started at the close of 1778, and is thus inseparably associated with the elder Burder's name. "I hope," writes the good man, "it will please God to smile on this design, and make it the happy means of spreading the light of the knowledge of the glory of Christ, and of gathering in His elect."

George Burder now entered upon a course of unremitting pastoral activity, holding services not only in Lancaster, but at Kendal, Ulverston, Preston, and many other places in Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. In one year (1779) he records in his Diary that he had ridden on horseback 2,500 miles, and

had preached 254 times, without reckoning exhortation at prayer-meetings and addresses in private houses. He had some strange-experiences, characteristic of the times. "I was much interrupted," he writes on one occasion, "by rude people; cows were driven through the congregation, a large black dog was mounted on a boy's shoulders, with a band round his neck, and his paws were made to imitate the motion of my hands." Sometimes the clergyman of the parish would interfere. In one village, near Lancaster, "the minister of the place, who was going with a large hammer in his hand to mend a gate, stopped and talked with me on the impropriety of going there to preach. I pleaded the example of the Apostles and Reformers. He said, 'The times are now much altered.' I allowed they were, but I feared for the worse; and asked if there were no swearers, drunkards, and other immoral persons in his parish; he said there were. 'Then, sir,' said I, 'it is for the sake of such sinners I came here.' The conversation drew together a number of people. The parson departed to mend his gate, and I mounted the chair, hoping to mend the people."

At Preston, on another occasion, when the preaching-room was over a cock-pit used for theatrical performances, the minister and the players happened to be there on the same evening. The singing disturbed the play, which was 'Romeo and Juliet;' and the congregation was considerably startled when the Romeo of the night, in full costume, and with a drawn sword in his hand, made his way into the place of worship, and so expostulated and threatened that the service had to be given up! At Shiffnal, visited in the same journey, a drummer was hired to beat his drum directly before the preacher, so that Mr. Burder had to desist. At Wrexham he had more encouragement. "The people seemed all alive, and sang so loud that it shook the pulpit." Returning from the journey, which had extended to 500 miles, Mr. Burder writes: "I was in company

<sup>1</sup> "The Mile End Academy" (afterwards Homerton College) and "Coward College" had already been established; the latter being then conducted at Wymondley, Herts.

more than once with Mr. John Wesley. I hope I have learned some things from him. He is concise; very logical and regular, yet not formal. He illustrates almost every particular with an anecdote. He keeps up great attention. He rises very early, and preaches at five o'clock. He preached much of love. In whatever he is wrong, he is surely right in preaching up that. O that the Lord would direct our hearts into the love of God! Faith, hope, love, are the whole of religion."

Passages in Burder's letters and diary show that at this time his ministry was largely directed to the explanation of Scripture doctrine. "I am told by judicious people," he writes, "that few, even of Gospel ministers, level their discourses to their auditories, or insist enough on the way in which a sinner must become a saint. These fundamentals are taken for granted too much; hence some that have heard preaching for years, tell me that they never understood these things before." Again: "I confess myself very desirous to simplify the doctrine of faith. It is written and spoken of in such a manner, that few plain people know what to make of it. I see more than ever the necessity of representing it as crediting the Divine testimony, whatever that testimony may be, especially the record God has given of His Son. My own experience agrees in this; for when I credit God, my heart is at rest."

It was this anxiety for clear and definite statement, together with the speaker's intense and earnest conviction, which gave so much power to the *Village Sermons* of later years.

## VI.

### LITERARY LABOURS: "THE GOOD OLD WAY."

Notwithstanding the incessant labours of Mr. Burder in preaching, and in the care of the growing congregation at Lancaster, he still found some time for literary occupation. He had many projects, which were destined to bear fruit

in later years; but the most useful work of this period was a tract entitled, *The Good old Way*, first printed in 1781, and largely circulated for many years. The object was to show that the distinctively evangelical doctrines, then often branded as "methodistical," respecting the Fall of man, the Redemption by Christ, and the law of Christian obedience, were in conformity with the Scriptures and with the Articles and liturgy of the Established Church. Nothing could have been more timely, nothing more calmly conclusive. "Let us see," says Burder, "what good works are. They must be done (1) from a good principle, (2) by a good rule, and (3) for a good end. Next: good works are the genuine fruits of true faith. Every unbeliever is destitute of a good principle; does not work by a good rule; does not aim at a right end. Then: the best works of the best men have no pretensions to merit, nor any share in our justification before God. Nevertheless, 'good works are pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ.' And: by good works we prove our faith to be good. For 'they spring necessarily out of a true and lively faith.'" At every point the argument is fortified by quotations from Scripture, from the Thirty-nine Articles, and from the Book of Homilies. The effect of the tract was great and enduring. A copy was sent by the author to every house in Lancaster, and the fame of the little book spread with a rapidity which to us who are familiar with these views may appear surprising. "It was printed many times over in England and Scotland; and, I suppose, hundreds of thousands were distributed."<sup>1</sup>

"An odd circumstance," writes Burder, "happened, I believe, at Bolton. I was told that two churchwardens, who observed its title, and thought it was written against Methodists and Dissenters, purchased and gave away two hundred copies at the church doors. Sagacious officers!"

<sup>1</sup> The tract was eventually republished by the Religious Tract Society.

## VII.

## REMOVAL TO COVENTRY, 1783.

In the year 1781, Mr. Burder married Miss Sarah Harrison, of Newcastle in Staffordshire, who appears to have been in every respect suited to her husband. They were spared to each other for forty-two years, in truly happy fellowship, although saddened by repeated bereavements; and in after days Mr. and Mrs. Burder had the joy of seeing two of their sons devoted to the ministry of the Gospel—Dr. Henry Forster Burder, of Hackney, tutor also at Highbury College, and the Rev. John Burder, of Stroud.

Two years after Mr. Burder's marriage he removed to Coventry, at the invitation of the church in "West Orchard," in that city. Here he entered on a life not less active than in Lancaster, but more uniform, and with larger and wider Christian associations. The Midland districts of England were at that time the stronghold of Nonconformity, and the Coventry pastor soon found himself the centre of a group of sympathetic fellow-labourers, embracing also many evangelical clergymen of the Established Church, among the foremost of whom was the Rev. Thomas Robinson, of Leicester. Mr. Burder's visits to surrounding towns and villages, along the quiet roads of Warwickshire, were a welcome change from the journeys, often perilous, across the Ulverston sands or over the wild hilly roads of Cumberland and Westmoreland. While fully appreciating the change, he could look back with justifiable satisfaction at what he had been enabled to accomplish during the seven years of his residence in Lancaster. Congregations had been gathered at Ulverston, Bootle, Garstang, Kendal, Kirkby Lonsdale and other places, in which the traditions of Mr. Burder's almost apostolic visits are still cherished after the lapse of a century.

The preaching of Mr. Burder now assumed that form which was to be perpetuated in the *Village Sermons*, and

in many other useful works. His first publication was a series of notes on the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he had delivered to his people at the Monday prayer-meetings. With his love for order and arrangement, he divided Bunyan's work into sections, adding to each his own sensible and Scriptural, if somewhat prosaic, commentary. The book has been long forgotten, like other well-meant works of the kind. The meanings of the immortal dreamer require no guide to point them out. From childhood to old age, the reader finds his own way and learns his own lesson. Not out of place was the criticism of a cottage dame, when asked if she understood the work. "Yes, I understand Bunyan very well; and I hope soon to understand Mr. Burder!" A similar volume of the *Holy War* was afterwards published, but never became widely known.

At Coventry, also, he prepared a collection of Hymns (in 1784) intended as a supplement to Dr. Watts', also introducing "a larger variety of musical measures and tunes." This book was for several years very generally used in Independent congregations. It contains a few hymns by Mr. Burder himself, one of which is found in some modern hymnals. It begins:

"Great the joy when Christians meet;  
Christian fellowship, how sweet!  
When, their theme of praise the same,  
They exalt Jehovah's name."

## VIII.

## VARIOUS LABOURS AT COVENTRY.

One mournful duty which the West Orchard pastor was often called to perform, was the attendance on the last hours of condemned malefactors. The stern criminal code of those days made these calls unhappily frequent, and Mr. Burder records several occasions on which he preached in the County Hall to the prisoners under sentence, in the presence of large congregations. He would also attend the unhappy malefactors to the gallows, speaking at times to the people

from the cart on the way, often also addressing a great concourse in the open air on the Sunday after the execution. One illustration of a state of things which has now passed away will be sufficient. At a visit to Warwick, Mr. Burder attended the execution of three men; one was a coiner, the other two were housebreakers. "One circumstance," he writes, "affected me very deeply. All the three were on ladders—then the mode of execution,—with the ropes about their necks, about to be turned off, when the coiner, endeavouring to fortify his mind in this awful situation, uttered words to this purpose, which I distinctly heard, being at a short distance: 'I never killed anybody, I never hurt anybody; I hope the Lord will have mercy upon me.' This poor creature seemed to die exactly in the spirit of the Pharisee—'I thank God I am not as other men are, or as this publican;' for I thought he alluded to the two thieves suffering with him, who had robbed the Bull Inn, I think, in Birmingham. I was so deeply affected, that I could scarcely refrain from crying out to the man, 'Do not trust to your own righteousness; look to Christ!' It has often occurred to me as one of the most glaring instances of a self-righteous spirit that I ever knew."

In connection with Mr. Burder's early ministry at Coventry, it is interesting to notice his employment of methods that have since become part of the regular work of the churches. Thus we have the germ of "mission halls" in his Diary "The town being of considerable length, I thought that if a large room were fitted up in one of its extremities, persons might be induced to hear the Gospel, who could not come from any distance to the chapel. I therefore looked out for a place, and met with an old shop, not in use, which I fitted up. Here I began to preach on Friday evenings; and here, I have reason to believe, some were called by grace, two or three of whom afterwards went into the ministry. Here I preached in a way some-

what extempore, having a few outlines of a sermon, new or old: and I think I was enabled to dispense many great truths in a simple manner." Similarly we find the suggestion of what are now so frequent as "Bible Readings." "In two or three private houses also," writes Mr. Burder, "I expounded, sitting in a chair."

The establishment of Sunday-schools in Coventry, in the year 1785, was in great measure due to the West Orchard pastor. These institutions, originated at Gloucester by Robert Raikes in 1780, had already been established in Manchester, Birmingham, and many other places, when Mr. Burder wrote a letter to the *Coventry Mercury* (August 1, 1785), urging the adoption of a similar plan. A committee was formed, and action immediately taken. The schools were to be entirely undenominational, supported by public subscription, and "the parents of the children were to choose what place of worship they should attend." The plan in this form lasted only two or three years, it being found necessary for the success of the project that Churchmen and Nonconformists should act separately; and the Sunday-school work was taken up in Coventry, as elsewhere, by the individual congregations, in that form being crowned with signal success.

## IX.

### LITERARY AND EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Five years after his settlement in Coventry, Mr. Burder was called to mourn the loss of his excellent father, also of his stepmother, who died within a day or two of each other, and were buried together in one grave. By this event, soon followed by the decease of Burder's only brother, he came into the possession of sufficient property to enable him to carry out his larger plans of usefulness. The times were stirring, and in many ways the Coventry pastor was called to take a leading part. In 1790, he united with the Nonconformists of the Midland

counties in a movement for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; but he adds: "I had no great satisfaction in the meeting. A General Baptist minister (Unitarian) gave notice, at the close, that a political sermon would be preached that evening, which was done; but I disliked it." The next year witnessed the Birmingham riots, occasioned by an attempt to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution. Dr. Priestley's meeting-house was burned down, with one or two other chapels, and the private houses of many opulent Dissenters. Coventry was threatened, it being rumoured that Dr. Priestley had taken refuge in that city. Mr. and Mrs. Burder had their plate and writings packed up, to be ready for departure on the first alarm. But some troops arrived, and no attack was made. The incident well illustrates the feverish condition of the public mind. But in the midst of all, Burder felt that his first concern was with the souls of men. If he mingled in public affairs, he desired to do so as a Christian believer, and with the aim of bringing Christian principles to bear upon the community. So during the exciting days and scenes that followed, he, like many others of his time, maintained a calm and even course, ready in every lawful way to vindicate the cause of liberty, yet chiefly intent, amid the tumults of war and the convulsions of the world, upon the concerns of the "Kingdom that cannot be moved."

An abridgment of Owen *On the Holy Spirit* was his next literary work (1792), and was as successful as abridgments can be expected to be. It was well received by many students of Owen who yet felt the prolixity of the great Puritan's style. Joseph Milner, the Church historian, writes to Mr. Burder: "It is peculiarly suitable to the present time, because the contempt of the Holy Spirit and His operations has proceeded to a marvellous height, beyond the example of former ages; a sure sign that self-conceit and self-sufficiency have strongly increased."

One result of Mr. Burder's hard work on Owen's treatise is worth noticing, as an indication of his energy as a minister. In the next month he was very unwell, and laid aside from preaching one Lord's day. "This," he writes, "was the first silent Sabbath I have ever had since I entered into the ministry."

In the next year we find Mr. Burder active in promoting the formation of a "Warwickshire Association of Ministers for the spread of the Gospel both at home and abroad." The first object of the Association was to engage and employ two itinerant preachers for the country, it being also "resolved that the Committee (Dr. Williams of Birmingham, Messrs. Burder of Coventry and Moody of Warwick) be empowered to procure *religious tracts* to the value of five pounds, and to distribute them by the itinerant preachers, and otherwise, in the county."<sup>1</sup> But the plan soon widened, after the example of Dr. Carey and his colleagues, whose enterprise also sprang from the Midland district of England; and in September, 1795, we find "brethren Sir Egerton Leigh, Messrs. Little and Burder" deputed by the Association to attend a general meeting in London to assist in promoting a Missionary Society to attempt the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. "It is an interesting fact," writes the late Rev. E. H. Delf, one of Mr. Burder's successors at Coventry, "that the first money ever contributed to the London Missionary Society was raised at a meeting held in the vestry of West Orchard chapel." Mr. Burder was one of the first directors of the Society; and among the earliest missionaries, "preachers, artificers, and the wives of some of them" sent out to Otaheite were members of his Coventry congregation.

## X.

### PERSECUTIONS.

The home work of this Warwickshire Association was attended by some of those characteristic efforts at opposition

<sup>1</sup> Resolution, Coventry, January 8, 1794.



and persecution which had marked Mr. Burder's early ministry at Lancaster. At one village, a sham recruiting-serjeant pretended to enlist the itinerant, and shut him up in a public-house during the time appointed for the service. Sir Egerton Leigh was the object of rancorous hostility, and at Wolston, six miles from Coventry, bitter persecution was carried on, a conspiracy being formed to murder Sir Egerton; providentially frustrated, as it appeared, by the refusal of his horse to pass through a gate into the lane where the would-be assassins were stationed. An attempt was next made to indict one of the itinerants, a Mr. Wootton, for sedition, no less a person than Mr. Spencer Perceval being retained for the prosecution. A woman swore before the magistrates that the preacher had circulated a paper by night, bearing the words, "No Church, No King!"—that she had followed him, and had plainly seen the proceeding. Being asked by a magistrate if it was a dark or a light night, her reply was: "Oh, and please your honour, the moon was so bright I could see to pick up a pin;" upon which Mr. Burder called for an almanac, to examine the age of the moon, when it appeared that it was new moon the following night. The magistrates nevertheless sent the case for trial; but Mr. Perceval, after learning the nature of the evidence, threw up his brief, and the charge was abandoned. The result of all these proceedings was that a flourishing Independent church was founded at Wolston, which continues, in connection with the Baptist denomination, to the present day.

## XI.

### THE "VILLAGE SERMONS."

It was as a part of his scheme for evangelizing the neighbourhood of Coventry that Mr. Burder projected the publication of his *Village Sermons*. To some of the lay-preachers employed he would give texts, with hints for treat-

ment, and occasionally copious notes; and it occurred to him to prepare for the press a volume consisting of discourses specially adapted for village hearers. The full title of the work, by which Mr. Burder is now best known, is, *Village Sermons; or, Short and Plain Discourses for the use of Families, Schools, and Religious Societies*. Each volume contains twelve or thirteen sermons; the first appeared in 1797. Eight volumes in all were printed, the last, completing one hundred sermons, being published in 1820. The title well describes the character of the discourses. They are short, direct, deeply evangelical, but, above all things, lucid. Divisions and subdivisions abound, but they rise naturally out of the text, and fix it, in its successive parts, clearly upon the mind. There is no rhetorical flight, no attempt at eloquence: but the language has all the glow of sincerity and deep conviction. The Scriptures are freely quoted, and are applied in their direct and simple meaning. There is little argument; no philosophical disquisition; the truth of the Word of God and the needs of the soul of man are absolutely taken for granted; and the power of the appeal is in the full and explicit declaration of the Gospel. The effect of the sermons is not surprising. It is hardly too much to say that they gave a new tone to popular preaching. In many pulpits the sermons were actually repeated, sometimes with unexpected effect. Years after their first publication, the author writes: "I lately heard from a minister in the country, that he had been informed of a clergyman in Leicestershire who had seen and purchased a volume of the *Village Sermons*, and without examination, had read some of them in his church; the congregation increased, became more serious, and some were brought under concern of soul. He was astonished; it was quite unaccountable to him. At length he retired to his closet, and prayed that God would show him what there was in these sermons which produced such an effect. It is said that he has since become a sincere experi-

mental Christian, and a true minister of the Gospel of Christ."

"The *Village Sermons*," said Dr. Joseph Fletcher of Stepney, in his funeral sermon for Mr. Burder, "will never be forgotten, and they deserve the immortality which they will assuredly obtain. Evangelical in sentiment, pervaded by a tone of spiritual and practical piety; pre-eminently lucid and simple in their style, their method and their object; marked by a calm dignity, and an unaffected plainness, as remote from vulgarity as it is from display; and free from everything polemic and directly controversial, yet always maintaining the great truths of the common salvation, they have attained an extent of circulation, and secured a degree of usefulness, altogether unparalleled in the history of sermons. They have gone through numerous and large editions, have been widely circulated in America, and have been translated into several of the continental languages; they have been read in villages and schools in all parts of the country; they have been the means of introducing the Gospel into districts, and even parish churches, where before it was comparatively unknown; thousands and tens of thousands have been benefited by them where the name of their author was unknown. Numerous and most encouraging have been the instances of conversion by their means; and some are now preaching the Gospel with zeal and success, who, by the blessing of the Divine Spirit on the reading of them, have been 'turned from darkness to light.' Had Mr. Burder written only the *Village Sermons*, his name would be for ever embalmed in the grateful remembrance of the Church of God."

Mr. Burder himself frequently refers in later years to the circulation and usefulness of these sermons. The following are extracts from his Diary:

"I have heard of several instances of the success of the *Village Sermons*, both in England and America. I have reason to believe that several persons are now

in the ministry to whom they were made useful. They are also read abroad—in India, in Ceylon, in Africa. This is marvellous in my eyes! That God should, in the present age, bless very plain preachers, and very plain sermons, seems to me worthy of peculiar notice. Is it not to show mankind that He will use such instruments as shall make it evident beyond all contradiction that the 'excellency of the power' is indeed 'of God and not of man'?"

"I was informed by the Rev. Mr. Kam. in a letter from Amboyna, that some of my *Village Sermons* are translated into the Malay, and printed there, especially for the use of schoolmasters, to be read by them to destitute congregations, of which there are very many. The Rev. William Taylor, one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, informed me that some of my sermons are translated into the Singhalese, for the people of Ceylon."

These sermons were but a fair specimen of his ordinary preaching. One of his most intelligent Coventry hearers thus summed up its general impression. "His sermons are remarkable for good sense; very plain, pious, and evangelical. He has the happy art of making difficult subjects appear easy; and while the critic is pleased by the purity of style, the most ignorant may understand him. He never appears solicitous to say great or fine things to excite the wonder or the stare of his auditory; yet, if he does not soar into the regions of sublimity, he never grovels. Mainly intent upon the salvation of man and the glory of God, he never appears for a moment to forget his object; but as a dying man addressing dying men, he shuns not to declare the whole counsel of God. Never was a character more felicitously drawn than his, by Cowper, in his *Task*. He might have had Mr. Burder in view:

'Would I describe a preacher such as Paul?' etc."

And a younger ministerial friend, the late Rev. Richard Alliot, of Nottingham, after describing the characteristics of Mr.

Burder's preaching, adds emphatically: "I consider him to have been the best model of a sincere, devoted, and faithful minister of the Word of God, and of the Gospel of Christ, which ever came under my personal observation; and as one of the most useful, if not THE MOST USEFUL MAN OF HIS TIMES."

## XII

### RELIGIOUS TRACTS: A SOCIETY FORMED.

Reference has already been made to the circulation of Religious Tracts as one of the agencies employed by the company of Christian workers in the Midland district, of whom Mr. Burder was among the foremost. The value of this method of evangelization was naturally more and more recognised with the advance in popular education; and among the first and ablest of those writers who set themselves to meet the growing need was Mrs. HANNAH MORE. The *Cheap Repository* Tracts of this gifted lady were originated in the period of unsettled thought and strong debate that succeeded the French Revolution, and were especially intended to meet those infidel and anti-social doctrines, which were diffused by means of pamphlets in which freethinking and licentiousness together appealed to the coarsest tastes of the people. Mrs. More's tracts, vivaciously and powerfully written, found their way into the hands of the hawkers of cheap publications, and were circulated by tens of thousands. But it occurred to Mr. Burder that there was yet room for something more specially evangelical; and that, apart from all passing excitements and controversies, it would be well to call distinct attention to such topics of permanent and unchanging interest as the ruin of mankind by sin, with faith in Christ as the only means of restoration, and the supreme need of the Holy Spirit's regenerating influence in order to all right living. It may have been thought that even the *Cheap Repository* Tracts, in the stress laid upon the details of morality, left these leading

principles too much out of sight. At any rate, Mr. Burder, with one or two like-minded associates, among whom the Rev. Samuel Greatheed was one of the most active, resolved to issue a series of Tracts on their own lines, not as competitors, but as fellow-workers in the same field. They had already prepared and published a few of these, when their London bookseller unexpectedly failed in business, and the scheme was brought to a standstill. Mr. Burder had to visit London to see into the affair, as it happened, at the time of the London Missionary Society's Anniversary. The annual sermon for this society was preached at Surrey chapel, on the 8th May, 1799; and after the service, Mr. Burder, through the Rev. Rowland Hill, requested a few of the ministers and others present to meet him in the vestry. Here he unfolded a plan for the establishment of a Society, perfectly unsectarian, for the preparation and circulation of evangelical tract literature. The proposal was warmly received, and in the prompt fashion of these earnest men, it was agreed to meet the following morning at St. Paul's Coffee House, to breakfast at seven o'clock, to prepare a scheme. The meeting was held, Mr. Thomas Wilson occupying the chair; and as the business proved too large for one sitting, another breakfast meeting was convened for the following day, at the same place and hour. Thus, on the 9th and 10th of May, 1799, the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY was launched upon its way. Mr. Burder, although the founder of the Society, was not upon its first Committee, his residence at Coventry probably rendering this inconvenient; but he prepared some of the first year's tracts, a republication of his Lancaster pamphlet, *The Good Old Way*, being No. 29 upon the list.

At the close of the first year of the Society, it is interesting to read in the *Report* that "thirty-four different pieces have appeared (twenty-three originals, and eleven extracts); others are in contemplation. Above two hundred thousand

have been sold. The distribution," it is naively added, "as yet falls far short of what the full concurrence of the religious community would produce."

### XIII.

#### REMOVAL TO LONDON; THE BIBLE SOCIETY FORMED.

After a ministry of twenty years at Coventry, Mr. Burder removed to London, having received an affectionate and unanimous invitation from the ancient Independent church in Fetter Lane, of which his father and brother had been deacons, to become its pastor. With this office he was also invited to the Secretaryship of the London Missionary Society, which he accepted on condition that his services should be gratuitous, and to the Editorship of the *Evangelical Magazine*, which had been established in 1793. In the last two offices he succeeded a devoted evangelical clergyman, the Rev. John Eyre of Hackney, then recently deceased.

Mr. Burder was now fifty-one years of age. His labours, however, became more various and arduous than ever. For several years he regularly preached three times on the Lord's day; the missionary work was carried on by him with immense energy; and the *Magazine* became more vigorous and of a higher literary tone. It is hard to imagine, in these days of "division of labour," how one brain could bear the stress of such various work. Perhaps the long journeys which he undertook on behalf of the Mission, travelling in the olden leisurely fashion, afforded him the needed refreshment. Thus he writes in 1813, "Mr. Waugh, Mr. Boyne and I left London on Monday, August 2, reached Birmingham that day, and proceeded on the next day (joined by Mr. Thorp from Bristol) in a swift coach to Liverpool," where the meetings were held on Wednesday and Thursday. Life was less hurried then! But "his mind," writes his eldest son, Dr. H. F. Burder, "seemed gifted with a power of unwearied appli-

cation. He was not indeed an early riser, nor did he permit himself to sit up later than eleven or twelve o'clock at night (although inclination was often urgent); but during the entire day, with the exception of a little time allotted to cheerful conversation, at the hours of domestic repasts, he was indefatigably assiduous in making the most and the best of his time. His steadiness and coolness of persevering energy were daily observable. He might have adopted without hesitation the words of Mr. John Wesley: 'I am always in haste, but never in a hurry.'"

An entry in Mr. Burder's Diary, referring to March 7, 1804, will be read with peculiar interest.

"Memorable day! The British and Foreign Bible Society founded. I and others, belonging to the Tract Society, had long had it in view; and after much preparation, in which we did not publicly appear, a meeting was called at the London Tavern, and that Society began with a very few, which afterwards filled the earth with its fruit. Nations unborn will have cause to bless God for the meeting this day."

He was still busy with his pen. The later volumes of his *Village Sermons* were published during his residence in London; in addition to which he wrote three series of discourses of a similar character, but even shorter and more simple, for the Religious Tract Society. The first of these, entitled *Cottage Sermons*, twenty-four in number, had a very large circulation, no fewer than seven hundred and fifty thousand sermons having been sold up to the time of the author's decease; so fulfilling his own desire: "I trust that they may have an extensive circulation through the medium of that popular and spirited institution, which, I thank God, I had the pleasure of first suggesting, and that they may be blessed to the conversion and edification of many poor people." Twelve *Sea Sermons* followed, which were also found very acceptable and useful among sailors. In this series the nau-

tical expressions were revised by the Rev. Richard Marks, formerly a lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy, afterwards ordained to the ministry in the Church of England. Mr. Burder's last work of the kind, twelve *Sermons to the Aged*, also given by him to the Tract Society, was largely circulated; and these sermons, in their appropriateness, their touching simplicity, and their full exhibition of saving truth, rank among the best of his productions.

#### XIV.

##### CLOSE OF HIS LIFE.

For four-and-twenty years Mr. Burder retained the Secretaryship of the London Missionary Society, and for almost the same period he conducted the *Evangelical Magazine*. When compelled to resign these duties from the infirmities of age, he continued for a while in the pastoral charge of the Fetter Lane congregation, the Rev. Caleb Morris being appointed his colleague in 1827. For a few years the elder and the younger minister laboured happily together, until the former had finished his course.

Of Mr. Burder's London life there is not much to add in detail. Few men in his day have been so loved and honoured. In the family and the social circle the impression conveyed by his writings was more than confirmed. Of a visit paid to him in the evening of his life, the late Rev. D. Sprague of New York thus writes: "I think I have never seen more of Christian meekness, sincerity, humility, and benevolence, embodied in a man's manners, than are to be seen in his. In approaching him, you get the impression instantly that you are in the presence of a man in whose character you cannot be deceived, and, in conversing with him, you might almost fancy yourself in the company of the DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED."

Mr. Burder's domestic life appears to have been singularly beautiful and tender. "Unlike many public men," his

youngest son, Dr. Thomas Burder, gratefully writes, "my beloved father appeared not less amiable—I might say, even more amiable—at home than abroad. . . . His duties abroad did not interfere with his social cheerfulness at home. His conversation in the family was distinguished by a delightful degree of simplicity, gentleness, candour and intelligence. . . . I never met with any person who uniformly took such pains as my father, to render himself agreeable to his family. He imparted as much pleasure by his conversation at home as abroad, and was always willing to listen with kind attention to the remarks even of an inexperienced child." "The very sight of my father," writes his eldest son, "seemed always to impart delight to his children." "Where he was," adds his second son, John Burder, of Stroud, "there was home. My father's house, especially on a Sabbath evening after public service, was to us all the very perfection of earthly bliss. While he inculcated and required what some would call a strict observance of the Sabbath, he was anxious that his children should not associate with it ideas of gloom or dullness: and now, at the distance of more than thirty years, the vividness of recollection presents in all their freshness these occasions of high delight."

The settlement of his two sons in the ministry, in the same year (1811), brought a deep joy to the good man's heart. Very pithy is the outline of the father's ordination charge to his son John at Stroud. The motto "Remember Jesus Christ" was thus applied: "Remember Him as your *Saviour*, that you may love Him; as your *Master*, that you may serve Him; as your *Theme*, that you may preach Him; and as your *Example*, that you may imitate Him;" concluding with this encouragement: "If you thus remember Him, He will remember you." "I never attended an ordination with less fatigue," writes Mr. Burder characteristically; "and such was the general feeling. *None of the ministers were tedious, and we had plenty of fresh air.*"

To his sons in the ministry he continually wrote in a fatherly and beautiful strain. His eldest son and biographer, Dr. H. F. Burder, has preserved many of these letters, addressed to him during and after his student days. While he was yet undecided as to his course, the father writes:

"I wish to answer, more fully than present opportunity admits, your inquiries respecting a call to the ministry, for this is very important. At present I would only say, it includes—

"1. That the person be really and truly converted to God—a new creature—born of the Spirit; and" the father adds, anxious that his son's ideal should be the highest, "it is requisite that piety be not only real but eminent.

"2. That there be competent abilities, natural or acquired, and both if possible; for the preacher should be the superior of most of his hearers in mental powers.

"3. There must be a prevailing, a strong, an unconquerable inclination and desire to the work; so that the person shall prefer it infinitely above all other employments, and that for the best purposes,—the glory of God, and the salvation of souls."

In a postscript, the father adds: "The sanction and approbation of competent judges; for men may think they have all the requisites, but as we are all partial to ourselves, it is well to have the approbation of wise and good men."

Once more: it would appear that the divines of a former day had much the same things to say about "modern thought" as those of the present. "I would not have you," says Burder to his son, "too readily imbibe any views which do not accord with those generally received by the ministers and people of God. It is generally safe to follow 'the footsteps of the flock.' While therefore you read and weigh what some modern writers offer as elucidations of the truth, and

compare the same with Scripture, I wish you also to consider impartially what some of the older worthies and confessors have maintained. The truth of God was well known and obeyed by good men, long before the present or late refiners of it were born."

With all this truly affectionate intercourse, much sorrow was intermingled, as Mr. Burder's life approached the close. In the year 1824, he was called to part with his beloved wife; in the next year with his devoted and admirable eldest daughter. Not long afterwards his two sons in the ministry were successively left widowers, and very beautiful are the letters of sympathy and consolation addressed to them by their now venerable parent. Soon his own health began to fail. In 1827 he retired from the secretaryship of the London Missionary Society, when the directors passed a resolution warmly appreciating his long, disinterested service; Dr. Alexander Waugh writing to him—"Your silent and ceaseless industry, the candour of your mind and gentleness of your manners, with your undeviating pursuit of the sacred object of our institution, form a loss which God only can fill up."

The last years of Mr. Burder's life were spent under the roof of his youngest son, Dr. Thomas Burder, a well-known physician, whose words have been already quoted. A painful disorder in the face by slow degrees brought on total loss of sight. Still the blind old man continued to preach at Fetter Lane every Lord's day morning, delivering his last discourse, March 6, 1832, on the words "A man of sorrows;" and afterwards presiding, with his beloved colleague Caleb Morris, at the Lord's Supper. On the 29th of May he fell asleep, and his remains were laid beside those of his wife and children in Bunhill Fields on the eightieth anniversary of his birth.

S. G. GREEN, D.D.

# JOHN A'LASCO.





## JOHN A'LASCO, THE POLISH REFORMER.

---

OF the foreign divines who came into England at the call of Cranmer, to further the Reformation, John A'Lasco, Polish reformer and London pastor, was at once the most distinguished and the most signally favoured by those in power.

His writings are of special value in throwing light on the stronger and more pronounced forms of Protestantism which the Reformation under Edward VI. tended to assume.

Standing high in the esteem of the Protector Somerset, and other chief councillors of State, A'Lasco was often consulted on English church affairs, and exercised no small influence on the opinions and procedure of the young King and his advisers.

The whole life and work of this remarkable man are of manifold interest. His London labours have deep significance, founder as he was of the first legally organized church in England, outside the pale of the National Establishment.

### I.

#### EARLY YEARS.

John A'Lasco, or in his own native language Laski, was in every sense one of Poland's noblemen. He came of an ancient family, whose ancestral seat, the castle of Lask, may still be seen, in some fragmentary ruins, near the old town of the same name. There he was born, in 1499.

The Polish Reformer thus takes a place between the elder Reformers, like Luther, Zwingli, Melancthon or Farel, and the younger ones, born early next century, like Calvin, Knox, Bullinger, or Ridley. With all of these and other noted contemporaries he became acquainted, with some of them very intimately, while with not a few in various lands he cultivated

warm friendship and correspondence. For not many had travelled so much as John A'Lasco, or had so large experience of the different European nationalities.

The first glimpse we obtain of him reveals a bright and withal a lovable boy, having in him not a little of the dash and fire of his heroic race. His superior capacity is early recognised. There are three brothers in the family, Jerome, John and Sebastian, with four little sisters. John, being the second son, is destined for the Church, and great care is taken with his education, which his riper years abundantly attest and justify. The early home gets soon broken up, as may befall the highest household, and the united family life is brief. When only seven years old, he had to go with his brothers to an uncle, another John A'Lasco, whose namesake he is, and who holds the exalted position of Metropolitan Archbishop, or Primate of the Church in Poland.

Under the care of this great ecclesiastic he spends about three years in Cracow, attending the National University.

Then comes an opportunity for travel and foreign study. The fifth Lateran Council is in session at Rome under Leo X.; and as the Primate is summoned to the deliberations, his nephews Jerome and John accompany him thither in 1513. Luther had but recently paid that memorable visit of his to the Eternal City, from which are to flow such tremendous issues.

Meanwhile A'Lasco improves his eighteen months in Rome, then passes to Bologna, which had just been absorbed in the Papal States, but from whose most celebrated university the mediæval glory had not yet departed. A'Lasco's renowned contemporary and fellow-countryman, the grandest genius Poland



ever produced, COPERNICUS, who was to revolutionize the world's ideas in astronomy, had also studied at Rome and Bologna not long before. But though Copernicus was a Polish ecclesiastic, like A'Lasco, and but sixteen years his senior, we are not aware they ever met. Their course in life, however outwardly near and like, lay somewhat apart; Copernicus the religious man of science, A'Lasco the religious reformer.

Many years, however, must elapse, and many struggles be faced, before his life-work can be made clear.

## II.

### THE YOUNG CHURCH DIGNITARY.

After an absence of four years, A'Lasco is at home again. He has left Italy with a tolerable equipment of learning, and at once enters on his sacred vocation. It is the memorable crisis of 1517, when Luther's theses set Germany in a blaze. As yet, however, it seems but harmless sheet lightning, and everywhere Church matters continue to be managed or mis-managed just as before. Preferment comes rapidly to the favoured scion of a noble house. Within four years, A'Lasco is Dean of the Metropolitan Cathedral of Gnesen, a high post for a young man of twenty-two, but quite according to conventional use and family claims. Gnesen (Polish, Gniezno) was his uncle's see, the Canterbury of Poland, said to be the oldest town of the kingdom, and in fact its ancient capital, till supplanted by Cracow, which in turn was to yield up the honour to Warsaw. Thus A'Lasco is quietly installed, and seems in the fair way to further promotion. But events are happening not far off, destined to give a higher turn to his life and direct it into nobler channels. This very year 1521, this very January, has seen Luther excommunicated for burning the Papal Bull; and in April he makes his stand before the Diet of Worms, and then suddenly and mysteriously for a time disappears. The name and doings of the formidable Saxon monk are becom-

ing known and discussed among Polish magnates, for Wittenberg is not so far away.

But whatever interest these stirring events may have for A'Lasco, they have for him as yet no spiritual significance. Long afterwards, he confesses, and laments that whatever the routine of clerical duty, he still "lived a Pharisee," a stranger to the power and principle of vital godliness. Yet these and other movements of which he hears so much have a certain fascination for his ardent nature. He would like to have a look at them for himself. At any rate, the "new learning" is much talked of, and he would fain come into closer contact with *that*.

And so his mind begins to be occupied with that which will ultimately absorb him and permeate his being with its holiest influences.

## III.

### A'LASCO TRAVELS THROUGH EUROPE.

A'Lasco's yearning to mingle in events is speedily gratified. His elder brother, Jerome, a rising politician and diplomatist, is sent by the King of Poland in 1523 on a confidential mission to the Court of France. The brothers, warmly attached to each other, resolve to travel in company. On their way to Paris, they linger a few weeks at Basle, which had become the seat of the German book trade and a great intellectual centre, chiefly through the enterprise of the famous printer Froben, and his yet more renowned chief editor, Erasmus. Basle was also the rendezvous of the French refugees, and others among the reformed, who were making a great stir in the community. From curiosity or some other motive, A'Lasco is drawn to hear Ecclampadius and especially Farel, the vigorous Swiss preacher, whose strongly marked passionate character and fearless denunciations make a powerful impression, though they fail to convert him. Long after, in a letter to Calvin, he sends a greeting to "our Farel," and adds: "I knew him at Basle, when I was

there with Erasmus." It was Erasmus that was the main attraction to the scholarly young ecclesiastic. For it was *culture*, not *gospel*, that had hitherto fascinated A'Lasco: and Erasmus is the chief apostle of culture, the very embodiment and leader of the classical revival. Alas! how he could sneer at the new gossellers. "Is it for this," he writes bitterly to Melancthon, "that we have shaken off clerics and monks, to come under the yoke of madmen like Farel?" Yet Erasmus had done the Reformation enormous service by having published so early as 1516 the first Greek text of the New Testament, with a revised version, which by revealing to an astonished age that the Vulgate was a secondary and not always accurate *translation*, did more than anything else to free the mind of Europe from mediæval thralldom.

This bringing him into contact with the original Scripture was the grand service which Erasmus effected for A'Lasco, while the facilities and opportunities of Basle made the young Pole resolve to return to it as a residence and headquarters for some time.

Meanwhile he visits Paris, and gets to know James Lefevre, the pioneer of French Protestantism, the defender and expounder of a pure Scripture within the Church, whose translation of the Bible has been the basis of all the French versions. With Lefevre's friend and patroness, Marguerite of Valois, or more properly, Marguerite d'Angoulême, afterwards Queen of Navarre, and the most celebrated of all the Marguerites, he is also acquainted, feeling the influence not perhaps so much of her evangelistic tendencies as of her mystic pietism and hereditary gifts. Probably at this time he visits Zwingli and others who were breaking away from the old *régime*, and setting the Sacred Scriptures as a means of grace above the Church, with its merely mechanical ceremonies.

By the end of 1524 he is back in Basle, under the same roof with Erasmus, bearing the main expense of their house-

keeping; and having ample means at command, he in many ways delicately and generously ministers to the needs of the fastidious scholar. Their intimacy was signalized by A'Lasco advancing 300 golden crowns to Erasmus, and Erasmus engaging to leave his valuable library to A'Lasco. The promise was duly fulfilled, as the will of Erasmus shows, though the warmth of their friendship cooled as their religious views diverged from each other. For Erasmus was not much of a theologian, and had no great depth of spiritual sympathy or insight.

Yet A'Lasco, long years after, magnanimously confesses how much he owed to Erasmus. Writing an introductory letter to Bullinger in 1544, he says: "Would you know who I am, you may readily learn from the works of Erasmus, some of his letters to me being extant; for, indeed, it was he who first directed my mind to sacred studies; yea, who began to introduce me to the true religion."

A'Lasco has now been more than two years away from Poland, and in rather doubtful company. Suspicions of heresy attach themselves to his name. Letters of recall come from his uncle the Primate. He reluctantly sets his face homewards; but instead of returning directly through Germany, he slowly pursues his journey round by Padua, Venice and Breslau, as if to avoid giving further offence.

#### IV.

##### TWELVE YEARS' MENTAL STRUGGLE.

On reaching home, in April 1526, he is received with favour at Court, where his brilliant talents and accomplishments are suitably recognised. But he has returned as a suspect under the evil colour of heresy: and so strong is the outcry, that he has to purge himself by oath to the following effect:—"I, John à Lasco, aware of the suspicions attaching to my name, have thought it needful to set forth that, while of special indulgence I have been permitted to read many books

and hold intercourse with many even of those who have broken away from Mother Church, I have not knowingly adopted any dogma contrary to the Roman Communion: but if, inadvertently, I have slipped into any error, which, as we are human, may happen with the best and most learned, I heartily and unfeignedly abjure it, and promise subjection for the future to the Holy Apostolic See and to those set over me in all things lawful and right. This I swear, so help me God and His Holy Gospel." Such a document he can sign in all honesty, religion being with him as yet a matter of speculation rather than conviction; and we are to bear in mind that this was years before the Reformation had become decisive, or even the name PROTESTANT had been heard of, as it did not arise till after the Diet of Spires in 1529.

No doubt the sense of corruption in the Church and its need of radical reform grew on him with the progress of events; but his experiences after his uncle's death in 1531, made him more and more despair of cleansing it from within its own borders.

His Basle impressions, though often weakened, were never effaced, and it is from that time we begin to date his remarkable acquaintance with the original Scriptures, and his growing disposition to defer to their authority. Unfortunately, we have no letters of his for the twelve years from 1528 to 1540, and few direct means therefore of gauging the conflict through which he passed. That a mighty and permanent change was going forward in the interval is evident enough, however slowly effected. The crisis itself, however, stands out clear and sharp. In 1538, two mitres are at his command, Wesprim in Hungary, and Cujavia in Poland, the latter opening his way to the Primacy itself. Matters are now brought to an issue. On one side, dignities with moral debasement: on the other, Christ's pure Gospel with losses and persecution. No! he dare not violate conscience. He feels himself a Protestant; and better still, a humble

but genuine follower of the Lord Jesus. "God in His mercy brought me to myself and to Him," he writes to Pellicanus, who had taught him the Hebrew Bible at Basle. The die is cast. He goes straight to the King: tells out his whole mind: and comes away "the Lord's freed-man."

## V.

## A'LASCO A PROTESTANT AND EXILE.

But he cannot remain in Poland. And when, like Abraham, he is called to go out, *by faith he went out, not knowing whither he went.* "This man," says honest John Strype, "had abandoned his own country and honours to dwell an exile in other parts for the freer acknowledgment of the Gospel, but not without the Polish king's good leave, by whom he was well known and beloved, and who did more than once make use of him in his difficult affairs." For two years A'Lasco is a wanderer, chiefly in Rhineland, and with greater risk in Belgium. At Louvain he severs the last tie of his Romish priesthood by marrying, and as it proved, happily, into a burgher family there. He joins a little band of Gospel worshippers; and it was to him a memorable and harrowing event, that shortly after he left for Emden, the meeting was discovered, and all its members endured with constancy the martyr's death.

Meanwhile, a call had come to him from East Friesland, a district of special interest to us, as the seat of those early Saxons who took a foremost place among "the makers of England." The old Frisian tongue, as Sir William Temple long ago observed, "has still so great an affinity with our old English as to appear easily to have been the same," and is very different from adjoining dialects. This northern district of Germany, between Holland and Denmark, had early received the Reformation, and the good Countess Anna of Oldenburg, who was now its Regent for her son under the Empire, was anxious to have A'Lasco at her little capital, Emden, to carry forward and consolidate the work. He eventually

sees his way clear, and goes thither at the close of 1540. Soon after, he must venture on a hurried visit to Poland, to see his brother Jerome, who lay dying from hardships suffered among the Turks, then menacing Europe. He is in time to minister to his brother during the closing scene, and then he returns to Emden, sadder, wiser, and more resolute than ever. His words to Bullinger are very touching: "In short, to declare to you the grace and goodness of Christ the Lord to me, I was once a Pharisee in high repute, adorned with many titles and laden even from boyhood with rich benefices; but now, by God's grace, having willingly left all these behind, as well as country and friends, among whom I saw it was impossible to lead the Christian life, I am now a stranger in foreign lands, serving in poverty the Lord Jesus Christ, once also poor and a sufferer for me upon the cross; and now I am appointed a minister of His Church here, to preach the Gospel of Him who of His mercy called me from the pitfalls of Pharisaism into His own sheep-fold."

## VI.

### WORK AT EMDEN AND EAST FRIESLAND.

The work to which A'Lasco now sets himself is really difficult. For though Reformation principles had been introduced, the nobles and clergy were dissolute; the people were grossly ignorant and superstitious; but worst of all, the new spirit was weakened by divisions and party conflict. One less resolute would have declined the task or succumbed before it. But having in 1543 accepted the post of Superintendent, he begins to triumph over the hazards of the situation, overthrowing the monks, weeding out corruptions, gradually establishing the Genevan order and discipline, with a famous Protestant synod, that long continued a tower of strength, and was a bulwark behind William the Silent in his conflict with Spanish oppression.

Yet A'Lasco does not escape from faction within and hostility from without.

The one forced him to resign his superintendency and limit his ministry to the Great Church at Emden: the other took the form of vehement antagonism from Lutheran quarters to his more pronounced Reformed principles. But by a powerful letter to Countess Anna, (in which, thinking it better "to seem unpolite than prove unfaithful," he lays down clearly his Scriptural grounds of action,) he secures her good-will and further co-operation.

Thus was established this flourishing Protestant Church that made Emden a refuge for persecuted exiles. Here, for example, that most advanced of English Reformers, Dr. William Turner, the eminent physician and divine, eluded Henry VIII's vengeance. It was he who wrote those keen and biting tracts, *The hunting of the Romish fox which more than seven years hath been hid among the Bishops of England*, and *The hunting of the Romish Wolf*; but he is best known as the author of that marvel of early printing and botanic lore, *The Herbal*. Through him and other friends, A'Lasco lends a favourable ear to Cranmer's urgent invitation to visit England. It was the Archbishop's policy, on the accession of Edward VI. in January 1547, to secure a gathering somewhere of the leading Protestant divines in Europe, to settle matters of doctrine and be a counterpoise to the Romish Council at Trent. "We have therefore invited yourself and other learned men," writes Cranmer to him, "and we earnestly entreat you to come, and if possible bring Melanchthon with you." On Melanchthon finding it impossible, A'Lasco consents, though at great inconvenience, and is accommodated at Lambeth and Windsor during the autumn and winter of 1548-9. "John a' Lasco, a most admirable man," says Cranmer, "lived with me these months in closest and friendliest intercourse." The bracing effect of his presence on the good Archbishop is referred to in a letter of December 1548 by another distinguished foreigner, John ab Ulmis (Von Eschen): "Thomas Crannier is also re-

covered from his lethargy by God's goodness and the instrumentality of that worthy and most judicious man, Dominus John a Lasco." He had to return to Emden with Count Mansfeld in March 1549. But having made acquaintance with some of the most prominent men in the kingdom, he sees he can rely on finding asylum, in case of need, for himself and his flock. The impression he leaves behind him may be gathered from one of Latimer's Friday-morning Court sermons: "Joannes a Lasco was here, a great learned man and as they say a nobleman in his own land. . . . I should wish such valuable men as he to be in this realm, for the realm would prosper in receiving them."

Troubles meanwhile had increased at Emden, and to crown all, the "Interim," or declaration of Popish uniformity with slight exceptions, by Charles V. came into force. As he will not accede to that Imperial edict, and the Countess Anna can no longer protect him, he becomes again a pilgrim-exile.

## VII.

### A'LASCO FINDS REFUGE IN ENGLAND.

He arrives in London a second time on May 13, 1550, and is followed by a letter of credence from Albert of Brandenburg to the Lord Protector Somerset. It is dated June 3, 1550, and is in the State Paper Office. Cranmer had years ago married on the Continent a niece of Osiander, and many learned foreigners were in England under his patronage. The accomplished Florentine, Vermigli, better known as Peter Martyr, was Divinity Professor at Oxford; and his friend from Strasburg, Martin Kuhorn or Bucer, was Divinity Professor at Cambridge; while the Hebrew Chair was filled by Paul Buchlein or Fagius, and after him by Immanuel Tremellius. Suitable provision was made for the Italian preacher Ochino and the French pastor Poulain, the Belgian Utenhove, the Swiss John ab Ulmis or Von Eschen, and the Spanish Dryander or Enzinas, with many others.

But for A'Lasco there is reserved a position of peculiar honour and responsibility. The number of foreigners in England at this time was very great. Besides those resident for trading purposes, multitudes of exiles for religion were now added. In London alone there were about 5000 of all nationalities, chiefly German and Dutch, or French and Walloons. By a very remarkable charter these were now constituted into one Protestant Reformed "Church of the Strangers"—the letters patent of Edward VI., issued by royal prerogative under Act of Parliament, bearing date July 24, 1550. This charter makes A'Lasco the Superintendent or chief pastor, with four other pastors as colleagues, and it constitutes their communion a corporate body, with rights of self-government and election of their own office-bearers from time to time, the chief appointments to be ratified by the Crown. It also assigns them the revenues and freehold of old Austin Friars church, near Broad Street. It was known as "The Temple of Jesus." The royal diploma enjoins the Mayor, sheriffs and aldermen of London, together with all archbishops, bishops, judges, and other lieges, to permit these people to exercise freely and peaceably their own religious worship, government and discipline, however different from those in common use, and notwithstanding any statutes, acts or proclamations there may be to the contrary. In all this the King and some of his council had a special design. The aim was to have a model of an advanced Reformation scheme, to which the Church might be brought to conform, when the general mind should be riper for it. With such an end in view, A'Lasco keeps busily writing and working. Besides a powerful letter to Cranmer, he dedicates in 1551 to the young King the confession of faith and public prayers in use among the strangers, and follows it next year with his brief and clear view of the sacraments which had so marked an effect on the second Prayer-book of Edward VI. But without adverting to

other treatises, we may refer to one of singular interest, the *Forma ac Ratio*, in which he gives an account as well as a defence of the whole *Form and Method* of administration in the Church of the Strangers, particularly of the German section. Not being published, however, till 1555, at Frankfort-on-Main, he dedicates it, with a long historical preface, to Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland, carefully explaining the whole spirit of Edward VI.'s ecclesiastical policy. In one passage he writes: "When I was called by the King and when certain laws prevented much that was in use under the Papacy from being purged out as he himself greatly desired, he secured for me when I was solicitous about foreign churches, that exiles who were not strictly nor to the same extent bound by these laws, should have churches of their own in which they should freely regulate all things according to primitive methods, without any regard to existing rites: so that the English churches might be incited to embrace apostolic purity, with joint consent of all estates of the realm. Of this project the young King himself was chief author and prime defender."

### VIII.

#### III. ECCLESIASTICAL PRINCIPLES AND EVANGELICAL DOCTRINE.

Such was the origin of the *Ecclesia Peregrinorum*, or Church of the Strangers, in London. There had been at Canterbury, in 1547, the beginnings of a foreign Church, which continues to this day, in the Cathedral crypt; but this at first was only a kindly permission for some learned exiles "to hold sermons and godly meetings *within their own walls*," a privilege of social worship not uncommon under Edward VI.'s enlightened policy, though without public or direct sanction of the authorities. But A'Lasco's congregations of 1550 were the first legally authorized churches in England not subject to the jurisdiction of the National Establishment and not conforming to its rites. The charter

conveying these privileges gave great offence to some, but A'Lasco's zeal and prudence overcame all opposition. Without entering into details of these foreign churches, it may suffice to say here that the forms of worship were plain and simple: The Lord's Supper was administered to communicants seated, as at a table (A'Lasco attaching much importance to this), and their government was mainly Presbyterian, though not without both Episcopal and Congregational elements, as if to indicate a possible fusion. For A'Lasco was a man of genuine Christian catholicity. This arose, not from his wide and varied intercourse with men merely, but from having caught so largely the spirit of THE MASTER. A man of the strongest convictions, he hated all rancour. "In glancing through your confession," he writes to Bullinger, "I find more bitter language against Luther than I could wish. No doubt Luther has given way to most unchristian vituperations against you, but such things must be overlooked on account of his great services, and so that we dash not against the same stone for which we blame Luther."

In A'Lasco's judgment "that Church is the best which follows Christ and His word." Having been himself a most devout and diligent student of the sacred oracles ever since his conversion, he has acquired a profound mastery of them, and is "mighty in the Scriptures." Whether he draws up a confession of faith, or a catechism for children; whether he writes a polemical or a practical treatise, his appeal is "to the law and to the testimony." The margins in his Book of Doctrine are crowded with careful Scripture references, as many as forty on a single page. "All Christian truth has its fountain-head in the Divine Word. It separates into two great branches, the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ, and the true knowledge of ourselves thereby. God created man in His own image, and therefore good, though liable to evil. In Adam we have all fallen, become infected with sin and

subject to death. There is no redemption for us except in Jesus Christ the Eternal Son. Without Him, no one reaches the Father. Saving faith is an affection of our soul toward Christ, wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, whereby we lay hold on Him for effectual deliverance." Recovery from the guilt, pollution and misery of sin by the operation of God's love and grace: the atoning death and cleansing blood of the Lord Jesus: the regenerating, sanctifying and comforting influence of the Holy Spirit,—these are spirit and life to A'Lasco's own soul. Hence he always writes in a warm, evangelical, and experimental style. "This little book I offer, not only as a summary of what we preach, but as a testimony of the faith of Jesus we have received, and which I now submit, not merely to men's opinions (it is a small matter to be judged of man's judgment), but to the approval of the Supreme Judge of all." And "in view of varying doctrine and interpretation, what remains but that we continue in supplication that God by His own unifying Spirit may compose our differences so far as they are hurtful and help us to lay down all personal ends and worldly ambitions at the feet of Jesus? He *must increase, we decrease.*"

One of the grandest features of A'Lasco's work in London was his schools. "We must train the young for the Lord, and you are aware, Brethren, how earnestly I have recommended and encouraged Sabbath afternoon catechisings."

In this, as in other respects, he much resembles Knox, with the same vigour and devotedness, a like vehemence of spirit and warmth of heart, and with a moral nature that could burst in indignation or melt in tenderness.

## IX.

### A'LASCO ON THE CONTINENT AGAIN.

It would be interesting to dwell on A'Lasco's English friendships and trace his influence on the English Church in

these early Reformation days. He did much to modify Cranmer's views, and bring them into their third or most pronouncedly Protestant phase. He stood firmly by his friend Hooper in the Vestments struggle. And on the second Prayer-book of Edward VI. he did not fail to leave his mark. It is well known that never before nor since has the Church of England in any document reached a more advanced stage of Protestantism than in that second edition of the Prayer-book. And though A'Lasco had no hand in drawing it up, the Commissioners who did so, moulded some of its revisions on what he had written. Thus they adopted from his Liturgy a remarkably evangelical style of words for use at the Communion table in handing the bread and wine. And though this form was dropped from later editions, it is still worthy of notice how the word "altar" never occurs in the Communion Service; always "table" or "holy table." Instead of beginning at once with the Lord's Prayer, like the first Liturgy, the *second* prefixes the famous sentences of Scripture, with words of exhortation, confession and absolution. Something here is confessedly due to Calvin, but more has unquestionably been adopted from A'Lasco's own service. A'Lasco was also one of the Royal Commissioners appointed to revise the ecclesiastical laws. Had their scheme come into use, it would have very radically reformed the whole English Church. But the young King died in July 1553, and on Mary's accession all was changed. John A'Lasco and his people are soon ordered to leave the country. Their little companies are everywhere scattered abroad, carrying the Word. He himself, with a band of 175, embarks at Gravesend in two Danish vessels, about the middle of September. It is a touching farewell, amid prayers and psalms, a collection for the poor not being forgotten. They sail for Denmark, but find at best a left-handed reception, with not unfrequently a bitter repulse, because they were not *Lutheran* Protes-

tants, so strongly raged on those northern coasts the dissensions between Lutheran and Reformed. Everywhere he goes, A'Lasco does his best to allay these jealousies, that were a scandal to the Protestant ranks. A letter to him from Calvin, full of sympathy, bewails that Christian people should be to one another more unkind than even the inhospitable sea. All this time, when wandering from place to place, comforting the refugees, his heart is going out to Poland. He has never lost "touch" there, and events are occurring that seem to open his way for return. At Frankfort-on-Main he once and again addresses himself in burning words to King Sigismund Augustus, who at length plucks up courage to favour the exile's recall.

## X.

### THE REFORMATION IN POLAND.

At an early period the doctrines and disciples of John Huss had secretly entered Poland. Five priests who had become Hussites were burnt in Posen market-place in 1439, and a century later Cracow witnessed a similar spectacle. Luther's Reformation was embraced by the Teutonic knights of the west, who held their lands as a Polish fief. John Tzecluzan had vigorously preached the same faith at Königsberg under the protection of Duke Albert, and had translated, in 1551, the New Testament into the common Polish tongue, which had been little used as yet in writing. The Reformation gave a great impetus to vernacular literature, especially when Calvin's disciples began to gain admittance. Rej, the first native Protestant lyricist of repute, and Kochanowski, the prince of Polish poets, both published popular versions of the Psalms.

The first great historical work in the vernacular, the *Polish Chronicle*, was produced by the Calvinian Martin Bielski, and the laws of the land began to be promulgated in the ordinary language of the people. No country in Europe had more liberty, in a way, than Poland

at this time. The National Diet was free and powerful, the King himself being subject to its law, and the towns were practically self-governed. But the strength and weakness of Poland lay in its nobility, who constituted about a tenth of the population, and were, as landowners, whether in the form of magnificent grandees or small gentleman farmers, a peculiar class, that drew all privileges to themselves, and kept their serfs in terrible subjection. It was among these nobles the Reformation was taking hold, the King himself, Sigismund II., having his favourable moods toward it. With him A'Lasco corresponded, and to him Calvin had dedicated a Commentary, and Luther an edition of the German Bible. At this juncture many things occurred in the direction of a Protestant movement for Poland, so that when the Diet assembled in 1552, the temporal jurisdiction of the bishops was abolished, and the King ratified the decree. What came next to be discussed was the question of a National Synod for Church Reform. Here lay the struggle. A gathering of the Reformed had been held in 1550, but what was felt all along on the Protestant side was the need of a leader. The hour had come, and the man!

## XI.

### A'LASCO APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

After the lapse of eighteen years. A'Lasco once more treads his native soil. With what mingled feelings of devout thankfulness and grave responsibility, we may well conceive! He had come away from Frankfort in October, with John Utenhove; his "most faithful Achates," as he calls him; and after a delightful visit to Melancthon by the way, and another earnest appeal to the King, he is in Poland just at the close of 1556. A'Lasco's arrival at this juncture is the most striking moment in the Polish Reformation. His appearance is everywhere as a manifesto and trumpet-call to action. In point of dramatic interest and high-wrought excitement there is nothing



like it till Knox sets foot in Scotland, three years later. All parties feel the crisis. The rage of baffled foes is answered by the welcome of rallying friends. Among A'Lasco's ardent supporters his own relatives come well to the front, especially his three nephews Ostrorog, and that other noble nephew, Ian Bonar, Count of Tarpow, Captain-General of the Forces and Governor of Cracow Castle. But he himself constitutes the strength of the movement. If any man can be called the Reformer of Poland, it is A'Lasco, for whatever of real reformation was effected, must be attributed, under God, to him. The only name that can be mentioned with his, is that of his great and life-long friend, Prince Nicholas Radzivil, a noble-hearted and godly man, through whose vast influence as brother-in-law to the King, as Prince of the Empire and Palatine Chief in Lithuania, A'Lasco was permitted to return, and effectively backed up, now that he has come.

The first glimpse we get of the restored exile is at a conference of the Reformed on January 1, 1557; where the assembled brethren devoutly render thanks, and hail him as their "father," for he is now getting fast towards sixty years of age. There remains, alas! little more than three years of precious life for him. Mysterious Providence! we are apt to say, when so much seems to hang in the balance; for had his days been lengthened, how different might have been the fate of unhappy Poland!

Meantime there is commotion enough in the camp of the enemy. Through one of A'Lasco's graphic letters to Philip of Hesse, we are permitted to see "the whole herd of chief priests, scribes and Pharisees" in highest rage. These "appointed shavelings," as he calls them, are found in secret conclave with the pontifical legate Lippomani, deliberating what must be done. They have all but decided to wait on the King and get him forthwith to cast out this "vagabond heretic," when a Solomon among them rises to say how seriously he is in doubt

whether the laws allow the King such a power: and even if they do, A'Lasco's friends have influence enough to stop its exercise. They must find another method! Whereupon they fall to waiting over their unhappy case. One bishop takes up his parable, and says: "What of all things I dreaded most, has come to pass, by the return of my lord Laski;" and another in his terror exclaims: "Our carnifex, our executioner is at last among us." Their final resolution, and the furthest they dare go, is to entreat the King not to admit A'Lasco to an audience; or at least to indicate his royal displeasure by not stretching out his hand to him when he appears in the presence. But even in this they are foiled, and themselves meet with a royal rebuff. When A'Lasco was admitted to a long private audience, we learn, from a letter of Utenhove to Bullinger, how faithfully he proceeded to reprove and admonish the King, "placing in his hands an excellent treatise he had expressly written for him at Wilna," and exposing "the tricks of the bishops and the grave dangers that will follow, unless timely precautions be adopted," and also "concerning the necessary preparations to be made in view of the meeting of the Diet." Never had the King shown stronger leanings to the Reformation. Never had there been fairer promise for the triumph of Protestantism. Many of the nobility sympathized with the movement, though it seemed to increase and embitter their family feuds. But neither King nor nobles knew the time of their visitation. They showed fatal irresolution on the supreme question of a National Council for Reform. Sigismund Augustus was far from consistent or ingenuous in the religious conflict, while the Polish peers were too full of their feuds and factions, and too fond of their semi-barbarous pomp and pageantry. They failed at this supreme moment to rise into the higher region of pure patriotism or piety, and notwithstanding all their glory, they left from their ranks but the one grand name of Sobi-

eski, in the end, to gild their country's downfall! Though controlling vast numbers of serfs, these brave and high-spirited nobles failed to see, because they would not brook, the humbling yet exalting idea of a common brotherhood in Jesus Christ; and so they could not be persuaded to follow the Master's own policy and practice, "that the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." They thus unhappily, and it is to be feared selfishly, as well as stupidly, circumscribed a movement that would have saved them: and we cannot but deplore that in a country where, comparatively, there was no middle class, the Reformation should have been to so great an extent confined to the upper class, and that they should have kept their down-trodden serfs as ignorant and wretched almost as before. If "Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell," two centuries later than this, it is not too much to say that the evangelistic spirit of the Reformation in Poland waned when John A' Lasco died, followed as he was in a few years by the good Prince Radzivil, and with none to succeed them. This first grand beginning was but the beginning of the end. For we shall see how the distracting influence of the Socinian party, paving the way as it did for the inroads and triumphs of the Jesuits, contributed, with other causes, to those results which sealed the doom, and secured the partition of a brave but misguided people.

## XII.

### A'LASCO'S WORK AS POLISH REFORMER.

Meanwhile A'Lasco toils vigorously, and with a will;—the untoward issues of later days being in mercy "hid from his eyes." The glimpses we get—and unfortunately they are all too few, not merely from the loss, but the malicious destruction of records that took place in the reaction afterwards—reveal the astonishing energy and variety of his labours.

In preaching the Gospel, in drawing together and organizing the little scattered bands of Protestant worship-

pers, and in securing a Bible translation and other writings in the vernacular, he seems incessant and ubiquitous. He follows the same lines very much that he had found of service in East Friesland and London, when founding and consolidating the churches there. For the third time in his life he becomes "Superintendent"; the reformed communities scattered over what was known as *Little Poland*, being his special care. This name of *Little Poland* was a curious misnomer for so vast a tract of country: but the other district, though so much smaller, was the original dukedom, and nucleus of the kingdom, and was therefore dignified by the name of *Great Poland*. The country was now at the height of its prosperity and extent. It stretched from the Baltic to almost the Black Sea, and from West Prussia to about half-way between Smolensk and Moscow. In the revival of learning, too, this was Poland's Augustan age. A purely native literature was beginning to be developed: and religious toleration was getting established. From 1550 to 1600 is reckoned in every way the golden age of Poland: and it is not without significance that the half-century of the Reformation movement should be the very period when Poland was most flourishing. The sense of nationality, no doubt, was somewhat impaired by differences of race and dialect, but there was nothing to prevent a gradual growth in time toward most solid unity. And so A'Lasco thinks and feels regarding the varieties of Protestantism. The evil he deplores and earnestly seeks to remedy is this spirit of division, which would grow into dissension, instead of into strong, yet genial unison. A German element in the west and north of the country was Lutheran in sympathy: the Bohemian Confession was widely received in Great Poland: while the vast region of Lithuania and all of Slav blood were adherents of the more distinctively "Reformed" doctrine, worship and discipline, under his own charge. A'Lasco struggles earnestly and patiently to

bring these conflicting interests together, to get them "to see eye to eye" in mutual understanding; efforts that bore some fruit after his death in the famous Union of Sandomir in 1570. He was in truth a devoted and intelligent friend of union among all Christian disciples who stood by the Scriptures: and delighted beyond measure was he when his own country could afford a safe retreat for English refugees—chief among them being William Barlow, who was to be Elizabeth's first Bishop of Chichester; and the good Duchess of Suffolk, one of Latimer's great friends—thus repaying what England had done in sheltering himself.

In order to cope with Rome, he believed in the need of a firm yet elastic organization: and he kept in view an ideal he had of a Reformed Church, arranged on a national scale, as nearly as circumstances would admit, after the fashion of the Emden or London models. This, of course, could be attained only by degrees; and as he was a man of practical experience, he laid down very few rigid or hard-and-fast lines. The most prominent feature, perhaps, in the Polish Reformed Church, as A'Lasco left it, was its Synodical Constitution, with a large infusion of aristocratic and lay influence, and abundant provision for pastoral intercourse. But another feature, not less worthy of notice, was the special regard for education, the maintenance of schools, and the godly upbringing of the young. A'Lasco's Emden Catechism was translated, and other books were furnished in considerable numbers. But a Polish version of the Holy Scriptures was the chief desideratum. A'Lasco and a committee of seventeen others set earnestly to work: and though he did not live to see it completed, it was published in folio three years after his death; Prince Radzivil, with a few friends, bearing the chief cost of printing. This is now a rare work, the Jesuits, especially Father P. Skarga, who did so much afterwards to uproot A'Lasco's Reformation, having caused all the copies

they could find to be burnt. The Bodleian Library, however, can boast of one, and Christ Church, Oxford, of another. It is the Dantzic revision of 1632 that is now in use by the Protestants scattered among the twelve millions of Polish-speaking people. Yet, undoubtedly, under A'Lasco's vigorous efforts the Reformation was making steady progress, and was waxing stronger in unity and influence by his fostering care.

### XIII.

#### A'LASCO'S MAIN TRIALS AND DIFFICULTY.

The difficulties, however, with which he has to contend are very great, and some of them of an ill-omened kind. For besides the pusillanimity of the King, who would come to no decision, and the selfish policy of the nobles, which was obstructive to a painful degree, A'Lasco has bitter experience of unscrupulous tactics from Romish partizans, and, what is worse, of budding mischief from among his own little company. Poland, as we have seen, afforded large religious toleration at this time, and many foreigners with strange notions found shelter from violence. Some of these crept in among the Reformed, by disguising their opinions, or on other false pretences, and they brought with them not a few dangerous and unsettling tendencies. For in the revolt from superstition, multitudes who revelled in their new-found freedom of opinion, but who had not the balance of serious religious conviction, were whirled about with "every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, in craftiness, after the wiles of error." Old heresies were revived, Apollinarian, Photinian, Sabellian, Arian, Pelagian, and the like; and new ones were originated and became rampant. All these were ultimately merged into what became known as Socinianism in the next generation, which had its headquarters in Poland, more especially at the city of Rakau, whence issued in 1605 the notorious Racovian Catechism.

No rupture occurred with this class

till two years after A'Lasco's death: for in his own day, the system had not developed itself, and the men who fell under its influence were, many of them, honest religious reformers, both in their own eyes and in the estimation of others. One depraved and fatal propensity they had. Religion with them degenerated into mere intellectual gladiatorship, and was wholly wanting in warm devotional and evangelic feeling. Everything they made matter of debate or question, cavil or objection, as if they neither wished, nor cared about, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus at all. Men of this spirit, like Vergerio, Blandrata, Stalor, Lisman, Stancar, were a torment to A'Lasco, and an immense hindrance to the young cause. On one occasion, it is said, A'Lasco, provoked out of measure by the cool effrontery of some of their contentions, brings down his Bible on the head of Stancar, saying: "Will you *feel* the word of God, if you will not hear it!"

#### XIV.

##### HIS ENCOUNTER WITH HOSIUS.

But besides having to deal with these insidious foes of the Gospel, A'Lasco has ample occasion for faith and patience in battling with the subtle power of the Romish or reactionary party.

When King Sigismund had been roused to apply to Pope Paul IV. for some small measure of reform, the request for a National Church Convocation was sternly declined, though plenty of promises had been made for removal of ecclesiastical abuses. But feeling was rising in the country. People would no longer be amused with mere words. The legate Lippomani had to withdraw himself in disgrace: and in the Diet of 1559 at Piotrkow, the Church dignitaries got a fright by a motion being nearly carried to deprive bishops of their seats in the Senate. The Great National Synod seemed almost within reach at the time of A'Lasco's death: and if such a Council had met at this crisis, when the

national spirit was high, almost certainly would Protestantism have become the dominant faith. The man who prevented it was Cardinal Commendon, one of the ablest of Rome's diplomatists; but the man who was to work the most irreparable damage in after years on Polish Protestantism was Stanislaus Hosen, Bishop of Varm, who is however best known to fame as Cardinal Hosius. It was he who, shortly after A'Lasco's death, first opened the door in Poland to the Jesuits, and gave them a settlement in his own diocese, being startled with the growth of the new faith on his return from the Council of Trent. What fatal success attended his policy, and what dire results attended the power of these Jesuits, may be read in the pages of history. Few in number at first, but well endowed by Hosius and other supporters, their influence began to tell in Church and State with baleful effect.

King Stephen Bathory first owned their sway; then Sigismund III. is called "King of the Jesuits"; then a Jesuit priest, John Casimir, is elected to the Crown; but all the while, as the Jesuits advance in power, the fortunes of Poland steadily wane. The national mind gets dwarfed, the national resources exhausted, the national character decays. Irreparable ruin and disaster ensue: the grand catastrophe follows. This comes of Jesuit intrigue; this is the natural but bitter fruit of their schemes in crushing Protestantism.

How suggestive to see A'Lasco and Hosius confront each other at the very opening of the contest. They were not unfairly matched. Hosius had a history somewhat like A'Lasco's in its early stages, though ultimately turned in the opposite direction. He was born in Cracow, 1504, of German extraction, and had all the advantages of superior training and foreign travel. His works, like A'Lasco's, are in different languages, chiefly Latin, in two volumes, with a mass of interesting correspondence with distinguished contemporaries. They had,

however, the advantage of being collected in 1584, while the same good office has not been done for A'Lasco till three centuries after his decease. Hosius was unquestionably a man of stupendous erudition, with great energy of intellect and will. But he was a blind devotee of Rome and all her superstitious observances, prostrating his splendid powers even to abjectness of submission.

With a kind of prescience, A'Lasco fastens on this coming champion of the Church; and closing with him in vigorous style, administers to this strongest athlete of Rome a heavy fall. Hosius had not thought it beneath him, to rake together from a Lutheran polemic a number of articles caricaturing and perverting A'Lasco's doctrinal and sacramental teaching; and he takes a malicious pleasure in "showing up" the differences in the various Protestant communions. This borrowed lucubration is followed by a treatise of his own, decrying the Scriptures and exalting the Church at their expense. It is no less full of calumny and misrepresentation than the other; A'Lasco coming in for his own share of the abuse. His reply is a crushing one, whether as a bit of polemical defence or of clear exposition. Having tersely refuted the twenty-three allegations which Hosius had adopted from another, A'Lasco proceeds to demolish, more leisurely, but not less effectively, Hosius's own seven propositions. He is quite aware of having done the work thoroughly. For writing to his friend the Castellán of Cracow, to whom the book is dedicated, he quietly observes: "It is therefore clear enough, my honoured sir, that all the batteries of this Hosius, far from having done any hurt to us, have gone crashing into his own walls." The whole tone of the book is strong and manly, not to say vehement at times, giving no indication of lack of vigour, save by the reference he makes to his broken health. Yet it is the last great service he was to do with his earnest pen. His life-work is nearly over.

## XV.

## A'LASCO WRITES TO QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

The very last effort he is known to have made is in the form of a letter to our own Queen Elizabeth, with whom he was personally acquainted in England. Yet this he could only dictate, and with difficulty append his name. It is dated 1st September, 1559, only four months prior to his death. Among the changes he had lived to see, one of the brightest and most cheering had been for him the accession of Elizabeth to the throne in the preceding November. It is suggested to him that a letter to her might be well received, and might be of signal service, if sent over by Utenhove, with a petition in favour of re-establishing the Church of the Strangers on its former footing. After some words of respect and congratulation to the young Queen, he refers with fondness to all he had experienced at the hands of her deceased brother, Edward VI., whose character and policy he highly commends. He exhorts her to adhere as faithfully as that beloved prince did to the Divine Word. For is it not to royalty, the cautions are addressed: "Obedience is better than sacrifice;" and again: "Because thou hast rejected the Word of the Lord, the Lord hath also rejected thee"? He is persuaded better things of the new Queen, well aware as he is, not only of her rare gifts, but of her having been blessed with a wholesome knowledge of the Gospel, which she had professed not merely in the safe days of her brother, but from her tenderest years in the days of her father. After exhorting her to maintain the pure doctrine, discipline and worship prescribed in God's Word—for it were unjust and impious to let truth be governed by falsities, and is not everything a sheer mendacity that has not its roots in the Divine Word?—he goes on to say: "I remember this used to be jestingly called, the Parliamentary Theology, because no one was allowed to

go beyond what Parliament had set up; but we might more properly speak of it as the Theological Parliament, by which I mean not that anything was set up by the professed authority of Parliament itself, but because all the changes were avowedly grounded on and regulated by express requirements of God's own Holy Word. 'Be wise, therefore, O kings,' not by debating whether you mean to acknowledge Christ or not, but by openly owning and being subject to Him as your King and Lord. Forgive my urging such a duty and adding these admonitions to my hearty congratulations. They are from a dying man. The Lord has seen fit to lay me under an illness so that I cannot finish the letter with my own hand, but have been forced to use Utenhove as amanuensis." This worthy and noble brother he is sending to London, with a petition addressed to the Crown through the Duke of Bedford, President of Her Majesty's Council. He earnestly bespeaks for it a favourable reply. Had health permitted, he would have supported it with reasons, but trusts to her kind construction and consideration. "I send your Majesty a copy of my book recently issued against the calumnies of Bishop Hosius." And then, in signing his name, he touchingly adds, "It is, you see, with feeble hand."

Yes; too soon for his country, and too soon for the welfare of its Protestant Reformation, his days on earth are drawing to a close.

## XVI.

### THE END.

After a fortnight's sharp illness, A'Lasco died on Tuesday, 8th January, 1560. Though worn out with unremitting toils, he passed to his rest "unconquered, weary with conquering,"

as was written of the Swiss heroes on the field of St. Jacob. His body was borne in grand procession amid tearful multitudes to the church of Pintzov for noble entombment, though Poland hardly knew what she had now lost. On his death-bed, his thoughts fondly circled round the young Reformed Church and its fortunes. "My Lord and my God" were among his last treasured words. Were they not beautifully expressive of the glowing fervour and undying strength of his whole heart's devotion? It was noticed that just as he breathed his last, the afternoon sun about five o'clock was sinking behind the castle walls. Typical this of his own bright but too brief career; struggling with wintry clouds and gathering gloom, yet gilding all with a heavenly radiance, and leaving behind a trail of glory that gives token of a better day. If A'Lasco had been immediately successful in securing the triumph of a Protestant Church in Poland, his name would doubtless have been far more widely known and honoured. But, that a resurrection or revival of his life-work may yet, under God, be brought about, who of us will not earnestly hope?

It is interesting to know regarding Utenhove's mission, that if Elizabeth did not see her way to renew Edward VI.'s charter in every particular, she honoured it in the main. And to this very day, A'Lasco's impress may be traced in those Dutch and French and other foreign churches in London or elsewhere, that can look back on long unbroken lines of faithful pastors, fifty, sixty or more, in evangelical succession. His writings, doctrinal, devotional, epistolary, which have been gathered with pious care from the libraries of many a land, from Dublin to St. Petersburg, from Zurich to Amsterdam, now "praise him in the gate."

ALEX. H. DRYSDALE, M.A.

# ISAAC WATTS, D.D.



# ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

## I.

### PARENTAGE AND EDUCATION.

ISAAC WATTS was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. It was in the same year that John Milton died. The father of Watts held the office of deacon in a Dissenting church which had been formed in the town. England was passing through troublous times when this little boy entered the world. Charles II. occupied the throne; a strong political reaction had set in against the Commonwealth, which expired in 1660; the sectaries, as they were called, in power for many years, were now not only in disrepute, but were subjected to violent persecution. Two months before Isaac's birth, Nathaniel Heywood, an eminent Puritan clergyman, mourned over the loss of public liberty, "and silent sabbaths;" adding, "to be laid aside as a broken vessel in which there is no pleasure is a sore burden, I know not how to bear." Several pastors were cast into prison, and others, not in the ministry, shared a similar fate. Such a fate befell Watts' father, soon after the babe was born. A house where the solitary wife lived, and which still remains, stood in French Street; and thence, tradition says, she was wont to make her weary way, with Isaac in her arms, to a stone near the gaol, and close to the water-side, where Canute planted his chair and vainly bade the waves retire. There she would sit, and nurse her infant, near the cell of her innocent husband. How long he remained prisoner, we do not know; but being possessed of some property, and, as may be supposed, after his release, resuming his former occupation, he was able respectably to bring up a large family. As late as 1737, he died in peace, having, as Dr. Johnson remarks in his *Lives of*

*the Poets*, the happiness, indulged to few parents, of living to see his son eminent for literature and eminent for piety.

This son, with rare precocity, before he could plainly speak would run to his mother's lap, crying out, "A book; a book;" and when four years old, he began to learn Latin. Giotto, as a little shepherd boy, drew on a bit of slate the figure of a sheep; Pascal, a child, in play-hours drew mathematical figures on the floor; and in like manner, Watts, little beyond a baby, began to lisp in rhyme. His mother amused her husband's pupils by giving them a farthing for verses, written after school-hours; and Isaac, with a dash of conscious superiority, which, with all his meekness, he never lost, wrote the following couplet:

"I write not for a farthing, but to try  
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

As with the Wesleys, so with the family of Watts, a poetic gift was hereditary. The father was addicted to writing verses, the mother encouraged the practice in her children, but Isaac possessed it in finer power and larger quantity.

He early indicated a taste for science, as well as letters; and, when six years old, saw the great comet of 1680,—which made an ineffaceable impression on his mind, and gave a colouring to some of his poetry in riper years.

If the story of Watts' mother carrying her child to the prison door be true, the father must have undergone a second imprisonment, for, in some brief memorabilia by the son, this entry occurs: "1683, my father persecuted, and imprisoned for nonconformity six months. After that forced to leave his family and live privately in London for two years." From the same brief notes, we find that Isaac "began to learn Greek in 1683, or



before." "Learnt French 1684-1685. Learnt Hebrew 1687 or 8."

Isaac attended Southampton Grammar-school, then under the mastership of the Rev. Mr. Pinhorne, Rector of All Saints, and vicar of a parish in the New Forest—a man whom his young pupil revered and loved, as is expressed in elegiac verses written in 1714. Most interesting entries in the memorabilia are found under the following dates: "Fell under considerable convictions of sin 1688: and was taught to trust in Christ I hope 1689: had a great and dangerous sickness 1689." Thus, on his own authority, we learn, that when fourteen years of age, he passed through a deep spiritual change. He was not as one who knows not when he first began to love his Father, for he could distinctly mark two periods when he began to feel what sin is, and to taste the blessings of salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. About the same time, he attracted the attention of a physician, Dr. Speed, and other friends, who were anxious to send so promising a youth to one of the universities; but father and son thought of the Christian ministry amongst Protestant dissenters as an appropriate sphere for one so fond of study, and so impressed with the value of the Gospel.

In those days small societies or committees were formed to assist young Nonconformists who desired to devote themselves to preaching the Word. One of these is known by the name of the Fund Board, instituted in 1695, "to encourage the preaching of the Gospel in England and Wales." In the records of that trust we lighted, some time ago, on an entry, respecting assistance rendered towards the education of Isaac Watts in 1696. At that same period there were "academies," so called, instituted by ejected ministers and conducted by their successors. They were neither schools, nor colleges in the modern acceptation of those terms. Youths were received for a superior education, without reference to any particular profession or employment; and associated with these were

some who were designed for the Christian ministry. Newington Green, near London, was a noted place for the education of such candidates; for these an academy had been formed by Dr. Gale, the learned author of a book entitled, *The Court of the Gentiles*; and in 1696 it was being carried on by Thomas Rowe, son of John Rowe, who had been one of the stated preachers at Westminster Abbey during the Commonwealth. Under the tuition of Thomas Rowe, Isaac Watts was placed by the Fund Board, and there he passed through the usual course for training a Nonconformist minister. There is ample evidence of such a curriculum having been profound, as well as comprehensive. Amongst the pupils at Mr. Rowe's academy were, Daniel Neal, historian of the Puritans; Henry Grove, an eminent divine; and Josiah Hort, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam. The influence of such associates could not but be stimulating to the mind of young Isaac; and no doubt memories of the Commonwealth, of Westminster Abbey, and of Cromwell, with other celebrities, would be handed down to the young men by the son of the old Puritan, who had known them all.

In the memorabilia it is recorded: "Began to preach, after I had pursued university studies above eight years, July 17, 1698." By university studies he meant studies such as are pursued at universities, for in his case they must have been carried on partly at home, and partly in Newington Green. Next he tells us: "Went to Southampton, and preached there several times in a visit to my friends."

The name of Watts will ever be associated with the town of Southampton. Its scenery was familiar to the poet from the days of his infancy; and the woods and meadows near Netley are said to have suggested the lines:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand drest in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between."

His memory is lovingly cherished in his

birthplace, and is perpetuated by a monument of the poet erected a few years since.

## II.

### PASTORATE IN LONDON.

Dissenting churches had a precarious and changeful existence in the metropolis during the latter part of the seventeenth century. Owing to prohibitory laws, they had to shift from place to place, and it was not till after the Revolution of 1688 that they had any safely fixed and permanent abode. One of these assemblies, under the ministry of Dr. John Owen, figures in the religious annals of the city; forasmuch as it included amongst the members, Charles Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law; Colonel Desborough, a staunch Republican; Major-General Berry, a friend of Richard Baxter's; young Sir John Hartopp; and the eccentric Mrs. Bendish, grand-daughter to the Lord Protector. This church, after sundry changes and movements, was under the charge of Dr. Chauncy when Isaac Watts entered the ministry, and he was invited to become co-pastor. The congregation at that time is spoken of as meeting for worship in Mark Lane; and there, on the retirement of Dr. Chauncy soon after Watts' ordination, the latter became sole pastor. He preached his first sermon on the birthday which completed his twenty-fourth year, in 1698; and the acceptance it received prepared for his subsequent settlement as pastor of the congregation. In 1708, a new place of worship was built in Bury Street, St. Mary Axe; and within the walls of that edifice the poet continued to preach, with some intervals, until the close of his public labours.

For nearly two years he preached in this place before Dr. Chauncy's retirement; and his ministry was adapted to enlarge the audience, which had considerably decreased before that period. The new building must have been small, as the entire cost did not exceed £700.

In the year 1728, the University of

Edinburgh conferred upon Isaac Watts the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

We can form some idea of his preaching in early life. His voice was feeble; his countenance, except when excited, was rather wanting in animation; his stature, like that of Chrysostom and John Wesley, diminutive—indeed, not much above five feet; but his command of language was very great, his elocution good, his pronunciation distinct and accurate; and the substance of his sermons may be learned from volumes of them published in his lifetime. A change had come over homiletic compositions since the middle of the seventeenth century. Intricate and perplexing divisions and subdivisions were dropped; learned quotations disappeared; minute criticisms and scholastic distinctions fell out of fashion; a smooth and flowing style rose in the ascendant. There was less of theological metaphysics, and more of general culture. Watts illustrates in his sermons the literary change which marked the period; but he shows no loss of love for evangelical truth, no disposition to throw into the background the distinctive facts and truths of Christ's Gospel. In English pulpits what may be called a rationalistic mode of preaching too generally prevailed; but Dr. Watts exhibited no tendency of that description. He had not the theological acuteness of Dr. Owen, or the burning eloquence of Richard Baxter, or the calm, deep thoughtfulness of John Howe, or the silver tongue of Dr. Bates; but he had thorough sympathy with their love for the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and proclaimed it with zeal and fervour, so as to reach the hearts and probe the consciences of men. Of gentle nature, but of unbending fidelity, charmed by the winning aspects of Christianity, but penetrated also by the warnings of the Bible, he appealed to fear, as well as hope, and there are passages in his discourses full of alarm and terror for obstinate and impenitent souls.

In 1703, whilst the congregation worshipped in Mark Lane, Samuel Price

was chosen co-pastor with Watts, and yielded him most valuable assistance in pastoral visitation and other labours.

### III.

#### TEMPORARY SUSPENSION OF WORK.

Watts was a man of delicate organization, of feeble constitution, of a nervous temperament, and subject to several kinds of indisposition. In a brief diary, printed in his *Life* by the Rev. Thomas Milner, he alludes to his complaints. He tells us that in 1701 he went to Bath, by the advice of physicians, and the same year to Tunbridge Wells, then even more than now a resort for invalids. Altogether, that year he was detained five months by weakness from study and preaching. This was before he became sole pastor at Mark Lane. Soon after his settlement, he was seized with jaundice, and had a slow recovery. In August, 1703, he stayed seven weeks at the Wells, "with scarce any benefit." The waters did not agree with him. In December of the same year, he complained that, on account of his bad health, he had been obliged to remit his studies for a long time, so that he was induced to employ "a boy to read and write" for him; and this arrangement proved very helpful. In 1706, complaints of illness recur again; he revisited Tunbridge Wells in the summer, and returned much stronger. In 1710, he bought a horse for his health's sake, and rode about 1,800 miles between the 10th of April and the 28th of September. Pains in the head sent him to Tunbridge Wells again in 1711. After that, his diary closes; and if it had been prolonged, doubtless we should have had a continued calendar of diseases. Such extracts give an idea of Watts' sufferings beyond what any general statements could convey. The autumn of 1712 was a dark period. He cried:

"My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,  
And my disease the tempest. Nature feels  
A strange commotion to her inmost centre;  
The throne of nature shakes: Be still, my  
thoughts,

Peace, and be still. In vain my reason gives  
The peaceful word, my spirit strives in vain  
To calm the tumult, and command my thoughts;  
This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal  
powers,

Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,  
Nor hear its law: The engine rules the man."

It is comforting to find he could add:

"Yet, gracious God, amidst these storms of  
nature,

Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm  
Reign through the realms of conscience: all  
within

Lies peaceful and composed."

And in accordance with this latter strain are passages in his letters and conversations. "I know not but my days of restraint and confinement by affliction may appear my brightest days, when I come to take a review of them in the light of Heaven." "St. Paul's thorn in the flesh," he thought, "was the debilitated state of his nerves, occasioned by the overpowering glories of Heaven, whence I conclude that the Apostle was in the body, when he was caught up to Paradise." From this idea of a fellowship in infirmity with the Apostle, under exalted spiritual privilege, he seems to have derived much comfort.

But "the clouds returned after the rain," and, in advanced life, his affliction became more and more intense. The year 1736 "was one of retirement;" and towards the end of life, the physical disease he endured excited the commiseration of friends. Yet, it must be remembered, that all through years of bodily pain and weakness, there were considerably long seasons of relief, during which he executed a large number of literary works. These exhibit the prevailing vigour of his intellect, and are the lasting monuments of his fame as a divine, a poet, and a philosopher. When he was seeking health he was doing good. He has left the impress of Tunbridge Wells scenery on some of his works. There he meditated on "the world to come," and on other kindred themes; at the same time he informs us that one of the discourses included in the volume

was prepared amidst the rocks of that well-known romantic neighbourhood.

#### IV.

##### WATTS' PSALMODY.

The life of Watts chiefly resolves itself into a history of pastoral ministrations, and the production of literary works, which have given him fame amongst English authors. We have noticed his ministry; we now turn to his writings. He is now best known as a poet, and in that capacity he first requires attention.

The *Horæ Lyricæ*—poems chiefly of the lyric kind—were the first-fruits of his abundant authorship. They appeared in 1705, soon after he had entered on his pastorate. In Dr. Johnson's opinion, they at once gave the young bard an honourable place in the temple of the muses. Some of the verses are dated so early as 1691, when he was seventeen years of age; and had he written nothing further, his name might have been bracketed with that of Kirk White. The book attracted attention both in England and America, and procured for him the friendship of several literary men. Many of the poems were translated from a Polish author, who wrote in Latin, but most of them bear marks of original genius, and are written in unusual and irregular metres; none of them are laboured, but look like spontaneous effusions of a mind which loved to throw its rich and varied imaginations into metrical form. They must be judged by the standard of taste recognised by the authors of that day, which was certainly very different from what it is in our time. A devout fervour animates many of the compositions, and hence a few of them have found their way into modern hymn-books. Indeed, hymn-writing was his peculiar gift; and this has given him an enduring fame.

His *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* issued from the press in 1707. Hymnology at the time was in a miserably low condition, beyond what can be adequately

conceived by people who live, as we do in an age of hymn-books; and the value of what was done by our author in that peculiar line of Christian service must be estimated accordingly. No English hymn-book, properly so called, existed before Watts entered this domain. The account given by a contemporary of the origin of the work has been often repeated. "I had the account from his worthy fellow-labourer and colleague, the Rev. Mr. Price, in whose family I dwelt above fifty years ago. The hymns which were sung at the Dissenting meeting-house at Southampton"—perhaps the paraphrases of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady—"were so little to the taste of Mr. Watts, that he could not forbear complaining of them to his father. The father bade the son try what he could do to mend the matter. He did it with such success in his first essay, that a second hymn was earnestly desired, and then a third and fourth, till, in process of time, there was such a number of them as to make up a volume." The first hymn he wrote is the well-known one beginning with the verse, "Behold the glories," &c.

To the first edition he prefixed an essay on Psalmody, contending for the importance of improving it, inquiring how David's Psalms ought to be turned into Christian song, and how lawful and necessary it was to compose other hymns, according to the clearer revelations of the Gospel. There was a strong prejudice in many quarters against the use of hymns in worship at all, and, if in any form they were to be employed, it was thought there should be a strict adherence to Scripture phraseology; Watts was one of the first and chief to sweep away this mistaken idea. A new advertisement was inserted in the second edition (1709), and the author explained that he had added 150 new hymns; and one or more were suited to Christian Divinity, in the variety of its themes. He had made corrections in what he had written before, availing himself of friendly suggestions, and he ex-

pressed his intention of bringing out spiritual songs, based on the book of Psalms. The psalms came out in 1719. "Translation," says one of his biographers, the Rev. Thomas Milner, "was not his object, but free imitation; and with peculiar felicity, in many instances, has he caught the spirit of his model, and made David sing the song, not only of Moses, but of the Lamb. He brought to his task no inconsiderable amount of qualification, a critical acquaintance with the inspired originals, fervent piety, facility of versification, and poetical taste. It has been justly said that in catching the spirit of the text, no writer has been, on the whole, so happy; and his metrical version, free and imperfect as it professedly is, and faulty, in many respects, is nevertheless the most interesting commentary on the Psalms that we possess. Nor has any single work so powerfully contributed to promote the cultivation of sacred poetry." Evangelical light, which rarely breaks out in the paraphrases of Patrick and other writers less known, flashes with radiant glory in Watts' psalms, as well as in Watts' hymns.

The Rev. Cyprian T. Rust has thrown much light on the originality of these works in his *Break of Day*. He shows that Watts was the first man in England to write hymns, with the direct purpose of employing them in public service; that they were written before the new version of the Psalms had come into use; that they are more frequently and exclusively sung now than those of any other poet; and that the field he opened in 1707 was exclusively occupied by himself for thirty years. At first the hymns were not welcomed everywhere, but Dr. Doddridge and the Reverend James Hervey wrote to the author, describing the sacred and beautiful effect produced by them in worship. Critics of all denominations have united in acknowledging the service thus rendered to British hymnology; and Lord Selborne regards Watts as the founder of British psalmody; saying that "more hymns

which approach to a very high standard of excellence may be found in his works, than in those of any other single writer." It appears, that subsequent hymnologists, for a time, aspired chiefly to the honour of supplementing Watts' work; and in that way Doddridge, Burder and Rippon offered their respective collections to the Christian public. In Church and Wesleyan hymn-books Watts occupies an honoured place, and there are more hymns of his "*spontaneously* selected for divine service, than of any other writer, living or dead." Their circulation has been enormous. They had a sale, for thirty or forty years, of 60,000 copies annually; and in England and America, the sale for 1864 amounted to about the same number.

Singing hymns in public, was for a long time unpopular amongst Nonconformists. In times of persecution, when concealment was essential to safety, to sing as in the present day, would have betrayed worshippers into the hands of enemies; and perhaps a habit was thus formed, which perpetuated itself, under different circumstances, long afterwards. There were controversies waged in the last century as to the propriety of singing at all in divine service, and it was only by slow degrees that it obtained entrance in some places. The adoption of Watts' book would, therefore, for a time be retarded, and other prejudices might operate in the same direction; but before the end of the last century, his hymns formed a standard of psalmody in almost all congregations of the Independent order.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful and sublime in the thought of this unpretending volume—for it was unpretending, in the first instance, being apologetically published as a contribution towards filling up a gap—having become a vehicle of adoration, thanksgiving, and prayer for millions and millions altogether, during much more than a century and a half. It is the greatest honour which could befall a servant of God, to have occu-

pied so long the office of choir-master to English churches all over the world. Every Sunday, there rises up to Heaven from the far east and west, north and south, the music of penitent sinners and joyful saints, expressed in melodies written by the pen of one man. John Foster has touched on that history of books, which gathers round them associations of thought, feeling, and improvement, produced by their perusal. This idea applied to Watts' hymns, opens up an illimitable field of speculation, relative to the effects produced in successive generations by his small volume. Nor is the effect of it to be confined to its use in public; many a copy has a history made up of hallowed meditations, of spiritual hopes, of heavenly joys, inspired by its private perusal.

A pleasant anecdote is related by Mr. Rust, as to the use made of the book in a hive of industry. In the eastern counties, especially in Norwich, there used to be more extensive manufactories of bombazine and crape than there are now. He describes a mother, who with two daughters occupied a large room, where spinning went on merrily, and these girls were wont to run to-and-fro towards the spindles, whilst the matron, with a large copy of Watts' before her, "bound in green baize," read couplet by couplet, which the young folks caught up and sang to popular tunes. There was poetry in this—and such a scene would have filled with pleasure the bard who gave the inspiration.

It should not be forgotten that, besides the poetry we have noticed, Watts wrote and published, in 1720, *Divine Songs for the Use of Children*. Some of them are out of fashion now; but "The little busy bee," and "The voice of the sluggard," can never die out of any memory it has once entered.

## V.

### HIS PROSE WORKS.

They are numerous and diversified, but for convenience sake, instead of

enumerating them chronologically, we prefer grouping some of the principal under the following heads:

To the subject of *Intellectual training* belong the treatise on *Logic* (1724), and an *Essay on the Improvement of the Mind* (1741). Dr. Johnson says of the first of these works: "It has been received into the universities, and therefore wants no private recommendation. If he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it must be considered that no man who undertakes merely to methodise or illustrate a system, pretends to be its author." Archbishop Whately is better known to the student in these days than Watts, and is, in some respects, very superior; but a French critic, Tissot, so lately as 1848, said: "There is more of method and clearness perhaps in the logic of Watts than in that of Arnauld,"—a great authority. "The good English sense, the sense of that which pertains to practical life, is disclosed here in a very high degree, whilst the speculative sense of a theologian moderately scholastic, is more full in the art or exercise of thinking. Watts is complete without being excessive, he has adequately touched all which is necessary; and he always stops at the precise point where more depth might diminish transparency." This is high praise, especially from a French critic. Of the *Improvement of the Mind*, the literary oracle of the last century gives a very favourable opinion. "Few books," says Johnson, "have been perused by me with more pleasure;" and many a reader, like the writer of this sketch, will probably call to mind benefit and enjoyment derived from it in years gone by.

*Philosophy, physical and speculative*, occupied his thoughts. Watts, in 1725, wrote an elementary book on Astronomy and Geography, for the use of learners—a publication which throws light on his character as one, not craving renown for erudition, but as being desirous of instructing the young, who were unable to pay him in coin such as an ambitious author wishes to win. In 1732, he

wrote for the learned, which he was competent to do, dealing in his *Philosophical Essays on Various Subjects* with recondite themes—space, substance, body, spirit, innate ideas, the place of spirits, and so on—subjects more fascinating, perhaps, then to thoughtful minds, than they are now. Ontology, or the science of being, was the name given to the treatment of metaphysical questions. In 1746, the *Essay on the Freedom of the Will* came out anonymously, but was deemed of sufficient importance to call forth an answer from the greatest metaphysician of the day—indeed, of the century. Jonathan Edwards, in the preface to his renowned work on the same subject, speaks of the author, whom he guessed to be Watts, with great respect for a “divine of his name and character;” but he contends against his views: Edwards believing in the doctrine of philosophical necessity, which Watts did not. That the latter, though unequal to the former, was an acute thinker, is manifest in his essay; but what is more admirable, the Evangelical teacher is apparent where he dwells on the sin and fall of man and the free grace of God in Christ.

*Evidences of Gospel truth* are exhibited in another group of works. He wrote a *Caveat against Infidelity* in 1729, vindicating what he calls “the necessary doctrines of Christianity,” answering objections urged by Deists, exhorting believers to hold fast the faith, and warning them against apostacy. The Deistical controversy was the battle of the age, and innumerable volumes and tracts on this question streamed from the press. It produced probably as much excitement then as politics do now. The learned clothed themselves in polished armour, and multitudes besides were archers and pikemen. Watts, not from pleasure so much as duty, took up his sword and shield to fight the good fight of faith. Reason, according to the fashion then, was a weapon on both sides; but as fashion in argument, like other things, is changeable, a good deal of the form then employed is irrelevant

now, though, in substance, much of the matter is as important as ever,—the points at issue being the same. *The Strength and Weakness of Reason* (1731) is a book of somewhat the same order, showing the insufficiency of reason alone as a guide to true religion and immortal happiness. *The Ruin and Recovery of Mankind* (1740) aims at the same end as the two other works just cited, but it proceeds along different lines—lines of reason in relation to original sin, human depravity, the offer of grace to all men, the condition of the heathen, and the state of those who die in infancy. The introduction of so many difficult topics, bearing but remotely on what may be regarded as the main purpose and end of the work, produces perplexity and confusion.

His *practical* works are amongst his best. Religion in those days, where it remained, was in many cases cold and inanimate. Watts saw this, and hence, in 1731, he made *A Humble Attempt towards the Revival of Practical Religion*, full of profound lamentations and pungent appeals. They produced a considerable effect, and, together with Doddridge's efforts of the same kind, helped to prepare for the blessed awakening which came over England during the second half of the eighteenth century. Books on the love of God and the passions of the soul, issued by Watts a little earlier, were of a like practical nature: but in 1745, he broke up new ground, and appeared in a character not popular with controversial partizans. He urged orthodoxy and charity united, dwelling on law and gospel, faith and good works. In this attempt he was perfectly at home. It is addressed to moderate men amongst those who were Calvinists, and those who were named New Methodists. “They divided the religious world between them, and were often fiercely antagonistic.” Watts, whilst guarding against latitudinarianism, advocated unity within certain limits, and charity towards Christians of every name. He carefully strove to trace comprehensive lines for the camp

of God, and proposed vigilant guards and strong outposts on every side; but the watchwords within were to be union, peace, love. Nothing more clearly brought out the temper and spirit of the man.

One more subject must be noticed—the doctrine of the Trinity. Next to the Deistical controversy, this respecting Trinitarianism was the order of the day. Watts interposed, not on the side of Arianism, but with a view to recover those who had fallen into that opinion. He invited them to the orthodox faith, by a “*plain and easy method* to lead such as deny the proper Deity of Christ into the belief of that great article.” He maintained that the doctrine of Three persons, and one God, is according to “the plain evidence of Scripture without the aid or encumbrance of human schemes.” But in subsequent dissertations he broached a theory with regard to the human soul of Christ for the purpose of meeting certain Arian objections. Two years before his death he published a work on the *Glory of Christ as God-Man*, in which he entered upon speculative views which it would be difficult in a tract like this fully to explain. This descriptive title of the last-mentioned work shows clearly that the author at the time was far indeed from questioning the Divine nature of Christ, His pre-existence prior to the world’s creation, and His claim to be regarded as God-Man; but we must say that the theory proposed by Watts is not likely to be adopted by many theologians. The fact is, that he had a decidedly speculative turn of mind, which some theologians are tempted to indulge; and that, it may be, not with a view to their own gratification, but with a mistaken hope that, by subtle and recondite explanations, they may reconcile doubters to a true faith in Christ.

After Watts’ death, strange reports were circulated with regard to his sanity at the close of life and the opinions he entertained on theological points. It is on the tenour of a man’s life and writings, not on posthumous accounts of

last conversations, handed from one to another, that we are to form an estimate of his life.

## VI.

### RESIDENCE WITH THE ABNEY FAMILY.

We now reach a portion of Watts’ life which is, in some respects, most interesting of all, inasmuch as it appeals to domestic and social affections.

Sir Thomas Abney was Lord Mayor of London in 1700, and in 1701 sat in the House of Commons as representative of the City. Lady Abney was sister to an intimate friend of the poet, and possessed a large fortune of her own. Both were godly, and adorned their Christian profession by consistency of character and life. With them Watts formed a peculiarly intimate friendship; and passed many years under their hospitable roof.

They occupied a house at Theobald’s, in the neighbourhood of Cheshunt, near Epping Forest, associated with the reigns of Elizabeth and James, who had there a favourite mansion; the great queen loving to witness deer-hunts, and the eccentric king delighting to follow hounds. After the royal palace had lost its splendour, and was sinking into ruin, Theobald’s Park became the alderman’s country-seat. Lord Burleigh’s moss-walk, bordering upon the alderman’s garden, was a favourite resort. Watts resided at Theobald’s with the Abney family, and half a century afterwards, a summer-house, near the moss-walk, was shown as the place where he composed many of his works. “Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstration of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here, he had the privilege of a country recess, a fragrant bower, a spreading lawn, and a flowery garden to soothe his mind, and aid his restoration to health.” Still more identified with his abode was another house at Stoke Newington, on the site of what is now Abney Park. The house was in existence when we were



young, and well do we remember it, with its brick walls, dormer windows, and lofty iron gates, which led into a garden, redolent of English taste under William III. and Queen Anne.

Watts was not a stranger to Newington when he began his residence there, for, when a young man, before he entered the ministry, he had been employed there for two years at the residence of Sir John Hartopp, as tutor to the baronet's family. To the eldest son, who was his pupil, and succeeded his father in the baronetcy, Watts dedicated his book on *Logic*, and addressed some of the effusions found in his lyrics.

After Sir Thomas Abney's death, he continued to live with the widow, being practically, perhaps, master of the abodes at Theobald's and Newington.

We have a minute description of Watts' study at Newington. There were lines from Horace hung up over the entrance door, denouncing insincerity in friendship. Shelves were loaded with books of all kinds, and the walls not so occupied were hung with prints of noted persons, principally divines. A lofty panel rose over the fire-place, with more quotations from his favourite Latin bard on either side. Watts seems to have been something of an artist, for we are told that in a painted room, moulded with gilt, there were on the window shutter, drawn by his pencil, emblems of mortality, mingled with the family arms of Abney and Gunston, Gunston being the maiden name of the mansion's mistress. The heads of Democritus, Heraclitus, Aristotle, and Alexander, were to be seen in the same apartment, painted by the same hand. Watts was domestic chaplain. He led the daily devotions of the family and household, and at times preached to the domestic circle. Two discourses delivered at Theobald's are inserted in the first volume of his sermons, under the title of "Appearance before God." It is interesting to add, that we have heard from descendants of the chaplain's friends that he greatly endeared himself to the house-

hold servants, who vied with each other in attentions they paid to him, in grateful acknowledgment of the attention he paid to them. He was kind and sympathetic towards visitors, and it is related, that when a lady fell ill during a visit, and Watts acted as host, she spoke of religious conversations he carried on, the recollection of which she retained ever afterwards.

One day the Countess of Huntingdon paid Lady Abney and her distinguished inmate a visit; "Madam," said he, "your Ladyship is come to see me on a very memorable day." "Why so remarkable?" she asked. "This day thirty years," he replied, "I came hither to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof; and I have extended my visit to the length of exactly thirty years." "Sir," added Lady Abney, "what you have termed a long thirty years' visit, I consider as the shortest my family ever received."

## VII.

### FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Watts was acquainted with the Cromwell family. Lord-General Fleetwood, Oliver's son-in-law, had been a member, in Dr. Owen's time, of the church which afterwards met in Mark Lane and Bury Street, and his daughter became the wife of Sir John Hartopp, in whose house Watts lived for two years. Before that, Watts formed an intimate friendship with Fleetwood's son. The Lord-General died whilst Watts studied at Newington Green, near which his lordship lived; and at least, Watts could not but be familiar with his person; moreover, he would learn much respecting him from the hero's son and daughter. An inquisitive youth like the student and tutor, would not fail to ask many a question also about the Protector, and so acquire abundant information now lost, which historians would be glad to recover. Nor was Richard, the second protector, quite unknown, seeing he was connected

with the neighbourhood of Theobald's, and his niece, Lady Hartopp, was a friend of the poet. Further, Watts was acquainted with Mrs. Bendish, Oliver's grand-daughter, and the image, in some respects, of himself. Mrs. Bendish was in membership with the church at Bury Street. She liked lonely walks at night, without a servant. She would set off at one in the morning, in her chaise, and on horseback, to visit friends, singing her pastor's hymns as she went along. Before he was pastor—i.e., in 1699—he addressed these lines to her, which must have had a trumpet-sound in the ears of the masculine-minded lady:

"If 'tis a rugged path you go,  
And thousand foes your steps surround,  
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe.  
The hardest fight is highest crowned."

Mrs. Rowe was a much more intimate friend, and more to Watts' taste. She was a lady of genius, and of an impassioned temperament, which expressed itself in fervent religious sentiments. Before her marriage, perhaps more than mere friendship existed between the two friends; however that might be, they had an affectionate regard and admiration for each other as long as she lived, and at her death the MS. of *Devout Exercises* was by her bequest entrusted to him for publication. Another distinguished friend was the Countess of Hertford, who was intimate both with him and Mrs. Rowe, and several letters from her ladyship are preserved and printed in Watts' correspondence.

A number of letters from Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, are printed, acknowledging presents of Watts' works sent from time to time, and showing deep respect for his character and writings.

The Rev. James Hervey, author of the *Meditations*, had a great love for his writings, and between the clergyman and the Nonconformist there existed a strong bond of union.

The Rev. Samuel Rosewell is another correspondent—son of Thomas Rosewell, tried unjustly for high treason by the barbarous Lord Jeffreys.

Dr. Gibbons, who wrote the first Life of Dr. Watts, was a personal friend. Both of them evangelical, devout, and of an eminently catholic temper, and at the same time addicted to learned study and metaphysical pursuits, they had much in common. Gibbons became tutor in the academy at Mile End, and distinguished himself as a leading Nonconformist minister; but this was after the death of his more illustrious friend, whose superiority he felt, and whose memory he embalmed. Gibbons had ample opportunities for gathering information respecting Watts, and Dr. Johnson refers to him as his chief authority. Considerably older than Dr. Doddridge, Watts formed a friendship with that distinguished divine in connection with the establishment of an Institution for educating young men for the ministry. He encouraged, and indeed directed the enterprise in its early stages through the advice he gave to his young friend, who became the tutor. Doddridge dedicated to Watts *The Rise and Progress of Religion*, acknowledging that it owed its existence to his request; that the plan arose from his suggestion; and its perspicuity was indebted to his review. Doddridge admired and used Watts' hymns. In a letter to Watts, Doddridge says one of them had just been sung in a village, after a sermon he delivered, and he had been deeply affected by the impression the hymn had made. "Tears were in the eyes of several of the people, and some were not able to sing at all, so deeply were their minds affected." Doddridge and Watts were both visitors at Abney Park, and the son of one who was present on the last occasion of their meeting there together, informed the writer of this tract, that the younger followed the elder to the door, as they parted, stretching out his arms, as if like Elisha he sought to catch the spirit and mantle of an ascending prophet. This was not long before Watts' death.

Several other of Watts' friends, more or less intimate, are mentioned; amongst

them it is pleasant to notice the name of the Archbishop of Tuam, who, as Josiah Hort, had been a fellow-pupil with Watts at Newington Green. One of Dr. Watts' deacons at Bury Street was named Hort, probably a relative of the Irish prelate. The latter, who subscribes himself "your old friend and affectionate servant," says to his Nonconformist brother, in a letter dated 1743: "I have for many years been going down the hill, and if the doctrine of gravitation takes place in the life of man, the motion must accelerate as I come nearer the bottom. Your case is the same, though more aggravated by distempers. God grant we may be useful while we live, and may run clear and with unclouded minds till we come to the very dregs."

### VIII.

#### DEEP INTEREST IN THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

Watts' *Divine Songs for the Use of Children*; his *Discourse on the Education of Childhood and Youth*; *Prayers composed for the Use and Edification of Children*; the *Catechism for the Young* which he published, and his work on *The Improvement of the Mind*, are all proofs of this. It would be hard to find any English author of that, or of a previous age, worthy to compete with Watts in this respect. It is remarkable how few books, comparatively, were then written, either by Conformists or Nonconformists, for the special use of the rising generation. A fondness for young people was a prominent characteristic of the worthy who forms the subject of this tract.

In yet another way he is noticeable—as an advocate for "charity schools." Popular ignorance at that time was dense beyond anything we have known in our day. Charles Knight, in his *History of England*, justly remarks: "That some of the most absurd superstitions and prejudices lasted through the eighteenth century can scarcely be matter of surprise, when we consider how entirely the instruction of the lower classes was

neglected. It was neglected upon principle. It was believed that to educate the bulk of the people was to destroy the distinctions of rank." All this must be recalled to mind, if we would fairly estimate the position of Dr. Watts as the advocate of extended elementary education. There existed, it is true, schools for poor boys, supported out of ancient endowments and trust funds, but they met very inadequately the wants of the country. The title of his book is curious: "An essay towards the encouragement of Charity Schools, particularly those which are supported by Protestant Dissenters, for teaching the children of the poor to read and work—together with some apology for those schools which instruct them to write a plain hand, and fit them for service, or for the meaner trades and labours of life—to which is prefixed an address to the supporters of those schools." The educational question assumes a totally different aspect in our time from what it did in 1728, when Watts issued his publication, which must be judged of by the standard of opinion then, not by that which prevails now.

### IX.

#### TRUSTS AND CHARITY.

Next to nothing has been said on this point by Watts' biographers, for want of information; but as we happen to be in possession of documents which throw light upon it, we venture to give it distinct attention.

Mr. Coward was a London merchant, remarkable for his wealth, his beneficence and his eccentricities. He took a great interest in several religious projects, especially in the education of young men for the ministry, and thought of founding an academy at Walthamstow for that purpose. He consulted Dr. Watts on this subject, and one service rendered by the latter was to prepare questions proper for students in divinity. The Walthamstow scheme did not take effect,

but Mr. Coward founded a trust in aid of ministerial training, and appointed Dr. Watts, Dr. Guyse, Nathaniel Neal, and his son, trustees. They supported, or assisted out of their trust funds, young men who were preparing for pastoral work, and sent them to be instructed either by Dr. Doddridge, Mr. Eames, or Mr. Taylor. The trustees were accustomed to watch over the students, and especially those in Dr. Doddridge's charge, making inquiries, receiving reports, and occasionally visiting the academy for personal examination. This must have thrown considerable work upon Watts' hands, who, as long as he lived, was looked up to as chief administrator of the trust business. Besides supporting students, he assisted in augmenting the incomes of poor pastors. Mr. Coward died in 1738, and by his will confirmed and established the trust described. Traditions of Watts' intercourse with Mr. Coward have been handed down, from which it appears that, while there was eccentricity in the conduct of the layman, there was pleasantness and wit in the conversation of the divine.

There were other charitable trusts which Dr. Watts administered. Two pertained to the Bury-street estate and congregation. Sums of money were left, the interest of which was appropriated for division between twenty ministers, and also for the use of the congregation over which Watts presided. One provision was singular, for it directed that copies of Foxe's *Martyrology* should be given to charity schools in and about London. Another sum of money was left by a rich merchant, satirized by Pope, to be distributed at the discretion of Watts and three other divines. Helping people in these ways brought upon him much trouble, and, like others similarly employed, he was besieged by applicants, and probably found fault with. Nor was his charity confined to the conveyance of benefactions left by others. Out of his own small income of £100 a year, he gave away one-fifth.

## X.

## THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

Clouds darkened Dr. Watts' latter days. Two afflictive circumstances affected him; family trouble, and nervous depression. Much mystery hangs over the former. He had unworthy relatives, who from selfishness aspersed his character; but in what particular way they did so, has not been explained. Lady Abney endeavoured, as far as possible, to conceal from him what had been said and done, "and kept his enemies at a becoming distance; but he knew enough to disturb his spirits." "Sometimes I have been ready to say within myself, 'Why is my life prolonged in sorrow? Why are my days lengthened out to see further wretchedness? Methinks the grave should be ready for me, and the house appointed for all living. What can I do further for God or for men here on earth, since my nature pines away with painful shortness, my nerves are unstrung, my spirits dissipated, and my best powers of acting are enfeebled and almost lost?' Peace, peace, O thou complaining spirit. Dost thou know the counsels of the Almighty, and the secret designs of thy God and Saviour?" It is clear from the passage now quoted, that bodily disease was one cause of affliction at the time; it is equally clear that in patience he possessed his soul. Reports were circulated to the effect that he became insane; but this is decidedly denied by Dr. Gibbons.

Dr. Watts' thoughts in his last days dwelt largely on the world to come. The end of time, the wonders of the future, the glory of departed saints, and the terrors of perdition, rose before him in all their solemnity. He dwelt "on the sides of Eternity;" and, as we read what he says of the heavenly state, we are reminded of Bunyan's pilgrim on the Delectable Mountains, where he heard the shepherds say: "These mountains are Immanuel's, and they are within sight of His city; and the sheep also

are His, and He laid down His life for them."

Watts wove theories full of imagination, which comforted his soul as he thought of death. "To a good man," he says, "death is but passing out of one little dusky room of his Father's house into another that is fair and large, light-some and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O may the rays and splendours of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful beam as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through." He thought with Milton, as Southey suggests;

"What if earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven; and things therein

Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?"

"I never could discover," says Dr. Gibbons, "though I was frequently with him, the least shadow of a doubt as to his future everlasting happiness, or anything that looked like an unwillingness to die. How have I known him recite with a self-application those words in Hebrews x. 36: 'Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye may receive the promise.' And how have I heard him, upon leaving the family after supper and withdrawing to rest, declare with the sweetest composure, that if his Master were to say to him He had no more work for him to do, he should be glad to be dismissed that night."

In the immediate prospect of death, he said to Lady Abney and the members of the family: "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or another." And again: "I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be confirmed more in the truth of the Christian religion, or in the truth of its promises, for I believe them enough to venture an eternity on them." When he was almost worn out and broken down by his infirmities, he observed that he remembered an aged minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing

Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support, as the common and unlearned; "and so," said he, "I find it. They are the plain promises of the Gospel which are my support; and I bless God they are plain promises, which do not require much labour or pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that." "It is good to say, as Mr. Baxter, 'What, when, and where God pleases.' If God should raise me up again, I may finish some more of my papers, or God can make use of me to save a soul, and that will be worth living for. If God has no more service for me to do, through grace, I am ready."

Dr. Watts died November 26, 1748.

Watts has been designated "the Poet of the Atonement."<sup>1</sup> He was emphatically so. His hymns in the strongest words bear witness to the words of the Apostle respecting Christ: "We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace;" and how his soul is overwhelmed with emotion as he writes the verse:

"When I survey the wondrous cross

On which the Prince of Glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss,

And pour contempt on all my pride."

What appears in the present sketch testifies to Watts' poetical genius, his metaphysical acumen, his scientific and theological attainments, and his literary industry, in spite of bodily weakness. But, above all, his eminent spirituality and his intense benevolence appear conspicuously, not in pretensions of his own, but in the witness borne to his best qualities almost unconsciously, we may say, by his various writings, and in facts brought to light after his death. He was far more active in promoting the cause of religion, by his own personal endeavours, in connection with certain offices he fulfilled, than is generally supposed. As

<sup>1</sup> By Paxton Hood.

to his wide and lasting usefulness—he is as well known in America as in England, and many of his hymns are much more employed in public and private psalmody now he is dead, than ever they were whilst he was living. His spirit and temper were so catholic, as well as evangelical, that his fame is prevalent

amongst all denominations. Churchmen and dissenters do him honour by their grateful acknowledgment of numerous benefits conferred by him upon posterity, especially by the devotional sentiments which they express, on both sides of the Atlantic, in those musical words which he has taught them to employ.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

# ALDERMAN KELLY,

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



# ALDERMAN KELLY,

BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER:

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

## I.

### PARENTAGE AND BIRTH.

THOMAS KELLY was born on the 7th January, 1772, at Chevening, in Kent, the oldest son of John and Anne Kelly. The father was a shepherd at the time of his marriage, having previously been a farm-labourer. Being a steady and careful man, he was occasionally employed in purchasing cattle for the neighbouring farmers, as well as for his own master. By his industry and thrift he had managed to lay by as much as two hundred pounds. The possession of this money, and his marriage with one who was in a station somewhat superior to his own—the daughter of a farmer—led to his giving up his employment as a shepherd, and he was received as an inmate into the family of his wife. Here he assisted in the work and business of the farm. On the birth of his first child, a daughter, the desire of improving his condition, and of making, as he supposed, a better provision for a family, tempted him to take an inn in the village of Chevening, where Thomas, his first son, was born.

A year's trial of this new calling proved that they would not be efficient or successful in discharging duties so different from what they had been accustomed to. They were glad to give up the public-house, and to be received again at the farm from which the wife had been brought. Here they remained for about four years, when the increase of his family induced the father to take a tenancy of his own at Chelsham, in Surrey. Most of the necessary furniture and farming implements were supplied from the house they were leaving; but

the two hundred pounds—the savings of earlier toil and thrift—had by this time disappeared, and the new venture was begun without any capital.

The farm contained about thirty acres of cold, poor land, in a remote and inaccessible situation, with a dwelling little superior to that of an ordinary labourer. With no means of improving the soil, nor of hiring regular labour, most of the work had to be done by the husband's own hands. The wife managed the poultry and the little dairy, and attended to the ordinary house-work. When the children were in bed, she was busy with her needle or spinning-wheel. Once a week she went to the nearest market for the necessary requirements of the household. It was a sore struggle to make both ends meet, and many were the privations, as well as anxieties, endured. To the credit of these humble people, let it be recorded that, in spite of their poverty and the difficulties that oppressed them, they maintained their position, and honestly paid their way for nearly thirty-five years. Latterly they nearly doubled the extent of their tenancy; but the additional land was equally poor, and the increased rent and outlay left little, if any, return for the greater risk and toil. Before the end of this period, however, the eldest son was able to send good help to the worthy parents to whom he owed so much in his early years.

## II.

### EARLY SCHOOLING AND TRAINING.

When Thomas was about six years old, his mother became anxious about his education. At that time there was no school of any description in the



parish. In this difficulty a poor widow woman was urged to commence a "dame-school" on her own account, Kelly's mother promising to send her children, and to procure the support of her friends and neighbours. This promise she strove to fulfil, and she herself encouraged and repaid the efforts of the mistress by such gifts from her farm as she was able to afford.

From good Dame Humphrey the boy received his first instruction, but also with it the home training of heart and character from his parents, whose example of integrity and industry, as well as of godliness and devotion, made deep and abiding impression on his affectionate nature. After nearly three years he was considered strong enough to go to the school of a village above two miles from his home, kept by one Phillips, of whom we have little record beyond his being a stern disciplinarian. The gentle docility and extreme attention of the new boy made him a favourite with the stern master, who showed kindness in various ways, one of which was lending him books, and allowing him to stay in the school-room whenever he chose to do so in play hours. Arithmetic seems to have been the only subject on which his teacher was of much use to him, and the knowledge of figures then acquired he was able afterwards to improve and turn to good account. From the frequent expression of regret in future years, we can gather that there was little effort by the teacher to satisfy the thirst for mental improvement which the boy began to feel.

The means of education, scanty as they were, had to be prematurely discontinued. When barely twelve years old, and only able to read and write with tolerable ease, he was taken from school, to give his father what help he could in the labours of the farm. He was once asked, late in his life, whether it was true that he had "held the plough." "No," was his reply; "I was never man enough for that; but I often drove the horses." For the drudgery of farm work he had

deep dislike, and cleaning the horses and the stable was a special trial to him. On most days he had to go out early in the morning, and had to eat his scanty meals, brought to him by his sister, on the field or hill-side.

The shepherding was the work he least disliked. One early recollection of these days is full of interest, not merely as a personal incident but as a vivid picture of English pastoral life in those times. The boy accompanied his father on foot to Weyhill Fair, a distance, there and back, of least a hundred and fifty miles. He had to assist his father to bring home some thousands of lambs, which he had been commissioned to purchase for the neighbouring farmers and gentry, who, confiding alike in his skill and uprightness, annually deputed him to attend this great sheep-fair on their behalf. The terrible fatigue of the first day's walk, to Farnham, not less than forty miles; the dreary journey across Salisbury Plain; and on the return, the apparently indefinite length of the line of lambs, when confined within some of the narrow lanes through which they had to pass, were the points which seemed to have left the most striking impression on his memory, in recalling the scenes. On these occasions he followed the flock, attended by his sagacious dog, while his father, who was in the front as pioneer, was frequently, owing to the number of the lambs, for a long time out of his sight. In some of the secluded spots the sense of loneliness was extreme, not without fear of being attacked by lawless marauders.

### III.

#### LEAVING HOME.

Nothing but a feeling of duty towards his parents induced him to remain at employment which became more and more distasteful to him. At length a strong desire to go to London filled his mind. In after life he never could clearly remember how or when this desire arose.

His immediate motive in wishing to

leave his home was rather to escape from what he regarded as present evil, than preference for any other pursuit or occupation. "Surely I must be intended for something better than this," was one of the vague reflections that he remembered often to have passed through his mind. Whether the thought of being able in some way to help his struggling parents entered into his motives is not stated, but it is not likely that he was prompted only by selfish aims, his affection for them being so strong. At all events, this desire filled his thoughts by day and his dreams by night. Once his mother, hearing an unusual noise in the night, got up, and found that Thomas had not only left his bed, but had made it up, and put the room in order. Naturally she was alarmed, and on calling the father, they found the boy climbing up the chimney of another room. He was in deep sleep, and before recovering his consciousness, on being gently asked what he was doing there, he replied, "I am going to London." On coming to himself he had not the slightest recollection of anything that had happened from the time that he went to bed.

Although the father did not see how the longing to go to London could be with any good hope gratified, he was convinced that the boy could never be happy in his present position, and that some change was desirable. On making inquiries among neighbours, they heard of a tallow-chandler at Oxted, about five miles off, wanting an apprentice. Young Kelly was so anxious to leave field and farm work, that he made no objection to the proposal, perhaps because he felt that any change must be for the better. On the day fixed for his entering on his new occupation, his father set out to walk with him to the village. They had not gone above half a mile, when the boy, after long silence, burst into tears. The kind father, perceiving this, exclaimed, in a tone of fond affection, never after forgotten by the object of it, "Why, Tom, you're crying! I see you don't

want to go, and you sha'n't go." He put the true construction on the boy's tears, and the engagement was abandoned. They returned home, to the great surprise of the mother, and for a short time longer the work of the farm was resumed.

The visit of a son of his old school-master Phillips, said to be established prosperously as a wine merchant in Tower Street, renewed and strengthened the youthful aspirations for London. Phillips had come down to the country on a shooting excursion, and calling at Kelly's farm, Thomas pressed his mother to ask him to use his influence to obtain for him, if possible, some situation in the Metropolis. Whether from a promise given at this time, or as the result of inquiries which were being made by other friends, a situation was found, which was eagerly accepted. It was to be assistant in the counting-house of a brewery at Lambeth. Preparations were at once made for his removal to London. His mother made with her own hands half-a-dozen shirts and as many pairs of stockings, and purchased with part of her savings other articles of apparel. The whole wardrobe formed a bundle which he could easily carry. The day came for his departure. With tears and prayers the lad was commended to the protection and blessing of Almighty God. The mother put into his hand a few shillings, which he well knew were all she possessed, and then bade him farewell. It was with a heavy heart that he set out. It was a gloomy morning, a dense fog prevailing, by which he was soon nearly wet through. It was under these depressing conditions that he started on foot, when only fourteen years old, towards the great city, over which, in the revolution of exactly half a century, he was destined to preside as its Chief Magistrate.

#### IV.

##### FIRST YEARS IN LONDON.

This was in the year 1786. He found his way to Lambeth, and was duly

installed in the counting-house at the brewery. Of this first situation little has to be told, beyond its being a link in the chain of events which brought him to the scene of his future labours and successes. After little more than two years, the engagement at the brewery came to an abrupt end by the bankruptcy of the business. So pleasing was the impression made by his intelligence and good conduct that his employer interested himself in his behalf, and obtained for him, through a friend, a situation as shopman in a bookseller's establishment in Paternoster Row. The terms on which he accepted the engagement were hard, and the service almost of a menial kind. He was to board and lodge on the premises, and to do all work required of him for ten pounds a year. It was arranged that he should come to the Row for a day's trial, in order to see whether he thought the duties to his taste, or whether he was capable of undertaking them. Towards the close of the day, the master being absent, he told the housekeeper that he was going back to his lodgings at Lambeth to sleep, and would return next morning in time for commencing his work. The master on coming in, was told by the housekeeper what the lad had said, and his remark was: "Depend on it, you'll see no more of him; he's had enough of it already." He had mistaken the youth's character. True to his word, Thomas was at the Row, with his bundle under his arm, long before the time named. The shutters were still closed, and being unable to enter, he spent an hour surveying, with curious eye and anxious mind, the overhanging roofs and projecting signs which then darkened the Row. At length the door was opened, and he crossed the threshold of those premises, where, adverting to the event sixty years afterwards, he remarked, "I have been ever since." There were some breaks in the occupation, but as spoken of his connection with the Row, and his ultimate ownership, and long residence on this very property, the remark was literally true.

The establishment was then owned by Alexander Hogg, and was confined to No. 16, Paternoster Row. The business, although very small compared with what was afterwards carried on in the same and adjoining premises, was even then considerable; including the publication of several periodicals, as well as works of general literature. Kelly's duty was chiefly to make up parcels for the retail booksellers, to write out invoices, to assist in keeping the books, and to attend to casual customers. When the work of the day was over, he diligently applied himself to his own studies, reading much and striving to obtain knowledge in history, geography, and other branches of which he had known nothing at school. He managed also to learn French so as to read it easily; and in order to learn the pronunciation, he attended the Sunday evening service at the French Protestant church, then in Threadneedle Street, taking and paying for a sitting. When he ceased to attend, he retained his interest in the church, paying for his sitting, and subscribing to the schools, to the day of his death.

For the security of the premises it was thought necessary that some one should sleep in the shop, and this duty was imposed on young Kelly. For year after year he contentedly lay on the floor, on paper shavings, under the counter. It was a miserable resting-place, and in the sanitary conditions of those days, full of danger to his health; but his indomitable patience, and above all his prayerful trust in God, and submission to His will, carried him hopefully and even cheerfully through trials that would have depressed and daunted most youths of his age. In the aged housekeeper Mrs. Best, who was in the place all day, and with whom he took his meals, he found a kind and faithful friend. Mr. Hogg and his family lived in the country, some of them being in the Row only during business hours. "Well," said Mr. Hogg one day to one of his men, "how is the new lad getting on?" "Oh, I don't think he'll do for

us at all," was the reply; "he is so slow!" "I like him," said the master; "he's a biddable boy." This conversation, overheard by Mrs. Best, was told by her to Thomas, and encouraged him to strive to please his employer. It soon afterwards appeared why the man thought the new lad would not do. Though called slow, he was quick enough to discover that this man was cheating his master. The man was ignominiously dismissed. Thus "in the same net that he had privily laid for another was his own foot taken."

Another instance of watchful care for his master's interests occurred when Kelly noticed in a cheesemonger's shop a large quantity of paper, which he recognised as loose printed sheets of one of his master's publications. Following up the clue, he ascertained that the sheets were feloniously taken by a relative of the folder and stitcher, and the guilty person was brought to justice. In this case Kelly made his first acquaintance with the inside of a court of justice. "Little did I then think," he said in other days, "that while humbly trembling in the witness-box, I was destined to be raised to the dignity of Her Majesty's First Commissioner of the Central Criminal Court of England; and with the sword of justice suspended over my head, and the mace of authority placed at my feet, should myself occupy the very judgment-seat at which I then glanced with such awestruck emotion!" Often in his experience as a magistrate he was reminded of that early time, when he saw not a few, once proud and prosperous, placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, the victims of folly and crime, while the humble and the honest were raised to honour.

Reference has been made to the extreme poverty of the parents of Kelly, and to his apparent selfishness in leaving them to carry on the struggle without his personal labour. The advantage to them of his removal to London was soon seen. When his salary began at ten pounds, he contrived to send home half

of this poor pittance. It was many years before his pay advanced to twenty-five pounds, the largest part of which went to enable his father to increase his little farming stock and maintain his credit. When his salary reached eighty pounds, a sum it never exceeded, he took on himself the entire payment of the rent of the farm, and met many heavy expenses, including those incurred by the deaths and interments of five younger brothers and sisters. To do all this he had to continue a life of rigid self-denial and thrift. We can imagine the delight with which, on the rare occasion of a holiday, this thoughtful and affectionate son was welcomed at the humble home. Several times, when there were special difficulties or troubles, he made the journey on Sunday, although this involved a walk of thirty miles, an exertion for which his usual occupation made him very unfit, and from which he rarely recovered for many days afterwards. On these "Sabbath-day journeys" he used to go into Clapham Church, on his way back in the evening, "partly," as he said, "in the hope of hearing something good from Mr. Venn, and partly, perhaps, for the sake of a rest." Allowing the lower motive, so naively confessed, to have preponderated, we shall scarcely admire his conduct the less, when we contrast his chosen halting-place with that into which the less weary and less scrupulous traveller is too often tempted under like circumstances.

The mention of Mr. Venn leads us to tell how the Sunday was usually passed by this busy worker. In the morning he attended regularly the then parish church of St. Faith under St. Paul. In the afternoon he allowed himself the latitude of selecting a preacher in harmony with his own views and feelings, most frequently going to St. James's, Pentonville, and St. John's, Bedford Row.

In the evening, as we have stated, he went to the French Protestant service. What his views on religious subjects were may be inferred from the pleasure

with which he remembered, to the close of his life, what he heard in those earlier days from Romaine, Newton, Cecil, and at a somewhat later period from the Rev. J. Shepherd and Dr. Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. These were leaders of evangelical thought in their time, sympathy with whom attests the tone of Thomas Kelly's piety, and his spiritual state at this period of his life.

## V.

## IN BUSINESS ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

It may appear almost incredible to the reader that Kelly remained for upwards of twenty years in his state of servitude, with no brighter prospect before him than the small salary, with board and sleeping-space in the shop; the salary, for most of the time, being so limited as to prevent his making any provision for his future comfort or independence.

Not that he did not sometimes form resolutions to get into a position where he might be able more effectually to help his parents, as well as find more scope for the business ability of which he was conscious. After he had been about ten years at the Row, he wrote to Sir Francis Baring, asking for admission into his counting-house. Sir Francis favoured him with a personal audience, and was so impressed with the interview that he at once received him as a clerk. Mr. Hogg, much concerned at the prospect of losing his useful drudge, offered to continue what was pleasantly called "board and residence," in return for such assistance as he might be able to render in his over-hours. This was tried for six weeks, but it proved so terrible a tax on Kelly's powers, that he felt he must give up one or other of his employments. Mr. Hogg appealed to him to throw up his new engagement, professing to give the advice not so much for the loss of services so useful to himself, as for Kelly's own benefit. "Thomas," he said, "you never can be a merchant, but you *may* be a bookseller." Yielding to the solicitations of his old employer, he

resigned his place in Sir Francis Baring's office, and resumed his service in the shop of Mr. Hogg, the first increase of salary being made at that time. After some years, Mr. Hogg's health declining, he proposed to Kelly to continue the business with his son as partner. Kelly knew too well the habits and character of this son, and was certain that the partnership would end in swift and irretrievable disaster. His reasons for declining the offer were soon justified by events. On the death of Mr. Hogg, the son entered into a protracted litigation with his mother, which brought both of them to poverty, after which he soon died. It is a remarkable fact that the man now about to leave the service, hardly knowing whither he went, became the benefactor of those who in their own distress appealed to him for help.

It was in the difficulty thus created by circumstances over which he had no control, that, in 1809, having now entered his thirty-eighth year, and no nearer independence than when he left home twenty-three years before, except that he had a thorough knowledge of his trade in every department, Kelly determined on commencing business for himself. How he commenced his undertaking, and the extraordinary success that attended his enterprise, we have now to record. The story is fully of interest, not only in the annals of the bookselling trade, but as giving encouragement to others who are starting in life.

To obtain premises wherein to commence his business, and then to obtain customers, were the first cares for him; both of them difficult for a man almost unknown, without capital, and with no friend to whom he could apply for a loan. No. 52 in the Row was then occupied by a barber, named Allison, to whom he was known. After much persuasion he induced Allison to give the use of a small front room as a shop. He then got his name "Thomas Kelly" inscribed both on and above the door. This was a beginning; but as yet there

were neither books nor buyers. At the old shop, which was still open, when any one whom he had been in the habit of serving, asked for him, entire ignorance was professed. To make known where he was, he could think of no better way than to stand at the door at the busiest times of the day. How necessary some such expedient was, may be inferred from the fact that most of his acquaintances at Mr. Hogg's counter only knew him by sight, and never heard him called any name but Thomas. One of these friends seeing Thomas standing at the door, and looking up at the name above it, inquired, perhaps humorously, "Well, Thomas, and who is this Kelly that you have taken up with?" Before long the situation came to be known among the collectors and throughout the trade, and no further advertisement was needed as to Thomas Kelly having started as a bookseller on his own account. But where were the books to come from? He would not risk getting into debt, even if credit had been offered. He began by the purchase and re-sale of miscellaneous books, on a very modest scale. A more venturesome experiment was the purchase of a thousand copies of *Buchan's Domestic Medicine* in sheets, which he got very cheap; and having prefixed a short memoir he divided the sheets into parts, with which he went out in search of subscribers. He disposed of the whole with unexpected celerity. Similar success attended the sale of another work in sheets, *New Week's Preparation*.

## VI.

### SELLING BOOKS IN PARTS.

Encouraged by this stroke of business, he began to operate on a larger scale. He adopted a method, not absolutely unknown to the trade at that time, but very little attempted—a method now common, not only with individual publishers but with publishing associations and companies—the preparation of books to be sold in parts, chiefly by canvassers

and agents. To dispose of his stock in this way was a necessity for Kelly, for he had no place to keep it; and he had the means only for producing portions of any work, the ready-money sale of which would enable him to continue the successive issues. This method of publishing and bookselling is now so universally known, that we need only mention one or two instances of its success in the hands of Thomas Kelly. A Dorsetshire clergyman, the Rev. John Malkham, rector of Hilton, had for thirty years been collecting and arranging materials for a Bible with commentary. Failing to find a publisher, he readily accepted Kelly's offer for the copyright. Kelly entered with all his heart into this undertaking. To increase the attractiveness of the work he got it printed in large type, on paper specially made, having on every sheet, in watermarks, the words "Kelly's Family Bible." To add to the value of the work, it was embellished with copper-plate illustrations. A large folio Family Bible, illustrated, being at that time a novelty, this work had a large and rapid sale. There were from thirty to forty thousand subscribers to commence with, all obtained by his own agents, to whom the successive numbers—in all one hundred and seventy-three, at eightpence each—were distributed for sale on delivery.

The sale ultimately reached eighty thousand copies. The work when complete, including the stout paper wrappers, weighed twenty pounds; and as the paper duty at that time was threepence a pound, on every kind of paper, the duty paid to Government on this Bible alone amounted to £20,000. The price to the purchaser of each copy was £5 1s. 4d., making the total proceeds of the sale more than £460,000. How much remained to the publisher, after payment for copyright, allowances to agents, paper (with duty), printing, illustration, folding, and other outlay, is not easily estimated, but at all events it was enough to induce the publication

and issue of numerous works by the same method. A History of England, a Cyclopædia, and other secular works were among them, but Kelly's own favourites were books of a religious class,—the *Life of Christ*, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Common Prayer-books, Hervey's *Meditations*, and other popular and standard works. All of them had large circulation, although the number of readers was then small in comparison with our own day. Let it be remembered that these books were sent forth before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had occupied the field, and when the Bible Society or Religious Tract Society were as yet limited in their operations; and the good work of this publisher in the cause of knowledge and religion deserves honourable remembrance. Others were stimulated to competition, and the success of the Family Bible led to the issue of that of Dr. D'Oyley and Bishop Mant, on a similar plan, under the sanction of the heads of the English Church. The system of publication in successive parts has assumed vast proportions in our time, but no efforts have equalled in enterprise or success the first publications of Thomas Kelly.

For his extensive business larger space had been soon found necessary. As yet he only had the room in Allison's shop, and a small upper chamber in the Chapter coffee-house was his home. Gradually he acquired larger premises in the Row, and warehouse room in the adjoining Chapter-house Court. Some thousand pounds' worth of stock was at the printing-office of his friend, William Clowes, the founder of the well-known firm bearing that name. An incident occurred, connected with that stock, worthy of being mentioned. A disastrous fire destroyed most of Kelly's property at Mr. Clowes' office, near Charing Cross. A proposal for insurance had been lodged with the Phoenix Fire Office, but the fire took place before the policy was completed. The amount was paid without a moment's hesitation. Mr. Kelly was

so much struck by this prompt liberality that he ever afterwards effected his insurances with that office, even after he had become a director and chairman of a rival insurance company. He had a subsequent narrow escape from loss, when the premises of Messrs. Bagster were burned; but on the whole he had few checks to his business prosperity.

The introduction of stereotype printing, which began to be generally adopted about the year 1814, gave a great impulse to cheap publications. At first the printers of London strenuously opposed the new system, and their combination would have seriously injured Kelly's undertakings. He acted with characteristic spirit and decision. A piece of ground was purchased by him at Merton, Surrey, on which he prepared to establish a type foundry, and to make his own stereotype plates. The printers, seeing his resolution, wisely withdrew their opposition.

A more unpleasant hostility was shown by the publishers to the system of sale by itinerant canvassers and agents, as interfering with the ordinary profits of the trade. The simple reply to this was that the system was only brought into play in regard to works of a nature and size which would command a very limited sale in the usual methods of publication. A conclusive proof of the advantage of the new method appeared in the sale of Bible Commentaries. Besides the first Family Bible, Mr. Kelly issued ten or twelve different Bibles of various kinds, one of them being *Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible*, a work well known and valued in Scotland, and now introduced to English readers. The total amount accruing from the sale of his twelve editions was more than a million sterling, two of the editions alone bringing in above £850,000. The enormous number of copies circulated may be inferred from these figures. Contrast with this the result of an experiment made by three of the best known bookselling firms, who combined to produce a cheap edition of Scott's

*Commentary on the Bible.* Although this work was then highly and justly popular, all the exertions of the trade could not effect the sale of above eight thousand copies, chiefly by subscription beforehand. If all the impressions had been sold at the full price, three guineas, the amount would have been only twenty-four thousand guineas—in other words, about one eighteenth part of the amount realized by the sale of one of Kelly's Bibles.

A venerable archdeacon on hearing of this, said, "What a blessing that such an instrument should have been in the hands of one so able and willing to wield it for the world's salvation as Alderman Kelly!"

## VII.

ALDERMAN, SHERIFF, LORD MAYOR.

The title of alderman leads us to the mention of the public life of the man who had laboured so long and so usefully in his calling. It is gratifying to know that the opposition of the booksellers and publishers was only a passing and natural dislike of interference with the customs and the gains of their craft, and had in no way affected their opinion of the character of the man. The requisition to allow himself to be nominated as Common Councillor contained the name of every bookseller in the Ward of Farringdon Within, the great centre of the trade. He was elected on May 9, 1823, and continued a member of the Council for his ward till, in 1830, he was removed to the Court of Aldermen. He had been nominated to the Shrievalty by the Lord Mayor as early as 1821, but was not called upon to serve as Sheriff till 1825. During his tenure of that office he gave much personal attention to the prisons; and his care was not confined to the temporal interests of the prisoners, but he also showed the utmost concern about their spiritual and eternal welfare. Nearly all his Sunday evenings, and many others besides, were passed by him in Newgate, in earnest effort to

instruct, reclaim, or comfort the unhappy inmates. Many interesting incidents are recorded in connection with his labours during this year. There is a letter from Elizabeth Fry, containing warm acknowledgments of the assistance rendered by him among the prisoners, and grateful thanks for generous contributions to her own scanty funds for relief of distress among the families of convicts. His conduct as Sheriff is mentioned only as an example of the earnest and unostentatious manner in which he carried his practical piety into his public life, as it had always pervaded and ruled his life in private. A year after his appointment as Alderman of his ward, he was returned by the Livery, with the then Lord Mayor, for election to the civic chair; but the state of his health, and various circumstances, delayed the attainment of this highest honour till the election on September 29, 1836.

A few of the words in the address to the Common Hall after his election, show the spirit in which he entered on the duties of his office. "I am deeply sensible that I shall, during my year of office, be responsible for my conduct to my Sovereign; to you, gentlemen, and all my fellow-citizens; and, above all, to a tribunal far higher than any of these." On many public occasions the evidence of pious and reverent recognition of the Divine presence appeared, in his spoken words as well as in his conduct as chief magistrate. Let one illustration suffice. When the Ministry of the day were his guests, in giving the usual toast, it was expected that some declaration would be heard of his own political sentiments, or at least a reference to the line of policy pursued by his distinguished visitors; but in proposing the health of the ministers, he contented himself with the simple expression of the hope "that all things might be so ordered and settled by their endeavours upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, might be established among us for all



generations:" remarking afterwards in private, that "in his opinion the best interests of a nation were more effectually furthered by a practical recognition of the great principles he had enounced, than by a professed adherence to the particular policy of this or that ministry."

Among the memorable events of the year of his Mayoralty we may specify two—the opening of the City of London School, and the inauguration of Chantry's statue of the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Royal Exchange. On both these occasions the part taken by the Lord Mayor, and the speeches delivered by him, were worthy of the events, and of his own position as representing the citizens of London. But the great event of his year was the accession of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. According to ancient usages, the Lord Mayor of London had no unimportant part to play in the ceremonies attending the close of one reign and the beginning of another. While the great bell of St. Paul's was tolling for the death of William IV., the Lord Mayor was preparing for attendance at the first Council of Victoria. In the *Greville Memoirs*, it is said by Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council, that the Lord Mayor, not being a privy councillor, had no right to be there. However this may be, there he was; and he appears in the celebrated historical picture of that scene, by Sir David Wilkie. The proclamation was next day made at various parts of the City, after the personal introduction of the Queen to her people, at St. James's Palace. The Lord Mayor at a later period headed a deputation to invite Her Majesty to a state dinner at Guildhall. From a desire to save double cost and trouble, the dinner was fixed for the 9th of November. The effect of this was that the new Lord Mayor received the baronetcy, which was rather due to him who had all the preparation for the event, and in whose term the Queen had come to the throne. A titular dignity was thus lost, but it could bring little addition to the honour

in which Alderman Kelly was held by his fellow-citizens.

After he had passed the civic chair he continued for many years his public services, and was noted for his abundant labours and liberal gifts in the cause of education and of charity. One of the most touching incidents on his appointment as Lord Mayor had been an address prepared by the scholars of his ward school, an address unprompted and unhelped, the spontaneous effusion of grateful affection for their friend and benefactor. The resolutions passed by the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council respectively, at the close of his term of office, bore testimony, with more than customary warmth, to the special efforts of the retiring chief magistrate in supporting charitable institutions, in organising relief funds for the distress in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, in Spitalfields, and in various other ways of beneficence.

One innovation during his Mayoralty ought not to be forgotten. In the entertainments given to the Common Council of the wards, the wives and lady relatives of the councillors were for the first time included in the invitations. It was observed also that when any members of the Court or their families were prevented by illness or any cause from being present, he invariably took note of it, and was careful to repeat the invitation in the course of the year. No wonder that by these thoughtful and kindly acts, as well as by his splendid hospitality and generous liberality, he was a most popular Lord Mayor.

### VIII.

#### PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL PIETY.

In the foregoing sketch of the business and public life of Alderman Kelly, references have been made to the moral and religious principles which marked his character and guided his conduct. The early impressions made in the home of his pious parents were deepened when he went to live in London. This was shown

by his exemplary behaviour in every position in which he was placed. In the service of his employers; in his dealings with all with whom he had business relations; and in the interest he took in the moral and religious welfare of all over whom he had influence, we see the fruits of an earnest and diffusive personal piety. He took advantage of every opportunity of spiritual improvement, attending the ministry of faithful and evangelical preachers, and being diligent in the use of all means of grace. We are told that he no sooner commenced housekeeping in Paternoster Row on his own account, than he established the practice of family worship; a practice which he continued (conducting it himself) until extreme age and infirmity compelled him to forego it. At first there was only the housekeeper and some of the trade assistants at this family altar; afterwards, his sister, and the servants of the household at Streatham. When he had to cease this domestic chaplaincy, he entreated his servants to be diligent in performing the duties of daily devotion, and provided forms of prayer suitable for the exercise.

His reverence for the Sabbath day was of a piece with the rest of his character. He would not suffer the slightest encroachment on its sanctity, courteously refusing invitations, and also declining the well-meant social visits of friends; while his own meals and domestic requirements, always simple in the extreme, were such as to leave his servants at full liberty for the sacred employments of the day. Nor would he allow himself the use of his carriage on the Sunday, preferring, as he remarked, to "hobble to church as best he could, even when it comes to be a hard matter to get back again," rather than lend the influence of his example and name to a practice which he thought too generally followed.

In his religious opinions and practices he was a very decided member of the Church of England, in whose communion he had been born and brought up. But

he showed the utmost liberality and warmth of brotherly feeling towards all whom he believed to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to follow His example. In proportion as any approached this example, he was drawn to them, and used to remark that "they reminded him of the Master." About some of his fellow-citizens and magistrates who were not churchmen, but dissenters of various forms,—the Hunters, Challises, Wires, and others notable in the Civic annals,—he said, in the words of Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Isaac Watts*, that "he loved them for their piety, not for their nonconformity." One of his own Council, a member of the Jewish persuasion, knowing on entering the Corporation that his immediate superior was very earnest in his profession of Christianity, and drawing his inference as to the treatment he might receive, from what in those days was too often experienced under like circumstances, feared that he should be regarded with at least some coldness and distrust. So far, however, was this from being the case, that he found himself singled out, possibly on this very account, for the most marked and courteous attention and respect. How pointed and significant that kindness must have been, the reader will infer, when told that, after Alderman Kelly's death, this Jewish councillor particularly desired that the expression of his grateful feeling should be mentioned. The same personal regard he always exhibited towards another Hebrew magistrate, the distinguished philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, who was sheriff in the year following Kelly's Mayoralty.

The interest taken by Alderman Kelly in the welfare of young men in London, led him to take active part in trying to form an institution for their intellectual, moral, and religious benefit. In response to a requisition signed by the leading bankers, merchants, and traders of the Metropolis, he presided at a meeting held on February 6, 1837, for the establishment of the "Milton Institution"

for this object. The scheme was not carried out, and was superseded by another institution, the "Young Men's Christian Association," afterwards flourishing, with its headquarters in Aldersgate Street, and now at Exeter Hall. The Young Men's Christian Association was started in 1844, seven years after the attempted Milton Institution. It had no premises of its own till October 1849, and it was not until 1854 that it removed to Aldersgate Street, the site of one of Milton's residences. Alderman Kelly was too old to take any part in this new effort, but he expressed to Mr. Hartwell Horne his warm wishes for the success of the Young Men's Christian Association; in connection with which the names of Mr. George Williams, of St. Paul's Churchyard, the Rev. T. H. Tarlton, now Rector of Lutterworth, and Mr. W. E. Shipton, the one as founder, and the others as secretaries, deserve enduring remembrance.

While many things of interest could be gathered from his letters and addresses, the Alderman prepared little for publication. Prefaces and notes he occasionally supplied to the works issued by him, but the business arrangements occupied all his time. One little manual of devotion he printed for gratuitous distribution, in his zeal for the spiritual welfare of others. The prayers show the simplicity and devoutness of the mind which composed them. One of them, an evening prayer, it may be profitable to quote in full, since the same truths are good for successive generations.

"Most merciful and all-seeing God, who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, yet hast promised forgiveness to all who confess and forsake their sins, we come before Thee, in a humble sense of our unworthiness. Thou, O Lord, desirest not the death of a sinner; mercifully look upon us, we beseech Thee, and forgive us all our transgressions; make us deeply sensible of the great evil of sin, and work in us heartfelt contrition; that we may obtain forgiveness at Thy hands, for the sake of Thy dear Son

Jesus Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer.

"And that we may not, through our own frailty, or the temptations which surround us, again fall into sin, grant us the assistance of Thy Holy Spirit. Correct whatever is amiss in our temper and disposition, and suffer no unclean thoughts, unlawful designs, or inordinate desires to possess our souls. Keep our hearts from envy, hatred, and malice; that we may never let the sun go down upon our wrath; but go to rest in peace, charity, and good-will, with a conscience void of offence towards Thee and towards all men; and be preserved pure and blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Let Thy continual blessing rest upon our highly favoured land. Bless the Queen, and endue the lords of her council and all the nobility with grace, wisdom, and understanding. Bless and keep the magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice and maintain truth. Protect and defend Thy universal Church. Bless the faithful ministers of Thy Holy Word, that they may truly please Thee, and edify Thy people; pour upon them the continual dew of Thy blessing; and may they, through faith and patience, inherit the promises through Jesus Christ. Support and comfort all that are in sickness, affliction, and distress; sanctify their trials, and deliver them in Thine own good time out of their troubles. Regard with Thy merciful favour all our dear relatives and friends; may they be partakers of Thy spiritual grace here, and inheritors of Thy glory in heaven.

"To these our humble prayers suffer us to join our grateful thanks for all Thy mercies; for our creation, preservation—our reason, and all other endowments and faculties of soul and body; for our health, friends, food and raiment, and all other the comforts and conveniences of this life; and whenever, in Thine infinite wisdom, Thou shalt see fit to afflict us, do Thou, O God, prepare our hearts patiently to endure Thy fatherly cor-

rection, knowing that Thou chastenest those whom Thou lovest. Above all, we adore Thy mercy and loving-kindness, in sending Thine only Son into the world to redeem us from sin and eternal death, and for giving us the knowledge and sense of our duty towards Thee. We bless Thee for thy long-suffering towards us, notwithstanding our many and great provocations; for the comforts of Thy Holy Spirit; for Thy continual care and watchful providence over us, through the whole course of our lives; and especially for the mercies and benefits of the past day; beseeching Thee to continue these Thy blessings to us, and to give us grace to show forth our thankfulness, in a sincere obedience to Thy holy commandments.

“And vouchsafe to us Thy heavenly protection this night. Defend and keep us from all perils and dangers, that we may quietly enjoy such sweet and refreshing sleep as may fit and strengthen us for the duties of the morrow. And make us ever mindful of the time when we must lie down in the grave; giving us grace to live in such a state of preparation, that we may never be afraid to die: that, living or dying, we may be Thine, through the merits and mediation of Thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ.

“Hear us, O Lord, for Thy dear Son's sake, and answer us according to the spirit of that prayer which He has graciously taught us:—‘Our Father,’ etc.

“The Lord bless us and keep us! The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace, now and evermore! Amen.”

Some of the prayers have special references to business men, as when the prayer is made, “Make us just and upright in all our dealings, pure in all manner of conversation, quiet and peaceable, and ever ready to do good unto all men, as we have opportunity. Direct and guide us in all our ways, and prosper the works of our hands in the business of our lawful callings. May we be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving Thee, the Lord.”

## IX.

### DOMESTIC EXPENSES AND DISPOSAL OF PROPERTY.

It was expected that Alderman Kelly, as having been so successful in business, would die very rich. It turned out that he had accumulated no large fortune; of real property he possessed but little, while his personalty, from every source, was sworn under £30,000. He had been liberal in his charitable gifts during his years of prosperity. Adverting, shortly before his death, to the disposal of his property, he said “he had no sympathy with those who bequeathed all they possessed to one person or object, to the exclusion of others; and that in distributing what God had given to him, he thought it right to bestow a little here and a little there, according to the best of his judgment. Although, as in the parable of the sower, some might fall on stony ground, and some be choked, which he could not help, some, he hoped, would fall on good ground, spring up, and bear much fruit.” In his will, after bequeathing £2000 to various charitable objects, and an annuity of £200 a year to his only surviving sister, with gifts to friends and servants, he left the residue among his nephews and nieces.

Upon the state of his affairs at his demise, two very pertinent remarks are made by his biographer, Mr. Fell. Had he died very rich, as some supposed he would, considering his immense business profits, and his frugal mode of life, he might have been open to the suspicion of having secretly loved the world, and worldly things, more than God. On the other hand, had he survived the means of living as he had been wont, as seemed at one time possible, from a succession of serious losses, it might have seemed as if the Providence which had blessed his industry and integrity through life, had forsaken him in his latter days.

The mention of an annuity to his sister, leads us to refer to his domestic arrangements. He never married. In

the first half of his life he had struggled enough to support himself, and after a while to assist his parents in their poverty. When he attained to greater prosperity his father was dead, and the whole of the family passed away except this eldest sister, to whom as the circle of the early home diminished, he felt united by a closer and almost romantic sympathy. She came to live with him in London, and for a short time the mother survived under their roof. Then the brother and sister were together through the remainder of his life. She had shared with him the privations of their early home, had ministered to his humble wants there, and, sorrowing for his departure, had left it soon after himself. She lived to witness his prosperity, joined him in his annual pilgrimage to their parents' grave, and, eventually, like himself, was permitted far to outrun the ordinary lease of human life. The lapse of four-score-and-four years had produced no change in their sentiments towards each other, unless, indeed, it were to increase and concentrate the early impulses of natural affection. In his letters some term of endearment is always associated with her name, and in her he found not only the affectionate sister, but also the tender, steadfast, disinterested friend. Their love was a beautiful example of that union, which of all the relations of life, is most fraught with constant, unchequered, and enduring pleasure.

## X.

### CLOSING SCENES.

It remains only to give a short account of the closing scenes of this long and honoured life. Soon after he was engaged in public life he removed to Streatham, where he lived in his latter years. On several occasions he made lengthened tours in England and on the Continent. But when at home he continued to take active part in all affairs as long as his health allowed. In the year 1854 his strength underwent a sensible,

and, as it proved, a permanent diminution. He was now in his eighty-second year. He no longer felt able to attend those religious and charitable assemblies which throughout life had engaged his affections, and had formed his recreation from his business and public duties. On the 6th of October he thus gave utterance to his feelings: "I shall not live long, I am sure of it; nor, indeed, have I any desire to do so, for my life is become little more than labour and sorrow; but I wish to be patient." On its being remarked to him that God would doubtless vouchsafe to him all needful patience, and peace, in what remained of his life, he replied, "I hope so;" adding, in a tone of deliberate earnestness, "His word has been my guide through life, and I look to Him for peace in death."

One of his most favourite charities had been the Sea-bathing Infirmary at Margate, the anniversary meetings and sermons connected with which he had never missed for nearly a quarter of a century. It was the recurrence of this anniversary that was the solitary occasion of his leaving the Mansion House during his year of office, when, delegating to Sir Peter Laurie the duties of the chief magistracy for a few days, he went to Margate, and outstayed the usual proceedings. His absence from the meeting of 1854 gave rise to a correspondence, which proved how deep were the regrets of those with whom he had been associated on those occasions. Alderman Wire wrote to him a detailed account of all that occurred, in a letter commencing "My dear Father Kelly." He told of the affectionate inquiries made by Sir Moses Montefiore and Mr. Hodgson, the Vicar of St. Peter's, and other friends. Mr. Hodgson's letter was in this strain: "My dear good Friend—I wish you had been with us on Monday. Your heart was, I know. Thanks for your additional bounty," (then followed details of the meeting). "I hope you are spared from pain and suffering, and that the sun of your days will go down in the beauty of holiness, and amidst

calmness and peace. I remember with pleasure all your kind feelings towards me, and I value them as coming from so kind and benevolent a Christian."

On the 20th October he paid his last visit to the grave of his father and mother, and the scenes of his early life. He spoke with calmness of his own departure, and showed where he wished his body to be laid, "to rest till the morning of the Resurrection."

Towards the close of that year, he wonderfully rallied. The improvement of health continued in the beginning of the year 1855, and on the 3rd of March he had strength and courage, as he said, to drive to the City, and attend the Committee of Aldermen at Guildhall, and to take part in various civic business. A few days previously, on February 21 (Ash Wednesday), he received the Holy Communion for the last time. He spoke of it as a delightful service, and he was heard to say, as he rose from his knees at its close, "Now I enjoy peace—the peace of God."

He went once more to London, to be present at a sermon preached by Dr. Croly, on March 18th, on behalf of the Ward Schools. With alternations of weakness and of recovery he continued throughout the spring and summer at his home at Streatham. His frame of mind may be seen from words spoken on July 4th: "I have now quite done with the world, and with everything it contains. I enjoy the companionship of the Holy Spirit; and my Redeemer is ever present with me. Sanctification and Redemption—what more can I desire? All my misdeeds, whatever they have been through life, pardoned, and done away." This being so, he seemed surprised that he was not allowed to depart and be with Christ; but, checking the thought immediately, he remarked, "I suppose there is some purpose not yet accomplished."

During the summer he sent many

messages and tokens of affection to friends in the City, with whom he had been associated in public life or in works of beneficence. The acknowledgments of these personal remembrances are chiefly noticeable from the emphatic way in which all, with one accord, bore testimony to the consistency of his Christian course, and the universal respect with which he was regarded on this account. He was greatly gratified by these parting communications, and earnestly commended his old comrades to the protection and blessing of God.

On account of the distressing severity of his cough, his medical attendant advised him to go for change of air to the coast, and the choice of Margate was determined by the approaching anniversary of the Sea-bathing Infirmary. He was removed by train, on the 20th of August. The journey was borne well, and on the following day he wrote a long and cheerful letter to his friend the Rev. R. C. Fell. But on the same evening, symptoms of retrogression set in, from which he never rallied; and growing gradually weaker, he passed away peacefully on the 7th of September, 1855.

The Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, one of his oldest and dearest friends, who was his chaplain when Sheriff, and again when Lord Mayor, went over to Margate to see him, from Herne Bay, where he was spending that summer. In a letter announcing his departure, Mr. Hartwell Horne says, "His soul was in perfect peace, stayed upon God his Saviour." Mr. Fell, of Queen's College, Oxford (to whom his last letter was written), had become acquainted with him at the Surrey village, where he was curate, when the visits were paid by Mr. Kelly to the grave of his parents. The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and to Mr. Fell the facts of his early life were communicated, and embodied in a Memoir, published after his death.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D.

# JOHN FOXE.



# JOHN FOXE,

## MARTYROLOGIST.

### I.

#### THE AGE IN WHICH FOXE LIVED.

THE life of John Foxe, the distinguished annalist of Christian martyrdom, was passed amid great and stirring events. The year of his birth was that in which Luther affixed his *Theses* to the door of the cathedral in Wittenberg: the year of his death witnessed the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. In the crowd of distinguished personages who made the Reformation era famous, Foxe held not the least illustrious place. We find him at one period of his life a correspondent of Calvin and an associate of Knox. In later days he enjoyed the friendship of Sir Francis Drake, Sir Thomas Gresham, and Cecil, Lord Burleigh, while to Queen Elizabeth he was "Father Foxe." Among ecclesiastics he was on intimate terms with Archbishop Grindal, Bishops Aylmer, Parkhurst and Pilkington; Bale, Bishop of Ossory, and Nowel, the eloquent Dean of St. Paul's. Though living for the most part a retired literary life, he had no small influence in matters of state, while his popularity among all classes of the community was almost unbounded. The book by which he is known to succeeding generations became from the time of its publication, and has remained for three hundred years, one of the household treasures of Protestant England; while to this day, in country churches scattered through our land, may be found black-letter copies of the *Book of Martyrs*, which were chained to the reading-desk in the days when readers were few, and which taught to multitudes of old and young the great lessons of fidelity to conscience and attachment to the verities of an uncorrupted Gospel.

### II.

#### FOXES' EARLY LIFE AND COLLEGE DAYS.

John Foxe was born in the year 1517, in Boston, Lincolnshire, where, according to his son and biographer, "his father and mother were of the commonalty of the town, well reported of, and of good estate." The elder Foxe died while John was young, and the widow married again; the step-father being, as it would appear, at first kindly disposed to a lad whose genius and earnestness were far beyond the good man's understanding. Of Foxe's early life we know but little, save that he was sent to the University of Oxford at the age of sixteen, entering at Brasenose College. Here he became friend and "chamber-fellow" of Nowel, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, and a strong adherent of the Reformed faith. In 1538 Foxe took his B.A. degree, in 1543 his M.A., and in the same year was elected a fellow of Magdalen College; a distinction which sufficiently proves the high reputation for scholarship which he had already gained.

The nine or ten years between Foxe's matriculation and his election to the fellowship were among the most eventful in the history of the Reformation. In 1534, the Parliament of England renounced the Papal Supremacy. In the year following the first complete English Bible was published by Miles Coverdale; followed two years later by the revised, or "Great Bible," the use of which was enjoined in all English churches. Meantime, persecution was not idle. The "Act of the Six Articles," passed in 1539, made the denial of Transubstantiation an offence punishable by death at the stake. To affirm the Papal Supremacy



was treason, but to deny the Papal doctrines was heresy—a cruel dilemma! These things, and the controversies thence arising, could not but awaken deep reflection in the mind of the youthful and earnest Oxford student. A deep seriousness already formed the groundwork of his character, and he had found the secret of peace with God through Christ. At first he accepted the tenets of the religious community in which he had been educated; but in these he could not long rest.

“I have often heard Master Foxe affirm,” writes his biographer, “that the first matter which occasioned his search into the Popish doctrine was that he saw divers things in their own natures most repugnant to one another, thrust upon men at one time to be both believed: as that the same man might in matters of faith be superior and yet in life and manners be inferior to all the world besides. Upon this beginning, his resolution and intended obedience to that Church were somewhat shaken, and by little and little followed some dislike to the rest. His first care was to look into both the ancient and modern history of the Church, to learn what beginning it had, what growth and increase; by what arts it flourished, and by what errors it began to decline; to consider the causes of all those controversies which in the mean space had sprung up, and to weigh diligently of what moment they were, and what on either side was produced, sound or infirm. This he performed with such heat of study, and in so short a time, that before the thirtieth year of his age he had read over all that either the Greek or Latin Fathers had left in their writings, the Schoolmen in their disputations, the Councils in their acts, or the Consistory in their decrees, and acquired no small skill in the Hebrew language.”

These studies for a time engrossed the days and nights of the future martyr-ologist. In a dark grove near Magdalen College he would spend long evenings pacing to and fro, with prayers and cries

pouring out his soul to God. His companions marvelled at a passionate earnestness which they could not understand. They were scandalised by the infrequency with which he now attended the services of the Church, and he was at length called to account by the authorities of the college for his altered demeanour. He confessed that in many things he was not of one mind with them; and although they forbore to proceed to the worst extremities against one who had already achieved distinction as a scholar, Foxe was deprived of his fellowship and expelled the college. This was in 1545, when he was twenty-eight years of age.

During Foxe's college life he had made some essays in authorship, writing in Latin, after the fashion of the time. His first productions seem to have been on Biblical subjects, in poetical and dramatic forms, in which, writes his admiring biographer, he displayed “a copious and graceful style, but somewhat lofty, which fault if existing (in all things else so grave and temperate) he left not altogether in his elder years, though age and experience did not a little mitigate it. But even then he began to give earnest of what he afterwards proved, for that neither these first flourishes of his youth were spent, but in holy histories of the Bible.”

### III.

#### FOXE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

On leaving Oxford, Foxe became tutor to the children of Sir Thomas Lucy, in Charlecote, Warwickshire. His eldest pupil would no doubt be the Thomas Lucy whom Shakespeare (who was born nineteen years after Foxe entered Charlecote) has depicted for the laughter of all time as Mr. Justice Shallow. The fact is that this worthy country knight was a sturdy, inflexible Puritan, with little mercy on the poet's youthful escapades; and Shakespeare revenged himself by the caricature.

Something in the stern Protestantism of the Warwickshire squire may have been traceable to the influence of his old tutor. But Foxe remained here scarcely a year, having however wooed and won beneath this roof the daughter of a Coventry citizen, who seems to have come hither on a visit. Soon after their marriage the wedded pair went to Coventry, to the bride's father. Hence he wrote to his step-father, proposing to return to Boston for a while. The answer was a grudging permission. It was hard, said the cautious burgher, that he should be asked to receive one whom he knew to be "condemned for a capital offence; neither was he ignorant what hazard he should undergo in so doing; nevertheless he would show himself a kinsman, and for that cause neglect his own danger." Should Foxe alter his opinions, he might come and stay as long as he pleased, but if he persisted in his present views he must be contented with "a shorter tarriance, and not bring him and his mother into hazard of their lives and fortunes, who were ready to do anything for his sake." On this slight encouragement Foxe returned to Boston for a while, the more especially because, as his son puts it, "he was underhand advised by his mother to come." "Do not be afraid," was the good woman's message to her son. "My husband is obliged for appearance' sake to write as he has done: but give him the opportunity, and his kind entertainment will make amends for his harsh words."

The visit was a short one. It was impossible for a person so marked as Foxe had become to remain unnoticed in a country town. London was safest; yet what was he to do there? He would at any rate make the attempt, and perhaps some way might appear in which his stores of knowledge might be made available and his deep convictions find expression. Some new dissensions between Foxe and his step-father appear to have hastened the youthful scholar's resolution. But as his son intimates, Foxe would never speak of these times,

and we can only surmise the causes of alienation. He went to the metropolis, a stranger, and for a time wandered there almost hopelessly in search of employment. But one day a wonderful thing occurred to him, which he always regarded as a special interposition of Divine Providence, and which proved the turning-point of his career.

#### IV.

##### TUTOR TO THE HOWARD FAMILY.

Foxe was sitting disconsolately in St. Paul's Cathedral. His resources were entirely exhausted, and he had come even to want bread. The cathedral was then a great thoroughfare, and passers-by shrank from the ghastly face and poverty-stricken garb of the solitary stranger. Suddenly an unknown person took a seat by his side, courteously saluted him, and bidding him to be of good cheer, thrust a sum of money into his hand and disappeared. Greatly wondering, Foxe returned to his poor lodging. Who his benefactor was, he neither then nor ever afterwards learned. But in three days after the interview, Foxe was sent for by the Duchess of Richmond, and requested to undertake the tuition of three children to whom, as their aunt, she was guardian. Their father, the Earl of Surrey, was in prison in the Tower, with his father the old Duke of Norfolk, and was soon after beheaded on a charge of high treason, the Duke being detained in captivity for some years longer. The young Howards entrusted to Foxe's charge were Thomas, afterwards, in succession to his grandfather, Duke of Norfolk; Henry, who became Earl of Northampton; and Jane, afterwards Countess of Westmoreland.

King Henry died in January 1547: and the accession of the youthful Edward the Sixth gave new hope to the Protestants. Foxe was now safe, and with his young wife dwelt peacefully in the pretty Surrey village of Reigate, instructing his young pupils and rejoicing in their

proficiency: the Lady Jane, especially, like her friend and companion the Lady Jane Grey, being "not unworthy of comparison with the most learned men of that time for the praise of elegance in learning." While at Reigate Foxe was ordained deacon (by Ridley, Bishop of London, June 23, 1550), and began forthwith to preach, "zealously," his successor, Richard Day, relates, "removing also from the village the idolatrous symbols of Rome." Nor was his pen idle. He wrote in Latin some treatises on Church discipline, and in particular prepared an Address to Parliament at a time when, through the intrigues of Stephen Gardiner, a Popish reaction was threatened. "Not only a rumour," he said, "but a most positive assertion has gone abroad, that those sanguinary laws known by the title of the Six Articles, once laid to sleep, are about to be, as it were, recalled from Hades to earth. If this be true," he adds, "I well know how deadly and ominous it will prove to the kingdom." But the fear, happily, proved groundless; and the five years of King Edward's reign passed peacefully away. The old Duke of Norfolk died in 1554. Foxe's eldest pupil succeeded to the dukedom, and in gratitude for the services of his tutor, granted him for a time a small pension. But Queen Mary was now upon the throne, the King having died in the preceding year. Gardiner, now Bishop of Winchester and one of the Queen's chief advisers, was intimate with the young Duke; and it became necessary for the Reigate pastor to seek another refuge.

## V.

## FLIGHT TO THE CONTINENT.

The departure of Foxe was hastened by a circumstance which proved to him how narrowly he was watched. Gardiner, who had previously made many inquiries about him, was paying a visit to the young Duke, when Foxe happened to come into the room, and, seeing who was there, hurriedly withdrew. "Who was that?" the Bishop keenly asked.

The Duke, in confusion, evasively replied, "It is my physician; but he is fresh from college, and his manners are somewhat uncourtly." "Ha!" said Gardiner, "I like his countenance and aspect very well, and on occasion I will send for him." The words portended mischief, and Foxe was conveyed secretly to a farmhouse on the Duke's estate, the Duke making hurried arrangements for dispatching him to the Continent. In a few days all was ready, and Foxe, accompanied by his wife, crossed the country to "Ipswich-haven," whence he immediately set sail. The vessel encountered a storm, and was obliged to put back. But while Foxe was tossing about in the German Ocean, a messenger from Bishop Gardiner had arrived at the farmhouse, with a warrant to apprehend him and convey him to Winchester for trial. Finding that he had departed, the messenger chased him to the coast, arriving only a few hours after the ship had set sail. He returned to the Bishop to announce his failure, and Foxe, when he landed again at Ipswich, learned how narrow had been his escape. "At once," writes his son, "he bargained with the master of the ship to set sail again with the first convenience of the winds, telling him that so his business required, nor did he much care what shore he landed at; only desiring him to go forward, and not doubt but God would prosper so pious a work. Whether for reward, or piety's sake, the pilot took upon him the venturous task, and performed it accordingly, for loosing thence in the night's silence, as soon as the tide turned, though the sea was rough and the weather blustering, within two days' space he landed Mr. Foxe with his wife in safety at Nieuport haven, on the other side of the sea."

## VI.

DAYS OF EXILE: STRASBURG AND  
FRANKFORT.

John Foxe was now an exile, with few or no possessions save some precious

manuscripts, to publish which was his first anxiety. From Nieuport he proceeded to Antwerp, and thence to Strasburg, whither Edmund Grindal had preceded him. The two friends instantly set the press to work, and before the close of the year Foxe's volume appeared, in Latin, an octavo of about four hundred pages, entitled: *Commentaries on the affairs of the Church, and an account of the chief Persecutions in all Europe from the days of Wyclif to the present time. First Book, by John Foxe, Englishman. With an Appendix, containing Aphorisms<sup>1</sup> of John Wyclif, with Miscellanies of Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester: also a Postscript to members of the University of Oxford.* Such was the germ and first outline of the *Acts and Monuments*.

Soon after the publication of this book, we find Foxe at Frankfort, where a company of exiles from Great Britain had already gathered, including John Knox, William Whittingham, brother-in-law to Calvin, and afterwards Dean of Durham; John Bale, the dispossessed Bishop of Ossory, author of *The Writers of Great Britain*; with William Kethe, to whom English Christians are under lasting obligation for his version of the Hundredth Psalm:

"All people that on earth do dwell,"

and many more. Here they formed a little Protestant English congregation, and worshipped harmoniously together, until strange and unexpected troubles arose. A certain number of the exiles were bent upon introducing the English liturgy. This was strenuously resisted by Knox and the exiles who had first arrived; and a long acrimonious discussion ensued. A summary of the English Service-book was drawn up by Knox, Whittingham, Foxe and others, and sent to Calvin at Geneva. Calvin's reply begins: "The thing truly grieveth me very much, and it is a great shame that contention should arise among brethren banished and driven out of their country for one faith, and

<sup>1</sup> The same "articles" that were cited against Wycliffe at the Council of Constance.

for that cause which only ought to have holden you bound together as it were with a holy band in this your dispersion." On the whole, however, his verdict was against the use of the liturgy. The order of Geneva, translated by Knox, Whittingham, Gilby, Foxe and Cole, was then presented to the little community: and "very well liked of many, but such as were bent to the book of England could not abide it." Methods of conciliation were attempted in vain. Dr. Richard Coxe, formerly tutor to Edward the Sixth, afterwards Bishop of Ely, arrived at Frankfort in the midst of the dispute, and insisted on the entire liturgy. On one particular Sunday (in March 1555) the dispute came to a crisis; the Litany with responses being read in the morning, and Knox in the afternoon with fiery eloquence protesting on behalf of the Genevan form. The consequent dispute ran so high, that in a few days Knox was compelled to leave the city, a charge of treasonable utterances against the Emperor being improvised against him. Foxe adhered to the Geneva model, while in a truly large-hearted way he deplored the unnatural strife; writing to his friend and associate Peter Martyr: "This controversy has rendered almost all the winter sterile and profitless. For though I would fain have held aloof from the business, I could not be an altogether uninterested spectator." "Mere striplings," he adds, "and even children enter with zeal into the dispute. Yet it is the more astonishing that even grey-headed theologians, who ought to employ their authority for the promotion of concord, fling their brands upon the flame." "I could never have believed," continues Foxe, "that there could be so much rancour in men whose constant dealing with the Holy Scriptures ought to have disposed them to all gentleness and loving-kindness!" He still hopes that by conference and mutual concession some form of liturgy might be agreed upon, to which both sides might assent. To his broad and liberal mind the obligations of charity were far greater

than those of any ecclesiastical forms. But his efforts to allay the dispute were unavailing. The intervention of the magistrates was sought; and these pronounced at length for the Anglican order. Knox, who had meantime sought refuge in France, went to Geneva with some of his companions, and was elected pastor of the English church in that city. Foxe, Bale and others went to Basel.

## VII.

### FOXES AT BASEL : AUTHORSHIP.

At Basel Foxe found employment with a famous printer, Oporinus, as corrector of the press and general editor of his publications. By this occupation Foxe earned a scanty livelihood for himself, his wife and an infant son who had been born at Frankfort; occupying, however, the greater part of the time in the preparation of the work which was to make his name famous. Herein he laboured, says a contemporary, "with a most distracted kind of diligence," employing no amanuensis, but transcribing every document with his own hands. In the accumulation of material he was greatly assisted by Grindal, who still remained at Strasburg, as well as by John Aylmer, who had been tutor to Lady Jane Grey, and who in later years, when Bishop of London, became a bitter enemy of the Puritans. Meantime, at the press of Oporinus, Foxe printed some of the sketches and biographical notices which were to be incorporated in his larger work. He published also a religious drama, a production, most likely, of his Oxford days. Its title was *Christus Triumphans*<sup>1</sup>—"Christ Triumphant, an Apocalyptic Drama. 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come.'" He wrote also, but was unable to publish, a Latin translation of Cranmer's reply to Gardiner on the

Eucharistic controversy, being greatly perplexed in the task by Gardiner's style. "I never saw," he says, "anything more unpleasant, rough and entangled, than Winchester's discourse; wherein sometimes he is so full of depth, that he needs some sibyl rather than an interpreter. Yea, I doubt whether any sibyl be such a riddle resolver, or Apollo so great a prophet, to be able everywhere to comprehend his sense. In the third book there be one or two places, where you may sooner draw water from a pumice, than find light for the sentence." Another point that troubled Foxe throws an interesting light on his habit of historic accuracy. In his retreat at Basle he could not verify his quotations. "The want of books and doctors, cited up and down" in Cranmer's *Reply*, embarrassed him. For "you know," Foxe says, "how it is not handsome to bring in doctors speaking otherwise than in their own words." Foxe, as a narrator, was as faithful as he was painstaking.

## VIII.

### THE COMMENTARIES : FIRST DRAFT.

The years of Foxe's residence at Basel were those in which the persecution under Mary raged with its utmost severity. We can well imagine the eagerness of interest, the agonies of sorrow, the transports of holy indignation, with which the exiles would receive the tidings which continually came from England. *Lord, how long!* would often be their impassioned cry, while still they could not but exult in the constancy and courage with which their friends and brethren confessed and endured. Many a simple and pathetic narrative, the testimony of eye-witnesses, crossed the seas during those anxious months, reaching Grindal at Strasburg, and forwarded by him to Basel, where Foxe, with Aylmer and Pilkington at his side, turned the homely English into his own rugged and vigorous Latin, working day and night at his *Commentaries*, until his attenuated frame bore witness at once to the severity of

<sup>1</sup> A translation of this drama into English, by Richard Day, minister of Reigate, was republished in London, 1827, by Ebenezer Palmer. It somewhat resembles the mediæval mysteries, mixing up allegorical with real personages in an astonishing way; but its tone is sober and evangelical.

his toil and the terrible intenseness of his sympathy.

At length the change came in the affairs of England. It was steadfastly asserted by many, and by Aylmer among the rest, that on a day in November 1558, when Foxe was preaching to the English exiles, he suddenly bade them be of good cheer, "for now was the time come for their return into England, and that he brought them that news by the commandment of God." The "graver divines then present" sharply reproved the preacher; but their rebukes were silenced when they found that Queen Mary had died on the day before the sermon was preached. What are we to say to the coincidence? Was it a mere guess, or a reasonable anticipation founded on what the preacher may have heard of the unhappy queen's condition? Or does the solution lie in the hidden things of the human spirit in fellowship with God? However we may answer these questions, the fact of the presage is well attested. Mary was gone. Her proud and treacherous consort had already long left the kingdom which his presence had polluted; and Queen Elizabeth, amid the wildest delight of her Protestant subjects, ascended the English throne.

## IX.

### FIRST YEAR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Many of the exiles hastened to return. Foxe was delayed partly by want of means—he had now two children, a boy and a girl, to support—partly from the necessity of seeing his book through the press: but he celebrated the occasion by a courtly address to Her Majesty in the name of the German people, in which, after alluding to the refuge which had been afforded by them to the exiles for conscience' sake, he gives some valuable counsel to the Queen, to her advisers, and to the preachers of the Gospel. "Father Foxe" was by this time so well known that he could venture to offer frank advice. For nearly a year longer he remained at Basel, until in

1559 his *Commentaries*, again in Latin, issued from the press of Oporinus. The full title, translated into English, is, *Commentaries on the ecclesiastical affairs which have happened in these last perilous times; on the great Persecutions throughout Europe, and on the holy Martyrs of God; also on other exemplary deeds; arranged according to kingdoms and nations. Part the first, in which the history of English and Scotch affairs is first comprised, and first of all the terrible Persecutions under Mary, lately Queen. By John Foxe, Englishman.* In those days, it was customary to make the title-page a compendium of the work! The narrative is in six parts: and in the preface to the third Foxe gives the interesting information that "the first to suggest to him that he should write a history of the martyrs, was Lady Jane Grey." In a touching and noble dedication, Foxe inscribed the work to his friend and former pupil, the Duke of Norfolk.

Before turning from this part of Foxe's life, we must quote from one of his many letters some paragraphs in which the heart of the man beautifully discloses itself. The erudite historian, the ardent champion of the faith, becomes the Christian brother, the simple comforter, for Christ's sake. Of Foxe's correspondent nothing but his name is known: he was evidently in deep affliction, and died, it is thought, before the letter could have reached him.

"MASTER FRENESHAM. As you in your letters have oft comforted me, so I would I could likewise comfort you: but where my comfort is small, the Lord Jesus, the comforter of all, work in you sure consolation which may comfort both your body and soul! In which I desire you be strong and valiant, so much as the weakness of your disease can bear. Be nothing discouraged, nor be not out of hope in yourself. I have seen here, amongst our countrymen in the like disease, greater weakness recover full well.

"I desire you, in your contemplation of Christ, let your spirit be so noble and high in Him, that ye may tread under your feet all other things, seem they never so strong, mighty, terrible, or great in this world; for He that hath overcome the world, what hath not He overcome in the world? Life or death, sickness or health, things

present or to come, height or low, are nothing in Christ.

"Only, my brother, master Frensham, a hearty faith in Jesus Christ is all together whereby alonely we miserable and corruptible wretches are saved, do stand, do triumph, yea, in death and over death, in sin and over sin, and finally have victory over all evils, sin, death, hell, Satan, and all. For so it hath pleased the Father to save us by this faith only in His Son, to the end that we, seeing His justice could not otherwise be satisfied but by His Son, we might the more fear Him for His great righteousness, and love Him for His great mercy, being saved by this faith in His Son. To this all the Scripture beareth witness. The Lord Jesus stir up the quickening and feeling of this faith in our dull senses! To will you this in my prayer as I do not cease, so I do not despair of your recovery altogether. The mighty Lord Jesus, if it be His pleasure, put to His helping hand in restoring your health again! His good will be done. The bottle ye sent is not yet come to me. Basilee, June 27, [1559].

"Thine in Christ,  
"J. FOXE."

## X.

### FOXES RETURN TO ENGLAND: HIS CHURCH PREFERENCES.

The first intimation that we can find of Foxe's arrival in England is in a letter addressed by him to his old pupil the Duke of Norfolk, October 1559. The letter speaks with a manly and affecting simplicity of the writer's indigent circumstances, and suggests that a renewal of the assistance which he had formerly received from the Duke would be very acceptable. At the same time Foxe, with characteristic faithfulness, presses home upon his noble patron the claims of the Gospel and the obligations to personal godliness. "You will do wisely," he says, "if you employ that time in the reading of the Scriptures which others bestow on pomps and pastimes of the court. The Duke frankly responded, intimating that he had already made arrangements for Foxe's comfort, and inviting him to his London mansion in Aldgate. Here Foxe seems to have lived for some time, with intervals spent in other parts of England. We find him at Norwich in 1560 with Parkhurst, one of his fellow-exiles, now bishop of that diocese. Some preferment

appears to have been here proposed to Foxe, but for some reason the plan fell through. In all probability the Church as restored under Elizabeth still retained too much of the former ritual to be acceptable to the sturdy Puritan. Foxe, however, accepted in 1564 a small prebend in the diocese of Salisbury, where he was left at liberty to carry out his convictions. In the general unsettlement of that transition-period, the conditions of clerical life in one diocese differed much from those in another. For a short time he appears to have been vicar of St. Giles', Cripplegate; but this charge he resigned from conscientious difficulty in subscribing to the canons. "John Foxe," writes Fuller in his *Church History of Great Britain*, "was summoned by Archbishop Parker to subscribe, that the general reputation of his piety might give the greater countenance to conformity. The old man produced the New Testament in Greek. 'To this,' said he, 'I will subscribe.' But when a subscription to the canons was required of him, he refused it, saying, 'I have nothing in the Church save a prebend at Salisbury; and much good may it do you if you will take it away from me!'" He was, however, left unmolested in this preference, which he retained till his death. But his work lay rather in the direction of authorship, and we have authentic records of very few of his sermons. The most noteworthy of these was preached at Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, 1570. The ordeal was one to which the diffident literary recluse looked forward with the greatest apprehension. Bishop Grindal, his old comrade, had urged him to the task, and would take no denial. "Our friends," writes Foxe, "urge, press, solicit me by every means, by entreaties, threats, upbraidings." "Who could have instigated you," he asks of Grindal, "thus to think of crucifying me at Paul's Cross? There never was ass or mule so weighed down by burdens as I have long been by literary labours. I am almost worn out by their toils, and by my ill-health. Yet

I am summoned to that celebrated pulpit, where, like an ape among cardinals, I shall be received with derision or driven away by the hisses of the auditory!" Grindal, in reply, simply counselled Foxe to forget self and to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified! This encouraged his shrinking spirit, and when the day came, he was enabled to discourse with great freedom and power.<sup>1</sup> "For Christ therefore, or in Christ's name"—so reads the text from 2 Corinthians v. 20, in the days before the Authorized Version—"we come to you as messengers, even as God Himself desiring you. We pray you, for Christ's sake, that you will be reconciled to God." The sermon is outspoken enough against Papal corruptions of the Gospel, and abounds in fervent evangelical appeals to the souls of men. "O gentleness! O kindness! Man first began the division, and God beginneth first the reconciliation. God prayeth, Christ prayeth, and the Apostle prayeth. Man offendeth, and hath forfeited his soul to the devil, and yet is prayed. He that should pray to be forgiven, is prayed to be content to be forgiven. What should we here say or think, well-beloved Corinthians here of London, but cry out with the words of Nazianzen, 'O the readiness of God's gracious love! O the easiness of His exorable reconciliation!'"

## XI.

### THE "ACTS AND MONUMENTS."

As soon as Foxe had settled in England, he addressed himself to what was to prove the work of his life—the preparation of an English edition of his *Commentaries*, greatly enlarged. This work he carried on for a while in the mansion of the Duke of Norfolk, in Aldgate, and the printing of the book seemed soon to

<sup>1</sup> "A Sermon of Christ Crucified: preached at Paul's Cross the Friday before Easter, commonly called Good Friday. Written and Dedicated to all such as labour and be heavy laden in conscience, to be read for their spiritual comfort. By John Foxe, 1570." The sermon was republished with a commendatory Preface by George Whitefield, 1759.

have begun. John Day, the printer, was a man altogether like-minded with Foxe. His printing-offices were in Aldersgate, partly upon the city wall; and he had shops besides for the sale of his books in other parts of the city, particularly "near the West door of St. Paul's Cathedral." We may picture Foxe every Monday, as his manner was, wending his way over the Corn Hill, past the open space where workmen were preparing the foundations of Gresham's new Exchange; then beneath the overhanging gables of Cheapside,—a man noted by many, greeting few or none, of abstracted air, with emaciated form, sunken cheeks, neglected garb,—until he reached the house of his trusty friend, with whom, in the snug chamber "over Aldersgate," he read his copy prepared during the previous week, examined and corrected proofs, and conferred respecting the progress of the work. That progress was indeed amazing, since in 1563 the first edition, in one folio black-letter volume, was completed. At some stage, we cannot accurately tell which, in the progress of the work, Foxe found it necessary to leave the ducal mansion. Even the weekly journeys from Aldgate to Aldersgate may have proved too burdensome for one who wished to be always in his study; "not at all," says his son, "or not seasonably affording himself what nature required, and at length brought to that pass, that his natural liveliness and vigour being spent, neither friends nor kindred could by sight remember him. By this means he first fell into that withered leanness of body in which many afterwards saw him; never again returning to that pleasing and cheerful countenance which he had before." His first lodgings were with Mr. Day himself: afterwards he resided in Grub Street, near Cripplegate, long afterwards a favourite abode of authors. Here he toiled unremittingly, preparing another edition of his great work, much enlarged, which was published in 1570. Other editions followed, in 1576 and 1583. The full title of the



work is, "*Actes and Monuments of these latter and perilous dayes, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great persecutions and horrible troubles, that have bene wrought and practised by the Romishe Prelates, speciallye in this Realme of England and Scotlande, from the yeare of our Lorde a thousande, unto the tyme nowe present. Gathered and collected according to the true copies and writynges certificarorie as wel of the parties themselves that suffered, as also out of the Bishops Registers, which wer the doers thereof, by John Foxe.*"<sup>1</sup>

The *Book of Martyrs*, as it was already called, was received by the people with the most eager interest. It had all the fascination of a contemporary history; many of the actors in the scenes it portrayed were still living, and there were multitudes who had numbered them among their own kindred and friends. Most of them to us are but names; yet our own souls are moved by the thrilling narrative. What must have been the feelings of those who well remembered standing by while the grim processions moved onward to the stake?

By order of Queen Elizabeth, issued after the appearance of the second edition, copies of the work were to be placed in the parish churches, also in the halls of hospitals, colleges, schools, and other public institutions. Some of these massive volumes still remain, black with age, and bearing on their solid leathern bindings traces of the ring to which was attached the chain securing the precious volume to the reading-desk. Many a group would gather to listen,

<sup>1</sup> Besides the four editions published in Foxe's lifetime, five editions appeared in folio after his death, in 1596, 1610, 1632, 1641 (with *Life* by his son Samuel, in Latin) and 1684 with the *Life* in English. Several abridged editions, still in folio, were published, down to 1811. Many of the editions were embellished with quaint engravings, in several of which the likenesses of Bonner and Gardiner were notably perpetuated. In modern days almost countless abridgments have appeared. The complete work, as edited by Canon Townshend, and afterwards by Dr. Stoughton, is now published in eight large 8vo volumes by the Religious Tract Society.

absorbed in the more than heroic tale, while from the lips of the best reader in the village they learned how their own friends and kindred had borne brave witness to Christ, and laid down their lives amid fiery torments rather than surrender an iota of His truth.

It was but natural that such a book should awaken fierce opposition. The Papists called it "*Master Foxe's Golden Legend*," and denounced it as a mass of inventions. So bold were they in their assertions that the imputation has gained general currency among those unacquainted with the facts of the case; and it is too frequent in modern times to speak of Foxe as a one-sided, inaccurate historian. A few errors in names and dates, mostly of a trivial kind, have given colour to the charge. Some of his information was necessarily from hearsay, and may have been accepted without adequate sifting. Occasionally, too, the glowing indignation, without which the narrator of such facts would surely be less than man, will gain the upper hand: "he writes," says one, "with somewhat more fervency than circumspection;" and so becomes "intemperate," forsooth! as he tells how brave men and tender women, and mere boys, were done to death amid fiery torments for not accepting what they believed to be a lie! The wonder is, that the recorder of such infernal deeds could ever have been calm! Dr. Jeremy Collier, the non-juror bishop in the days of William III., and others of an earlier day, made the most of these deviations from judicial coolness, as well as of the lapses into inaccuracy to which the chronicler of so great a multitude of facts was liable; while in our own time Professor Brewer, followed by Dean Hook,<sup>1</sup> has brought unproved accusations against the martyrologist's fidelity: but on the whole, every one who will impartially

<sup>1</sup> See *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, vol. vi. p. 148. Full and detailed vindications of Foxe's trustworthiness will be found in the editions of his *Actes and Monuments* by Canon Townshend and Dr. Stoughton. See especially the latter, vol. i. ch. ii. pp. 78-81.

examine into the matter may well stand amazed, not only at the fulness and variety of the narrative, but at its generally sober temper and solicitous regard to historic truth. For one thing, Foxe is uniformly careful, whenever possible, to give official documents, being mostly those of his own day, taken from the Bishops' Registers, and open to the most jealous scrutiny. The testimony of Bishop Burnet is very valuable: "In some private passages which were brought to him upon flying reports, Foxe made a few mistakes, being too credulous; but in the account he gives from records or papers he is a most exact and faithful writer; so that I could never find him in any prevarication or so much as a designed concealment. He tells the good and the bad, the weakness and the passion, as well as the constancy and patience, of those good men who sealed their faith with their blood."<sup>1</sup>

To the same effect writes the late Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Wordsworth. "I am not ignorant of what has been said" (by Dr. Milner and other Romanist writers), "but neither his writings nor theirs have proved, and it never will be proved, that John Foxe is not one of the most faithful and authentic of all historians. All the many researches and discoveries of later times in regard to historical documents, have only contributed to place the general fidelity and truth of Foxe's narrative on a rock which cannot be shaken."

A remarkable illustration of Foxe's impartiality is given by Strype in his *Ecclesiastical Memorials*. The Bishop of St. David's, Robert Ferrar, one of the martyrs in Mary's reign, had been involved in disputes, in the days of Edward VI., with certain of his own clergy, (one of whom, Thomas Young, afterwards became Archbishop of York,) and had been imprisoned at their instance; being thus, on Queen Mary's accession, left at the mercy of his other persecutors, who brought him to the stake. When Foxe was writing his

History he was earnestly besought by an acquaintance of his, "one Prat, a learned and pious preacher," to omit all reference to those particular dissensions, "lest if you meddle with such matters the papists might gather an occasion to say, that we persecuted one another. We must be circumspect in our doings, that we give papists no occasion to accuse us for persecution, which we lay so much to their charge." Ferrar and his old antagonists were reconciled before the Bishop's death, why should the controversy be raked up? And Young being now a Protestant archbishop, would it not be kindest to suppress his share in the former proceedings? "I pray you, pass them over with silence; either else write in such sort, as no man be defamed, whereby religion may sustain no hurt, otherwise the papists may have a just occasion to triumph."

But Foxe was inflexible. He would tell the whole story; "chiefly," says Strype, "I suppose, for the vindication of the memory of this pious martyr, and to clear him from those aspersions that otherwise might have been believed concerning him: let the living clear themselves as they could: and herein shewing himself an impartial historian."

## XII.

### FOXE IN LONDON : PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Mr. Foxe gradually became a very notable person in the City of London. Men and women of all classes frequented his humble home in Grub Street to ask his counsel or to receive his instructions. The Duke of Norfolk continued to be his friend, and Foxe in turn was a faithful friend to him. The commission given by Queen Elizabeth to this Duke to receive Mary, Queen of Scots, when she sought refuge in this country in 1568, and to examine into the charges against her, seems to have turned the head of the young nobleman. Either he was smitten with love for the beautiful and hapless captive, or else the possibilities of success in the intrigues of which she was the centre awakened strange ambitions in

<sup>1</sup> Burnet, *Hist. Ref.*, Part II., book 2, vol. ii. p. 492. Oxford, 1865.

his breast. Certain it is that at one time he was bent upon marrying her, and a letter of Foxe is extant strongly dissuading him from this step. By degrees the Duke became more and more involved in the conspiracies of Mary's adherents, in England, France and Spain. He was at length committed to the Tower, tried and condemned for high treason. Elizabeth hesitated long before signing the death-warrant; but at last this seemed imperative, and in July 1572, John Foxe had the mournful task of attending his former pupil to the scaffold. Dean Nowel also was by his side: and such comfort as was possible was derived from the fact that the Duke died penitent and in the Protestant faith. The Duke's small pension to Foxe was continued by bequest; and there is reason to believe that the successful author was now at least beyond the reach of want.

Another event of deep and sad significance well brought out the nobler features of this good man's character. A congregation of Anabaptists from Holland had established a conventicle at Aldgate. Twenty-seven of the number had been seized, charged with holding heretical and blasphemous doctrines concerning the Divine nature. Four of these were made to recant these doctrines publicly at Paul's Cross. Ten were banished; most of the others were left in disregarded obscurity: but one of those who had recanted soon reaffirmed his obnoxious opinions, another refused altogether to retract his avowal of belief, and, after long debate with their judges, these two were condemned as obstinate heretics. The old Act *de hæretico comburendo*, under which the Marian martyrs had suffered, was put into force after seventeen years of desuetude, and these men were sentenced to death at the stake. Now was the time to test the breadth of Foxe's principles. Would it prove that, like some others who had bravely borne the brunt of persecution, he was ready to persecute in turn those whose beliefs he thought heretical? Not so. He intervened on behalf of these Ana-

baptists with even passionate protest, denouncing their opinions, but appealing to the Queen against the punishment decreed. The long Latin letter addressed to Her Majesty on the subject has been preserved.<sup>1</sup>

"To burn to death," he says, "those who err rather from blindness of judgment than from the impulse of their will, appears to be more after the example of Rome than according to the principles of the Gospel: in fact this 'bull of Perillus' would never have been imported into the merciful Church of Christ had not the Roman priesthood, under the lead of Innocent the Third, adopted it." Foxe does not argue against another mode of punishment—"Only," he says, "I do plead earnestly that your Majesty will not allow those fires of Smithfield, which under your most auspicious rule have long been extinguished, now to be rekindled." But Elizabeth was inflexible: all that could be gained was a month's respite, to induce the condemned persons to recant. This proved ineffectual; the advisers of Elizabeth argued that "if after punishing traitors she now spared blasphemers, the world would condemn her as being more earnest in asserting her own safety than God's honour." To the lasting disgrace of this reign, the two Anabaptists were burned in Smithfield, July 22, 1575.

Nor was it only in the case of sufferers for their *religious* belief that Foxe threw his influence into the scale of mercy. It can scarcely be doubted that Edmund Campian and Robert Parsons, the Jesuits, with their coadjutors in the transactions of 1580, were but the agents of a deep-laid plot against the Queen and kingdom. In no sense did they die for their religion, unless indeed the denial of the royal supremacy within the realm of England be regarded as an article of faith. Yet none the less did Foxe counsel moderation and lenity in dealing with them. "I could produce letters of his," writes his son, "wherein he persuadeth

<sup>1</sup> See Fuller's *Church History of Great Britain*, book ix. sec. iii. 13.

the lords and others who then held the place of chiefest authority not to suffer Edmund Campian and his fellow-conspirators to be put to death, nor to let that custom continue longer in the kingdom that death rather than some other punishment should be inflicted on the Papist offenders. He endeavoured to prove by many reasons how much it was to the weakening of the cause, to follow rather the example of their adversaries in apportioning punishments than their own mildness, and that they much rather ought to strive as well in mercy and clemency to overcome them, as they had already in the justice of their cause got the upper hand." The great martyrologist was, in truth, a man before his times, and for a while his counsels fell upon heedless ears; yet it is much to know that he who had written so sternly and even passionately on the cruel deeds of Romish persecutors, could steadfastly resist the temptation to retaliate in kind, and not allow either the perils of the State and the Queen, or the excited demands of the people, to silence his pleading for justice and mercy.

### XIII.

#### FAMILY AND SOCIAL LIFE.

We know but little of Foxe's domestic relations. After his return to England, nothing appears in the records concerning his mother and his step-father, or his father-in-law; nor does he seem to have visited either Coventry or Boston. These relatives probably were no longer living. Or perhaps the old alienation continued. Some of Foxe's biographers indeed assert that his step-father deprived him of his patrimony, but this statement lacks confirmation. Mrs. Foxe was a homely loving matron, as appears from an affectionate ill-spelled letter to one of her sons, Samuel, to whom also we are indebted for Foxe's biography. This Samuel appears to have given the good old man some anxiety; not, however, from anything actually vicious, as from a tendency to ostentation which must have been pe-

culiarly abhorrent to the father. While a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, the youth went for a journey abroad without the permission of the college authorities. He returned in garments of a fashionable cut, and presented himself for his father's blessing. "Why," said Foxe, "what fine gentleman have we here?" "Do you not know me?" was the reply; "I am Samuel, your son." "Ah," rejoined the father, "what enemy of thine hath taught thee so much vanity?" The College treated the youth more severely, and expelled him, on the charge of Romish proclivities. But Foxe would not submit to this, and wrote a long letter to the authorities,<sup>1</sup> in which he strongly took his son's part, and attributed the young man's expulsion to internal dissensions in the college. The old martyrologist does not disguise his fears that the Puritan party will now themselves prove intolerant. "I perceive," he says, "a certain race of men rising up, who, if they should increase and gather strength in this kingdom, I am sorry to say what disturbance I foresee must follow it." Samuel Foxe was restored by royal mandate, and we hear no more of his tendencies to Popery.

Although he was so much of a recluse, the company and counsel of Foxe were continually sought. "There repaired unto him both citizens and strangers, noblemen and common people of all degrees, and almost all for the same cause, to seek some salve for a wounded conscience." Many of his letters of spiritual counsel have been preserved—some of them dealing with very personal matters. Thus, among his correspondence preserved in the British Museum, there is a letter to him "from one under temptation to blaspheme, requesting counsel." One draft of a letter in his handwriting is to a gentleman of rank, exhorting him to forgive his wife some grave offence that she had committed against him. Several letters are to persons in concern about their spiritual state,

<sup>1</sup> Fuller gives the letter in its original Latin: *Church History of Great Britain*, bk. ix. sec. iii. 14.

whom with loving counsel he exhorts to seek their rest in Christ. One of the longest and most interesting of the communications is to a young lady, to whom he earnestly and argumentatively recommends a youth as husband. What effect was produced by the epistle we do not know.

He had a kindly humour, and occasionally a caustic tongue. "Being once asked at a friend's table what dish he desired to be sent up to him to begin his meal with, he answered, 'The last;' which word was pleasantly taken, as if he had meant some choice dish, such as are usually brought for the second course; whereas he rather signified the desire he had to see dinner ended, that he might go home.

"Going abroad by chance, he met a woman that he knew, who, pulling a book from under her arm, and saying, 'See you not that I am going to a sermon?' Master Foxe replied: 'But if you will be ruled by me, go home rather, for to-day you will do but little good at church;' and when she asked, 'At what time therefore he would counsel her to go?' then answered he, 'When you tell nobody beforehand.'

"When a young man, a little too forward, had said, in presence of many, 'that he could conceive no reason in the reading of the old authors why men should so greatly admire them,' 'No marvel indeed,' quoth master Foxe; 'for if you could conceive the reason, you would admire them yourself.'"

The currency of anecdotes like these shows that Foxe had no small social influence. That he employed it wisely and well, is certain. Some indeed there were who were so impressed by the charm of his words, enforced as these were by his almost ghostly aspect, that they were ready to attribute to him powers to which he laid no claim. "Some who were sick in body would needs be carried to him. But this practice, to stop rumours, he would not suffer. For, because they were brought thither, they were by some reported to be

cured." It is to a tendency of this kind that the epithet *thaumaturgus*, inscribed upon his tomb in St. Giles's, Cripple-gate, has been attributed. And yet the epitaph, which we give on a subsequent page, obviously bears another meaning; as it explains the "wonder-working" power of Foxe to be shown in his recalling the martyrs as alive from the dead.

Some remarkable stories were told of his visits to the diseased. Of these, the best authenticated and the most remarkable, relates to one Mrs. Honeywood, a lady who in Queen Mary's reign had been noted for deeds of Christian charity, visiting the martyrs in their prisons, and affording help of various kinds to other sufferers for conscience' sake. To all appearance, this lady, who had been an invalid for twenty years, was near her death; and she had so given way to melancholy as to regard herself as eternally lost. Her friends were sitting mutely around, unable to console her, waiting for the end. Foxe had long vainly urged upon her the promises and consolations of the Gospel, when at last he distinctly said not only that she was not lost, but that she would not die. "I shall," she exclaimed, "assuredly as that glass is shivered to pieces!"—dashing to the ground as she uttered the words a frail Venetian glass by her bedside. Very remarkably the fall of the glass was somehow broken, and it reached the ground unharmed. The wonder wrought more than all Mr. Foxe's pleadings. Mrs. Honeywood recovered, and lived happily for thirty years longer, reaching the age of ninety, and numbering three hundred and sixty-seven descendants at the time of her death. The incident is preserved in local tradition, and the glass is still in the possession of some of Mrs. Honeywood's descendants. That the facts occurred as stated there is little doubt; they may no doubt be accounted for by strictly natural causes, but it is in the conduct and issue of natural causes that we discern the Providence of God; nor need we doubt that this eminent servant

John Foxe was in this case a minister of truth and healing to the afflicted one.

Foxe was noted for almsgiving, and, says Fuller, was to be recognised by the retinue of beggars that followed him. By charity, his son tells us, he impoverished his estate. A crowd of mendicants was once waiting for him at the gates of Bishop Aylmer's palace. Having nothing to give them, Foxe returned and borrowed five pounds of the Bishop, distributing the sum freely as he again went out. Some time after Aylmer asked for the return of the loan. "Nay," said Foxe; "I have laid it out for you, and paid it where you owed it, to the poor people at your gate." The Bishop, instead of being offended, thanked Foxe for thus becoming his almoner. This was a function, in fact, in which the good man was employed by many, in a more voluntary way; large sums being entrusted to his disposal for purposes of charity.

#### XIV.

##### DEATH OF FOXE.

At last, worn out by old age and incessant labour, the great martyrologist died at the age of seventy. The year of his decease was one of dread in England, owing to the preparations that were made by Spain for the onslaught of the great Armada. Amid the overhanging cloud the steadfast voice of Foxe was heard, predicting the failure of the attempt. He was no prophet, but he read the signs of the times: he trusted in God and had faith in the destinies of England.

Both the sons of Foxe were absent from the dying scene. The old man

had deliberately spared them the distress of witnessing his last agonies. One was absent from London at the time, by his father's wish: the other Foxe sent into the country on some errand when conscious that the end drew near. But the sons themselves felt the privation to be great. Samuel Foxe writes: "To me and my brother this was the most grievous of all chances, that thereby we could neither come to close his eyes, to receive his last blessing and exhortations, nor satisfy our minds with that last sight of him. Perchance we could with more patience have endured to see the fainting approaches of his death drawing on, than to have lost in him so good an example how to die."

Foxe died on the 18th of April, 1587. "Upon the report of his death the whole city lamented, honouring the small funeral which was made for him with the concourse of a great multitude of people, and in no other fashion of mourning than as if among so many each man had buried his own father or his own brother." His monument in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, bears an inscription in Latin, written by his son Samuel:

"To John Foxe, most faithful martyrologist of the English Church, most sagacious explorer of historical antiquity, most valiant defender of evangelical truth: an admirable thaumaturge, who has brought again as living from their ashes, like Phoenixes, the Marian martyrs: Samuel Foxe his first-born has, with dutiful affection and tears, erected this monument. He died April 18, A.D. 1587, at the age of seventy. *Life's duration is mortal, its hope immortal.*"

S. G. GREEN, D.D.

# BERNARD PALISSY.



## BERNARD PALISSY.

### I.

#### PALISSY ON HIS 'PRENTICE-TOUR.

It was the custom in old France for apprentices to complete their knowledge of their craft by travelling. These tours were not made in mere Bohemian fashion, for the guild to which they belonged had houses of call in various parts of the country, presided over by a matron who bore the name of "Mother," and where an agent attended to help the young journeyman to get work. The system was well devised in the interests of the trade and of the individual workman. The latter saw the work of the best masters in his craft all over France, and he enlarged his mind by contact with the great world. And if it should happen that he was one of those rare beings who are ever striving to find out 'the reason why' of all they see, and the period of his travels one in which the sources of knowledge were not only being rapidly opened, but the whole world was so moved that the duller mind would be spurred into activity, the opportunity afforded might prove of signal advantage to himself and to his fellow-men. Such a combination of circumstances occurred when Bernard Palissy made his 'prentice-tour, between 1528 and 1539.

Certainly the world was stirring in those days; at least, the world of which France was the centre. Luther's defiance of the Pope, his confession before the Imperial Diet at Worms, the sack of Rome and capture of Clement VII.,—these things proclaimed that a New World had come into existence, and he who travelled felt it at every turn. From Bohemia to Britain, from Sweden to the Pyrenees, the European peoples were moved in a way no words can express, except it be those of the 35th chapter of Isaiah. Men, poor men, the disinherited,

the long-oppressed, said to each other: "Be strong, fear not; behold your God cometh with vengeance. He cometh to save you." "The eyes of the blind were opened, the ears of the deaf were unstopped, the lame man leapt as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb began to sing; for in the wilderness waters had broken out and streams in the desert." Such was the evangelic fervour, that the poor peasants of Germany thought that they had but to ask for justice to get it. However, they were mistaken; the Kingdom of Heaven had been proclaimed but not realized; an era of massacres and martyrdoms had set in, and exterminating edicts were fulminated against their faith. The year 1534 saw the fanatical outbreak at Munster, and early in 1535 a fierce persecution raged in Paris, where men were tortured to death in cruel fashion. Nothing, however, could extinguish the new hope or depress the new life. Hundreds of men hazarded their lives carrying all over the land the Book which contained the charter of liberty. Drapers, clothmakers, weavers, day-labourers, old women,—such were the missionaries of the new doctrine. It would have been difficult to go a day's journey in France and not to hear of it. Never was there a time when it could be more truly said that the word of the Lord ran and was glorified. It is reckoned that one-sixth of the population ranged themselves under its banner. This was the France through which Bernard Palissy, in the year 1528, being then about nineteen years of age, began to travel; and during the next ten or eleven years he visited nearly every province in the kingdom, from the Pyrenees to the North Sea, from Brittany to the Rhine; and in addition he went into Lower Germany, the Ardennes, Luxembourg, the duchy of Cleves and Biscaya.



exercising the trades of glass-making and glass-painting, making portraits and surveying.

## II.

### PALISSY AND NATURE.

Although Palissy has left us so many details of his life and experience, he has nowhere mentioned the date or place of his birth. Agrippa d'Aubigné, who knew him, represents him as born about the last year of the fifteenth century, but this all his more modern biographers are agreed to reject as incorrect, and to consider that he really came into the world about 1509 or 1510. It is also generally agreed to regard a little village on the border of Guienne, called Chapelle Biron, as his birth-place. Whether his father was a glass-maker does not appear, but there is every probability he was. If so, Bernard Palissy was a forest child, for glass-making had to be carried on in the woods, both because it was considered an operation too dangerous for towns, and also because certain materials used in its composition were thus more cheaply obtained. A free woodland life, so full of suggestiveness to a curious, imaginative child, was thus in all probability the scene of Bernard Palissy's earliest experience. "I have had no other books," said he, "but heaven and earth, which are open to all."

However, he learnt to read and write, and somehow, and at some period of his life, he learnt to draw. In due time he was apprenticed to glass-making and glass-painting, and in learning these arts he had to acquire some knowledge of minerals and the chemical action of fire, and the effect that under its influence one substance has on another. Unfortunately the demand for his art was on the decline. More light was the order of the day, and people began to feel it gloomy to sit like owls in rooms darkened by painted glass.

Palissy seems to have gone at first in the direction of the Pyrenees, and to have lived for a considerable time at Tarbes, then the capital of the old pro-

vince of Bigorre. Tarbes is at the very foot of the Pyrenees, and owes to this fact the almost incomparable beauty of its situation—a verdant plain bounded by blue mountains. Among the many things Palissy has told us concerning himself, he says nothing about the beginning of his religious life. It is not improbable that while yet a boy he had heard the Gospel in the glass-makers' hamlet, or his father's solitary hut, in the depths of the forest. It was just in such places, hidden and obscure, that the pedlar-missionaries would find a welcome for their Bibles and Psalm-books, and here perchance he had already joined in singing some of David's Psalms. If so, he would possibly have already become enamoured of the hundred-and-fourth, the key-note of his attitude towards the natural world which he studied so reverently and indefatigably.

In wandering among the glens, valleys and woodland glades, or along the tracks of the dried-up rivers of the Pyrenees; in collecting mosses and lichens, marvellous stones, pebbles, earths, shells; in watching the curious reptiles, lizards, snakes, toads, or the rapid movements of the wild animals, and the glitter of the fish in its rivers; in listening to the roar of the waterfall or the various notes of its birds; above all, in observing the changes caused by the seasons and the splendours of sunset and sunrise,—if Palissy did not constantly exclaim, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all," the words at least express his feelings.

This delight in the works of the Sovereign Worker, the Sovereign Architect, the Sovereign Geometer, as it is characteristic of Palissy to call the Creator, gave sublimity to his character. Walking with God, he was, even in the most abject poverty, a king among men.

## III.

### REFORM IN SAINTES.

Bernard Palissy finished his travels about 1538, took to himself a wife, and

settled down at Saintes, the capital of the province of Saintonge. An old Roman bridge over the Charente, on the centre of which stood a triumphal arch, with inscriptions in honour of Germanicus, Tiberius, and Drusus, and the remains of a vast amphitheatre, testified to the former splendour of Saintes as a Roman capital; now it was but a congeries of narrow, crooked streets, obstructive gates, and surrounded by a many-towered wall, containing a prison and a huge cathedral with a seven-storied tower.

To know how it was that Saintes was thus in decay, one must read Palissy's own writings, and especially his history of the *Religious Troubles in Xaintonge*; also a contemporary work, called *Le Livre des Marchands*, in which a number of tradesmen discourse one after the other on the iniquities going on in France at this time, and all they say justifies Palissy in so often using the words of the prophet Ezekiel: "Woe be to you, shepherds, who eat the fat and clothe you with the wool, and leave my flock scattered upon the mountains; I will require it at your hands."

And this the shepherds managed easily, because they took care not to object to influential laymen having a tuft or two out of the fleece. But the respective shares of clergy and laity may be judged of by the elegant simile in which the Draper in the *Livre des Marchands* describes this way of treating the goods of the Church. "It is," he says, "as if a man should throw to the dogs a bone of which he had sucked the marrow." For while all sorts of people were gratified by "morsels of benefice," the feast was reserved for the cardinals and bishops. For example, the Bishop of Saintes, Palissy's so-called spiritual father, held the following benefices. He was archbishop of Rouen, abbot of St. Denis, abbot of St. Germain des Pres, abbot of St. Ouen, abbot of Jumièges, abbot of Corbie, abbot of Vendôme, abbot of La Couture, abbot of Signy, abbot of Orcamp, abbot of Montebourg, abbot of Valemont, abbot

of Persèigne, abbot of St. Geniez, abbot of Châtelier, abbot of Proidmont, abbot of St. Etienne, in Dijon; abbot of St. Lucien, in Beauvais; abbot of St. Michael, in Lerm; &c., &c. With such wealth he could magnificently support the rank of Legate of Avignon, Cardinal and Peer of France. But then this venerable prelate, —he was five-and-twenty years of age,— "was descended from the precious blood of Monseigneur St. Louis," a sufficient reason why he should be steeped up to his eyes in the good things of this world.

However, some of those men "that turn the world upside down" by their persistent belief that the Kingdom of Heaven is a reality, and that Christian men at least ought to live according to its laws, came to Saintes and dared to say as much. Holders of benefices soon found out that these men were monks who had either been in Germany, or had read heretical books from that land, and the authorities looking as if they were about to pounce on them, "the said monks," as Palissy quaintly observes, "fearing that they should die in too hot a bed," fled to the neighbouring islands, where they laboured quietly among the people as school-masters and in other capacities. Many listened to their doctrine, and people's eyes were opened in all directions, so that the fiscal attorney thought it high time to warn the bishop, who gave him charge and commission to extirpate the heretics, the Parliament of Bordeaux allowing him a good sum of money for his expenses. Three of the preachers were arrested: Brother Robin, in the isle of Oleron, another named Nicole, in the isle of Allevvert, and the brother at Gimosac, who kept a school and preached on Sundays. To make the people believe them mad, the fiscal attorney caparisoned them in green, bridled them like horses, each bridle having an apple of iron, which was forced into their mouths, and which of course effectually prevented them from uttering inconvenient truths as they were led to Bordeaux, where they were sentenced to death. Brother Robin,

however, eluded his persecutors, and that in so remarkable a manner that Palissy has recorded every detail. Shut up in the prison at Saintes, brother Robin got some files, rid himself of his fetters, and making a hole in the wall, crept into the court, in which, however, were a number of great village dogs. He threw them some bread, "whereupon," says Palissy, "the said dogs were as quiet as Daniel's lions." He then passed an open door from the bishop's court into the garden, to find himself, however, surrounded by high walls. But by the light of the moon he mounted a pear-tree close to the wall, and from thence jumped to a chimney, and so over the roofs of the houses into the town of Saintes. But here new dangers beset him, for he did not know the town or any one in it; so he knocked at hazard at various doors, among others at that of a counsellor, who next morning offered for his apprehension fifty dollars on the part of the grand vicar. At last, however, he found a friendly house, from whence he was the same hour conducted out of the town; and this, Palissy is careful to tell us, occurred in August, 1546; and in the same month Robin's fellow-prisoners were burnt, one at Saintes and the other at Libourne.

#### IV.

##### GROPING IN THE DARK.

This story marks an epoch in Palissy's life. It is evident that he was very deeply interested in these poor persecuted preachers; and from the vivid manner in which he relates all the details of brother Robin's escape, and the fact that his house in all probability was in the outskirts of Saintes, there is ground for believing that it was Palissy himself who assisted the fugitive in getting safely out of the city. Be this as it may, it was the latter half of this year 1546, probably some time in the autumn, that Palissy attained the great object of his research, how to make white enamel.

For about two years after his settlement in Saintes, Palissy had gone on quietly, pursuing his various occupations, and no doubt prospering. In an evil hour for his domestic peace he was shown an enamelled cup of Italian manufacture, a cup of such surpassing beauty, that Palissy, being an artist by nature, was fired with the idea of making one like it. He knew nothing whatever of the art of pottery, and had but the faintest conception of what was necessary to make enamel. However, an inner consciousness of the beautiful things he could make, if he could only discover how to produce enamels, determined him to set out on the search; "I began," he says, "to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark."

It is not so much the beautiful and curious ware that Palissy succeeded at last in producing which chiefly interests us; it is the man we see coming out of all the prodigious efforts which he made, of all this untiring, indomitable energy, of all this simple, unwavering, all-overcoming faith.

It was in 1540 that Bernard Palissy entered on that long series of efforts which were to be so often baffled before he attained success. He commenced in his own house, pounding and mixing all kinds of earth in every possible proportion, and baking the same on fragments of pottery, which he had smashed in pieces for the purpose. Keeping notes of his proportions, he watched anxiously for a favourable result. But nothing of the kind appeared; nothing took place but blunders, and they were innumerable. "Thus," he sadly said, "I fooled away several years."

Happily, in 1543 circumstances occurred which enabled him for a time to recover from the poverty into which he had fallen through the non-success of his efforts. In that year Francis I., being in want of money, determined to raise the tax on the production of salt in the marshes of Saintonge; the constable Montmorency was sent with an army to collect the money, but he, wishing to do it as equitably as possible,

resolved to have a survey made of the coast and its islands. Palissy was recommended as the most suitable man in the neighbourhood, and he, momentarily defeated, accepted the offer.

In the salt-marshes he learnt many things, as may be seen by his writings; above all, it is clear he came to understand the work being done by brother Robin, Nicole, the preacher, and the brother at Gimosac, who was so much beloved by the inhabitants. The survey took him about a twelvemonth, and at its close he returned with renewed ardour to the search after the white enamel, which he understood was the basis of all the rest. This he succeeded in obtaining; and so encouraged was he by this faint streak of dawn in a sky hitherto persistently black and lowering, that he went on for two years more, with no further result; he experienced, in fact, nothing but failure upon failure. His money went, his wife became discontented. He determined to try one batch more, and if not successful, to withdraw from the effort. "God willed," he says, "that when I had begun to lose my courage and had gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial-pieces, there was one among those pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature." And this happened about the time, or soon after the time, that brother Robin made his escape from the prison in Saintes.

## V.

### ALONE, AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.

This success so encouraged him, that he began himself to make vessels of earth, and to build a furnace. But he was so miserably poor, that he had to do all the work himself. It took him some months to make his pots; as to his furnace, he had to be his own mason,

and not only to lay every brick himself, but to fetch them home on his back. The pots were at last prepared, and were placed in the furnace; but though he fed both its mouths with wood incessantly for six days and six nights, his enamel would not melt, and he was almost desperate. Convinced there was something wrong, he recommenced pounding, grinding, mixing, and at the same time keeping up the fire. But now a new trouble came upon him; he had used up all his fuel, and had no money to buy fresh. He pulled up the palings in his garden, and that being insufficient, he burnt the tables and tore up the flooring of his house. This was too much for his wife, and she ran into the street proclaiming her troubles to the world. The neighbours gathered, and when they saw Palissy, worn to a skeleton, watching his furnace, they thought him mad. Some said he was coining false money, others that he deserved to die of hunger, seeing that he had left off following his trade. To all their reproaches, he answered not a word; his anguish was in fact so great, that he could not speak; he was quite exhausted with labour, anxiety, and the heat of the furnace.

So little, however, had all these disasters shaken his courage, that he commenced to rebuild his furnace, an undertaking in which he gashed his fingers, for the intense heat had vitrified both the mortar and the brick. Finally, another batch of vessels was put in, but again a failure, and this time worse than ever. The heat had been sufficient, the enamel had melted, but the vehemence of the fire had caused the flints in the mortar to crack; and when his vases had cooled, he found them covered with fine flints which cut the hand like a razor.

The loss of this batch of work covered him with shame and confusion, for he had reckoned on obtaining for it enough to satisfy his creditors. So he said within himself, if a man should fall into a pit, it is his duty to endeavour to get out again; and that he, being in this case,

ought to set about to make some paintings, and in various ways to take pains to make a little money. And this he did, not only on this occasion, but doubtless on many other occasions; for only thus could he have supported these long trials and heavy expenses, his last furnace having cost him twenty-six gold dollars, an impossible sum if he had been a man who for years was earning nothing at all.

But the moment the exigencies of life were satisfied, he was at his task once more. But again a failure, for this time the draught in his furnace blew the ashes on to his melted enamel, and another batch was ruined. This led him to put all his vessels into earthen coverings, an invention which prevented further catastrophes from flints and ashes. However, he had still much to learn, for he did not yet know how to regulate the temperature or how much heat was required for each sort of clay; it was a long and tedious experience, and it cost him fifteen or sixteen years before he arrived at a point at which he could really ensure anything like success.

During this time he had braved every possible trial; not only the contempt of his neighbours, and the reproaches of his wife and family, but hunger, cold and nakedness, want of sleep, and constant anxiety, labouring all the time as one condemned to the galleys or to the mines. "I have been," he says, "for several years without the means of covering my furnaces. I was every night at the mercy of the rains and winds, without receiving any help, aid or consolation, except from the owls that screeched on one side, and the dogs that howled upon the other; sometimes there would arise winds and storms, which blew in such a manner up and down my furnaces that I was constrained to quit the whole with loss of my labour, and go to bed at midnight or near dawn, looking like a man who had been dragged through all the puddles in the town: and retiring in this manner soiled and drenched, I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which causes me to

marvel now that I was not consumed with suffering."

## VI.

### THE SECRET OF PALISSY'S PERSEVERANCE.

What made this poor artisan so persevering and so courageous? What sustained his faith under such difficulties? We shall err exceedingly if we imagine that the discovery of the art of making enamels was the one thought that absorbed Palissy's soul for fifteen or sixteen years. It had seized him, no doubt, with almost the grip of a gaoler; nevertheless, he had shown again and again that he was not its slave. When it was absolutely necessary, he withdrew, and set to work to supply the wants of his household. The thought that impelled and sustained him was the duty of multiplying his talents. Any one who reads his writings will find that the parable of the talents had laid hold of him with a force which only those constituted as he can at all adequately understand.

Palissy had a secret life; his soul went out to God as manifested in nature and in His people banded together under the shelter of the Captain of their salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ. Convinced that the world was full of folly and roguery, he was of opinion that Christians should return to their old simplicity, assuring themselves that they will have enemies, and be persecuted all the time of their life, if by direct paths they will follow and sustain the cause of God; for such was his reading of the promises contained in the Old and New Testament. And the truth of this he had seen again and again in his own experience in Saintes, not only in the history already related of the martyrs of 1546, but also in that of another man of God who suffered for the same cause in 1557.

Philibert Hamelin was one of those apostolic men who travelled all over France with no other outfit except a staff in his hand, inciting men to have ministers and to erect some kind of a church. He had made himself a printer, and had printed the Bible, which he

employed agents to sell. He came to Saintes to testify there to the full truth of what he had learnt in Geneva, because it was at Saintes that on a former occasion he had dissembled his convictions. He came into the town, met a little company of seven or eight people, prayed with them, and advised them to meet together and exhort one another, and then he went to one of the islands in the salt-marshes, labouring there to win the people to God. The magistrates, alarmed at his doings, especially at his having baptized a child, set off in pursuit with horses, gendarmes, cooks and sutlers. He was taken and safely lodged in the criminals' prison.

"I mustered hardihood," says Palissy, (although the days were perilous in those times) "to go and remonstrate with six of the principal judges and magistrates of this town of Saintes, that they had imprisoned a prophet or an angel of God, sent to announce His word and judgment of condemnation to men in these last days, assuring them that for eleven years I had known the said Philibert Hamelin to be of so holy a life, that it seemed to me as if the other men were devils compared to him." The magistrates received Palissy's remonstrance kindly, treated their prisoner with gentleness, and thought to get rid of all responsibility by handing him over to the Parliament of Bordeaux, where he was condemned to death, being hanged the 18th of April, 1557. While in prison, an advocate of France brought three hundred livres and offered it the gaoler, provided he would, at night, put the said Philibert outside the prison. The gaoler was tempted, but took counsel first with Master Philibert, who replied, "that it was better worth his while to die at the hands of the executioner, than to expose another man to evil for the good of self."

## VII.

### PALISSY AND THE CHURCH AT SAINTES.

We saw just now how Philibert Hamelin arrived, staff in hand, at Saintes, and

there in apostolic fashion exhorted the brethren and prayed with them; what adds to the interest is the fact that Palissy himself was one of the number, and in all probability one of the two who founded this little church.

"Some time," he says, "before the arrest of Philibert, there was in Saintes an artisan wonderfully poor and indigent, who had so great a desire for the progress of the Gospel, that he made it clear one day to another artisan, as poor and with as little learning as himself, for they both knew scarcely anything; nevertheless the first said to the other, that if he would employ himself in exhorting, it would be the cause of great fruit; and although the second felt himself totally destitute of learning, this very fact gave him courage."

It would have been very interesting if Palissy had given us the exact terms of the Gospel of which these two artisans conversed. No doubt they thought it good news to be able to tell each other that they might gain access to God through Christ without the intervention of any merely human mediator; and to be able to tell men that God freely forgives all who repent and believe in Jesus Christ as the one sacrifice for the sin of the world.

Now here, as elsewhere, Palissy does not distinctly say, one of these men was myself; but there can be no doubt such was the case, for of the five persons who composed the first Reformed church at Saintes, Palissy must have been in a supreme degree the master-mind, and the one by far the most likely to take a bold initiative. From the character of the exhortation given by the artisan who first spoke to the nine or ten persons who gathered together on Sunday mornings as a Reformed congregation in Saintes, it might be inferred that the speaker was Palissy himself; but that would imply that he was the instructed rather than the instructor, and it is quite in harmony with common experience to suppose that the discourse then delivered was simply a repetition of what Palissy had said. His account of the meeting is

as follows: "And when they were assembled, he read to them the passages and texts, saying: 'That each man, according to the gifts he had received, should distribute them to others; and that every tree which bore not fruit, would be cut down and cast into the fire.' Also he read another text taken from Deuteronomy, where it is written: 'Thou shalt declare my words, when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; and thou shalt write them on the door-posts of thine house, and on the gates.'" He proposed to them also the parable of the Talents, and a great number of such texts; and this he did tending towards two good ends; the first was to show that it was the duty of all people to speak of the statutes and ordinances of God, and that His doctrine might not be despised on account of his own abject state. The second end was to incite certain auditors to do as he was doing; for in this same hour they agreed together that six from among them should make exhortations weekly—that is to say, each of the six once in six weeks, on Sunday only.

If any one will read the writings of Palissy, he will find that these are the very passages which were in a peculiar sense Palissy's own, arousing his energies and keeping them always in a state of perpetual activity. In his *Artist in Earth* he almost opens with the words: "It is written, that according as each shall receive the gifts of God so must he distribute to others." Indeed it is clear, as has been already remarked, that it was a sense that he was endowed with certain artistic gifts which impelled him to make such efforts to discover the art of enamelling, and compelled him to work on, notwithstanding every difficulty. And to this belief concerning himself he was careful on important occasions to testify, as may be seen in the dedicatory letters prefixed to his first book, and addressed to the Marshal de Montmorency and to Catherine de Medici respectively.

In the letter to the former, he repeats the idea three or four times over, notably in the words, "God . . . by His last testament has commanded His heirs to multiply the talents which He has committed to them;" and again, "I have not feared to address to you a portion of the talents which I have received from Him in whom all gifts abound."

While the apostolic Philibert Hamelin was in prison, a Calvinist minister arrived at Saintes, and was induced to become the pastor of this little flock, and he was succeeded by another, who became so permanently. We now and then read of such men being hanged or burnt, but we do not realize the constant small sufferings they endured, often more depressing to men of energetic natures than the possibility of martyrdom. "The poor man," says Palissy, "was shut up in Saintes like a prisoner (the people being afraid it would corrupt their ministers if they made excursions into the country to attend on the Huguenot nobility), and very frequently ate apples and drank water for his dinner; and for want of a table-cloth, he very often laid his dinner on a shirt, because there were very few rich people who joined our congregation, and so we had not the means of paying him his salary."

Nevertheless the testimony raised by this little congregation to the reality of the Kingdom of Heaven had such an influence on the town, that a moral reformation took place which affected everybody and everything. The very magistrates seemed emboldened to put a stop to the commonest forms of dissolute living, even to the extent of interfering with the time-honoured custom of tradesmen spending their evenings at an inn. The children caught the serious air that had come over the place, and had "a look of manly fortitude." Gambling, law-suits, dances, ballad-singing, banquetting and superfluities of head-dressing were given up, or greatly diminished. A spirit of prayer and praise seemed to have seized on the people. On Sundays "members of the same craft were to be seen rambling through the fields, groves and other

pleasant places, singing in troops, psalms, canticles, and spiritual songs, reading and instructing one another." This sacred psalmody rose on all sides, the gardens resounding with the part-pieces sung by young girls.

This burst of song was universal in France. The people felt as if they were emerging from a dark and heavy tyranny, and they broke out into singing, as did the children of Israel in the day they came up out of Egypt. The "misereres" chanted to lugubrious music in the dark crypt of St. Eutropius no longer expressed the feelings of the townsfolk of Saintes; their new-born hopes so filled them with light and joy, that they felt the need of worshipping in the sunshine and the open air; and in place of listening to hired mourners, to praise God themselves in unrestrained forms, and with their own lips. Things, in fact, advanced to such a pitch, that Palissy and his brethren were bold enough not only to hold their assemblies in public, but to take the town-hall; and soon the movement became so powerful, that priests began to take part in their assemblies, and to make inquiries about the church, while others began to imitate the prayers made by the ministers, "so that it came to pass that there was prayer in the town of Saintes from one end to the other."

Palissy, whose sense of humour was great, says things were done in these days fit to make one laugh and weep at the same time. The enemies of the Reformers evidently thought there was some charm in these prayers, for when they wanted to get in their tithes, they sent for the ministers to exhort the people. And Palissy says, "I never looked so merry, though I wept the while, when I heard that the attorney, who was criminal-notary when suits were brought against those of the Religion, had himself made the prayers in the parish of which he was the farmer!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, of the tithes; like the Roman tax-gatherers, who paid a stipulated sum, and extracted as much more out of the people as they could.

## VIII.

### PALISSY ARRESTED AND SENT FOR TRIAL TO BORDEAUX.

It was during this halcyon time that Palissy began to reap the fruits of all his toil in the ceramic art. His survey of the salt-marshes of Saintonge had brought him into connection with the Duke of Montmorency, a powerful personage, being Constable of France, and long the head of one of its great political parties. Astonished at the beauty of the enamels of Palissy, he gave the Huguenot potter a commission to adorn his chateau at Ecouen. Palissy, with his usual prodigious energy, seems to have exercised all his various arts at Ecouen, not only filling its galleries with his ware, but actually paving both the galleries and the sacristy; not only adorning the garden with rustic grottos, etc., but painting all the windows with a series of designs after Raffaele.<sup>1</sup>

In the course of accomplishing these works he returned to Saintes, where he found a most disastrous reaction had taken place. It must have been in or about the year 1562, a terrible year for French Protestantism. Murders and massacres took place all over the country. It was the counter-movement which attends every advance of the Kingdom of Heaven, and in Saintes it was, to use Palissy's own words, as if "all the spirits of the devils had come into the town." Nothing was to be heard now but blasphemies, blows, menaces, tumults, horrible language, dissolute and detestable songs. "Often," he cries, "I was seized with a desire to risk my life by going out to punish them, but I said in heart the Seventy-ninth Psalm, which begins, 'O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance.'" And these same heathen soon laid hold of the potter, and carried him off by bye-roads to Bordeaux, where his exit from this world would have been short and speedy, had not

<sup>1</sup> These painted windows are now at Twickenham.



certain noblemen, who were interested in him as a great artist, exerted themselves for his deliverance.

Palissy held, in common with all the Reformers, that "bad shepherds had no right to the tithes," much less persons who did not even pretend to be shepherds; and the fury engendered by fear lest this doctrine should be generally accepted was so great, that the Duke of Montpensier, the Count of Rochefoucault, with the Seigneurs of Burie, of Jarnac, and of Pons, would have been no match for the lawyers of Saintes and Bordeaux, had not the Constable induced the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, to name Palissy, "*Inventeur des figulines du roi.*" Thus the royal mantle was thrown over the potter, and he was spirited away like Hector of old.

## IX.

### THE DELECTABLE GARDEN AND THE FORTRESS-CITY.

Palissy had now reached a position of honour and security, a singular vantage-ground, where amidst the most terrible storms he could ride at anchor in peace and safety. And here he displayed the same simple, fearless integrity, the same love of God in His works and in His people, which had distinguished him all his life long. In 1563, he published at La Rochelle a book, quaintly entitled, "A Veritable Receipt, by which every man in France can learn how to multiply and augment his treasure." The first part consists of a treatise on Agriculture, so suggestive and stimulating, that it might profitably be published even to-day. To Palissy, agriculture is the great calling of mankind, that by which the mutual well-being of man and nature can be most fully accomplished. He laments the avarice and ignorance of men, whereby the possessors of land think only of the income they can draw out of it, while they leave its cultivation to the most ignorant. He seeks to make men feel their duty to the earth, and to enforce the necessity and profit of studying the science of its proper cultivation, which,

according to the language of his day, he calls the philosophy of agriculture. He explains the proper management of manure, then miserably misunderstood, urging the improvement of agricultural implements, and vigorously denouncing the reckless destruction of woods and forests; all being written in the most lively manner, under the form of a dialogue, filled with personal experiences, trenchant allusions to the follies and crimes of the day, and a never-failing piety, joyous, childlike and triumphant. Sometimes he goes off into a narrative, which for humour equals the best masters in any tongue.

All, however, tends to one end, the folly and wickedness of men in neglecting their own true well-being, and setting themselves in defence of their ill-gotten, misspent wealth against those who would maintain justice and truth on the earth. He is so overwhelmed by the miseries these men cause, that he gives himself up to the elaboration of two conceptions, the one of a delectable garden, the other of a fortress-city, in one or the other of which, according as the times were peaceable or warlike, poor Christians might find a refuge.

To a mental temperament essentially artistic, poetic, and philosophic, Palissy joined, as we have seen, a most indomitable will, and such practical energy, that he no sooner had an idea, than he proposed to put it into execution. Thus this "delectable garden" and "fortress-city" were no utopian reveries, but real, practical proposals which he made to Marshal Montmorency, just as a landscape-gardener might lay a plan before the owner of Chatsworth or of Belvoir.

In like manner, his proposal about the fortress-city is made with all the confidence of a practical engineer. "If," he says, "it has pleased God to distribute to me of His gifts as an artist in earth, who will deny that He has also sufficient power to communicate to me a portion of understanding in the military art, which is acquired rather by nature, or natural sense, than by practice?"

Palissy's favourite Psalm, the one hundred-and-fourth, inspired him with the idea of a delectable garden, which should be a refuge for the afflicted persecuted children of God. For he was fully convinced that the world is divided and ever will be, into two kinds of men; and that the unjust, the simoniacal, the avaricious, and other wicked people will always be ready to persecute those who simply and sincerely walk in the way of the Lord.

Guided by his psalm, his first object was to find a plain at the foot of mountains, protecting it from the north and west winds, and from whence streams fall with which he might water his garden. Having marked the limits of his garden, and divided it into four parts with cross paths, and an amphitheatre in the middle, he proposed to erect eight summer-houses. Those at the four corners of the garden would be of rock-work, and to the north and west would appear to form part of the hills, so that no one descending would have any idea he was approaching a building. Their roofs would be covered with herbs and plants attractive to song-birds, and through their sides water would spring forth in jets; their interiors would be in various designs, all in enamelled earth, and each containing a text of Scripture in antique characters. The other summer-houses at the ends of the walks would be formed of foliage rising over tortuous rocks, on the ledges of which would be an infinite variety of the creatures with which Palissy so cleverly covers his ware, toads and lizards crawling over the rocks, snakes and adders coming out of their clefts; cool waters would trickle everywhere, and in one was to be an arrangement by which the fountain should cause gurgling sounds resembling the song of a nightingale.

On the mountain above would be a series of caverns, which would serve as greenhouses, tool-houses, etc., and above which would be a terrace with steps cut in rock, and along the terrace a balustrade with damask-roses, violets, and

other fragrant plants, and on the other side a hawthorn-hedge to entice the birds.

The amphitheatre in the centre was to be an island, turned into a sort of temple by a grove of poplars planted round, whose trunks, drawn together into a pyramid, were to be crowned with a vane and a set of musical pipes, through which the wind would make Eolian music. This amphitheatre, approached by little bridges, would have a table and seats, and the guests would be entertained by the song of birds; for by a curious arrangement of wire-work, the amphitheatre would be the centre of a vast aviary. Statues, groups, and grottoes would also adorn the garden, not omitting arrangements for sundry practical jokes dear to the hearts of juvenile Huguenots. Beyond the pleasure-garden to the south would be meadows, and to the east fruit-grounds and orchards. Palissy was permitted to realize his design in the park at Chaulnes.

His idea of the fortress-city, which however remained only an idea, he got from considering the shell of a purple murex which had come from Guinea, and of which a citizen of La Rochelle had made him a present. He had looked here and there in nature for the true idea, and had considered with admiration the nest of the loriote, the shell of the snail, the adhesive power of the limpet, and the spines of the sea-urchin; the sight of these marvels, as he walked among the rocks, moving him to cry out again and again, "O thou good God! Not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory and honour." But it was only when he saw the purple murex, with its long horns, clearly given to it as a bulwark and defence, that he felt he had got the idea of his fortress, and straightway took compass, rule, and other tools necessary for the making of his design.

## X.

### PALISSY-WARE.

In 1564, Catherine de Medici laid the foundations of the new palace in Paris,

called, from the site having been a potters' field, the Tuileries. Here, about this time, Palissy came, and erected his furnace and workshop within the precincts of the new buildings.<sup>1</sup> His sons, Nicholas and Mathurin, worked with him, so that he had respite from hard labour and was able to devote himself to study and designing.

And now, surrounded by some of the finest works of the Italians, he was able to surpass all his former efforts. His works were not confined to the Tuileries; it is known that, besides Ecouen and Chaulnes, he adorned the château of Nesle in Picardy, and that of Reux in Normandy, and possibly there were others. And such was the religious spirit in which he did all his work that he never lost an opportunity of setting forth the glory of God, especially as seen in the salvation of men. In the Park at Ecouen, Palissy erected a grotto, from whence a cascade fell with the Gospel invitation worked in various coloured stones on a rustic frieze: "Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters."

Unfortunately, time has not dealt well with his garden-pieces, so that his fame rests on such of his works as have been more protected from the accidents of weather: his statuettes, groups, vases, cups, plates, basins and many other beautiful things, of which the finest collections are to be seen in the Louvre and the Hôtel de Cluny, in Paris.

"One is compelled," says Lamartine, "to stop before these sculptured dishes, attracted by their simple fidelity to nature. The adders in relief with their scaly spirals make one's fingers contract, their colour and their verisimilitude at once fascinating and repelling. Near the adder, which sleeps, bending its neck on the rings of its tail, is seen the black crawfish, stretching out its long claws as if to lay hold of the ledges of the rock, or to force itself into some cranny. And by its side dart the silvery fish with

outspread fins, rapidly directing their course through the weeds. It is as if, suddenly pushing aside the weeds and the rushes, a human eye were to surprise the world of a river-bed; the very ground, indeed, is so true in its forms, the changing hues of the scaly inhabitants so exact, the brilliant colours so sparkling, that one might fancy a housewife in washing her crockery had plunged one of her dishes into a pool, and had drawn it out filled to the brim with sand, shells, weeds and aquatic creatures. The contents of a fisherman's net emptied on the sands all alive and streaming with water into an earthenware basin;—such is Palissy-ware.

"But in his solitary contemplations, Palissy discovered what was more precious than his art,—he found God Himself, the end and object of all perfect art. In his leisure moments he writes these marvellous contemplations, he pours forth his intelligence in his hymns; attaching himself with a filial faith to the persecuted religion of his brothers, he devotes his youth to his handicraft, his old age, his liberty and his life to his God."

## XI.

### MASTER BERNARD OF THE TUILERIES.

For the next ten years Palissy is working at Paris, and is familiarly known as Monsieur Bernard of the Tuileries. In 1567, he lost his first great patron, the Constable Montmorency, who was killed during the second civil war, fighting against the Huguenots at St. Denis. However, Palissy was now under the protection of Catherine de Medici, and it is among the enigmas of her character that she, the chief actor in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, should have been able properly to value and faithfully to support two of the most honest men in the kingdom—Michael l'Hospital and Bernard Palissy.

When the dreadful work took place in 1572, and nearly all his Calvinist brothers in Paris were ruthlessly slaughtered, Palissy was again shielded by

<sup>1</sup> The remains of Palissy's furnace were discovered in 1865.

royal protection; how or in what manner does not appear. He escaped, and reappears as full as ever of energy, courage and faith. No doubt this was greatly owing to the well-balanced character of his powerful mind, and to the healthy condition of a man who had always lived laboriously and temperately; but something also was due to the fortifying character of that cardinal article of the creed which he held, that all things happened according to the purpose and will of God. A man who believed this could go on calmly and cheerfully in the ordinary way of life, even after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In 1574 died Charles IX., the fourth king of France under whom Palissy had lived. Catherine was now more powerful than ever, and under her agis Palissy knew he had nothing to fear. For he was a shrewd man, seeing clearly from the very first why he was permitted to live, and too honest and plain-spoken to pretend he thought otherwise. Thus in writing to the Constable concerning his deliverance from his enemies at Bordeaux, who wished to put him to death, he says: "The Duke of Montpensier gave me a safeguard, forbidding them to take cognisance of, or undertake anything against me, or against my house, well knowing that no man could bring your work to a completion but myself. Also being a prisoner in their hands, the Seigneur de Burie, the Seigneur de Jarnac, and the Seigneur de Ponts took great trouble to cause me to be delivered, with the design that your work might be completed." And on another part of the same letter he says: "I doubt whether you would have found it good, if I had quitted your work to bring you large thanks." Showing plainly that he knew that it was the work he was wanted to do at Ecouen that saved his life.

Our great dramatist has said, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and truly there was something in this simple, unsophisticated artisan that could not fail to go to the heart of the

most worldly. It must have been like a draught of pure spring water, to a woman who had passed all her life in the midst of treachery and corruption, to receive a letter which seemed rather written by a loving and strong friend than a "subject," who, in addition to his natural prostration at the foot of the throne, was a Huguenot, and could not claim a higher position in society than an artisan. "Madame," he says in one place, "there never was a time when good inventions received their reward from kings;" yet it was impossible for Catherine to have felt other than grateful for its sincerely affectionate tone. It must have made her feel, what she might very well often have doubted, that she had a place after all in the human brotherhood.

Catherine died in 1589, twelve days after the murder of Guise, and Palissy had now no earthly protector but her miserable son, Henri III., who, with battered crown and torn purple, was himself shortly to pass away by the knife of the assassin. To Palissy, however, we may be sure the protection of man was of little account. He was of the same temper as Coligny, and trusted in One who would never forsake him. When the time came, "he knew how to die."

## XII.

### PALISSY'S "LITTLE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE."

The courtiers sometimes alluded to "Poor Monsieur Bernard the potter"; not so the really learned men in Paris who gathered to hear what this student of nature had to teach. For Palissy, ever mindful of the parable of the Talents, and the duty of distributing all he had received, was ready to teach science to *sarants*, and the art of behaving royally to kings.

Accordingly, in 1575, he determined within himself, that he was like a ripe tree that ought to shed its fruits. He had had a peculiar experience, God had taught him many things, and he ought not to die without giving these admirable secrets to posterity. At the same

time, with the true hesitation of a scientific mind, he wished for the confirmatory experience or otherwise of other workers; he was the more modest because he knew nothing of Latin or Greek, and was unacquainted therefore with the writings of the old naturalists, which formed the foundation of the science of the time. To secure the right audience, he determined to charge a dollar for entrance to his lectures; and he prepared a notice, which he had posted up at the corners of the streets in Paris, in which he promised in these lectures to explain all he knew of springs, fountains, stones, metals, and other natural things, and that if his statements did not prove trustworthy, he would restore the dollar fourfold.

Among those who came to listen to this precursor of Newton and Faraday, was the distinguished surgical reformer, Ambrose Paré. With him was his fellow-surgeon to the King, Richard Hubert. Next there were the physicians of the Queen of Navarre, one of whom, François Choisin, was a companion of Palissy, and that same year had made with him and Wilson, a young pupil of great promise, who afterwards became physician to Henri IV., a geological excursion. Besides these, there were present a great number of other physicians and learned men, among whom we may note Lobel, physician to William, Prince of Orange, and afterwards physician and botanographer of James I. of England. None of these men found occasion to hold their instructor to his word, and demand the four dollars he had offered to pay if his lessons proved worthless.

Indeed, it was little likely any man would have thought it other than a great privilege to listen to the experience of this careful observer of nature; who, too, was able to prove much that he said by an appeal to other senses besides that of hearing, for he had formed a cabinet of natural curiosities, which, combined with the rare beauty of his own artistic work, must have been a quite unprecedented treat.

Palissy was almost always far in

advance of his age: in some of his speculations there have been scientific men even in this century who have not known the truth as he did. He is constantly nearing the discoveries of the present day, but his attitude is that of an enquirer; a determined opponent of mere theory, he believes that nothing but experience can warrant any conclusions in natural philosophy. And it is an interesting fact, that Bernard Palissy was teaching this when Bacon was not more than sixteen years of age, and probably acting on it long before the author of the *Novum Organum* was born. What is still more interesting, is the fact that from the end of September, 1576, to about the middle of February, 1578, Francis Bacon was in Paris, in the suite of the English ambassador. He is said to have followed the Court, from time to time, into the provinces, but the greater part of his time was spent in Paris, and it seems very unlikely that an intelligent young Englishman, who had already had exactly the same thought as Palissy,—namely, that the study of nature was barren because the method of study was wrong,—should have missed the opportunity of listening to an experimental philosopher like Palissy. He was in Paris mainly to complete his education; the course was one he could not fail to know of: it was given every year; it was attended by the chief physicians in Paris; it was given within the precincts of the Tuileries, and by a man who was of the religion with which the young Englishman had been taught specially to sympathise. If, in consequence of Bacon's silence, his presence at Palissy's lectures remains doubtful, is it likely he neglected to read two such works as Palissy's treatise on *Agriculture and Gardening*, published in 1563, and the pith of his lectures published in the *Discourses Admirables* in 1580?

Palissy was not only a father of modern science, but the religious attitude in which he pursued his researches is an example for all time. His experience

gives no support to the idea that there is any opposition between science and faith. All his scientific advances were the result of faith. Palissy believed intensely in the words, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." To him God was the one active Power, the unceasing Worker, the Source of all energy. To him man's highest joy was to be a co-worker with God, and this thought was the secret of his untiring activity, of his extreme audacity, so that there was no task under the sun to which, if he had felt called by God, he would not have addressed himself.

Unless we understand Palissy's belief in the abounding grace of God and His purpose in choosing His instruments, and bestowing on them all the gifts necessary for the work; unless we realize his sense of the responsibility laid on such a man to multiply his talents by their constant and strenuous exercise in the service of mankind, we shall never comprehend this true servant of the Lord.

### XIII.

#### PALISSY IN THE BASTILLE.

Master Bernard's lectures went on year after year, and were still being delivered in 1584. But things were growing darker than ever in this last Valois court, and as a diamond sparkling in a dung-heap, this illustrious man seems to shine with added brilliancy on account of the extreme corruption of his surroundings. It was a wonder that he was left so long unmolested, but at last his enemies carried the day, and the miserable King was obliged in 1588 to consent to his being sent to the Bastille. Low as he had sunk, Henri III. had a conscience, and he knew assuredly there was no better man in France than Bernard Palissy. But the League pressed him hard, the Guisards followed him like

hungry wolves on the track of a Norwegian sledge. He was fain to throw them one victim after another, and now they cried for Palissy.

In his despair he visited the old prisoner. "My good man," said Henri, "it is forty-five years since you entered the service of the Queen my mother, and mine. We have endured your living in your own religion in the midst of executions and massacres. Now, I am so pressed by the Guisards and my own people, that I have been compelled to put you in prison, and to-morrow, if you are not converted, you will be burnt."

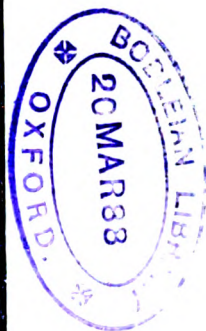
"Sire," answered Bernard, "you have told me several times that you pity me, but it is I who pity you who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. I who have grace in the Kingdom of Heaven will teach you a more royal language; and it is, that the Guisards, all your people, and you yourself will not be able to compel a potter to bow down to images of clay, for I know how to die."

The King went home. Palissy was not burnt, but his life ended some time during the next year, in misery, want, and bad treatment. It was a time of intense political confusion, and no one heeded the prisoners in the Bastille. Thus Palissy passed away unnoticed, and the place of his sepulture no man knoweth to this day.

But this is of little moment; he lives to-day in his works, more honoured than ever. But we have sought to fix our minds on Palissy himself, rather than on Palissy-ware; on the work of the Divine Sculptor, rather than on the works of the human artist; and in the character unfolded, so grandly simple, and yet so sublimely royal, we have a monument of the Huguenot Potter of Saintes the hand of time can never mar.

RICHARD HEATH.

# CHRISTMAS EVANS.



2107 2.44.

# CHRISTMAS EVANS.

---

## I.

### HIS EARLY YEARS.

CHRISTMAS EVANS was born on Christmas Day, 1766, at a place called Esgairwen, in the parish of Llandyssul, in the county of Cardigan. His father's name was Samuel Evans, and his mother's maiden name Johannah Lewis. Samuel was a shoemaker by trade, and he spent his life in very humble circumstances. Nothing is recorded of him to point him out as in any way superior to the average of his class. He died when his son Christmas was only nine years of age, leaving his widow and two sons dependent on parish relief and on the precarious help of friends and relatives. Although the neighbourhood of Llandyssul was at that time better supplied with day schools than most places in the Principality, yet Christmas received no education whatever—not even sufficient to enable him to read. After his father's death he went to live with his maternal uncle, James Lewis, who treated him with the greatest unkindness, and in whose service he spent six most unhappy years. Of these he had most bitter recollections, and he declared that “a man with less conscience than his employer could not easily have been found in all the world.” Thus, he was utterly neglected, left to grow up in ignorance, surrounded by brutalising influences, without a helpful friend or happy home. Everything was calculated to corrupt his nature and embitter his spirit. After he left his uncle, he spent a few years in hard service at two or three farms in the neighbourhood. But although his surroundings were so unfavourable, yet from a boy he was not altogether thoughtless and indifferent. He possessed a most lively imagination, and was given to much reflection and frequent meditation.

The Principality up to this time had been covered with the darkness of deep ignorance and gross superstition, yet a few great gospel lights had already appeared, and the days of a great revival had dawned. The “Candle” of Vicar Prichard of Llandovery had been burning for years, and had enlightened many a home. The great pioneers, Vavasor Powell, Walter Cradoc and others had prepared the way. Griffith Jones of Llanddowror, a most earnest and laborious man, had established his Circulating Catechetical Schools; and now the great luminary of the Revival had been blazing forth for years, Daniel Rowland of Llangeitho. He had assumed the office of a clergyman years before he was endowed with power from on high; but a sermon preached by Griffith Jones pierced him to the heart, and he became “a new man in Christ Jesus.” From this time forward he was a mighty and soul-stirring preacher. His earnestness was irresistible and his eloquence overpowering. He was called by some “the mad parson,” but his “madness” was akin to that of Paul. The secluded village of Llangeitho, far in the interior of Cardiganshire, became the Jerusalem of Wales. His ministry attracted thither between two and three thousand every “monthly Sunday,” many of whom would have to make a journey of over two hundred miles; still, thither they would go, through winter floods and summer heat, to hear the great preacher, and to remember their Lord's dying love. Sometimes at these hallowed seasons the word was so powerful that people fainted, or shouted with joy, or cried in the agony of conviction, “What shall we do to be saved?” Few districts had remained unaffected by this revival of spiritual religion, and Christmas Evans, when a boy, must have been brought within the



circle of its influence. Sometimes he had extraordinary dreams, which he regarded as direct monitions from God. When a child he was greatly terrified by the fear of death and the Day of Judgment, until he was driven to tears, cries and prayer. He had also wonderful escapes from peril, which he afterwards attributed to the direct agency of Providence. "When I was about nine years of age," he said, "I climbed to the top of a very tall tree, with a knife in my hand; I stood on one bough and laid hold of another above it and began cutting it off. When I had done so I fell a great height, and remained on the ground unconscious for hours, until some passer-by found me in that condition late in the afternoon." At another time, after a great flood he fell into a deep pool, and he often wondered how he, unaided, came out of it. At another time he was placed on a high-spirited horse which ran away with him, and stopped not until it entered its stable, and "it was through God's good providence," he said, "that I was not struck dead at the entrance door." At another time, when fifteen years of age, a shepherd boy, a quarrel took place between him and another, who in the heat of passion drew a knife, and with all his might stabbed him in his right breast; but the bone prevented the knife from penetrating deeply, and thus he experienced another providential escape. His dreams, reveries, and escapes greatly affected him, and left on his mind abiding impressions.

## II.

### BEGINS TO PREACH.

When in his eighteenth year a number of young men were brought under religious influence, and in them the spirit of earnest inquiry for the way of salvation was awakened. Several joined the Presbyterian Church (which had now almost become Unitarian) at Llwynrhydowain, then under the ministry of a very able man, bard and scholar, David Davies. Christmas Evans became a member of his church, and his thirst for

mental improvement and spiritual knowledge grew intense and insatiable; yet he was not able to read, and he had no books or opportunities to learn. His own words graphically describe the state of things. "During a revival which took place in the church under the care of Mr. David Davies, many young people united themselves with that people, and I amongst them. What became of the major part of these converts, I have never known; but I hope God's grace followed them as it did me, the meanest of the whole. One of the fruits of this awakening was the desire for religious knowledge that fell on us. Scarcely one person out of ten could, at this time, read at all, even in the language of the country. We bought Bibles and candles, and were accustomed to meet together in the evening in the barn of Penyralltfawr, and thus, in about a month, I was able to read my Bible in my mother tongue. I was vastly delighted with so much learning. This, however, did not satisfy me, but I borrowed books, and learnt a little English. Mr. Davies, my pastor, understood that I thirsted for knowledge, and took me to his school, where I stayed for six months. Here I went through the Latin Grammar; but so low were my circumstances that I could stay there no longer."

This thirst for knowledge possessed him throughout his life. From this time he drank deeply from the well, and he was ever a great reader. He had no money to buy, and therefore he borrowed all the books he could. He specially prized an English-Welsh Dictionary, which enabled him to read intelligently a few of the great English authors. Among the earliest that he read were some of the writings of the "Great Dreamer," which must have been to him, who was afterwards described as the "Welsh Bunyan," a "feast of fat things full of marrow." Soon after becoming a member of the church his talent and piety were recognised, and he frequently took part in prayer meetings held in the chapel or in cottages. It was

not long before he was urged to preach, and he readily assented, as he had long cherished the intention of entering the ministry. "Towards this," he said, "I felt a strong inclination." His first sermon was preached in a cottage, probably that of the good tailor who had taught him and other young men the art of reading in the barn of Penyralltffawr. In the estimation of his audience he acquitted himself more than creditably, and they were loud in their praise of the sermon. But he must have felt compunction of conscience as he listened to the commendation, because the "wonderful sermon" had been taken verbatim from Bishop Beveridge's *Thesaurus Theologicus*. Rowland of Llangeitho had published a volume consisting of seven sermons, which were afterwards discovered not to be his composition. Christmas' second sermon was simply one of these committed to memory. The critics were even better pleased than before, and the fame of the young preacher was now considerable. But in a few days the plagiarism was discovered, and he was crestfallen. Still, one of his admirers said: "Granting the sermon was stolen, he must be a youth of unusual promise, because the prayer was of equal merits with the sermon." So undoubtedly it was, but it was a prayer he had committed to memory from the Prayer-book of Griffith Jones, Llanddowror. From this inauspicious beginning no great results could be anticipated, but in after-life no one insisted more than he on originality, and no compositions were characterized in a greater degree by this necessary quality than his own.

Although he had set his heart on the ministry of the Word, yet he was sorely tried by his straitened circumstances. He was obliged to leave school. He intended going into Herefordshire during the "harvest months," in order to earn and save a little money for the further prosecution of his studies, but his poverty and low estimate of himself almost drove him to give up his loved work. But a warning from God, as he

thought, led him to reconsider his position and to persevere in the good task he had set before himself. The circumstance was as follows. He one day attended a fair, and to his great delight he was able to procure at a stall a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. As soon as he finished his business he began his journey home, thinking of the pleasure in store for him in the perusal of the book of which he had heard so much, and now and then he could not help taking it out of his pocket and reading a few sentences; but on the way he was attacked suddenly and cruelly by five or six ruffians, who, very likely, recognised him as the young preacher, and therefore regarded him as a fit object of attack. "I was struck on the eye," he said, "and lost it on the spot. I received another blow on the head, and lay unconscious for some time. That night I saw in a dream that the Day of Judgment had come. Christ appeared on the clouds, and the whole world was in flames. I was in unutterable fear, yet cried with some confidence and earnestness for peace. He replied: 'Thou didst purpose to be a preacher; but what wilt thou do now? The world is in flames; it is too late.' This brought me back from my wanderings. I was very thankful when I awoke that it was a dream, but it left a deep impression on me." Once more he humbled himself before God, and prayed that He would make him a faithful servant of His. Although he was a member of a semi-Unitarian church, it is evident that he never held the doctrines that were held in this, the most Rationalistic part of the Principality. We can infer that he was not carried with the Arian tide who regarded himself as a "mass of wickedness," and his heart as a "little hell" in his bosom. He was afraid that he was not after all a regenerate soul, and he felt that only a Divine Saviour could redeem him. "I entertained," he added, "a very high opinion of every other preacher, but as for myself, I was a miserable being, less than the least."

These thoughts troubled him greatly at times, and they did not leave him until he had settled in Carnarvonshire.

His evident lack of sympathy with Unitarian doctrine and a change in his views on the question of baptism caused him to sever his connection with Llwynrhydowain, and to join the Baptist Church at Aberduar. He was baptized by the Rev. Timothy Thomas, a man who belonged to a very noted family of eminent preachers, and who was himself one of the noblest of the band. He laboured incessantly, and endured great hardships and much persecution for the sake of the Gospel.

Young Christmas now seemed to breathe another atmosphere, warm with Christian feeling, and bracing like that of his native hills. But among such Christians he regarded himself as a "speckled bird," and unworthy of their fellowship. "I regarded the preachers to whom I listened as much more effective and *hwylus*<sup>1</sup> as they were more pious than myself. I felt that my sermons were without any effect or merit. This, I thought, might be partly due to my learning them by heart, thus, as it were, shutting out the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit. I regarded other preachers as getting their sermons direct from Heaven. So I altered my plan. I would fix on a text, and discourse on it without any premeditation. But this I discovered to be a worse method than the former. I had now neither life, nor sense, nor warmth. In fact, I thought God would not have me to be a preacher. To hear my own voice praying or preaching was enough to dishearten me. I have since seen the great goodness of God in this, for thus I was kept from thinking too highly of my own gifts, which has been the ruin of many young men."

### III.

#### HIS SETTLEMENT AT LLEYN.

When he was twenty-three years of age he attended the great annual Association

<sup>1</sup> Like a ship in full sail.

Meetings, which were held that year at Maesbyrllan, in Breconshire. Several North Wales ministers were present, and they pointed out to him the great lack of ministers in the north, and urged him to accompany them. This he felt it was his duty to do. So this friendless young man, without any resources but his own undeveloped genius and his implicit trust in God, set out for Lleyn, a sparsely populated district (scarcely discernible on the map) on the barren wild coast of Carnarvonshire. He preached at many places on his journey, as he went through Merioneth and Carnarvon, until he arrived at his future sphere of labour. The churches to which he was to minister had but few members, and these were poor and scattered. There was everything in the outward appearance of things to dishearten him. But as soon as he had fairly settled down he experienced a remarkable change. He felt at last that he was called to the work. "I had confidence in prayer; a care for the cause of Christ; and new or additional light on the plan of salvation. I felt that I died to the law; abandoned all hope of *preparing* myself to apply to the Saviour; and realized the life of faith and dependence on the righteousness of Christ for my justification." So at the outset his ministry became a power and exceedingly fruitful. Many attributed their conversion to the instrumentality of his preaching, and he was full of joy at the results he witnessed. In the year after his arrival, that is, in 1790, he was ordained to the pastoral office. There were about half-a-dozen churches to which he regularly ministered, and which were greatly comforted; yea, everywhere the people flocked to hear him. In the same year he was married to Catherine Jones, a young woman who was a member of one of the churches under his care. Her qualities of mind and heart evidently fitted her to be his companion. She was unobtrusive, prudent, thoughtful, generous; she was, in addition, well versed in theology and a good judge of

sermons. His salary was scarcely worthy of the name, scarcely enough to keep them from actual want; yet his good wife filled his home with sunshine and his heart with joy. He now laboured in season and out of season. He often preached five times on the Lord's day and walked twenty miles; and often had a service every day or evening in the week. He says, "I frequently preached out of doors at nightfall." He had now a clear conception of Gospel truth, and his great heart throbbed with deep yearning for the salvation of his hearers. His strong and vivid imagination clothed all the truths and glories that gather round the Cross of Christ with intense reality, and he dwelt on them with such eloquence and power that often his congregation would be bathed in tears; some would sob aloud; others would break forth into ejaculations of prayer or shouts of praise.

We should like to give our readers some specimens of his style, the best of which would be comparatively long; such as "The Hind of the Morning," "The Graveyard," "The Demoniac," "Satan walking in dry places," "The Handwriting," &c. We can only give short extracts:

"Saul of Tarsus was once a thriving merchant and an extensive shipowner. He had seven vessels of his own: the names of which were, 'Circumcised the eighth day;' 'Of the stock of Israel;' 'Of the tribe of Benjamin;' 'An Hebrew of the Hebrews;' 'As touching the law, a Pharisee;' 'Concerning zeal, persecuting the Church;' 'Touching the righteousness which is of the law, blameless.' The sixth was a man-of-war, with which he set out one day from the port of Jerusalem, well-supplied with ammunition from the arsenal of the high priest, with a view to destroy a small port at Damascus. He was wonderfully confident and breathed threatenings and slaughter. But he had not got far from port before the Gospel ship, with Jesus Christ Himself as Commander on board, hove in sight, threw such a shell among the merchant's fleet, that all his ships

were instantly on fire. The commotion was tremendous; and there was such a volume of smoke, that Saul could not see the sun at noon. While the ships were fast sinking, the Gospel Commander mercifully gave orders that the perishing merchant should be taken on board. 'Saul, Saul, what has become of thy ships?' 'They are all on fire!' 'What wilt thou do now?' 'Oh that I may be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ—the righteousness which is of God by faith.'"

"Death may be conceived as a gigantic *inoculator*. He carries about with him a monstrous box, filled with deadly matter, with which he has infected every child of Adam. The whole race of man is doomed by this law of death. But see! This old inoculator gets paid back in his own coin. The Son of Man, humbling Himself to death, descends into the tomb, but rises immortal. He seized Death in Joseph's grave. But, amazing spectacle! with the matter of His own immortality he inoculated mortality with death, whose lifeless corpse will be seen, on the resurrection morning, among the ruins of His people's graves; while they, with one voice, will rend the air with their pæans of triumph, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"

As a preacher his imagination overshadowed, almost eclipsed all his other faculties. He was defective in judgment and analytical power. He had not the capacity or patience to discuss the minutæ of a subject, but he loved to look at it in its broad outlines, and generally one feature of it would impress him to the exclusion of all the rest. On that he brought all the power of his imagination to bear. In the possession of this faculty he soared high above all his contemporaries.

After labouring incessantly for two years, some of his friends became solicitous about his health, and they urged him to go for a season of rest and change;

but the way he chose to restore it was to go on a preaching tour through South Wales. As was usual in those days, he sent "notices" to the churches he intended visiting. He had to travel on foot, as he was much too poor to procure a horse, though occasionally a kind friend would lend him one to take him part of his day's journey. His heart was ever full of his work, and sometimes his spirit was stirred with deep emotions. As he was journeying between Aberglaslyn and Maentwrog, such was his wrestling with God that he fastened the horse by the roadside and retired into a lonely field, and there he agonized for hours in prayer. A heavy burden weighed down his spirit, "but God," he said, "had mercy on me; my fears were removed, so that they never troubled me to the same extent since." Thus cheered and equipped, he preached midday and evening, travelling through all the South Wales counties. The word was felt to be with power. In his own words, "The chapels and graveyards were crowded with people who came to hear, although it was busy harvest time. In the evenings I frequently preached in the open air, and the singing and rejoicing continued till broad daylight. Such a spirit of tenderness descended on the hearers that they wept floods of tears and cried aloud. Whole multitudes, men and women, seemed melted by the power of the Word. I continued to be thus inspired wherever I went, so that preaching was a delight to me. The same people would gather to hear me fifteen or twenty times. The excitement then produced, especially in the districts of Cardigan and Pembroke, inclined the whole country to think more favourably of religion. The same heavenly breeze followed me down to Fishguard, Llan-gloffan and Rhydwylym. From Tabor down to Middle Mill the people were so deeply affected that they wept and trembled like the aspen leaf; yet there was mixed up with this feeling so much heavenly enjoyment that they seemed to wish to abide in that mind for ever."

This was not the language of exaggeration or boasting, but of truth, thankfulness, and joy.

#### IV.

##### HIS REMOVAL TO ANGLESEA.

After his return from the South, his stay at Lleyn did not last much longer. Although his preaching had roused whole neighbourhoods, and its influence was felt far and wide, yet the churches to which he ministered did not seem to flourish, but continued weak and struggling, chiefly owing to frequent contentions, bad management, painful narrowness of spirit, and, sometimes, unworthy if not immoral conduct. Besides, Christmas Evans, who was a burning light as an evangelist, was less fitted to succeed as a pastor. He did not possess that rare combination of qualities, that many-sidedness and *roundness* of character requisite in the great preacher who at the same time will make an efficient pastor. So on Christmas Day—his twenty-sixth birthday—he and his devoted wife set out for Anglesea on horseback, she in primitive fashion seated behind. There were only ten Baptist congregations in the island, and these were not strong "cities on a hill that could not be hid," but their spiritual life was weak like unto "a smoking flax." In Druidic and later times Anglesea was the "mother of Wales," the seat and centre of "light and leading"; now it was about the most heathenish part of the Principality. Many preachers had visited it from time to time, but they had been able to accomplish little good, whilst they themselves had often been maltreated and had been in danger of life and limb. To this uninviting field Christmas Evans was now going. He said, "I had long prayed the Lord to send me into Anglesea, before I went." He saw it lying in darkness and in the shadow of death, and the spirit of a true missionary urged him to do what he could for the "Dark Isle," as it was then justly designated. It was the spiritual wants of the island, and not mercenary motives that decided him to

take this step. The salary he was going to receive was only £17 a year, and he did not receive more for the next twenty years! Not a very liberal provision for an overseer of ten churches. This was his only source of income, with the exception of small gifts he received during his visits to other churches on his journeys in South Wales. He was the only Baptist minister in the island, and he must have often yearned for the society and fellowship of a kindred spirit. But he had come to work, and he began it in right earnest. His first act was to set apart a day for fasting and prayer in all the preaching stations. Soon his presence was felt to be like the genial sun on the drooping frost-bitten flowers. A revival took place, and many were added to the churches.

Llangefni seemed to be the centre of his district, and he lived at Cildwrn Cottage. It was in fact more a hut than a cottage. It did not afford the comfort and "coziness" that we generally associate with the name "cottage." The door had decayed with age and exposure, and it was held together by a tin plate nailed across the bottom of it. The luxury of a new door could not be afforded. Christmas was a tall man of six feet, but in his own house he had to practise "humility" and to exercise greater precaution than was his wont, lest in rising from his favourite arm-chair his massive head should come into violent contact with the lowly roof. The furniture was scanty, like that of an Irish cabin. After his Sunday's work, consisting of at least three services, and of, perhaps, a journey of twenty miles, returning home, he could not boast of possessing what might be truly called a bed. Some of the old boards had rotted, and others were lost, and *stone slabs* had to be used in their stead. In this dire poverty he spent most of his life, and during nearly the whole of it he never received more than £30 a year; yet such was the frugality of his wife, and the self-denial that he practised, that he felt that the Lord dealt bountifully with him. Books

were his household gods, yet they were but few that he could procure. His soul thirsted for knowledge, but the fountain of it he found, to a great extent, sealed. Yet he and his wife vied with each other in their gifts of charity. He was as tender-hearted as a woman, and as simple as a child. He endured privation himself, but he could not with indifference witness others in need of daily bread. We do not know how he was able to subscribe from ten shillings to a pound annually to various societies, or help in the way he did the helpless and the destitute. He never concealed his poverty, and yet he never complained of it. In fact, he would have been ill at ease in affluent circumstances. He felt the cold wind of poverty to be bracing to his soul, and the grip of earthly want only made him hold more securely "the pearl of great price." "The pain of poverty was to him only the piercing of a maiden's ear, and jewels were hung in the wound." "Having nothing," he yet felt that he "possessed all things." This humble cottage was the "workshop" where he elaborated those great sermons, those gorgeous word-pictures, those brilliant allegories, which, delivered by him, delighted, thrilled, and subdued his audiences. He had no separate "study," with shelves groaning with theological literature, but the humble kitchen was his "sanctum," with the Bible, some volumes of the Puritans, and a few others constituting his library. He composed his sermon when talking to his fowls and ducks and pig, which he called by familiar names; but the hour of agony and of the "burden" of the Word of the Lord sometimes came upon him, and then he would become unconscious to all that went on around him. Two ministers one day called to see him. He was sitting at the table, Bible in hand, absorbed in thought. He did not notice their entrance. He moved uneasily in his chair, and a cloud hung over his brow. The tea-things were on the table, and, in fact, he had already partaken of one cup. His wife asked him to have

another, but he handed her the Bible and not the cup. He closed his eyes, but the vision did not come. He got up and consulted one or two volumes, but apparently to no purpose. Then after a few minutes, spent evidently in agonizing thought, he suddenly fell on his knees and poured out his soul in prayer to God. When that was over calmness settled on his brow, and his countenance shone "like a radiant morning breaking through the clouds." He even clapped his hands, like a child, with delight. The mystery was solved. The vision stood out before him clear and distinct, like a rainbow on the storm-cloud. The light entered his soul and filled him with ecstasy. Now he noticed his friends, greeted them cordially, and delighted them with his play of wit, his fund of anecdote, and his occasional brilliant sayings.

He had divided his sphere of labour into four districts. He visited three of these every Sunday, and preached at least three times. He was also hard at work during the week, holding different kinds of services almost every evening. He had none to help him, as he was sole Baptist minister in the county; and this was the case for twenty years, in which time the number of churches increased from ten to twenty.

## V.

### CHRISTMAS EVANS AT AN ASSOCIATION.

The meetings of the Annual Association were the high festivals of the Welsh Churches. At this time there were only two or three Baptist Associations in the Principality. Two days were set apart in which no work was done throughout the whole district. Part of the first day would be devoted to connexional business, and at this conference most of the ministers and a large number of "laymen" would be present. The meetings were generally held in summer, as the preaching services were invariably held in the open air. No chapel would hold a tithe of the multitude that would

come together. Two services were held the first day, and five or six sermons delivered. On the second, the great "field day," four services were held. During the day, ten or twelve sermons would be preached. Also the previous evening services would have been held in all the chapels belonging to the various denominations throughout the neighbourhood. A stage had been erected in a convenient field on a gently-sloping ground, so that the vast congregation might have equal facilities for seeing and hearing. The people would travel scores of miles and remain standing on the field all day, and listen most attentively and often with rapture to all the sermons. Christmas Evans was already well known in some parts of Wales, but as yet his name was not the household word that it afterwards became.

After incessant labour amidst much that was very discouraging in Anglesea, he turned his face once more towards the "sunny South." In the minutes of the Association held in Anglesea in 1794 was a resolution to the effect that "Brother Christmas Evans be permitted to collect among the churches for the meeting-house at Amlwch." The meetings of the South-Western Association were held this year at Felinfoel, Carmarthenshire. This was the largest Association in the Principality, and its churches had recently enjoyed much prosperity. The "tribes of Israel" gathered together in large numbers—as many as twenty thousand have come together to the high festival. The ten-o'clock service the second day is regarded as the most important, and the "great guns" are placed in position then. It was a beautiful but very hot summer day. An early service had already been held, and by ten o'clock several thousands had come together. At this service three sermons were to be preached. One of the great preachers appointed did not put in an appearance, and the question arose, who could take his place. At last Timothy Thomas said, "Ask that one-eyed lad from the North; I hear that he preaches quite

wonderfully." The one-eyed man of Anglesea at last reluctantly consents. He retires for a short time, and looks over hurriedly and nervously some notes of a sermon. Then he holds his hand over his one eye, and in a short silent prayer he asks God to help him and bless his message. When the echoes of the hymn, sung with heart and voice by the large congregation, had died away, he stands up, a tall bony man, haggard in his look, and uncouth in his gestures and movements. Yet there was wonderful calmness resting on that rugged face and towering brow. With that large eye, that Robert Hall said had enough light in it to light a whole army through a desert on a dark night, he surveys for a moment that vast multitude. They, in turn, wondered why such a shabby, ill-favoured stranger should be asked to preach. He seemed to them like a "man from Nazareth," from which no good could come. He reads his text in rather a low tone and hesitating manner. "And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and un-reprovable in His sight." He seemed for a while ill at ease, even faltering in speech and evidently wrestling with mighty thoughts, for which he could not find adequate utterance. The fire was already kindled in his heart, but it seemed as if unable to find vent and burst into a flame. The great theme had already possessed his soul; and as he proceeded, the fire within was gradually melting the chains which held him bound; his tongue was loosed, and his speech grew eloquent; the very language seemed at last to sparkle with the intensity of the feeling and the grandeur of the thoughts; the passion within him spread a glow over his countenance, and filled his eye with a strange wonderful light; his high brow seemed to expand, and every feature to become an exponent of the emotions that swayed the mind. The trammels were all left far below, as his royal imagina-

tion in its eagle soarings seemed to catch glimpses even of the great White Throne. Occasionally he would burst forth into one of those piercing *shrieks* of eloquence which were all-subduing. Man's state of alienation from God, and the danger of being eternally lost, he portrayed so vividly that terror seemed to seize the hearers; and he described God's love in Jesus Christ in melting strains, with all the wealth of imagery, narrative, and exposition. His dramatic power and the wealth of his imagination seemed to overwhelm the immense audience now welded together by the force of his eloquence. The allegories and descriptions dazzled with their brilliancy; climax after climax was reached; the very heavens seemed bending over the scene; the ministers on the stage rose to their feet and pressed round the orator; at the height of his argument he would give vent to his emotion in a far-resounding shout, uttered with power and winged with earnestness, that would startle people to their feet and tears to their eyes. No longer was the haggard look or awkward gait to be noticed—a transfiguration had taken place. Now every look, gesture, and action fitted in with the sentiment. The eye gleamed with seraphic fire; and as he held up the Cross of his Saviour before the multitude, his face glowed with the reflection of that glory that "gathers round its head sublime." No longer could the throng restrain their pent-up feeling, but it found expression in "*Diolch iddo! Gogoniant! Bendigedig!*"<sup>1</sup> He was oblivious of everything around him. His theme has been to him all-absorbing. As he approaches the close, earth seems to be receding from his view, and heaven, *close by*, bursts upon his vision. As it was said of Whitefield, so it could be said of him: "His face is language, his intonation music, his action passion." After a burst of melting eloquence he brings his discourse to a close, and the people are so affected that they find relief in tears and praises, many asking, "Who is this that God hath raised up?"

<sup>1</sup> Thanks to Him! Glory! Blessed!



## VI.

## SANDEMANIANISM.

From this time forth his fame was spread throughout Wales, and his presence at the large gatherings of the Denomination was eagerly looked for. He became at once the most popular preacher in the Principality, and some of the largest churches would have been glad to secure him as their minister; but he returned to Cildwrn Cottage, and to his humble "cure" in Anglesea. Troublous times were now before him. Sandemanianism, which taught that faith was a mere intellectual assent to the teaching of Christ, had spread among several of the churches, and Christmas Evans even fell under its sway for a time. The great leader of this "heresy" was John Richard Jones of Ramoth, a man of great intellectual power and of unbounded energy. He was for some time Baptist minister at Harlech. He was at first an enthusiastic revivalist, and even encouraged the wildest expression of religious excitement; but after embracing Sandemanianism he regarded all excitement as mischievous, and all enthusiasm as baneful. He affected the most stoical calmness, if not frigidity, and regarded the Welsh *hoyl*, and even all warmth of religious feeling, as indicating a show of religion without the power thereof. He grew supercilious and disdainful. At length he spoke as if "poor travelling preachers" were a curse to their country, and as if there were no salvation for the ignorant multitude. But he was just the man to carry on with vigour and temporary success the new crusade. He was a good scholar, head and shoulders above his ministerial brethren around him. He was conversant with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and in other subjects his attainments were considerable. He possessed a clear intellect, a strong will and great decision. For a time the spirit of revival was dead among the churches, and endless and profitless disputations ensued.

The Association platform was turned into an arena where the theological combatants fought out their battles. The questions, whether members of the church, however scattered they might be, should necessarily meet in the same place; whether perfect unity of opinion was essential to Christian fellowship; whether the right of private property should be abolished; whether the holy kiss and the washing of feet should not be practised—these and kindred subjects were discussed everywhere, in the pulpit, in the "society," in the field, by the fire-side. In North Wales the new doctrine was for a while in the ascendancy. Nearly all the ministers seemed to have embraced it. Christmas Evans was "inoculated," and was for a time a strong advocate of its doctrines and practices. He concluded a lengthy letter he wrote to brethren entertaining the same views by saying: "I perceive that we ought to wash the feet of the disciples as of old; that we ought to partake of the Lord's Supper every Lord's day; that we should observe the holy kiss; and that we should keep the love feast." But he was not long under its spell. He soon found out that the "letter killeth." "I found," said he, "that Sandemanianism so affected me, that it extinguished the spirit of prayer for the conversion of the ungodly. I lost the power that had clothed me, consisting in confidence and earnestness in the pulpit, with strong desires for the conversion of souls to Christ. My heart went back, and I lost the testimony of a good conscience. I had lost nearness to God, and I had lost walking with Him, and something very precious was absent. I also observed that the effects of the new doctrine on our churches were disastrous. The poison penetrated four counties—Anglesea, Carnarvon, Denbigh, and Merioneth. It first of all sent away the hearers of the Gospel. I lost in Anglesea nearly all my old hearers. Many of these attended the ministry with other denominations. There they had rest from the new condemnatory spirit amongst us. We thus almost

entirely took down what had taken fifteen years to raise, and became again a despised people. So I was obliged to re-examine the foundation of my religion, to re-erect the porches, and to measure the whole by the reed of the Word."

## VII.

### FRESH LIGHT AND RENEWED CONSECRATION.

So he experienced many heart-stirrings, and, as he was journeying one day between Dolgellau and Machynlleth, "a day," said he, "never to be forgotten, I felt my heart hard but sick and my mind oppressed with darkness that could be felt. I poured forth my heart before God, in the name of Jesus, and I experienced freedom to confess and repent on account of my sin in going after the spirit of an empty religion, which had not His love in it, and which had turned my feelings, like those of Nabal, like unto a stone within me. I prayed to Christ again and again. I felt that the heart of stone was melting within me. Profuse streams of tears flowed freely and incessantly for three or four hours. The place was solitary, and therefore most advantageous for me to converse with God. This gave me an opportunity to pour forth strong cries and tears all the way, until my nature was nearly exhausted when I arrived at Machynlleth. I gave myself to God anew, and prayed earnestly for His cause, especially in Anglesea. In the first services I had after this I felt I had been removed from the frigid zone of Greenland to a genial clime, like the land of promise." So his faith was brightened and strengthened in the fire of trial, never to be rudely shaken again.

Soon after this he had one of those wonderful dreams which he regarded as visions sent him by God. He had a most vivid vision of hell, at the gate of which he was cast. Then he proceeds to give a terrible description, lit up as it were by the lurid flames that he saw, of his own agony and terror, until his

Saviour came, when a great calm possessed his soul, even at the gates of hell. At this time also he entered into a most solemn "covenant with God." This he made "in the confidence and hope that are in Christ, from a sense of nearness to God, and with the consciousness of the evil in his own heart, but of complete reliance on the infinite grace and merits of his Redeemer." It consisted of thirteen declarations mingled with prayers, each solemnly attested with his signature. After this he experienced great calm and heavenly peace as one "abiding under the shadow of the Almighty."

Thus he returned to his work with a giant's strength, the result of renewed consecration. The cause once more flourished, and the Lord added daily to the churches. In 1814 and 1815 there was great prosperity, over six hundred turning to God. There were now twenty-one stations, and many chapels were built. He visited South Wales twice a year, usually on behalf of the struggling churches under his care; sometimes he had a book of his own composition to sell, all the profits of which he would devote to paying chapel-debts. The inclemency of winter or the heat of summer could not deter him from accomplishing his onerous task. During these journeys he laboured most abundantly, preaching incessantly, being a veritable Paul in spirit and aim. He also studied hard, so that he might be able to preach in English, and be in a position to plead with the wealthier friends in England for help towards the weak churches in North Wales. He could understand sufficient English to read with profit some of the great Puritan divines before he settled in Anglesea, but he says that he made no attempt to learn English Grammar before he was thirty-three years of age. He learnt most of Richards' English-Welsh Dictionary by heart. "My English," he says, "was very broken, and yet it was my ardent wish that I should be able to preach in it. I made it a matter of prayer, as I never succeeded in anything without doing so. This the

Lord in time enabled me to do. I was about forty years of age when I learnt to read my Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, and to use Parkhurst's Lexicon." Christmas Evans was not only a most eloquent preacher, with a royal imagination that dazzled and almost bewildered his hearers, but a great reader and an ardent student, developing into a fair scholar and sound theologian. His knowledge of Holy Writ was thorough, and he exhibited its teachings not in dry and withered specimens of things that once lived, like leaves taken from a botanical album, but in ever-varying forms of beautiful life, with fruit alike delicious and medicinal, just ripe to the plucking, and waiting to be pressed. But he never allowed the mere love of study to interfere with his practical work. He felt that he had care of all the churches in Anglesea. Any helpers he might have had were young and inexperienced. Chapel-debts especially weighed heavily on his mind. "I humbly think," he remarked, "that the life of missionaries abroad was not so laborious or anxious as mine, as their salary was guaranteed them by the Society in London, whereas I for many years received only £17 a year. I was somehow expected to remove the debt on the chapel, as well as to minister to the churches in word and doctrine. I could not sleep at night in consequence of this harassing care, and then I would turn to God for guidance and strength. I tried to start penny-a-week contributions, but in this I did not succeed. I made great efforts, and collected about £1,700, but there were still hundreds of pounds not paid on chapels built without my consent." He saw others covetous and indifferent, even ministers and deacons utterly devoid of the burning zeal which blazed forth in his life and work. This made him occasionally burst out into a passionate reproof of those that were at ease in Zion; but he felt that the conduct of others was not to be the rule of his life, and so he toiled on manfully in the very face of poverty and without earthly

reward. His nearness to God, and His smile sustained him amid all these discouragements. He had a most devout spirit. He ever drank deeply from the well of communion with God. For many years he was accustomed to retire for a short season for prayer three times during the day, and to *rise at midnight* regularly for the same purpose. One who knew him well, applied to him the words of the Psalmist: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia out of the ivory palaces." He said without any exaggeration or Pharisaic boastfulness, "A thousand prayers bubble up from the fountain of my soul."

### VIII.

#### MORE TROUBLES: LEAVES ANGLESEA.

Christmas Evans settled in Anglesea at the end of 1792, and he laboured there until 1826. We have now followed him till he was nearly sixty years of age. Troubles once more gathered round him, some of them enough to break down even his manly spirit. In 1823 he lost his beloved Catherine, who had been for so many years the light of his home and the helper of his life. Her many good qualities admirably fitted her to be the wife of such a man. He, signing himself "A Lonely Widower," wrote a most touching account of her, towards the close of which he says: "It is almost incredible that she should have been so extensively charitable, when we take into consideration that her husband's income never exceeded thirty pounds a year. What food she gave away to poor children and needy folks! Garments to poor members of the church! Money and bread to thousands of Irish labourers who passed her door on their way to and from the English harvests! Her house was always open to itinerant preachers. She accompanied her husband through five of his journeys through the greatest portion of Wales, sometimes in the depth of winter, through storms of rain and snow and hail, although her health was never robust. Her feelings were identi-

fied with the cause of Christ, and its prosperity was her joy."

Also a serious illness befell him in 1823, and he was not able to preach for nine months. He also feared that he would lose the use of his one eye. But although these trials made him feel at times very depressed, yet he felt that his work was not yet done, and he waited with patience until the Lord restored him.

Again doctrinal differences began to trouble the churches. Some were Calvinists and others Arminians, and by these zealous "Defenders of the Faith" Christmas Evans was suspected of and charged with holding Fullerism.<sup>1</sup> The conflict sometimes raged furiously, and hard words were spoken. These miserable theological wranglings ill-suited his disposition, and he would have been glad to be quit of them all.

In addition to the personal and theological, there were also ecclesiastical troubles. He had been hitherto sole minister of the Baptist churches in the island, but now the independency of Congregationalism began to assert itself. Evans was not, like Wesley, a born organizer and an adept at management. Looked at from this standpoint, he, in fact, presented the weakest side of his character. He would have preferred to see sub-pastors appointed, to be, in most cases, nominated by himself. He regarded himself as possessing a certain right and authority to this; but frequently his advice and recommendations were rejected, and the churches invited as pastors men whom he regarded as unfit for their work. In doing this, he regarded the churches that he had established and nurtured as ungrateful, and their action unwise. Still he did not become morose or despondent. He was too much a man of faith to do that. He perceived the unfaithfulness of others, but he knew his own weakness as well. He did not know what vindictiveness was, as he possessed in an eminent degree a forgiving spirit. But he now

<sup>1</sup> The doctrinal views of Andrew Fuller.

thought that he could do more good elsewhere than in Anglesea. He writes, "I felt assured that I had yet much work to do, and that my ministry would be instrumental in bringing many sinners to Christ. This arose from my trust in God and the spirit of prayer that possessed me. I frequently rose above all my sorrows. As soon as I went into the pulpit during this period I forgot my troubles and found my mountain strong. I was blessed with such heavenly unction and longed so intensely for the salvation of men, that I felt the truth like a hammer in power, and the doctrine distilling like the honey-comb, and like unto the rarest wine. Everything now conspired to induce my departure from the island; the unyielding spirit of those who had oppressed and traduced me; my own most courageous state of mind, fully believing that there was yet more work for me to do in the harvest of the Son of Man; my earnest prayers for Divine guidance during one whole year; and the visions of my head at night in my bed—all worked together towards this result."

## IX.

### CAERPHILLY; CARDIFF; CARNARVON.

So he bade adieu to his still beloved Anglesea in 1826, having laboured there for thirty-four years. His next pastorate was at Caerphilly, Glamorganshire—a small town noted for its cheese and castle. It was a great trial for him to leave the district where he had laboured so long, and now, advanced in years, to remove to a strange place. "During my journey from Llangefni to Brynsiencyn," he records, "I experienced great tenderness of mind and the presence of Christ, as though He were by my side, until I was constrained to break out in audible cryings and supplications. The struggle lasted for hours, until I was enabled to entrust the care of my ministry to Jesus Christ, with a confidence that delivered me from all my afflictions. I again made a covenant with God, but

which I never wrote." He was received at Caerphilly with great rejoicing, as the good people there had been much afraid that his heart would fail him at the last moment, so that he could not leave Anglesea. Soon after his settlement some friends noticed that he seemed unhappy, and that he felt lonely, so they advised him to marry again. The name of an excellent woman was mentioned, with the further recommendation that she was a lady of means. "No, no, brother," he replied; "it is my opinion that I am never to have any property in the soil of this world until I have my grave; I shall then have my full share of it. No; if I am to have another wife, you must go all the way to distant Anglesea, and bring back my old and faithful servant, Mary Evans, who will be the best help-meet for me." So a friend undertook the long journey of nearly 400 miles (there and back), and soon Mary Evans became Christmas Evans' second wife. A noble partner she proved herself to be. She cared for him most tenderly and affectionately to the last.

Soon his ministry was felt to be as powerful as ever, and great prosperity attended it. About one hundred and forty persons were added to the church. Still, as pastor, he had difficulties to contend with. Hitherto there had been lamentable lack of pastoral superintendence and salutary discipline, and the deacons had monopolized the entire management of affairs. Christmas Evans, making full use of his authority as pastor as well as of his power as preacher, was met with an unwillingness (if not with resistance) to fall in with his ways. So his stay at Caerphilly was of short duration—only two years—although he considered that, on the whole, the time he had spent there was very blessed. In 1828 he removed to take oversight of the Welsh church at Cardiff. On the way thither, on the Caerphilly Mountain, after much prayer and supplication, he entered into another covenant with God. This last "covenant" of the now

venerable preacher is a heart-stirring document. In these wrestlings with God we discover the secret of his strength and his power in the pulpit.

We must not judge him as we would an ordinary pastor. He had been the Apostle of Anglesea, and his removal to Caerphilly he regarded in the light of a mission; so also his migration to the neighbouring town of Cardiff, and finally to Carnarvon. Cardiff he did not find a congenial sphere. The church was in a low spiritual state, having been brought into it chiefly through the immoral conduct of his predecessor. Evans was severe in his judgment on him, which some of the members who were still of this man's party considered harsh. He was now sixty-five years of age, and his physical powers began to fail, and at times he would become irritable and despondent; yet, at the request of many friends, he undertook the preparation of a volume of sermons for the press. He had come to the conclusion that it would be well for him to remove from Cardiff. He journeyed to Liverpool, and there he met several old friends and ministerial brethren. His appearance in the place was as if he had been raised from the dead—such was the joy of hundreds at seeing and hearing him once more. He was advised to take charge of the church at Carnarvon. He accepted the invitation thither, although the cause was in a very low state, and there was, besides, a very heavy debt on the chapel. He entered on this, his last field of labour, in 1832. The members were very poor, and, worse than all, there were bitter contentions among them. Sandemanianism there was not yet dead, and two or three of its disciples had greatly troubled the church. Still, he was happy in doing all that he could, and especially in being so near to his beloved Anglesea. He went to the first Association that was held in the island after his return to the North, and his presence caused universal delight. The old powers seemed to return to him. His imagery was as brilliant, his earnestness as intense, and his

eloquence as thrilling as ever. He had prayed earnestly that the field of his former triumphs in the Lord might not now, in his old age, be the scene of weakness and humiliation, and his prayer was abundantly heard.

At Carnarvon he was very happy, surrounded by many friends and admirers. He laboured to ameliorate the social and spiritual condition of the town. To be an example to others, he took the total pledge, and also wrote a vigorous pamphlet in support of total abstinence. He also prepared for the press his *Lectures on the Apocalypse*.

## X.

### "LAST ACT AND SCENE."

To interrupt this congenial employment, the pressing chapel-debt called on him once more to visit the South. With characteristic courage and determination he undertook the trying journey, accompanied by his faithful wife. He preached on the way, as he did also at the Monmouthshire Association, from the words, "By grace ye are saved." This was his last Association sermon. A few days afterwards he was taken ill, and laid aside for a while. When he had partially recovered he resolved to continue his tour, and visited Cardiff, Caerphilly and other places, arriving at Swansea on Saturday, July 14th. He preached twice the following Lord's day, though it was evident he was very ill. Notwithstanding, he preached on Monday evening in English at Mount Pleasant Chapel. He was very feeble, but the sermon was delivered with great unction, although delivered in a "foreign tongue." After his sermon, he said, coming down the pulpit stairs, "This is my last sermon." That night he was taken very ill, and so he continued until Thursday, when he consented to send for medical aid. The two Baptist ministers of the

town visited him. He thanked them for their kindness, and then added, "Brethren, I am leaving you; I have been labouring in the sanctuary for fifty-three years, and my confidence and consolation at this crisis is, that I have not laboured 'without blood in the vessel.' Preach Christ to the people, brethren. Look at me in myself, I am nothing but ruin; but look at me in Christ, I am Heaven and Salvation." Then he repeated with much force four lines of one of his favourite Welsh hymns:

"Dyma'r wisg ddisglaerwen oleu,  
Guddia'm noethni hyd y llawr;  
Fel nad ofnwyf byth ymddangos  
Mwy o flaen dy orsedd fawr."

(This the robe so bright and glorious,  
O'er my naked spirit thrown;  
So that I no longer tremble  
To appear before Thy Throne.)

Then waving his hand, he said in English—his imagination in death still strong as well as sanctified,—"Good-bye! Drive on!" Thus Christmas Evans died, July 19th, 1838, at the ripe age of 72, after a life of glorious warfare "on the high places of the field." He had been preaching for 53 years, and had addressed 163 Association gatherings. He was one of the great trio of pulpit celebrities whose names are household words in the Principality, and who will be held in undying remembrance—the other two being John Elias and Williams of Wern. Christmas Evans was a Paul in labour, a Bunyan in imagination, and a Whitefield in eloquence. He stood on the highest pinnacle of fame as a preacher; but, more than this—his record is on high as an indefatigable, earnest, successful winner of souls, and as a burning and shining light that helped to fill the Principality with the radiance of the pure Gospel, and to make the Welsh one of the most religious nations on the face of the earth.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, B.A.

# MICHAEL FARADAY.





# MICHAEL FARADAY.

---

## I.

### ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

THE year after Faraday died, one of the most eminent of English men of science wrote of him: "Taking him for all in all, I think it will be conceded that Michael Faraday was the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen; and I will add the opinion that the progress of future research will tend, not to dim or to diminish, but to enhance and glorify the labours of this mighty investigator." In another place Dr. Tyndall proceeds to speak of the personal and moral aspect of a character so scientifically eminent:—"Surely no memory could be more beautiful. He was equally rich in mind and heart. The fairest traits of a character sketched by Paul found in him perfect illustration. For he was 'blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, apt to teach, not given to filthy lucre.' He had not a trace of worldly ambition. . . . He did not learn his gentleness from the world, for he withdrew himself from its culture; and still this land of England contained no truer gentleman than he. Not half his greatness was incorporate in his science, for science could not reveal the bravery and delicacy of his heart."

In words of similar glow and veneration M. Dumas sketched Faraday's character in his *Eloge* at the *Académie des Sciences*: "The simplicity of his heart, his candour, his ardent love of the truth, his fellow-interest in all the successes, and ingenuous admiration of all the discoveries of others, his natural modesty in regard to what he himself discovered, his noble soul—independent and bold—all these combined give an incomparable charm to the features of the illustrious physicist. I have never

known a man more worthy of being loved, of being admired, of being mourned."

And if the unscientific reader, familiar with little more than Faraday's name, asks what he has done for practical and everyday life, Dr. Tyndall may again be quoted: "If man's intellectual nature thirsts for knowledge, then knowledge is useful because it satisfies this thirst. If you demand practical ends you must. I think, expand your definition of the term practical, and make it include all that elevates and enlightens the intellect as well as all that ministers to the bodily health and comfort of men. Still, if needed, an answer of another kind may be given. As far as electricity has been applied for medical purposes, it has been almost exclusively Faraday's electricity. You have noticed those lines of wire which cross the streets of London. It is Faraday's current that speeds from place to place through these wires. Approaching the point of Dungeness, the mariner sees an unusually brilliant light, and from the noble *phares* of La Hève the same light flashes across the sea. These are Faraday's sparks, exalted by suitable machinery to sunlike splendour. At the present moment the Board of Trade and the Brethren of the Trinity House, as well as the Commissioners of Northern Lights, are contemplating the introduction of the magneto-electric light at numerous points upon our coasts: and future generations will be able to refer to those guiding stars in answer to the question, What has been the practical use of the labours of Faraday?" To these ought to be added the words of Dr. Gladstone: "After all, we must not measure the worth of Faraday's discoveries by any standard of practical utility in the present or the future. His chief merit is that he enlarged so much the boundaries of our knowledge of the



physical forces, opened up so many new realms of thought, and won so many heights which have become the starting points for other explorers." It completes the picture and deepens the interest to add that the great savant, so eminent both in speculation and in practical affairs, was a peculiarly humble and devoted Christian. There was a basis on which his energy, his love of truth, his delicate courtesy habitually rested—it was faith in God. Dr. Bence Jones' restrained and suggestive words are in reality the outlines of a character as resplendent as it is rare: "His standard of duty was supernatural. It was not founded on any instinctive idea of right or wrong, nor was it fashioned upon any outward expediences of time and place; but it was formed entirely on what he held to be the revelation of the will of God in the written Word, and throughout all his life his faith led him to endeavour to act up to the very letter of it."

On all accounts, surely, a character and life-work well worthy of the study of all thoughtful people.

## II.

### CHILDHOOD AND APPRENTICESHIP.

Michael Faraday was the son of a blacksmith. A poor man the blacksmith was, and, unlike most men of his craft, delicate in health; but, though poor and delicate, he was a man of serious mind, and still more, of genuine piety. The family home was among the hills of Yorkshire, but from its quiet scenery the blacksmith removed about 1787 to Newington Butts, in Surrey, and there, in 1791, Michael was born. The name suggests Ireland, and there was among the older people a long-standing tradition that the Faradays were of Celtic origin. Little Mike needed all the vivacity he could draw from any quarter, for the blacksmith's son did not find much at home to make his childhood exhilarating. In 1796 the family removed to rooms over a coach-house in Jacob's

Well Mews, near Manchester Square; and in this confined place, with its sounds of grooming and the forge, the days of the lad's earliest youth and of his father's decline had to be spent as best they could.

But, as he liked best in later days to describe himself as a philosopher, so in the wise fashion of children, who manage to extract enjoyment from the most unpromising materials, Michael was a philosopher from the first. One day the little fellow narrowly escaped a possible breaking of his own back by tumbling through an open trap-door upon his father's, but the explanation of his sudden descent was that he had been conducting an experiment upstairs. Better still, he studied the art of being as happy as he could by playing marbles on the sunny flagstones of the street; or looking after his little sister, and joining in her gambols when she was entrusted to his care. Never far out of hearing of his father's anvil, or the search of his mother's eye, the lad, if poor, was reasonably merry; and though his schooling, when it came to that, was of the simplest, and there never could have been much to awaken intellect about this strange prosaic Jacob's Well, the earliest knowledge we have of the blacksmith's son is all in favour of the belief that his boyish life was as full of natural and healthy development as it was free from suffering and evil manners.

A shadow indeed there always was at home. When a lad of sixteen Michael must have been grieved to notice his father's worn aspect, and to know that he was often off work because he could not bear its strain. In 1807 the blacksmith wrote to his brother Thomas: "I am sorry to say I have not had the pleasure of enjoying one day's health for a long time. Although I am very seldom off work for a whole day together, yet I am under the necessity (through pain) of being from work part of almost every day." He then speaks of the affairs of their little church, and adds: "But we perhaps ought to leave these matters to the overruling hand of

Him who has a sovereign right to do what seemeth good to Him, both in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." Three years afterwards he died.

But for some time already, as might be expected, Michael had been busy in adding to the family resources. Just round the corner, a few yards from the opening into the mews, there was a bookseller's shop; and the boy must have long been familiar with the rows of titles along the lower windows and the prints which decorated the upper panes. He had often spelt out three lines above the entrance, "*No. 2. RIEBAU. Blandford Street,*" and brought his inquisitive little face as near the glass as possible to penetrate, as a child might, the mysteries of the interior. In those earlier days he could hardly have expected that he should himself yet become one of the bookseller's establishment; but it is the unexpected that often happens, and when about thirteen Michael Faraday went to Mr. Riebau as an errand-boy for a year on trial.

When from later years his memory went back to these earlier ones, he recalled with special distinctness his work on Sundays. It was his uncongenial business to deliver and collect again on Sunday mornings the papers lent out by his master. "Often he got up very early and took them round, and then he had to call for them again; and frequently, when he was told the paper was not done with, 'You must call again,' he would beg to be allowed to have it; for his next place might be a mile off, and then he would have to return back over the ground again, losing much time, and being very unhappy if he was unable to get home to make himself neat and to go with his parents to their place of worship." The words are a reminiscence of Faraday's own, and they reproduce, as in a picture, at once the outer and inner aspect of these apprentice days.

Another recollection it would be a pity to lose. One day some message led

him to a house, and, while waiting for the tardy opening of the door, the inquisitive head, usually busied with some new discovery, was pushed between the bars of the iron area railings for some unexplained purpose of investigation on the other side. Being so situated, an interesting question arose. On one side of the balustrade was the inquiring head, on the other side the body: but "on which side," thought the young philosopher, "am I?" Such a question on the nature of personal identity was a fascinating one; but, in the midst of the consideration of it, the door was suddenly opened, the exploring head as suddenly withdrawn; and Michael, with a nose somewhat damaged and bleeding from the blow, forgot all about his metaphysical problem.

But more attractive and much more important than the newspaper deliveries was the acquaintance Faraday soon came to make with books and their contents in Mr. Riebau's shop. His master was a bookbinder; and, when the year of the errand-boy's work was over, he became an articulated apprentice. "Michael is bookbinder and stationer," writes his father some years later, "and is very active at learning his business. He has a very good master and mistress, and likes his place well. He had a hard time for some while at the first going; but, as the old saying goes, he has rather got the head above water, as there are two boys under him." Better still than gaining the confidence of his employer, Faraday was storing his mind, and greatly developing its unsuspected powers. Though required for trade purposes to pay exclusive attention to the outsidings of the books, he was impelled by a stronger motive to investigate what was within. One day a customer brought an imposing pile of unbound volumes, on which the apprentice had to exercise his art: it was a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The third edition of this famous book was specially remarkable for the series of scientific articles with which Professor Robison had enriched

it, and with the treatises on electrical subjects Faraday was specially delighted. He became equally interested in chemistry, and a long-forgotten book—Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations*—awoke his interest in a science for which a vast future was coming into view. To the eager study such dealing with books permitted, he joined experiment; and some of the earliest scientific machinery of the great chemist are now among the treasures of the Royal Institution. Nearly fifty years after these days, which to a student so eager must have been deeply enjoyable, he and Dr. Tyndall were one evening leaving the Institution together to pay a visit in Baker Street. Taking his arm, and with that genial manner which was so much his own, Faraday said, "Come, Tyndall; I will now show you something that will interest you." They walked together northwards, came at length to Blandford Street; and, after looking round a little, Faraday paused before a stationer's shop and then went in. "On entering the shop," says Dr. Tyndall, "his usual animation seemed doubled; he looked rapidly at everything it contained. To the left on entering was a door, through which he looked down into a little room with a window in front facing Blandford Street. Drawing me towards him, he said eagerly, 'Look there, Tyndall; that was my working-place: I bound books in that little nook.'" At this time Faraday was at the height of that reputation of which he ever showed such delicate unconsciousness.

### III.

#### TURNING PHILOSOPHER.

Few students such as Faraday, at a time of life so exuberant in enthusiasm, will ever long pursue their studies alone. The charm of a successful experiment is half lost if it is not communicated; and discovery itself would be overpowering, if we had no fellow-workers to whom we could impart our joy. And soon the young chemist found his friend. One day when down in Fleet Street he was

attracted by a notice of scientific lectures which were delivered by a Mr. Tatum in his own house, close at hand. Faraday managed to procure the necessary shillings for admission, and attended the course. Four volumes of MS. notes still remain to show his diligence and the advantages he gained; but a more important result was the friendship he formed with Benjamin Abbot, who, like himself, was one of Mr. Tatum's auditors. A member of the Society of Friends, and, like so many of his co-religionists, at once cultured and refined, his new acquaintance was just the companion Faraday needed. Several letters of their correspondence remain; and as the pages are read, these vanished days reappear as in an animated picture. The friends met at Mr. Tatum's; they went home to make experiments and push their inquiries further; they arranged appointments for spending Sundays together; they wrote each other long letters. Faraday's share in the correspondence is very admirable; though so scantily drilled in school learning, he already writes like an educated man, and a light of humour playfully gleaming across the pages shows his easy conscience and his guileless heart. He had got some malleable zinc, and was busied with a voltaic pile:—

"I obtained it for the purpose of forming discs with which and copper to form a little battery. The first I completed contained the immense number of seven pairs of plates!!! and of the immense size of halfpence each!!!! I, sir, I, my own self, cut out seven discs of the size of halfpennies each! I, sir, covered them with seven halfpence, and I interposed between seven, or rather six pieces of paper soaked in a solution of muriate of soda!!! But laugh no longer, dear A.; rather wonder at the effects this trivial power produced. It was sufficient to produce the decomposition of sulphate of magnesia—an effect which extremely surprised me. . . . A thought here struck me: I will tell you"—and then he proceeds to discuss

at length his experiments and his theorisings. As he went on the interest increased at every step, and letter followed letter filled with comments upon chemical phenomena. Occasionally another subject is introduced: he discusses the ethics of friendship; and, as if forecasting his own eminence, analyses with equal fulness and precision the whole complex subject of scientific lecturing. On this latter subject he received copious illustration when a friend gave him a pass to the Royal Institution; and he found himself on four successive evenings perched above the clock, and surveying the gathering audience before the hour struck and Sir Humphry Davy entered to delight them with his eloquence. These lectures at the Institution formed, in fact, a critical influence in Faraday's life; for with intellectual tastes of now almost unmanageable growth, and a master he was heartily anxious to leave, the currents of his wishes and his affairs seemed to be setting steadily toward a life of scientific research. With characteristic directness and simplicity he wrote to Sir Joseph Banks; and, when nothing came of the venturesome epistle but a "no answer" message from the footman, he applied to Sir Humphry himself. The reply was as kind as it was encouraging; and a few weeks after he was startled one night when undressing by a loud knock at the door, announcing a note from the Royal Institution, and the offer of a situation there; salary, twenty-five shillings a week and two rooms for himself. It was the opening of a door into a new world. The next morning Faraday took final leave of book-binding, and, to use his own words, "turned philosopher."

His exact position was that of chemical assistant, and much of his work was necessarily routine and mechanical. But his abilities were gradually becoming evident, and his personal character could not fail to make its impression. From assisting Sir Humphry in his often perilous experiments, and sharing in their interest, he grew to be ever less

of the subordinate and more of the fellow-worker and friend. He entered the Institution in March 1813, and only six months had passed when Sir Humphry arranged for a Continental tour, and offered Faraday the opportunity of going with him as amanuensis. They left London together on October 13th, and a fortnight afterwards were in Paris.

#### IV.

##### ON THE CONTINENT WITH SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

It was, as Faraday himself says, "a new epoch" in his life. Never before, within his recollection, more than a dozen miles from London, he found himself, when passing through the varied scenery of Devonshire, the delighted spectator of a new world. The travellers embarked at Plymouth, and, though the weather was wild, nothing could interfere with the zest with which Sir Humphry's companion, happily untroubled by sea-sickness, surveyed the unusual scene. Three months were passed at Paris; Faraday observing keenly, in his intervals of leisure, the manners of the people, and visiting the centres of scientific and general interest. One Saturday, "an important day," as the Diary is careful to note, he caught a glimpse of Napoleon. "He was sitting in one corner of his carriage, covered and almost hidden from sight by an enormous robe of ermine, and his face overshadowed by a tremendous plume of feathers that descended from a velvet hat," but from the distance his "dark countenance" could hardly be seen. From Paris the travellers passed by Nemours and Montpelier to Nice: thence, across the Alps, by the Col de Tende to Turin. Genoa, where Sir Humphry made some experiments with the electric eels, follows; and then Florence, where, by the aid of the Duke of Tuscany's huge lens, he succeeded in burning a diamond in oxygen. So charming a city could not fail to interest Faraday, and the month passed quickly; but Rome was before: and after Rome Vesuvius

From the southern point the party turned northward by Milan to Switzerland and the Tyrol, and, in December, back again to Rome, where the winter was passed. The original plan contemplated a somewhat lengthy stay; but various reasons led Sir Humphry to return sooner than he had at first intended, and by April of the following year Faraday was again in London.

Of this notable period the record is to be found in the Diary Dr. Bence Jones has published, for Sir Humphry has left it undescribed except in a way in which his amanuensis could hardly have followed him—that of occasional poems. But between Faraday's picturesque prose and his chief's graceful and imaginative verse, there survives an admirable memorial. Pleasant to both,—and to Sir Humphry it should have been eminently so, for his young wife was his companion: it was to Faraday a time of unique influence and importance. A stranger to University life, and all the stimulating forces awakened by a regular academic training, he secured on this Continental tour something more than a recompense. Sir Humphry was then rapidly rising in reputation, and his assistant met in his company the leaders of thought, and became familiar with the fortunes and the affairs of science. Wherever he went, museums and laboratories were open to him; and, better still, in the Alpine glaciers and the furnace of Vesuvius he saw Nature herself at work. Nor did anything escape him; for, while courteously reticent about his companions, Faraday has photographed the scenes through which he passed. But in all his Diary what will please many readers most, is the writer's affectionate spirit. "The first and last thing," he writes to his mother, "is England, home, and friends. It is the point to which my thoughts still ultimately tend, and the goal to which, overlooking intermediate things, my eyes are still directed. . . Whenever a vacant hour occurs I employ it in thinking on those at home. Whenever present circumstances are dis-

agreeable I amuse myself by thinking on those at home. In short, when sick, when cold, when tired, the thoughts of those at home are a warm and refreshing balm to my heart. Let those who think such thoughts useless, vain, and paltry, think so still; I envy them not their more refined and more estranged feelings; for me, I will still cherish them, in opposition to the dictates of modern refinement, as the first and greatest happiness in the life of man." And when in his last letter he announced himself as hurrying home, and soon to arrive in Weymouth Street, it is with all the eagerness of a boy: "I cannot find any heart to say much here, because I want to say it myself, and I am too glad to write it. My thoughts wander from one to another, my pen runs on by fits and starts, and I shall put all in confusion. I do not know what to say, and yet cannot put an end to my letter . . . It's the shortest and to me the sweetest letter I ever wrote you."

## V.

### EARLIER YEARS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

When Faraday returned he was re-engaged at the Royal Institution. Thirty shillings a week, though supplemented by two rooms, hardly constituted in itself a very attractive remuneration; but the real charm of the position was of a higher and a far different order. "The glorious opportunity I enjoy of improving in the knowledge of chemistry and the sciences with Sir H. Davy," is Faraday's own estimate of the value of his position. And every year it became at once more remunerative and more absorbing. Scientifically regarded, the next fifteen years form one well-defined section in his life. They precede the period of Faraday's great discoveries, and form his preliminary training for work so illustrious. In this stage of his higher scientific discipline, the year 1816 is the first of any notable reproductive energy. The group of students who used to meet in Dorset Street, where Mr. Tatum had formed a City Philosophical Society, and

where he once had been an auditor, Faraday himself was now the lecturer; and in a short course on the "Properties of Matter" exhibited those developing qualities which a dozen years later began to invest the Institution with such popularity. It was at this period also that he began to contribute to the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. These earlier essays are of comparatively slight importance in themselves; but they mark the beginnings of remarkable activity and power. And, as is the case with every mind at once gifted and industrious, each year grew busier and more productive than the last. In 1817 the *Journal* contained six of his papers; the year following there were eleven; the next year, nineteen. The lectures at Dorset Street were followed by others in successive years; but the more notable development of his activity in this direction appeared in 1829, for in April of that year Faraday gave his first course at the Royal Institution on "Chemical Philosophy"; another, at the London Institution, from February till May, on "Chemical Manipulation," and in December, his earliest series to a juvenile audience on Chemistry generally. "His occupation during this period," says his biographer, Dr. Gladstone, "were multifarious enough. We must picture him to ourselves as a young-looking man of about thirty years of age, well-made and neat in his dress, his cheerfulness of disposition often breaking out in a short crispy laugh, but thoughtful enough when something important is to be done. He has to prepare the apparatus for Brande's lectures, and, when the hour has arrived, stands on the right of the Professor and helps him to produce the strange transformations of the chemical art. . . . When not engaged with the lectures, Faraday is manufacturing rare chemicals, or performing commercial analyses, or giving scientific evidence on trials. . . . All his spare time he was occupied with original work." As these busy years passed, scientific honours began to indicate his growing reputa-

tion: he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and offered the Professorship of Chemistry in King's College. On the whole, this period, from the close of his Continental tour to about 1830, was singularly productive. At this later date he was Director of the Laboratory, and his services to the Institution in this and other ways were of the most important kind. Some sixty important papers had been printed. "If Faraday's scientific life had ended at this time, it might well have been called," Dr. Bence Jones thinks, "a noble success. He had made two leading discoveries, the one on electro-magnetic motion, and the other on the condensation of several gases into liquids. He had carried out two important and most laborious investigations on the alloys of steel and the manufacture of optical glass . . . he had made the first experiments on the diffusion of gases, a subject which has become by the researches of Professor Graham of the utmost importance." All the more impressive is it to know that, after all, these achievements were but preliminary to the great work of his life; that *that*, in his biographer's words, "was just going to begin." But before anything is said of Faraday's discoveries in electricity, there is another, and to many it will be a more interesting subject. In 1821 Faraday was married; and the story is one so pleasant, and so characteristic, that it deserves a place entirely its own.

## VI.

### LOVE AND HOME.

In old Paternoster Row, before it became so devoted to literature, there used to be the shop of a silversmith; and Faraday knew its proprietor familiarly, for Mr. Barnard was one of the Sandemanian elders. And especially he knew and soon came to love one of the silversmith's daughters. When Faraday did anything he did it ardently, and matters of the heart were no exception to the general rule. There is no record of the growth of his attachment; but at

last, in a candid letter, he told Miss Barnard his mind. Philosophers in such affairs are often liable to the charge of indiscretion, but Faraday was as sensible and grave as he was passionately in earnest. The young lady, as if quite conscious of the urgency as well as the gravity of the case, escaped for a few days to Margate, so that, at safe distance from her eager suitor, she might turn every thing quietly over. But Faraday, with an intensity quite his own, found he was compelled to go down to Margate and talk it over along with her. A few days were spent never to be forgotten; and one beyond all the others rose ever in memory:—"I can never forget this day. Though I had ventured to plan it, I had had little hope of succeeding. . . . I seemed to live with thrice the energy I had ever done before. . . . But now that the day was drawing to a close, my memory recalled the incidents in it and the happiness I had enjoyed: and then my thoughts saddened and fell, from the fear I should never enjoy such happiness again." But it is precisely in the falsification of this natural fear that the charm of the story lies. The happy pair were married in June, and some might have sagaciously surmised that the young philosopher's passion was too warm to last, and that science and popularity would not improbably absorb his affections. Precisely a quarter of a century afterwards, when honours began to crowd upon him, and he was approaching the height of his activity and fame, Faraday wrote: "January 25, 1847.—Amongst these records and events I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honour and happiness, far exceeds all the rest. We were married on June 12, 1821." Fifteen years later, from the British Association Meeting in Liverpool, he writes: "Nothing rests me so much as communion with you. I feel it even now as I write, and I catch myself saying the words aloud as I write them as if you were within hearing." Nor when ten other years had passed was there any

change in his affection. He had gone to Birmingham. "My dearest wife," he says, "I have just left Dr. Percy's hospitable table to write to you, my beloved. . . . After all, there is no pleasure like the tranquil pleasures of home; and here—even here—the moment I leave the table I wish I were with you in QUIET. Oh, what happiness is ours! My runs into the world only make me esteem that happiness the more." The last published letter, and written with a failing hand, is just as radiant with gentle affection as the first. Business had drawn him to Glasgow, but his heart was untravelled. "Dearest, the thoughts of return to *our home* crowd in strongly upon my mind. . . . My head is full and my heart also, but my recollection rapidly fails. . . . You will have to resume your old function of being a pillow to my mind, and a rest, a happy-making wife." Fortunately, it is not an unusual story; but it is not the less delightful, nor is it a slight testimony to the nobility of his comprehensive nature to say that while unsurpassed in devotion to science, he was as remarkable for delicacy and warmth in the impulses of the heart.

## VII.

### HIS WORK AND DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

From the day on which he brought his young wife home to his rooms in the Royal Institution, there was no remarkable break in the outer aspect of Faraday's life till almost the end. The work of scientific research, however intellectually romantic and endlessly varied, wore, externally, the dress of a daily routine; and for nearly a quarter of a century there was but one interval—that of a Continental tour—in the quiet course of everyday affairs. A few years after his marriage he was appointed Superintendent of the Laboratory; and in 1833 Fullerman Professor of Chemistry in the Institution for life, but without any obligation to lecture, so that his time was all the more free for the profounder researches in which he was increasingly

absorbed. In 1841 the years of preliminary training may be said to have passed into the period of those monumental discoveries which have given Faraday his unique fame. For a full decade he worked with intense devotion; but in 1851 there were signs of mental overpressure, and four years were given to rest. In 1855 the second period of his great researches began; and they again ceased only when the taxed powers again, and finally, yielded to the strain. "And on what," the unscientific reader will naturally ask, "was the philosopher for so long a time employed?" Before the question receives any reply, it may be best to look in upon the professor at work, and no one can introduce us to him more fitly than Dr. Gladstone.

"Let us watch him on an ordinary day. After eight hours' sleep he rises in time to breakfast at eight o'clock, goes round the Institution to see that all is in order, and descends into the laboratory, puts on a large white apron full of holes, and is busy among his pieces of apparatus. The faithful Anderson, an old soldier, who always did exactly what he was told, and nothing more, is waiting upon him; and as thought flashes after thought through his eager—perhaps impatient—brain, he twists his wires into new shapes, and rearranges his magnets and batteries. Thence some conclusion is arrived at which lights up his face with a gleam of satisfaction; but the next minute a doubt comes across that expressive brow—may the results not be due to something yet imperfectly conceived?—and a new experiment must be made to answer that. In the meantime one of his little nieces has been left in his charge. She sits as quiet as a mouse with her needle-work; but now and then he gives her a nod or a kind word, and throwing a little piece of potassium into a basin of water for her amusement, he shows her the metal bursting into purple flame, floating about in fiery eddies, and the crack of the fused globule of potash at the end. Presently there is handed to him the card of some foreign *savant*, who

makes his pilgrimage to the famous Institution and its presiding genius; he puts down his last result on a slate, comes upstairs, and, disregarding the interruption, chats with his visitor with all cordiality and openness. Then to work again till dinner-time at half-past two. In the afternoon he retires to his study, with its plain furniture and the india-rubber tree in the window, and writes a letter full of affection to some friend, after which he goes off to the council meeting of some of the learned bodies. Then back again to the laboratory; but as evening approaches he goes up again to his wife and niece, and then there is a game of bagatelle or acting charades; and afterwards he will read aloud from Shakespeare or Macaulay till it is time for supper, and the simple family worship, which now is not liable to the interruptions which usually prevent it in the morning. And so the day closes."

On a summer evening he used to go with his wife and their little niece to the Zoological Gardens: but Fridays were lecture evenings, and often Faraday himself addressed the philosophical congregation. It is well known that few could more fascinatingly illuminate abstruse scientific truth. His eager manner, his enthusiasm in his subject, his simplicity, his admirable lucidity of exposition, and especially that peculiar sweetness of spirit which pervaded everything,—all this made him at once to senior and juvenile audiences a lecturer of fascinating popularity.

And what were the conspicuous services of a *savant* so eloquent and so able? The answer, though simple, is suggestive. Before Faraday's time those mysterious forces—electricity, magnetism, heat and light—were practically inexplicable: they were material substances: they were imaginary powers: they were as different from each other as they were perplexing in themselves: the thoughtful could not understand the enigma of their action: the thoughtless misunderstood it, and explained them accordingly.



And what Faraday did was, practically, not only to throw a flood of light on their actions and operations generally, but to show that all these abstruse and seemingly diverse forces were really various manifestations of one. With a generalization as vast and magnificent as Newton's he illustrated the nature of those sleepless and mighty activities which make the physical world a scene of activity as various and as lovely as its forms. Newton had, in one law, as simple as it is sublime, illustrated the action of the powers which hold the parts of matter, and the bodies of the astronomical systems in their places. Faraday with equal sublimity threw a flood of light on the character of those forces which with ceaseless agencies of separation and recombination, give motion and activity to all the parts of the stable universe. And when his exhausted brain was compelled to lay down the luring problem for ever, he was engaged in the attempt to prove that, not only were the forces of electricity, light and caloric really one, but that they were identical with gravity itself.

It was in November 1845, four years after the beginning of his more notable researches, that Faraday wrote in a communication to the Royal Society: "I have long held an opinion almost amounting to conviction, in common I believe with many other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin; or in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action. This strong persuasion extended to the powers of light, and led to many exertions having for their object the discovery of the direct relation of light and electricity. These ineffectual exertions could not remove my strong persuasion, and at last I have succeeded." And three years later, in a lecture before Prince Albert, he says: "The

exertions in physical science of late years have been directed to ascertain, not merely the different natural powers, but the manner in which they are linked together, the universality of each in its action, and their probable *unity in one*. ... When we see the magnetic force exercising its governing power over matter; and when we thus see it extended to all matter, animal vegetable or mineral, living or lifeless; and when we see it thus making strange and striking distinctions between the same kind of matter, as it may be in the amorphous and crystalline state; and when we remember that the earth itself is a magnet, pervaded in every part by this mighty power, universal and strong as gravity itself, we cannot doubt that it is exerting an appointed and essential influence over every particle of matter, and in every place where it is present. What its great purpose is, seems to be looming in the distance before us, the clouds which obscure our mental sight are daily thinning, and I cannot doubt that a glorious discovery in natural knowledge, and of the wisdom and power of God in the creation, is awaiting our age, and that we may not only hope to see it, but even be honoured to help in obtaining the victory over present ignorance and future knowledge."

But this general statement is far from complete. In his lucid summary of Faraday's achievements, Professor Tyndall pictures their varied mass and magnificence: "When from an Alpine height the eye of the climber ranges over the mountains, he finds that for the most part they resolve themselves into distinct groups, each consisting of a dominant mass, surrounded by peaks of lesser elevation. The power which lifted the mightier eminences in nearly all cases lifted others to an almost equal height. And so it is with the discoveries of Faraday. As a general rule the dominant result does not stand alone, but forms the culminating point of a vast and varied mass of inquiry. In this way, round about his great discovery of Magneto-

electric Induction, other weighty labours group themselves. His investigations on the Extra Current; on the Polar and other Condition of Diamagnetic Bodies; on Lines of Magnetic Force, their definite character and distribution; on the Employment of the Induced Magneto-Electric Current as a measure and test of Magnetic Action; on the Revulsive Phenomena of the magnetic field, are all, notwithstanding the diversity of title, researches in the domain of Magneto-Electric Induction. . . . His second group of researches and discoveries embrace the chemical phenomena of the current. The dominant result here is the great law of definite Electrochemical Decomposition, around which are massed various researches on Electrochemical Conduction, and on Electrolysis both with the Machine and with the Pile. To this group also belong his analysis of the Contact Theory; his inquiries as to the Source of Voltaic Electricity; and his final development of the Chemical Theory of the pile. . . . His third great discovery is the Magnetization of Light, which I should liken to the Weisshorn among mountains — high, beautiful, and alone. The dominant result of his fourth group of researches is the discovery of Diamagnetism, announced in his memoir as the Magnetic Condition of all Matter, round which are grouped his inquiries on the Magnetism of Flame and Gases; on Magnecrystallic action, and on Atmospheric Magnetism, in its relation to the annual and diurnal variation of the needle, the full significance of which is still to be shown. These are Faraday's most massive discoveries, and upon them his fame must mainly rest. But even without them sufficient would remain to secure for him a high and lasting scientific reputation. We should still have his researches on the Liquefaction of Gases; on Frictional Electricity; on the Electricity of the Gymnotus; on the source of power in the Hydro-electric machine, . . . on Electromagnetic Rotations; on Regelation; all his more purely Chemical Researches,

including his discovery of Benzol. Beside these he published a multitude of minor papers, most of which, in some way or other, illustrate his genius." How infinitely various are the applications of these discoveries in the practical arts—in telegraphy, dyeing, sanitation, lighting and therapeutics—it would be impossible to do more than suggest.

## VIII.

### SECOND VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

In the long twenty-five years of scientific activity, Faraday's Swiss visit—unhappily too necessary to recruit the exhausted powers—occurs as an interval of change and repose. Loss of memory and giddiness had been warning the too-devoted student; and at length in the June of 1841, a little party, consisting of Faraday and his wife, with his brother-in-law Mr. George Barnard and Mrs. Barnard, left London for the Continent. They passed by Aix down the Rhine to Bâle, and by the middle of the month were at Oberhofen. Faraday's journal, pleasant in itself, is a still more pleasant illustration of his personal character: "The frogs were very beautiful, lively, vocal and intelligent, and not at all fearful. The butterflies too became familiar friends with me, as I sat under the trees on the river's bank. It is wonderful how much intelligence all these animals show when they are treated kindly and quietly: when in fact they are treated as having their right and part in creation, instead of being frightened, oppressed and destroyed." A few days later Mrs. Faraday and he visited a little churchyard: "It was beautiful, and the simplicity of the little remembrance-posts set above the graves very pleasant. One who had been too poor to put up an engraved brass plate, or even a painted board, had written with ink and paper the birth and death of the being whose remains were below, and this had been fastened to a board, and mounted on the top of a stick at the head of the grave, the paper being protected by a little edge and roof.

Such was the simple remembrance; but nature had added her pathos, for under the shelter of the writing a caterpillar had fastened itself, and passed into its death-like state of chrysalis, and having ultimately assumed its final state, it had winged its way from the spot, and had left the corpse-like relics behind. How old and how beautiful is this figure of the resurrection! Surely it can never appear before our eyes without touching the thoughts." On the top of the Gemmi Pass he gathered some of the lovely alpine flowers and fastened them to the Journal leaves with more than a botanist's taste. At Interlaken he pleased himself in watching the nail-makers. "I love a smith's shop," he writes, "and anything relating to smithery. My father was a smith." Thence to the Lake of Brienz and the Falls of Giessbach. As he watched the spray, tossed into lucent forms of cloud and lit up by the sunlight, he thus expresses the reflections it awoke: "To-day every fall was foaming from the abundance of water, and the current of wind brought down by it was in some places too strong to stand against. The sun shone brightly, and the rainbows seen from various points were very beautiful. One at the bottom of a fine but furious fall was very pleasant,—there it remained motionless whilst the gusts and clouds of spray swept furiously across its place and were dashed against the rock. It looked like a spirit strong in faith and steadfast in the midst of the storm of passions sweeping across it, and though it might fade and revive, still it held on to the rock as in hope and giving hope. And the very drops, which in the whirlwind of their fury seemed as if they would carry all away, were made to revive it and give it greater beauty." It was on the whole an enjoyable time, but still: "Dear England! dear Home! dear Friends! I long to be in and amongst them all; and where can I expect to be more happy or better off for anything? Dear home, dear friends, what is all this bustle and movement and whirl and change worth, compared

with you!" And when at last, on September 29, he saw as they were returning across London Bridge, a friend's pleasant face, and shook hands with him, "though we separated in a moment or two, still we feel and know we are where we ought to be—at home!"

## IX.

## THE LIFE HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

But now all the heaven of this beautiful life was beginning to be filled with the sombre and dying glories of sunset.

The year 1855 saw the close of Faraday's experimental researches in electricity—"his noblest monument, full of genius in the conception, full of finished and most accurate work in execution, in quantity so vast that it seems impossible one man could do so much." There remains between this period and his death some dozen years. Never could these or any other be empty years to him: they were occupied by various work—lectures, investigations in connection with lighthouses, and the ever-welcome services of religion and of friendship;—but the great motive force was ceasing to exert itself as before, and all life's energies were quietly subsiding into serene and eternal rest. It is beautiful to watch, in this later period, the lights of spirituality and of love broadening and brightening at the same time that his powers and his interest of science were undergoing a natural decay. To these blended aspects of his character it is time to give attention. And let us think of him as no longer at the Institution, but in the peaceful country. At the ever-thoughtful suggestion of Prince Albert, the Queen placed at Faraday's disposal a house at Hampton Court; a pleasant house, half covered with climbing plants, while before it the children played morning and evening on the green. It was here Faraday found his rest, and the last halting-place before the quiet departure.

From his earliest years he had been connected with the little church of the

Sandemanians. A very unworldly community it was, few in numbers, and attracting slight attention. In the last century a Scottish minister, the Rev. John Glass, found himself in collision with the Courts of his church; he held that all state connections were a serious evil, and that in many other popular customs and views there was a deplorable misconception of the spiritual simplicity of the first days. His son-in-law, Robert Sandeman, became known as the vigorous assertor of opinions then thought by many heretical, and the community of those who accepted them were known by his name. The movement, like so many similar, was practically an active protest against the formality and dogmatism into which settled forms of belief and usages sometimes degenerate; and it naturally attracted not a few of the spiritual and quiet minds of the day. Faraday's father and his people had found a congenial home within the Scottish sect, and Faraday himself, a month after his marriage, made the public confession of sin and profession of faith which was usual, and was received as a member of the church. This was in 1821, and to the end he remained in hearty and intimate friendship with the little company whose spirit and ways he had found so congenial in his journey towards the "better country."

The precise views held by Sandemanians are matters of much less interest than the expression Faraday has given of his own. In 1854 he began a lecture on "Mental Education" at the Royal Institution in words which are remarkably characteristic of his mind: "Before entering on this subject I must make one distinction which, however it may appear to others, is to me of the utmost importance. High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view; and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears or hopes or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth

of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given. Let no one suppose for a moment that the self-education I am about to commend in respect to the things of this life extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief. I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply these mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe that the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and godhead; and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those higher things concerning his future which he cannot know by that spirit."

Some years later, in a letter to one of his correspondents, Faraday gives an unusually full statement of his own views on the spiritual life. It is at once so characteristic and so explicit as to furnish a good conception of his own position in regard to those momentous matters. "The Christian," he says, "who is taught by God (by His Word and His Holy Spirit) finds his guide in the Word of God, and commits the keeping of his soul into the hands of God. He looks for no assurance beyond what the Word can give him; and if his mind is troubled by the cares and fears which may assail him, he can go nowhere but to the throne of grace and to Scripture. No outward manifestation, . . . can give either instruction or assurance to him, nor can any outward opposition or trouble diminish his confidence in Christ cruci-

fied, to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them who are called, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. . . . The Christian religion is a revelation. The natural man cannot know it. . . . The Christian religion is a revelation, and that revelation is in the Word of God. According to the promise of God, that Word is sent into all the world. Every call and every promise is made to every man to whom that Word cometh. . . . The Comforter (the Spirit) taketh of the things of Christ and showeth them to His people. And if in the mercy of God it should please Him that one . . . should be led to examine his ways, it will only be in the Word of the testimony, the Word of God, that he will find the revelation of the new and living way by which he may rejoice in hope of entering into the kingdom of Christ."

In 1840 Faraday was elected an Elder of the Church; and it then became his duty to preach on alternate Sundays to his fellow-members. Nor was he less serious or conscientious in work which so many would regard as humble, than when engaged in labours which the world of science knew to be supremely great. Few preachers have ever felt more deeply their responsibility, or more earnestly striven to discharge their duties as in the sight of God. It was to many a wonderful thing to see the brilliant lecturer appear as the earnest and simple preacher of the Gospel in an obscure corner of the metropolis; but Faraday neither wondered nor wished it otherwise. Quiet, devout, scrupulously reverent to Scripture words, which he used almost to the exclusion of his own, he gave one other illustrious example of how the servant may be at heart a child; and a prince in the kingdom of science a humble follower of the Lord Jesus. His friends, he had said a few years before his death, were very kind, and wished him to remit some of his ministerial and other labours; "and then," he continued, "He who rules over all is kinder than all; and though I sometimes tremble

when I have occasion in doctrine or judgment to use His Word, being unable to remember it, I dare not venture to put that (his Eldership) from me which He has put upon me; and I call to mind that His throne is a throne of grace, where prayer may be made for help and strength in time of need. And He makes my brethren so kind, that there is only one of the number who teases me, and that is myself; and I often think pride and the absence of humility has much to do with that."

And thus, with a mind full of the serenity which comes through faith, Faraday approached the end. Not at all gloomy nor fearful to him the silent but visible nearing of Death. "I never heard," he says to his niece, "that Separation is the brother of Death: I think that it does Death an injustice, at least in the mind of the Christian: separation simply implies no reunion; death has to the Christian everything hoped for, contained in the idea of reunion. I cannot think that death has to the Christian anything in it to make it worse, or other than a constant thought; out of the view of death comes the view of life beyond the grave; as out of the view of sin (that true and real view which the Holy Spirit alone can give to a man) comes the growing hope; without the conviction of sin there is no ground of hope to the Christian. . . . And though the thought of death bring the thought of judgment, which is far above all the trouble that arises from the breaking of mere earthly ties, it also brings to the Christian the thought of Him who died, was judged, and who rose again for the justification of those who believe on Him. Though the fear of death be a great thought, the hope of eternal life is a far greater. . . .

"You see I chat now and then with you as if my thoughts were running openly before us on the paper, and so it is. My worldly faculties are slipping away day by day. Happy it is for all of us that the true good lies not in them. As they ebb may they leave us as little

children, trusting in the Father of mercies, and accepting His unspeakable gift."

## X.

## REST.

The decay in Faraday's vital power was very gradual: so long before his death as 1854 he speaks to his friend De la Reve about being worn out, and troubled by lapses in memory. And now, onwards till the very close, there are ever-recurring allusions to the same subject. He is not depressed, nor is he jubilant; but the weary man is longing for rest, and, knowing well whom he has believed, he is full of a calm anticipation of what is soon to be revealed. Indeed for years before his form disappeared he wore the dress and spoke in the language of a pilgrim. The daughter of Professor Schönbein—one of his very dearest friends—had died in London, and Faraday had marked and cared for her grave. "I have several times gone," he writes to her father, "to a place of rest, and to look at a stone you know of, and think of you all. Such places draw my thoughts much now, and have for years had great interest for me; they are not to me mere places of the dead, but full of the greatest hope that is set before man, even in the very zenith of his physical power and mental force." And with one exquisite word he delineates his habitual mood: "I am *enjoying* the gradual decay of strength and life, for when I revive it is no great revival in desire to me, and that cheers me in the view of death near and round us."

August in 1867 had at length come: the old Palace saw once more the pomp of summer; and the children on the green were again jubilant in their play. With such failing interest as the dying philosopher could command he again watched the unfolding of the year's beauty; and now his last looks of nature were to be of her at that hour just before the inevitable

change has dimmed anything of her glory. On August 26th Miss Barnard wrote to Dr. Bence Jones: "Our cares are over: our beloved one is gone. He passed away from this life quietly and peacefully yesterday afternoon, . . . He died in his chair, in his study; and we feel we could desire nothing better for him than what has occurred." He was in his seventy-seventh year.

## XI.

## CONCLUSION.

It is not possible to add anything—nor can it be very necessary. To those who have at all justly known Faraday, his christian character is as evident as his scientific eminence—the one is no more ambiguous than the other; but the real spiritual revelation in this great man is not the fact but the temper and noble quality of his faith. Noble it conspicuously was in its sacrifice;—for to believe, with him, meant to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ; noble also in its spirituality, and disregard of all external pomp of circumstance: noblest, perhaps, most of all in its silence, its simplicity and its calm. Childlike he most manifestly was—to that, the love of children, and of all gentler hearts who knew him, bore delighted testimony; but also, and just because of this, he was eminent in his heroic qualities—his strength in self-control, his sternness towards all conscious falsehood and wrongdoing; his chivalrous bearing in all cases of misunderstanding and controversy; and, it should be added, in a certain dignity and self-respect compelling all others to a willing homage. But the greatest perhaps of all his personal qualities was his gentleness. He was delicate in sense, regardful of others, ever full of courtesy. A true Christian surely; also a true gentleman: for these two are ever and naturally one.

GEORGE WILSON, M.A., F.L.S.

# JOHN EVANGELIST GOSSNER.



# JOHN EVANGELIST GOSSNER.

## I.

### HIS TIMES.

TOWARDS the end of the last century the state of religion on the continent of Europe was very low, both in the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. In the latter, the Jesuits had acted in such a way that one Government after another had been obliged to suppress the Order, till at last even the Pope could endure them no longer.

In the Protestant Church a lifeless orthodoxy had given place to Rationalism. An eloquent preacher having on a Christmas-day read out his prescribed text, which spoke of Him who had been laid in a manger, announced to his congregation that in referring to the manger, he would speak to them of the great benefit of the stall-feeding of cattle. To such a pitch had Rationalism brought the Church.

Two or three generations had passed away since the time of Spener and August Hermann Francke. Many individuals from among the highest and lowest classes of society were continuing to bear witness to the power of divine grace. We shall see how it was a poor peasant girl in the house of Feneberg who brought Bishop Sailer, Gossner's friend, to accept of the doctrine of salvation by grace. The Moravian Brethren had gathered most of the real Christians among the Protestants into their churches, and though Zinzendorf had died in 1760, his work continued to prosper.

Outside that circle, Rationalism on the one hand and the Mysticism of Jacob Boehme and Jung-Stilling on the other, divided the land between them, while the Quietists were retiring into their chamber to read the Scripture and pray and wait for better times.

## II.

### HIS EARLY LIFE.

Gossner was born on the 14th December, 1773, and, being baptized the same day, he received the names John Evangelist. His parents were devout Roman Catholic peasants, living in the Circle of Suabia, which afterwards became part of Bavaria. His native village was called Hausen, not far from Günzburg and Ulm, not to be confounded with another Hausen, near Heidenheim, in Würtemberg.

The Suabians were all at that time bigoted Roman Catholics, at least in the villages. A good-natured, phlegmatic people, regarded by other Germans pretty much as the Galileans were regarded by the citizens of Jerusalem. Gossner was born at the end of the year in which Pope Clement XIV., by the famous Bull "Dominus ac Redemptor," had suppressed the order of Ignatius Loyola as an intolerable evil. The Jesuits continued, however, to hold their old post as ex-Jesuits, and to carry on their work as formerly.

Of a family of thirteen children in his father's house, John was the tenth, and, as there was no school in Hausen, he went with his brothers and sisters to the parish school in the neighbouring village of Waldstetten, where he is said to have worked fairly well, being generally near the head of his class, but always foremost at the village games and sports. When he reached his tenth year he was admitted to his first communion, and, having then confided to his confessor his great desire to become a priest, the consent of the parents to this step was with some difficulty obtained, but only after two years' waiting.

In his twelfth year he entered the Gymnasium at Augsburg, where he re-



mained seven years. His companions were mostly of the lowest grades of society, for such lads suited best the purposes of the ex-Jesuits, who had absolute power in this school. Each boy was required to go to confession once a week; and, if any lad seemed to have little to confess, the Fathers strove to help his memory by suggesting every wrong thing of which a boy was capable. They were made spies on each other, and the nearest road to favour was to tell or invent as much ill as possible of their companions.

To study for the priesthood implied that every feeling of affection for parents and relatives should be rooted out. Obedience to the orders of the priests was the only duty absolutely enforced.

This school was the same through which Martin Boos had passed a few years previously; and, whatever else Gossner learned, he seems to have thoroughly acquired the art of forgetting his father's house; for, in all his writings there does not appear to be one single reference to his father or mother, or brothers or sisters. He had entered this grammar-school in Augsburg in 1785, and in the spring of 1792 he passed his final examination with distinction, and obtained permission to enter college, he being then nineteen years of age.

### III.

#### GOSSNER AS STUDENT.

His teachers were anxious that he should study at Eichstätt, where the ex-Jesuits had all their own way; but one of the professors, named Kögel, who had persuaded his nephew, Martin Boos, to enter the University in Dillingen, succeeded in persuading Gossner to do the same. Dillingen lies on the left bank of the Danube, between Ulm and Donauwörth. It had long been the favourite residence of the Bishop of Augsburg, and was the place chosen by the disciples of Loyola, when they first came to Germany, to be the centre of their operations against the Reformation.

At this time, however, Bishop von Ungelter had become head of the college, and had gathered round him professors and teachers whose aim was to develop the intellectual power of the young men entrusted to their care. The teachers, Feneberg, Hörmann, Keller and Weiss, linked to each other in bonds of closest friendship, prepared the students to enter the classes of the University taught by Weber, Zimmer, and Sailer, who loved each other as brothers, and worked as men conscious of their great responsibility. Of these, Sailer was by far the most influential. He put what was specifically Roman Catholic teaching in the background, and encouraged the students to read the protestant works of Lavater, Claudius, Jung-Stilling and Tersteegen.

The testimonials Gossner had brought with him from Augsburg procured him admission to one of the bursaries that furnished free board, lodging and education at the University. He had studied only a little more than a year when the ex-Jesuits succeeded in obtaining a Commission to inquire into the reported heterodoxy of some of the professors; and this Commission had, in the opinion of the students, treated their favourite teachers, especially Sailer, with unnecessary severity. The students forwarded a protest against the inquisitorial dealings of the Commission, and when their petition was ignored, and Professors Sailer and Weber were evidently about to be deposed, they left Dillingen in a body, to the number of above fifty students.

Gossner removed with the others to Ingolstadt, where he remained from September, 1793, till 20th July, 1796, when he passed his final examination, and graduated with high honours. His recollection of Ingolstadt was not pleasant. The Holy Spirit was already working on his young mind from reading the works of Protestant writers—though as yet he had not read much in the Holy Scriptures—so that he loathed the scholastic teaching of the professors and the sensual lives of his fellow-students.

## IV.

## ORDINATION AND CONVERSION.

Not a single day did he remain in Ingolstadt after he had passed his examination, but returned to Dillingen, where, after a little delay, he was on the 9th October ordained as priest, Bishop Ungelter performing the ceremony. The law required him, after his ordination, to spend three months in a seminary, by way of preparation for his solemn duties. This was generally regarded as a kind of spiritual penal servitude, intended to break down the last remnant of individuality and self-respect. Gossner's Diary speaks of his life in this seminary as "living among melancholy, joyless, dark, unsociable, disagreeable men, who wish to be constantly flattered and treated as demigods; who claim absolute submission to their most unreasonable demands, and delight in despotic tyranny. This is sufficient to crush out of the soul everything that is noble or good, and embitter every hour spent in such society."

On the 28th January, 1797, Gossner was permitted to leave the seminary and enter on his life's work. His feelings, he says, on passing out of the seminary were indescribably joyous. What he had suffered in that place words could not describe.

Many of the young men who had studied under Sailer in Dillingen, had received from him a certain influence that bound them to their Master and to each other. Not that Sailer was a man of great intellectual power, but he was intensely earnest. Among these admirers of Sailer the most distinguished by a long way was Martin Boos. The story is well known, how, when visiting a poor woman on her death-bed, he strove to comfort her by talking of her good life and the many good deeds she had done. The dying woman smiled and replied: "If I were to die trusting to my own righteousness, I should certainly be lost; but if I look to Jesus as my Saviour who died for me, I can then die in peace."

The words entered the soul of the priest as a revelation from God, that Christ crucified for us is the only ground of a sinner's hope. "Christ for us" as the ground of our justification, "Christ in us" as our sanctification, was from that day the one subject on which he dwelt in his preaching and teaching. Very soon this wondrous message that Martin Boos was constantly repeating, reached many troubled souls and gave them rest. The house where he lived was from that time constantly filled with visitors, some of whom came from a great distance to hear the good news, and then returned to tell their neighbours the wondrous story that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, without the intervention of the priest. Feneberg, whom we have already met in Dillingen, had resigned his post there and become parish priest in Seeg, not far from where Boos was working with so much success. He kept two curates to assist him in his work, and Boos had spent a short time with him in that capacity. When Boos had found peace for his own soul in the great fact of the substitution of Christ for the sinner, he soon saw Feneberg and his two curates, Siller and Bayer, learning to rest on the same Rock. Even Sailer, now living in retirement, heard of the new teaching, and on paying a visit to Feneberg, a word spoken by a simple peasant maiden, a follower of Boos, was made the means of leading him to see the death of Christ in its true bearing. This earnest and successful preaching of the Gospel soon brought Boos into prison, but the letters he wrote, when thus confined, circulated among his friends, and one of these, that had been written to Langenmayer, one of the Dillingen circle, falling into Gossner's hands, brought him to the foot of the Cross. He was led to see the depth of his own sinfulness and the complete fulness of divine grace. He learned to look to the Bible alone for instruction and looked to the Holy Spirit for power to live and to preach. He was not only set apart by man, but also by the Holy Spirit.

## V.

IN STOFFENRIED, NEUBURG AND SEEG.

After leaving the seminary Gossner was sent as curate to Stoffenried, where he remained only a short time, and then removed to Neuburg. It was here, in November 1797, within a year of his ordination, that the letter from Martin Boos to Langenmayer fell into his hands, and worked the great change in his life. In a few months we find him preaching most faithfully the doctrine of Christ being made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. We find him writing to his former fellow-students, urging them not to stop by the way, but to press into the kingdom of God. His own heart having experienced such wondrous peace, he could not rest till all his friends had learned to see the way of salvation as it was now made clear to himself.

His next curacy was in Seeg, under Feneberg, where he remained two years. During this time there were marvellous conversions taking place, some of which were attended with complete physical prostration; and many who were listening to the preacher proclaiming the way of salvation would, with loud screams, fall prostrate in the church, awakening after a time in great peace of mind, followed by complete change of life. The words spoken by these stricken ones were regarded by some as special revelations. Gossner never encouraged this phase of the work, but protested against attempts to represent the visions of a heated imagination as revelations from God, and still cried: "We have a sure word of prophecy, to which we do well to take heed, and not trouble ourselves about these dreams, of which we cannot tell whence they come."

His next curacy was in Augsburg, where the ex-Jesuits, who for some time had watched him closely, soon brought against him a charge of heresy. Ninety-five points were noted on which he was

suspected of teaching something contrary to the doctrine of the Church. The principal charge referred to justification by faith through grace without the deeds of the law. The inquisitor strove to make his admission, that our good works cannot justify us before God, to be evidence against him for teaching Antinomianism, and this would have involved imprisonment for life. If our good works do not justify us before God, it was said, then they are of no use, and it makes no difference how a man lives. Gossner replied, that good works, if really good, have their own place as an evidence of faith in Christ, who alone can justify, and not as the ground of justification.

Up to this time Gossner and his friends had believed most firmly, that as their new doctrines agreed with many passages to be found in the writings of Augustine and Jerome and other distinguished fathers of the Church, as well as the teaching of Christ and the Apostles, they were still in full accord with the traditions of the Church of Rome, but they now discovered their mistake. The examination was most harassing and of long duration, resulting in a sentence of imprisonment. Now it happened that he was sent to the same prison where Martin Boos had once been confined for the same cause, and the same director of the gaol was still at his post. This man's name was Hoffmann, and as he had been converted under the influence of Martin Boos, who had spent eight months under his charge, Hoffmann and his family received Gossner with tears in their eyes, and contrived to make the prison to be to him a home. Still it was a heavy trial to discover that the teaching of the Bible and of the Church were so much opposed to each other as to be utterly irreconcilable. Feeling in his own heart the power of the Word of God, and seeing its fruits in the holy and joyous lives of those who had accepted the atonement of Christ, he could not respect the Church of Rome as he had done before, and the thought rose in his mind that

he might yet some day be obliged to leave it. He was released from prison in August 1802, and returned to Augsburg; but it is worthy of note, that in his Diary of this period not a single bitter word is to be found against his persecutors.

Martin Boos had at this time removed to Upper Austria, where he had accepted a post as assistant to Pastor Bertgen in Peuerbach. As Gossner's health had been seriously affected by his imprisonment, he required change and rest; and to obtain these he resolved to visit Boos. Here, accompanied by Pastor Bertgen, he enjoyed the lovely scenery near Linz and Wels, and even visited Bishop Gall of Linz at his charming residence among the mountains near the Danube. The Bishop welcomed him most heartily, seeming greatly to enjoy his society, and Gossner remarks in his Diary: "How can I understand this? My bishop in Augsburg sent me to prison as a heretic a few months ago, and here is the Bishop of Linz, who knows perfectly what I believe and what I teach, lodging me in his palace and treating me with the greatest possible kindness! Is not the house divided against itself?"

Greatly refreshed by his intercourse with Boos and the many friends whose acquaintance he made in Upper Austria, he returned to Augsburg, having visited Sailer, who was then Professor in Landhut, by the way. His old friend Bayer he also met unexpectedly, and in the course of his rambles found, for the first time, a copy of *Klopstock's Messiah*, which he read with intense delight. Having returned to his work in Augsburg, he felt that he lay under suspicion and was surrounded by spies ready to report every word and act that might give his adversaries power over him. His former joy in his labour was gone, he even laments that he was no more able to pray as he had done before, and he longed for a change. Still, as recorded in his Diary, his constant cry was: "Lead Thou me, blessed Jesus, never to seek my own ease or comfort, but in all things to seek Thy glory, Thou God of love."

## VI.

### IS APPOINTED PARISH PRIEST.

After repeated ineffectual efforts to obtain a parish at some distance from Augsburg, he found himself in 1803 unexpectedly appointed to be parish priest in Dirlwang. The French Revolution had produced great changes in Germany, and Max Joseph of Bavaria found himself rewarded with very considerable additions to his territory, in virtue of his readiness to serve the purposes of Napoleon. His prime minister, Montgelas, was a disciple of Voltaire, and in his church patronage did not consult the wishes of the bishops. That a priest had been sent to prison was rather a recommendation to a post, as he was then less likely to cross the Minister's plans. When a vacancy occurred in the parish of Dirlwang, near the Tyrolese mountains, it was given to Gossner, who was much pleased with the change from Augsburg, where his position had gradually become intolerable.

The parish was beautiful and well cultivated. The peasants were poor but diligent and thrifty. The new pastor met with a kindly reception. His new style of preaching soon attracted attention. In fine weather crowds came from a distance, so that when the church could not hold them they retired to the churchyard. Here, when the crowd was greater than usual, he would preach for an hour and a half in the open air against Mariolatry, saying that Mary's greatest virtue was, that her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour, and that she had said to the servants in the presence of the Lord at the marriage feast in Cana, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." He taught that the intercession of the saints was not required, as the Lord Jesus had undertaken all that Himself. As a spirit of revolution was at that time rife, the people were glad to have a priest who had the courage to break with the old traditions of the Church, and offer them something they had never heard before.

His life was also different from most

of the other priests in that neighbourhood. His whole time was devoted to the good of the parish—visiting the sick, instructing the young, comforting the dying. The war had wasted the land, and the French soldiers were billeted on the citizens, causing great trouble and expense. In his Diary we read an account of much that he suffered, closing with the remark: "We shall one day give thanks for all this, but at present it is hard to bear."

After the war a fever of a very malignant kind broke out. In some cases whole families were struck down at the same time, and as there was no one to nurse them, it frequently happened that all of them died. Some of the survivors fled for fear from the district; others became utterly callous and indifferent to the misery around them. Gossner was day and night among the sick and the dying, and frequently meals cooked in his kitchen were carried to from forty to fifty sick persons in one day. The fellowship of suffering brought him nearer to his parishioners, and having no fear of the infection he exerted himself far beyond his strength; but when the scourge had passed away he felt the effects in an exhausted constitution. His labour was lightened, however, by the consciousness that he was not under the espionage of the Jesuits, as had been the case in Augsburg, but might proclaim a full and free gospel without fear. Many conversions took place in the parish, some of which were very sudden and very thorough, so that the plague brought new spiritual life into the parish.

His own heart was filled with love to a personal Saviour, and the more earnestly he preached to others, the more deeply did he feel in his own heart the power of that Gospel he was commending. "How is this," he cried, "that this world sees no beauty in a crucified Saviour! They are lamenting that they cannot pray; cannot resist temptation; but no one laments that the dying love of Jesus is so little felt. As the Israelite in the wilderness looked to the brazen

serpent and was healed, so our only cure is to look to Jesus, who bore the cross for us and is now set down at the right hand of God. A fixed look at the crucified One fills the heart with a sense of shame because of our own vileness, and at the same time of unspeakable joy that our guilt is all washed away by His atoning death. Let no one think that this is too little for our salvation. A believing look at the Lamb of God as slain for us and accepted of the Father as our substitute, is all we need for eternal life."—(Sermon on Good Friday.) He felt there could be no more fellowship between him and the bishops or the ex-Jesuits, and Christian fellowship was daily becoming a growing necessity of his very existence. Close brotherly relations to those who loved the Lord Jesus was become his daily bread, and this he did not find in his own Church.

Filled with thoughts like these, he invited several friends, whom he knew to be like-minded, to meet him at his parsonage on 17th October, 1804. Feneberg and Bayer, Langenmayer and Sailer, accepted the invitation, and Christian Schmid came unexpectedly to Dirlwang at the same time. Several days were spent in prayer and studying the Scriptures, and before the friends parted they resolved to devote a fixed time daily in their own houses to prayer for definite objects on which their minds were set. As they thus prayed for each other and for the Church of God, they found themselves, while growing in love to Christ, losing their attachment to the Church of Rome.

The political state of the land was encouraging; for an edict was issued in 1803, offering equal rights to all Christian denominations in the kingdom of Bavaria. These praying brethren took advantage of the edict, and sent a petition asking leave to form a Christian colony for themselves, free from the bishops and the Pope. Nothing came of it, however, and the expectations in this direction were given up. They must learn not to trust in princes.

## VII.

## THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

More than twenty years before this time a strong desire for union had been felt by many Christians, and on the 30th August, 1780, Dr. John Urlsperger of Augsburg had succeeded in founding in Basel a society to be called the Christian Association, whose object should be to unite in close Christian fellowship all who loved the Lord Jesus. The work to be undertaken was the distribution of Bibles and tracts, tending the sick, establishing lending libraries, and other branches of home mission work. Dr. Steinkopf was the active Secretary, and on his removal to London the post of Secretary was taken by Spittler, then a youth of nineteen years. We cannot follow the working of this society, out of which the Basel Bible Society and Foreign Mission grew, further than to notice the great influence it had on Gossner. He and his friend Langenmayer meditated at one time leaving the Roman Catholic Church and joining this Association, but Spittler, the publisher, and the founder of the Missionary Institution, Crishona, and others advised them to remain as long as possible in their own church, as Luther had done.

When Dr. Steinkopf had been appointed first Foreign Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804, he proceeded at once to Basel and Nürnberg to establish auxiliaries there in connection with the Christian Association. Gossner entered heartily into the work, and in an incredibly short time had distributed 650 copies of the Scriptures. We must remember that this was at a time when few cared for the Bible, and the distribution took place among Roman Catholics. Though Gossner had a goodly number of real converts in his parish, still, the great body of the parishioners preferred the pilgrimages and processions to the earnest preaching of the Gospel, and these evil-disposed persons gave him much trouble.

In the winter of 1809 he was pros-

trated by a dangerous illness of long duration, and during this time such a spirit of opposition to the gospel showed itself in the parish that it became evident he must resign. He would not do so, however, till he had found a faithful successor, so he was obliged to wait till January 1811, when his friend Bayer took his place. As soon as this matter was settled, he started on a visit to Basel, where Spittler had invited him to come, partly for rest, and partly to act as Secretary of the Christian Association in Spittler's temporary absence, and this visit was the means of greatly developing Gossner's inward life.

Here he was greatly refreshed by personal intercourse with Spittler, Blumhardt, Inspector of the Basel Mission, Anna Schlatter, that mother in Israel, who was, like Deborah, a leader of the host of the Lord, and the other worthy Christians that were then living as lights in the world. His correspondence in Spittler's absence reached to Steinkopf in London, through many parts of Switzerland and Germany, and even into Russia.

The Christians in Basel had for several years held regular prayer-meetings, and as Spittler had conducted them for a time, it was quite natural that Gossner should take his place here also. The earnest believers at once felt that they were listening to one who had drunk deep of the living waters, and though still a Roman Catholic priest, his exposition of the Scripture drew many to the prayer-meeting, where there were frequent cases of awakening and conversion. Steps were taken to enable Gossner at this time formally to separate himself from the Church of Rome, but when matters came to a point he drew back. The Master had still work for him to do in the Church of Rome. In addition to other work during his stay in Basel, he was a most diligent tract writer, and many of his tracts are still reprinted and read with profit in our own day.

After six months Spittler returned to his post in Basel, and Gossner left for

Germany. On his way he made several visits, that were a means of strengthening him for future work, and arrived in Munich in September 1811, just a month after he had left Basel, where he resolved to rest for a time.

### VIII.

#### HIS WORK IN MÜNICH.

During the early part of the reign of Max Joseph, the ministers of state were devoted followers of Voltaire, trying to root out all that they called superstition. The mass of the people in Munich, however, were bigoted Roman Catholics. When a Protestant queen came to reside in Munich, no citizen would let a house to her chaplain, and he was obliged to take up his lodging in a wing of the palace, while an old dining saloon had to be fitted up as a Protestant chapel for the queen and her attendants. It was only under threats of heavy punishment that the magistrates had been obliged to permit a Protestant merchant to obtain citizenship. It was in this city, and at such a time, that Gossner resolved to settle, till his health should be quite restored. He obtained a pension from an old foundation, and the duties were very light. Here he had leisure to study the Fathers, to write tracts, and to correspond with his numerous friends. It was at this time that he wrote his little works, *Christ for us and in us*, and *Christ the End of the Law*, though they were not printed till Dr. Prochnow prepared them for the press in 1862.

In 1812 he found himself so much better that he sent a petition to be permitted to resume in Munich the duties he had for fourteen years discharged under the Bishop of Augsburg. His request was granted for a period of three years.

He was now brought into contact with many troubled souls, and had an opportunity of pointing them to the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world. The ordinary priests soon discovered that he was very willing to take an occasional service as a substitute, and many were glad to give him an op-

portunity of preaching. Indeed, in one church he took the entire charge of an afternoon service for children. Before the year 1812 was closed he had above 500 children and adults regularly attending this service. When he preached occasionally in other churches, there was always a large attendance, if it was known that he was expected to occupy the pulpit. It was of course only a few that really longed for the spiritual food he had to offer, but in a short time these few became a faithful band that met at his house on the Sunday evenings, where mission intelligence was read, and the story of missionary success as reported in the Basel magazines furnished subject for thought and prayer. It was Zinzendorf's hymns, and others prepared for the Moravian churches, that were sung, and by this means he was drawn closer to the Moravian Brethren.

People came from a distance to take part in these evening meetings, and we find among those who received permanent benefit, the names of Baron Charles von Gumpenberg and Baron Ruffini. When these noblemen returned to their estates they gathered their tenants and neighbours to their respective castles, and considerable numbers of the neighbours attended these services which the noblemen conducted in their own residences. Baron Gumpenberg gave up his practice of law and devoted his whole time to work for Christ, saying that he had learned something that few seemed to know, that whosoever believes on the Son of God hath everlasting life, without looking to anything else. Many were awakened under his preaching, and he—the Roman Catholic baron—asked the Moravian ministers working in the neighbourhood to take charge of the awakened ones and lead them to a fuller knowledge of Christ. Baron Ruffini's castle became also a centre of Christian work.

It was at this time that the Roman Catholic priest Ignaz Lindel was converted under the preaching of Gossner. This man was, perhaps, the most eloquent

preacher of his day. For two years he had in his own parish in scathing language denounced all that was mean or low or bad, but his eloquence had produced little effect. The people listened and admired, and lived on as they had done before. Shortly after he had made Gossner's acquaintance, he learned to preach Christ, and in a short time there might be seen 8000 to 10,000 people assembled each Sunday to hear the Gospel preached by him in the open air.

The influence he gained was very great, but his popularity seemed to carry him somewhat away from the simplicity of the Gospel, and he mixed up with the Word of God much mysticism. Gossner warned him of the danger of building wood, hay and stubble on the one foundation, but he scarcely succeeded in bringing him to lie low at the foot of the Cross. The result was, he was afterwards obliged to pass through great tribulation before his dross was taken away.

With restored health and surrounded by sympathising friends, Gossner devoted much of his time to writing and distributing tracts, and to the translation and distribution of the Scriptures. The British and Foreign Bible Society furnished him with the means, and several of the bishops, who were at that time not so violently opposed to the Bible as they afterwards became, gave their full sanction to the distribution of the Word of God. He made a new translation of the New Testament, and when it was finished, the bishops gave it their sanction, and the Crown Prince gave Gossner a gold medal as a mark of his approbation of the work. It was in 1815 that this translation was completed, and Gossner made a most successful tour among his old friends, trying to have it everywhere introduced into churches and private houses.

### IX.

#### THE SECOND PERIOD IN MUNICH.

The concession to officiate as priest in Munich had been given only for three

years, and, with some trouble, he succeeded in having it renewed for a similar period. Great political changes now took place. The battle of Waterloo had been fought and won, and, instead of Napoleon, Prince Metternich of Vienna became virtually the Dictator of Germany. The bishops, who for a time had tolerated the distribution of the Bible, ceased to do so. Martin Boos, who had worked most successfully in Gallneukirchen for a time, was now compelled by persecution and imprisonment to ask leave to quit Austria. The Bavarian Government had also become subservient to the rising power of Rome.

In addition to this, Gossner's old friend Sailer, whom he had so dearly loved, separated himself from the Evangelical movement, and joined the party most opposed to Gossner. Not that he had changed his views about the way of salvation, but the *unity* of the Church loomed big in his eyes, and he had been made a bishop. The distribution of the Bible was to be stopped; the meetings for gathering souls to Christ were to be closed. On the other hand, the most distinguished Protestants in Germany sought Gossner's acquaintance. Steinkopf supplied him liberally with money from the British and Foreign Bible Society for Bible distribution. Members of the Society of Friends had visited him in Munich, and notably Stephen Grellet, who had himself once been a Roman Catholic. We find the names of Sack, von Bethmann-Hollweg, Schleiermacher, Snethlage, and others among those that visited him, and reported on their return home that in Munich there were meetings every evening in private houses, where Gossner and occasionally Lindel expounded the Scriptures, and many were being converted to God in the crowded Roman Catholic churches where Gossner was faithfully preaching the gospel to young and old. Mr. von Bethmann-Hollweg adds, "a priest is always present as a spy, to report Gossner's sayings and doings to the Bishop."

One of the many works that Gossner



published at this time was a commentary on portions of the New Testament, which he describes as "drops out of the great immeasurable sea of life and light and truth." It was the substance of lectures delivered at the evening gatherings in Munich, and three large editions were published in five years. But such serious difficulties were laid in his way that at last, in September 1819, he made up his mind to leave the town and seek a field of labour somewhere else. He was permitted to preach a farewell sermon, which was printed under the title of "*Primitive Christianity*," which now for well-nigh seventy years has been reprinted by most of the German Tract Societies in hundreds of thousands of copies, and translated into many languages. After an affectionate leave-taking from those that deeply regretted his departure, he proceeded to the parish where Lindel was now preaching after his liberation from one of his imprisonments. Here, on the Sunday, Gossner preached at six o'clock in the morning to a congregation of 15,000 hearers that had been gathering from great distances, arriving on Saturday evening or before daybreak on Sunday morning, and who were ready to listen to another sermon from their own pastor, Lindel, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

## X.

### APPOINTED PROFESSOR IN DÜSSELDORF.

Where was he now to go? His friend Martin Boos, when driven out of Austria, had rested for a time in the castle of Baron Ruffini as tutor to the Baron's children, and had then been appointed teacher in the Gymnasium in Düsseldorf. After two years he was tired of teaching, and had obtained a parish in Sayn, near Neuwied, on the Rhine, and the Prussian Government was prepared to appoint Gossner to be his successor in Düsseldorf. He accepted this offer, and on his way visited Stuttgart and Frankfurt; and as he travelled by short stages, he had an opportunity every evening of gathering

from 50 to 500 persons to whom he was able to preach.

When the post of teacher of religion in Düsseldorf was offered him, he accepted it on condition that he should also have a right to preach in one of the churches. For both duties his salary was to be £80. The Protestant pastors in town were at that time very Rationalistic, and when Gossner began to preach, he soon found that a large portion of his regular hearers in the Roman Catholic chapel were Protestants, who wanted something more than their own clergy offered them.

The news of his marvellous success as an evangelical preacher had reached Düsseldorf even before his arrival, and here in the pulpit he gave no uncertain sound. In his *Primitive Christianity* he said that in our day we must preach what Christ and His Apostles taught, namely, that all mankind are utterly lost and cannot help themselves: that Christ is the only Saviour; that the Gospel is the power of God to save all that believe on Him; that justification comes by faith alone, and its fruit is a holy life; and that eternal life consists in loving God with the whole heart and our neighbour as ourselves.

He had not been long engaged in his own special department of giving religious instruction in the grammar-school in Düsseldorf, when he required that the pupils should be supplied with New Testaments, and the demand became so great that in fourteen days he had sold out his whole stock. When the vicar-general heard of this, he gave orders that the New Testaments should be taken from the boys. Gossner positively refused to obey, and asked how it was possible in a Christian land to put the writings of the heathen into the hands of the boys, and to keep from them the words of Christ and His Apostles! How could he teach religion without showing his pupils his authority in the written Word! The vicar-general was obliged to yield.

There were many who gave him the advice to bear patiently the opposition

he had to encounter, and to submit to authority; but his reply always was: "If I had been willing to submit to the Jesuit party and to cease to preach the gospel, there would have been no need to leave my own country. It is not a time to be patient when they are trampling under their feet the glory of my Lord and forbidding me to tell a lost world the way of salvation." This word of the Lord was laid earnestly on his heart: "When they persecute you in one city, flee to another," and he longed and prayed for some way of escape to a place where he could preach in peace. It is true he had a few earnest Christians with whom he could associate, such as Dr. Jacobi and his dear wife Anna, the daughter of Matthias Claudius of Wandsbeck, near Hamburg. In the circle that used to meet in this honoured house, the Roman Catholic priest found a home and friends and fellow-pilgrims on the way to the heavenly Jerusalem. To the Protestants in Düsseldorf his preaching in the Roman Catholic chapel was much blessed.

In a very unexpected way he was set free from his persecutors in this place, and had a wide and effectual door opened up before him.

## XI.

### HE IS CALLED TO ST. PETERSBURG.

The Emperor Alexander I. of Russia had thrown his land open to the poor peasants of Switzerland and Würtemberg, who in the year 1817 were flying from the famine and the plague that seem to have at all times followed in the wake of war. Many Germans had emigrated and settled down near Odessa, and Lindel, whom Alexander had frequently met in Bavaria, was designated as the head of the clergy whose business it was to attend to the spiritual wants of the emigrants.

Lindel was, however, at that time chaplain to the Knights of St. John, who worshipped in the Maltese church in St. Petersburg, and till he had found a successor he could not leave for Odessa. Prince Galitzin, the Russian Prime Minister and the friend and founder of the

Russian Bible Society, took a deep interest in the matter, and having known Gossner as the translator and intrepid distributor of the Word of God in Bavaria, he proposed the Düsseldorf professor for this post.

On 2nd April, 1820, he received the call to St. Petersburg, and on the 27th June he was on his way to the Neva. The Prussian Government expressed sorrow at losing his services, and offered him forty per cent. addition to his salary with other inducements to remain. From all sides now came expressions of regret that he was about to leave the Rhine, and his pupils expressed their warmest affection, while the Directors of the Gymnasium gave him, on parting, a most brilliant testimonial.

On his way to his new home he rested a few days in Berlin, where he stayed with Mr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, and met with the leading men who then surrounded the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William III. of Prussia, who were the most earnest Christians at that time in the capital. There exist letters, which his biographer, Pastor Dalton of St. Petersburg, has published as written at the time of this visit, picturing him in brilliant colours. His humility, his courage, his deep practical knowledge of Scripture, his knowledge of the human heart, his love to Christ, his power to draw others near to the throne of God, his power of prayer, and his simple, affectionate, winning ways are dwelt on with touching affection. The short visit was not forgotten either by himself or those with whom he at that time met, but its recollection was treasured up as very precious.

Having reached St. Petersburg, Gossner began his work at once, and in a short time had meetings for prayer and expounding the Scriptures every evening in the week, in addition to the Sunday services, which were conducted in the church belonging to the Knights of St. John. His own dwelling-house was soon far too small for the crowds who wanted to join in the extra services. Just then there was a flat in a primely

house to let, but the rent was £900 a year. The friend who called his attention to it, and showed how a ball-room in the building could be easily turned into a church, added that the rent would be paid for him by an unknown friend as long as he required. For two full years he was able to use this hall, and to see on many occasions above 1000 worshippers present. The unknown friend was evidently the Emperor Alexander I. himself.

After four years' very successful labour, during which time many turned to God, the enemy obtained power to stop the blessed work. Gossner never knew how the matter came about, but his biographer, Pastor Dalton, discovered after his death, from State papers in St. Petersburg, the particular way in which the enemies of the Gospel carried out their plan, and with a masterly hand has described the wheels within wheels that were at work. Alexander's strength was completely exhausted and his death was approaching. It was then that Prince Galitzin was driven from his post; the work of the Bible Society was stopped in Russia; and Gossner was driven from the city by a wave of that fanatical zeal, that from time to time takes possession of the Greek Church.

The Emperor sent him a message before his departure to say that his Imperial confidence in him was unshaken, but he was obliged by circumstances to send him out of the Empire. The message was accompanied with a gift of £150 for travelling expenses, and a comfortable carriage to convey him to Germany.

The parting from his congregation was a heavy trial on both sides. For four years a very remarkable work of grace had been carried on. For the first two years, crowds often stood on the stairs when there was no more room in the hall, and afterwards the large saloon was constantly filled. Up till very lately remnants of the work of that time were still visible, and a few survived to tell of the joy that filled the hearts of the young converts as they prayed together and sung the hymns

of the Moravian Brethren at Father Gossner's meetings. The greater number of those that had been converted during these four years continued to meet together frequently in groups after he was gone, and a letter from Gossner, at first weekly, but afterwards less frequently, cheered them on in their pilgrimage Zionward. After a time faithful preachers came to St. Petersburg, and the remnant of Gossner's congregation by degrees attached themselves to these pastors.

## XII.

### HE RETURNS TO GERMANY.

Having been thus dismissed, Gossner travelled to Berlin, and after a very short stay proceeded to Altona. There was a branch of the Christian Association there, with which Gossner had corresponded during his stay in Basel. Mr. Van der Smitten gave him his own country house on the Elbe near Flottbeck, where he remained about six months. He here met with Dr. Merle d'Aubigne, who had for five years laboured faithfully in the French church in Hamburg, till the Rationalistic party succeeded in driving him away. Amalia Sieveking, the Elizabeth Fry of Germany, was a frequent visitor at his house. She was at that time anxious to form a sisterhood in the Protestant Church, and the evangelical priest seemed to be the man to carry out her idea. She had long to wait before her plan assumed a definite form, and then in 1832 it became a Women's Association for Nursing the Sick Poor. A letter written at that time from Altona described Gossner as "a man of wondrous sweetness of character and power in prayer."

When the winter was coming on, Boos invited him to come and stay at Sayn, near Neuwied-on-the-Rhine, but he chose to go to Leipzig, to be near his publisher, Tauchnitz, who was then bringing out some books that Gossner had written. He was in no way hampered now in his worldly means, for with the gift of £150 from the Emperor on leaving

Russia and many presents from his attached congregation, he found himself on coming to Leipzig in possession of £500.

Here he spent two years in quiet retirement, and had several books printed, such as his translation of *Thomas à Kempis*, his *Golden Treasury* and many tracts. Martin Boos died while he was in Leipzig, and Gossner wrote his biography. Sailer, who had now made his peace with Rome, and was an old man in his seventy-fourth year, tried, happily without success, to dissuade him from publishing the *Life of Boos*, and thus rip up old wounds that would expose the conduct of the Roman Catholic party. He had himself published Feneberg's *Life*, and done good service to the Gospel, but now "he was afraid of high things."

At first Gossner attended the churches in Leipzig, but finding no edification there, he encouraged his friends to meet at his own house on Sunday evenings to sing, read and pray; but on 8th July, 1826, the Lutheran pastors obtained an order from the police to banish him from the town, as no private meetings could be held for Christian edification in a Lutheran community.

### XIII.

#### HE SETTLES IN BERLIN.

When driven from Leipzig he accepted an invitation to stay with some of the wealthy families connected with the Moravians. While staying among the Brethren in Silesia he once joined with them at the communion; and by that simple act, twenty-seven years after his conversion, he publicly left the Church of Rome. After spending a month among these friends in Silesia, he felt the need of regular employment, and was advised to go to Berlin, which he reached on 12th October, 1826.

The number of real Christians in Berlin at that time was very small. For forty-eight years Father Jaenicke in the Bethlehem church had been nearly the only really earnest preacher in the

whole city. The pious people met in private for mutual edification. Schleiermacher had been breaking down Rationalism. Neander and the excellent Court chaplain, Strauss—not to be confounded with the Professor of the same name in later days in South Germany—and a select few were beginning to preach the gospel.

Before he could enter on any work in Berlin, he, a man in his fifty-fourth year, who for many years had preached with a success granted to few, must submit to regular examination and be licensed by the Ecclesiastical Consistory, as if he had been fresh from college. After many difficulties, he, by the intervention of the King, obtained leave to present himself for examination, and the Rationalist clergy made his course very difficult.

It was not till 1829 that he was called provisionally to be one of the pastors of the Bethlehem church, with the joint use of the vicarage and a salary of £144 per year.

### XIV.

#### AS PROTESTANT PASTOR.

The Bethlehem church, of which he was now co-pastor, had been founded for the Huguenots that fled from France in 1672. Other exiles arrived in Berlin in 1732, and the church was opened in 1737. Of these exiles many had come from Bohemia, some of whom were Lutheran, and some adhered to the Moravian Brethren. There were, therefore, two pastors, one of each of these denominations, who ministered alternately in the same church, and one of these posts was, by order of the King, given to Gossner. He was ordained in March 1829, and took up his dwelling in the parsonage in Wilhelm Street, 29, where he lived fifteen years in the rooms that Jaenicke had so long occupied.

He preached with singular faithfulness, sparing the sins neither of high nor low. He had protested publicly against the masquerades that were then so much in fashion in Berlin, even in the Royal palace; and the Minister of State, Eich-

horn, felt himself called on to protest against any attack being made on what the King sanctioned in his own palace. Gossner promised, in reply, to be more careful of his expressions in the pulpit; but added that if he had made a mistake, it arose from this, that he had supposed the watchmen were as much bound to give notice to the fire brigade when they saw a room in the Royal palace on fire as if it had been a labourer's dwelling.

His church was crowded every Sunday at a time when church-going was not fashionable in Berlin. During the week he did not so much visit his congregation as receive their visits at the parsonage. He was often sent for to speak words of comfort and pray at death-beds. The Princess Marianne, wife of Prince William of Prussia, sent for him in her last illness, and he remained with her faithfully to the close. When Prince Bismarck's eldest son, Count Herbert, was born, it was Gossner that was asked to baptize him.

A student from Halle, who called one morning, gives the following account of his visit: "I was shown into the garden, and there was the very man under whose eloquence I had sat spell-bound more than an hour the previous Sunday, walking among his flowers in his dressing-gown. He gave me a hearty welcome. The conversation turned on Hegel, and Gossner said he knew Hegel's widow very well; she was a dear Christian, and one of his most faithful helpers in home mission work. She had told him much about her husband, who was at heart a sincere Christian. He played with ideas as he (Gossner) played with his flowers. His disciples represented him very different from his real character."

A drunken labourer met him one day on the street, and crying, "Your good health, Gossner," put the whiskey-bottle to his mouth. "Oh," replied Gossner, "I could drink if I chose, but you *must*." The word went to the man's heart, and he asked himself, Am I then the slave of drink? He tried to give it up, but the task was so hard, that he was obliged to come to Gossner to ask how he could

overcome this passion. He was there told of One that sets the prisoner free, and the drunkard went to Him and was healed.

Gossner gathered young men about him in large numbers, some of whom he trained to nurse the sick. This was in 1833, and in 1843 he succeeded in founding the Elizabeth Hospital, that works in rich blessing to this day. He founded an Institution for little children, who should be cared for while their mothers were at work. Eventually he established seven schools, and in twenty-four years above 17,000 children passed through them. Almost endless were the benevolent schemes that he set in motion while pastor of the Bethlehem church. He sometimes wrote tracts to procure funds for this work. As a specimen we may take the tract on "The Lord's Day," from which we select the following extracts:

"The day of the Lord is dishonoured. The commands of the Most High are trodden under foot. God's Word is despised and His house stands empty. Because the transgression of this command is not punished by the magistrates, we see the land filled with disobedient children, unfaithful servants, rebellious subjects. Ask the outcasts and the fallen when and how they forsook the path of virtue, and all reply: My ruin began with breaking the Lord's day. This commandment is as old as the world, and will last as long as the world. It is not of men, but written on stone by the finger of God." In such strains Gossner warned a godless generation.

## XV.

### THE FOREIGN MISSION.

In the Foreign Mission he took a lively interest, and worked for a time on the Berlin Committee. This Committee sent out no missionaries to the heathen who had not completed a full college course and been ordained. There was great difficulty at that time in finding suitable men of this class, and Gossner

proposed to send out others that loved the Lord, even though they had not enjoyed a college training. His proposal was rejected, so he took the work up himself on these new lines, in the year 1836, when he was sixty-three years of age. In 1837, seven missionaries were sent out—men of God who had no promise of a fixed salary, but went forth resolved, in case of need, to labour for their bread in their respective trades. Some of those sent out later were college-trained men, but his great aim was to find men filled with the Holy Spirit and love to the souls of the perishing. Other societies gladly accepted Gossner's missionaries, and sent them out to their respective fields.

The field which they occupied was very wide. Some went to Australia, some to New Zealand, India, and the islands of the Pacific. Some went to work among the German emigrants in the United States of America. Far and wide they went, till in the first ten years he had sent out eighty missionaries, and up to the present time the missionaries who have gone forth from that society are counted by hundreds.

The brightest part of his work was at Chota Nagpore, among the Kols; where in twelve years, up to 1870, there were 26,477 of the lowest and most degraded tribes of India who had joined the Christian Church. After Gossner's death the work was ably continued many years by the well-known Dr. Prochnow, and it was during his time that the richest harvest in this field was gathered in.

The missionaries that were sent out during Gossner's life, not only invariably called him Father, but felt towards him the most intense filial affection. His keen perception of character prevented him from making many mistakes in the choice of his missionaries, and they

proved themselves mostly very efficient. When misunderstandings at any time arose, his greatest threat was, "*If this quarrelling does not at once stop, we in Berlin will cease to pray for you,*" and such a warning was almost always successful.

In April 1846, Gossner resigned his charge in the Bethlehem church and went to live near the Elizabeth Hospital, to which Institution he devoted the evening of his life. He was privileged to write twenty-five Annual Reports of this Institution, and had seen many triumphs of the Gospel among the sick and dying. He had also seen many deaconesses trained to do excellent work outside the Institution.

When the time drew near that he should die, a deaconess from the Elizabeth Hospital nursed him, while his friends comforted him by their sympathy and their prayers. He was called to pass through deep waters, that for some weeks seemed to overwhelm his soul as though the Lord had forsaken him, but at evening time there was light. Pastor Büchsel was at his side when the last struggle came, and he passed away in peace on 30th March, 1858, in his eighty-fifth year, having laboured unceasingly till within a few weeks of his death. Sorrowing friends in large numbers accompanied his remains to their last resting-place, and General Superintendent Büchsel spoke at the grave, where an immense crowd joined in singing a sweet hymn and in giving thanks to God for all that the dear departed one had been to them and the Church. His work lives on prosperously. His great mission work continues to be a blessing to many, while the numerous books and tracts he wrote continue to bring light and comfort to weary souls in many lands.

JAMES CRAIG, D.D.

# CHRISTMAS EVANS.



2107.2.44.



the lords and others who then held the place of chiefest authority not to suffer Edmund Campian and his fellow-conspirators to be put to death, nor to let that custom continue longer in the kingdom that death rather than some other punishment should be inflicted on the Papist offenders. He endeavoured to prove by many reasons how much it was to the weakening of the cause, to follow rather the example of their adversaries in apportioning punishments than their own mildness, and that they much rather ought to strive as well in mercy and clemency to overcome them, as they had already in the justice of their cause got the upper hand." The great martyrologist was, in truth, a man before his times, and for a while his counsels fell upon heedless ears; yet it is much to know that he who had written so sternly and even passionately on the cruel deeds of Romish persecutors, could steadfastly resist the temptation to retaliate in kind, and not allow either the perils of the State and the Queen, or the excited demands of the people, to silence his pleading for justice and mercy.

### XIII.

#### FAMILY AND SOCIAL LIFE.

We know but little of Foxe's domestic relations. After his return to England, nothing appears in the records concerning his mother and his step-father, or his father-in-law; nor does he seem to have visited either Coventry or Boston. These relatives probably were no longer living. Or perhaps the old alienation continued. Some of Foxe's biographers indeed assert that his step-father deprived him of his patrimony, but this statement lacks confirmation. Mrs. Foxe was a homely loving matron, as appears from an affectionate ill-spelled letter to one of her sons, Samuel, to whom also we are indebted for Foxe's biography. This Samuel appears to have given the good old man some anxiety; not, however, from anything actually vicious, as from a tendency to ostentation which must have been pe-

culiarly abhorrent to the father. While a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, the youth went for a journey abroad without the permission of the college authorities. He returned in garments of a fashionable cut, and presented himself for his father's blessing. "Why," said Foxe, "what fine gentleman have we here?" "Do you not know me?" was the reply; "I am Samuel, your son." "Ah," rejoined the father, "what enemy of thine hath taught thee so much vanity?" The College treated the youth more severely, and expelled him, on the charge of Romish proclivities. But Foxe would not submit to this, and wrote a long letter to the authorities,<sup>1</sup> in which he strongly took his son's part, and attributed the young man's expulsion to internal dissensions in the college. The old martyrologist does not disguise his fears that the Puritan party will now themselves prove intolerant. "I perceive," he says, "a certain race of men rising up, who, if they should increase and gather strength in this kingdom, I am sorry to say what disturbance I foresee must follow it." Samuel Foxe was restored by royal mandate, and we hear no more of his tendencies to Popery.

Although he was so much of a recluse, the company and counsel of Foxe were continually sought. "There repaired unto him both citizens and strangers, noblemen and common people of all degrees, and almost all for the same cause, to seek some salve for a wounded conscience." Many of his letters of spiritual counsel have been preserved—some of them dealing with very personal matters. Thus, among his correspondence preserved in the British Museum, there is a letter to him "from one under temptation to blaspheme, requesting counsel." One draft of a letter in his handwriting is to a gentleman of rank, exhorting him to forgive his wife some grave offence that she had committed against him. Several letters are to persons in concern about their spiritual state,

<sup>1</sup> Fuller gives the letter in its original Latin; *Church History of Great Britain*, bk. ix. sec. iii. 14.



whom with loving counsel he exhorts to seek their rest in Christ. One of the longest and most interesting of the communications is to a young lady, to whom he earnestly and argumentatively recommends a youth as husband. What effect was produced by the epistle we do not know.

He had a kindly humour, and occasionally a caustic tongue. "Being once asked at a friend's table what dish he desired to be sent up to him to begin his meal with, he answered, 'The last;' which word was pleasantly taken, as if he had meant some choice dish, such as are usually brought for the second course; whereas he rather signified the desire he had to see dinner ended, that he might go home.

"Going abroad by chance, he met a woman that he knew, who, pulling a book from under her arm, and saying, 'See you not that I am going to a sermon?' Master Foxe replied: 'But if you will be ruled by me, go home rather, for to-day you will do but little good at church;' and when she asked, 'At what time therefore he would counsel her to go?' then answered he, 'When you tell nobody beforehand.'

"When a young man, a little too forward, had said, in presence of many, 'that he could conceive no reason in the reading of the old authors why men should so greatly admire them,' 'No marvel indeed,' quoth master Foxe; 'for if you could conceive the reason, you would admire them yourself.'"

The currency of anecdotes like these shows that Foxe had no small social influence. That he employed it wisely and well, is certain. Some indeed there were who were so impressed by the charm of his words, enforced as these were by his almost ghostly aspect, that they were ready to attribute to him powers to which he laid no claim. "Some who were sick in body would needs be carried to him. But this practice, to stop rumours, he would not suffer. For, because they were brought thither, they were by some reported to be

cured." It is to a tendency of this kind that the epithet *thaumaturgus*, inscribed upon his tomb in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, has been attributed. And yet the epitaph, which we give on a subsequent page, obviously bears another meaning; as it explains the "wonder-working" power of Foxe to be shown in his recalling the martyrs as alive from the dead.

Some remarkable stories were told of his visits to the diseased. Of these, the best authenticated and the most remarkable, relates to one Mrs. Honeywood, a lady who in Queen Mary's reign had been noted for deeds of Christian charity, visiting the martyrs in their prisons, and affording help of various kinds to other sufferers for conscience' sake. To all appearance, this lady, who had been an invalid for twenty years, was near her death; and she had so given way to melancholy as to regard herself as eternally lost. Her friends were sitting mutely around, unable to console her, waiting for the end. Foxe had long vainly urged upon her the promises and consolations of the Gospel, when at last he distinctly said not only that she was not lost, but that she would not die. "I shall," she exclaimed, "as surely as that glass is shivered to pieces!"—dashing to the ground as she uttered the words a frail Venetian glass by her bedside. Very remarkably the fall of the glass was somehow broken, and it reached the ground unharmed. The wonder wrought more than all Mr. Foxe's pleadings. Mrs. Honeywood recovered, and lived happily for thirty years longer, reaching the age of ninety, and numbering three hundred and sixty-seven descendants at the time of her death. The incident is preserved in local tradition, and the glass is still in the possession of some of Mrs. Honeywood's descendants. That the facts occurred as stated there is little doubt; they may no doubt be accounted for by strictly natural causes, but it is in the conduct and issue of natural causes that we discern the Providence of God; nor need we doubt that this eminent servant

John Foxe was in this case a minister of truth and healing to the afflicted one.

Foxe was noted for almsgiving, and, says Fuller, was to be recognised by the retinue of beggars that followed him. By charity, his son tells us, he impoverished his estate. A crowd of mendicants was once waiting for him at the gates of Bishop Aylmer's palace. Having nothing to give them, Foxe returned and borrowed five pounds of the Bishop, distributing the sum freely as he again went out. Some time after Aylmer asked for the return of the loan. "Nay," said Foxe; "I have laid it out for you, and paid it where you owed it, to the poor people at your gate." The Bishop, instead of being offended, thanked Foxe for thus becoming his almoner. This was a function, in fact, in which the good man was employed by many, in a more voluntary way; large sums being entrusted to his disposal for purposes of charity.

#### XIV.

##### DEATH OF FOXE.

At last, worn out by old age and incessant labour, the great martyrologist died at the age of seventy. The year of his decease was one of dread in England, owing to the preparations that were made by Spain for the onslaught of the great Armada. Amid the overhanging cloud the steadfast voice of Foxe was heard, predicting the failure of the attempt. He was no prophet, but he read the signs of the times: he trusted in God and had faith in the destinies of England.

Both the sons of Foxe were absent from the dying scene. The old man

had deliberately spared them the distress of witnessing his last agonies. One was absent from London at the time, by his father's wish: the other Foxe sent into the country on some errand when conscious that the end drew near. But the sons themselves felt the privation to be great. Samuel Foxe writes: "To me and my brother this was the most grievous of all chances, that thereby we could neither come to close his eyes, to receive his last blessing and exhortations, nor satisfy our minds with that last sight of him. Perchance we could with more patience have endured to see the fainting approaches of his death drawing on, than to have lost in him so good an example how to die."

Foxe died on the 18th of April, 1587. "Upon the report of his death the whole city lamented, honouring the small funeral which was made for him with the concourse of a great multitude of people, and in no other fashion of mourning than as if among so many each man had buried his own father or his own brother." His monument in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, bears an inscription in Latin, written by his son Samuel:

"To John Foxe, most faithful martyrologist of the English Church, most sagacious explorer of historical antiquity, most valiant defender of evangelical truth: an admirable thaumaturge, who has brought again as living from their ashes, like Phoenixes, the Marian martyrs: Samuel Foxe his first-born has, with dutiful affection and tears, erected this monument. He died April 18, A.D. 1587, at the age of seventy. *Life's duration is mortal, its hope immortal.*"

S. G. GREEN, D.D.

# BERNARD PALISSY.



## BERNARD PALISSY.

### I.

#### PALISSY ON HIS 'PRENTICE-TOUR.

It was the custom in old France for apprentices to complete their knowledge of their craft by travelling. These tours were not made in mere Bohemian fashion, for the guild to which they belonged had houses of call in various parts of the country, presided over by a matron who bore the name of "Mother," and where an agent attended to help the young journeyman to get work. The system was well devised in the interests of the trade and of the individual workman. The latter saw the work of the best masters in his craft all over France, and he enlarged his mind by contact with the great world. And if it should happen that he was one of those rare beings who are ever striving to find out 'the reason why' of all they see, and the period of his travels one in which the sources of knowledge were not only being rapidly opened, but the whole world was so moved that the dullest mind would be spurred into activity, the opportunity afforded might prove of signal advantage to himself and to his fellow-men. Such a combination of circumstances occurred when Bernard Palissy made his 'prentice-tour, between 1528 and 1539.

Certainly the world was stirring in those days; at least, the world of which France was the centre. Luther's defiance of the Pope, his confession before the Imperial Diet at Worms, the sack of Rome and capture of Clement VII.,—these things proclaimed that a New World had come into existence, and he who travelled felt it at every turn. From Bohemia to Britain, from Sweden to the Pyrenees, the European peoples were moved in a way no words can express, except it be those of the 35th chapter of Isaiah. Men, poor men, the disinherited,

the long-oppressed, said to each other: "Be strong, fear not; behold your God cometh with vengeance. He cometh to save you." "The eyes of the blind were opened, the ears of the deaf were unstopped, the lame man leapt as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb began to sing; for in the wilderness waters had broken out and streams in the desert." Such was the evangelic fervour, that the poor peasants of Germany thought that they had but to ask for justice to get it. However, they were mistaken; the Kingdom of Heaven had been proclaimed but not realized; an era of massacres and martyrdoms had set in, and exterminating edicts were fulminated against their faith. The year 1534 saw the fanatical outbreak at Munster, and early in 1535 a fierce persecution raged in Paris, where men were tortured to death in cruel fashion. Nothing, however, could extinguish the new hope or depress the new life. Hundreds of men hazarded their lives carrying all over the land the Book which contained the charter of liberty. Drapers, clothmakers, weavers, day-labourers, old women,—such were the missionaries of the new doctrine. It would have been difficult to go a day's journey in France and not to hear of it. Never was there a time when it could be more truly said that the word of the Lord ran and was glorified. It is reckoned that one-sixth of the population ranged themselves under its banner. This was the France through which Bernard Palissy, in the year 1528, being then about nineteen years of age, began to travel; and during the next ten or eleven years he visited nearly every province in the kingdom, from the Pyrenees to the North Sea, from Brittany to the Rhine; and in addition he went into Lower Germany, the Ardennes, Luxembourg, the duchy of Cleves and Palatinate.

exercising the trades of glass-making and glass-painting, making portraits and surveying.

## II.

### PALISSY AND NATURE.

Although Palissy has left us so many details of his life and experience, he has nowhere mentioned the date or place of his birth. Agrippa d'Aubigné, who knew him, represents him as born about the last year of the fifteenth century, but this all his more modern biographers are agreed to reject as incorrect, and to consider that he really came into the world about 1509 or 1510. It is also generally agreed to regard a little village on the border of Guienne, called Chapelle Biron, as his birth-place. Whether his father was a glass-maker does not appear, but there is every probability he was. If so, Bernard Palissy was a forest child, for glass-making had to be carried on in the woods, both because it was considered an operation too dangerous for towns, and also because certain materials used in its composition were thus more cheaply obtained. A free woodland life, so full of suggestiveness to a curious, imaginative child, was thus in all probability the scene of Bernard Palissy's earliest experience. "I have had no other books," said he, "but heaven and earth, which are open to all."

However, he learnt to read and write, and somehow, and at some period of his life, he learnt to draw. In due time he was apprenticed to glass-making and glass-painting, and in learning these arts he had to acquire some knowledge of minerals and the chemical action of fire, and the effect that under its influence one substance has on another. Unfortunately the demand for his art was on the decline. More light was the order of the day, and people began to feel it gloomy to sit like owls in rooms darkened by painted glass.

Palissy seems to have gone at first in the direction of the Pyrenees, and to have lived for a considerable time at Tarbes, then the capital of the old pro-

vince of Bigorre. Tarbes is at the very foot of the Pyrenees, and owes to this fact the almost incomparable beauty of its situation—a verdant plain bounded by blue mountains. Among the many things Palissy has told us concerning himself, he says nothing about the beginning of his religious life. It is not improbable that while yet a boy he had heard the Gospel in the glass-makers' hamlet, or his father's solitary hut, in the depths of the forest. It was just in such places, hidden and obscure, that the pedlar-missionaries would find a welcome for their Bibles and Psalm-books, and here perchance he had already joined in singing some of David's Psalms. If so, he would possibly have already become enamoured of the hundred-and-fourth, the key-note of his attitude towards the natural world which he studied so reverently and indefatigably.

In wandering among the glens, valleys and woodland glades, or along the tracks of the dried-up rivers of the Pyrenees; in collecting mosses and lichens, marvellous stones, pebbles, earths, shells; in watching the curious reptiles, lizards, snakes, toads, or the rapid movements of the wild animals, and the glitter of the fish in its rivers; in listening to the roar of the waterfall or the various notes of its birds; above all, in observing the changes caused by the seasons and the splendours of sunset and sunrise,—if Palissy did not constantly exclaim, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all," the words at least express his feelings.

This delight in the works of the Sovereign Worker, the Sovereign Architect, the Sovereign Geometer, as it is characteristic of Palissy to call the Creator, gave sublimity to his character. Walking with God, he was, even in the most abject poverty, a king among men.

## III.

### REFORM IN SAINTES.

Bernard Palissy finished his travels about 1538, took to himself a wife, and

settled down at Saintes, the capital of the province of Saintonge. An old Roman bridge over the Charente, on the centre of which stood a triumphal arch, with inscriptions in honour of Germanicus, Tiberius, and Drusus, and the remains of a vast amphitheatre, testified to the former splendour of Saintes as a Roman capital; now it was but a congeries of narrow, crooked streets, obstructive gates, and surrounded by a many-towered wall, containing a prison and a huge cathedral with a seven-storied tower.

To know how it was that Saintes was thus in decay, one must read Palissy's own writings, and especially his history of the *Religious Troubles in Xaintonge*; also a contemporary work, called *Le Livre des Marchands*, in which a number of tradesmen discourse one after the other on the iniquities going on in France at this time, and all they say justifies Palissy in so often using the words of the prophet Ezekiel: "Woe be to you, shepherds, who eat the fat and clothe you with the wool, and leave my flock scattered upon the mountains; I will require it at your hands."

And this the shepherds managed easily, because they took care not to object to influential laymen having a tuft or two out of the fleece. But the respective shares of clergy and laity may be judged of by the elegant simile in which the Draper in the *Livre des Marchands* describes this way of treating the goods of the Church. "It is," he says, "as if a man should throw to the dogs a bone of which he had sucked the marrow." For while all sorts of people were gratified by "morsels of benefice," the feast was reserved for the cardinals and bishops. For example, the Bishop of Saintes, Palissy's so-called spiritual father, held the following benefices. He was archbishop of Rouen, abbot of St. Denis, abbot of St. Germain des Pres, abbot of St. Ouen, abbot of Jumièges, abbot of Corbie, abbot of Vendôme, abbot of La Couture, abbot of Signy, abbot of Orcamp, abbot of Montebourg, abbot of Valemont, abbot

of Persèigne, abbot of St. Geniez, abbot of Châtelier, abbot of Proidmont, abbot of St. Etienne, in Dijon; abbot of St. Lucien, in Beauvais; abbot of St. Michael, in Lerm; &c., &c. With such wealth he could magnificently support the rank of Legate of Avignon, Cardinal and Peer of France. But then this venerable prelate, —he was five-and-twenty years of age,— "was descended from the precious blood of Monseigneur St. Louis," a sufficient reason why he should be steeped up to his eyes in the good things of this world.

However, some of those men "that turn the world upside down" by their persistent belief that the Kingdom of Heaven is a reality, and that Christian men at least ought to live according to its laws, came to Saintes and dared to say as much. Holders of benefices soon found out that these men were monks who had either been in Germany, or had read heretical books from that land, and the authorities looking as if they were about to pounce on them, "the said monks," as Palissy quaintly observes, "fearing that they should die in too hot a bed," fled to the neighbouring islands, where they laboured quietly among the people as school-masters and in other capacities. Many listened to their doctrine, and people's eyes were opened in all directions, so that the fiscal attorney thought it high time to warn the bishop, who gave him charge and commission to extirpate the heretics, the Parliament of Bordeaux allowing him a good sum of money for his expenses. Three of the preachers were arrested: Brother Robin, in the isle of Olleron, another named Nicole, in the isle of Allevet, and the brother at Gimosac, who kept a school and preached on Sundays. To make the people believe them mad, the fiscal attorney caparisoned them in green, bridled them like horses, each bridle having an apple of iron, which was forced into their mouths, and which of course effectually prevented them from uttering inconvenient truths as they were led to Bordeaux, where they were sentenced to death. Brother Robin,

however, eluded his persecutors, and that in so remarkable a manner that Palissy has recorded every detail. Shut up in the prison at Saintes, brother Robin got some files, rid himself of his fetters, and making a hole in the wall, crept into the court, in which, however, were a number of great village dogs. He threw them some bread, "whereupon," says Palissy, "the said dogs were as quiet as Daniel's lions." He then passed an open door from the bishop's court into the garden, to find himself, however, surrounded by high walls. But by the light of the moon he mounted a pear-tree close to the wall, and from thence jumped to a chimney, and so over the roofs of the houses into the town of Saintes. But here new dangers beset him, for he did not know the town or any one in it; so he knocked at hazard at various doors, among others at that of a counsellor, who next morning offered for his apprehension fifty dollars on the part of the grand vicar. At last, however, he found a friendly house, from whence he was the same hour conducted out of the town; and this, Palissy is careful to tell us, occurred in August, 1546; and in the same month Robin's fellow-prisoners were burnt, one at Saintes and the other at Libourne.

#### IV.

##### GROPING IN THE DARK.

This story marks an epoch in Palissy's life. It is evident that he was very deeply interested in these poor persecuted preachers; and from the vivid manner in which he relates all the details of brother Robin's escape, and the fact that his house in all probability was in the outskirts of Saintes, there is ground for believing that it was Palissy himself who assisted the fugitive in getting safely out of the city. Be this as it may, it was the latter half of this year 1546, probably some time in the autumn, that Palissy attained the great object of his research, how to make white enamel.

For about two years after his settlement in Saintes, Palissy had gone on quietly, pursuing his various occupations, and no doubt prospering. In an evil hour for his domestic peace he was shown an enamelled cup of Italian manufacture, a cup of such surpassing beauty, that Palissy, being an artist by nature, was fired with the idea of making one like it. He knew nothing whatever of the art of pottery, and had but the faintest conception of what was necessary to make enamel. However, an inner consciousness of the beautiful things he could make, if he could only discover how to produce enamels, determined him to set out on the search; "I began," he says, "to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark."

It is not so much the beautiful and curious ware that Palissy succeeded at last in producing which chiefly interests us; it is the man we see coming out of all the prodigious efforts which he made, of all this untiring, indomitable energy, of all this simple, unwavering, all-overcoming faith.

It was in 1540 that Bernard Palissy entered on that long series of efforts which were to be so often baffled before he attained success. He commenced in his own house, pounding and mixing all kinds of earth in every possible proportion, and baking the same on fragments of pottery, which he had smashed in pieces for the purpose. Keeping notes of his proportions, he watched anxiously for a favourable result. But nothing of the kind appeared; nothing took place but blunders, and they were innumerable. "Thus," he sadly said, "I fooled away several years."

Happily, in 1543 circumstances occurred which enabled him for a time to recover from the poverty into which he had fallen through the non-success of his efforts. In that year Francis I., being in want of money, determined to raise the tax on the production of salt in the marshes of Saintonge; the constable Montmorency was sent with an army to collect the money, but he, wishing to do it as equitably as possible,

resolved to have a survey made of the coast and its islands. Palissy was recommended as the most suitable man in the neighbourhood, and he, momentarily defeated, accepted the offer.

In the salt-marshes he learnt many things, as may be seen by his writings; above all, it is clear he came to understand the work being done by brother Robin, Nicole, the preacher, and the brother at Gimosac, who was so much beloved by the inhabitants. The survey took him about a twelvemonth, and at its close he returned with renewed ardour to the search after the white enamel, which he understood was the basis of all the rest. This he succeeded in obtaining; and so encouraged was he by this faint streak of dawn in a sky hitherto persistently black and lowering, that he went on for two years more, with no further result; he experienced, in fact, nothing but failure upon failure. His money went, his wife became discontented. He determined to try one batch more, and if not successful, to withdraw from the effort. "God willed," he says, "that when I had begun to lose my courage and had gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial-pieces, there was one among those pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature." And this happened about the time, or soon after the time, that brother Robin made his escape from the prison in Saintes.

## V.

### ALONE, AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.

This success so encouraged him, that he began himself to make vessels of earth, and to build a furnace. But he was so miserably poor, that he had to do all the work himself. It took him some months to make his pots; as to his furnace, he had to be his own mason,

and not only to lay every brick himself, but to fetch them home on his back. The pots were at last prepared, and were placed in the furnace; but though he fed both its mouths with wood incessantly for six days and six nights, his enamel would not melt, and he was almost desperate. Convinced there was something wrong, he recommenced pounding, grinding, mixing, and at the same time keeping up the fire. But now a new trouble came upon him; he had used up all his fuel, and had no money to buy fresh. He pulled up the palings in his garden, and that being insufficient, he burnt the tables and tore up the flooring of his house. This was too much for his wife, and she ran into the street proclaiming her troubles to the world. The neighbours gathered, and when they saw Palissy, worn to a skeleton, watching his furnace, they thought him mad. Some said he was coining false money, others that he deserved to die of hunger, seeing that he had left off following his trade. To all their reproaches, he answered not a word; his anguish was in fact so great, that he could not speak; he was quite exhausted with labour, anxiety, and the heat of the furnace.

So little, however, had all these disasters shaken his courage, that he commenced to rebuild his furnace, an undertaking in which he gashed his fingers, for the intense heat had vitrified both the mortar and the brick. Finally, another batch of vessels was put in, but again a failure, and this time worse than ever. The heat had been sufficient, the enamel had melted, but the vehemence of the fire had caused the flints in the mortar to crack; and when his vases had cooled, he found them covered with fine flints which cut the hand like a razor.

The loss of this batch of work covered him with shame and confusion, for he had reckoned on obtaining for it enough to satisfy his creditors. So he said within himself, if a man should fall into a pit, it is his duty to endeavour to get out again; and that he, being in this case,



ought to set about to make some paintings, and in various ways to take pains to make a little money. And this he did, not only on this occasion, but doubtless on many other occasions; for only thus could he have supported these long trials and heavy expenses, his last furnace having cost him twenty-six gold dollars, an impossible sum if he had been a man who for years was earning nothing at all.

But the moment the exigencies of life were satisfied, he was at his task once more. But again a failure, for this time the draught in his furnace blew the ashes on to his melted enamel, and another batch was ruined. This led him to put all his vessels into earthen coverings, an invention which prevented further catastrophes from flints and ashes. However, he had still much to learn, for he did not yet know how to regulate the temperature or how much heat was required for each sort of clay; it was a long and tedious experience, and it cost him fifteen or sixteen years before he arrived at a point at which he could really ensure anything like success.

During this time he had braved every possible trial; not only the contempt of his neighbours, and the reproaches of his wife and family, but hunger, cold and nakedness, want of sleep, and constant anxiety, labouring all the time as one condemned to the galleys or to the mines. "I have been," he says, "for several years without the means of covering my furnaces. I was every night at the mercy of the rains and winds, without receiving any help, aid or consolation, except from the owls that screeched on one side, and the dogs that howled upon the other; sometimes there would arise winds and storms, which blew in such a manner up and down my furnaces that I was constrained to quit the whole with loss of my labour, and go to bed at midnight or near dawn, looking like a man who had been dragged through all the puddles in the town: and retiring in this manner soiled and drenched, I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which causes me to

marvel now that I was not consumed with suffering."

## VI.

### THE SECRET OF PALISSY'S PERSEVERANCE.

What made this poor artisan so persevering and so courageous? What sustained his faith under such difficulties? We shall err exceedingly if we imagine that the discovery of the art of making enamels was the one thought that absorbed Palissy's soul for fifteen or sixteen years. It had seized him, no doubt, with almost the grip of a gaoler; nevertheless, he had shown again and again that he was not its slave. When it was absolutely necessary, he withdrew, and set to work to supply the wants of his household. The thought that impelled and sustained him was the duty of multiplying his talents. Any one who reads his writings will find that the parable of the talents had laid hold of him with a force which only those constituted as he can at all adequately understand.

Palissy had a secret life; his soul went out to God as manifested in nature and in His people banded together under the shelter of the Captain of their salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ. Convinced that the world was full of folly and roguery, he was of opinion that Christians should return to their old simplicity, assuring themselves that they will have enemies, and be persecuted all the time of their life, if by direct paths they will follow and sustain the cause of God; for such was his reading of the promises contained in the Old and New Testament. And the truth of this he had seen again and again in his own experience in Saintes, not only in the history already related of the martyrs of 1546, but also in that of another man of God who suffered for the same cause in 1557.

Philibert Hamelin was one of those apostolic men who travelled all over France with no other outfit except a staff in his hand, inciting men to have ministers and to erect some kind of a church. He had made himself a printer, and had printed the Bible, which he

employed agents to sell. He came to Saintes to testify there to the full truth of what he had learnt in Geneva, because it was at Saintes that on a former occasion he had dissembled his convictions. He came into the town, met a little company of seven or eight people, prayed with them, and advised them to meet together and exhort one another, and then he went to one of the islands in the salt-marshes, labouring there to win the people to God. The magistrates, alarmed at his doings, especially at his having baptized a child, set off in pursuit with horses, gendarmes, cooks and sutlers. He was taken and safely lodged in the criminals' prison.

"I mustered hardihood," says Palissy, (although the days were perilous in those times) "to go and remonstrate with six of the principal judges and magistrates of this town of Saintes, that they had imprisoned a prophet or an angel of God, sent to announce His word and judgment of condemnation to men in these last days, assuring them that for eleven years I had known the said Philibert Hamelin to be of so holy a life, that it seemed to me as if the other men were devils compared to him." The magistrates received Palissy's remonstrance kindly, treated their prisoner with gentleness, and thought to get rid of all responsibility by handing him over to the Parliament of Bordeaux, where he was condemned to death, being hanged the 18th of April, 1557. While in prison, an advocate of France brought three hundred livres and offered it the gaoler, provided he would, at night, put the said Philibert outside the prison. The gaoler was tempted, but took counsel first with Master Philibert, who replied, "that it was better worth his while to die at the hands of the executioner, than to expose another man to evil for the good of self."

## VII.

### PALISSY AND THE CHURCH AT SAINTES.

We saw just now how Philibert Hamelin arrived, staff in hand, at Saintes, and

there in apostolic fashion exhorted the brethren and prayed with them; what adds to the interest is the fact that Palissy himself was one of the number, and in all probability one of the two who founded this little church.

"Some time," he says, "before the arrest of Philibert, there was in Saintes an artisan wonderfully poor and indigent, who had so great a desire for the progress of the Gospel, that he made it clear one day to another artisan, as poor and with as little learning as himself, for they both knew scarcely anything; nevertheless the first said to the other, that if he would employ himself in exhorting, it would be the cause of great fruit; and although the second felt himself totally destitute of learning, this very fact gave him courage."

It would have been very interesting if Palissy had given us the exact terms of the Gospel of which these two artisans conversed. No doubt they thought it good news to be able to tell each other that they might gain access to God through Christ without the intervention of any merely human mediator; and to be able to tell men that God freely forgives all who repent and believe in Jesus Christ as the one sacrifice for the sin of the world.

Now here, as elsewhere, Palissy does not distinctly say, one of these men was myself; but there can be no doubt such was the case, for of the five persons who composed the first Reformed church at Saintes, Palissy must have been in a supreme degree the master-mind, and the one by far the most likely to take a bold initiative. From the character of the exhortation given by the artisan who first spoke to the nine or ten persons who gathered together on Sunday mornings as a Reformed congregation in Saintes, it might be inferred that the speaker was Palissy himself; but that would imply that he was the instructed rather than the instructor, and it is quite in harmony with common experience to suppose that the discourse then delivered was simply a repetition of what Palissy had said. His account of the meeting is

as follows: "And when they were assembled, he read to them the passages and texts, saying: 'That each man, according to the gifts he had received, should distribute them to others; and that every tree which bore not fruit, would be cut down and cast into the fire.' Also he read another text taken from Deuteronomy, where it is written: 'Thou shalt declare my words, when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; and thou shalt write them on the door-posts of thine house, and on the gates.'" He proposed to them also the parable of the Talents, and a great number of such texts; and this he did tending towards two good ends; the first was to show that it was the duty of all people to speak of the statutes and ordinances of God, and that His doctrine might not be despised on account of his own abject state. The second end was to incite certain auditors to do as he was doing; for in this same hour they agreed together that six from among them should make exhortations weekly—that is to say, each of the six once in six weeks, on Sunday only.

If any one will read the writings of Palissy, he will find that these are the very passages which were in a peculiar sense Palissy's own, arousing his energies and keeping them always in a state of perpetual activity. In his *Artist in Earth* he almost opens with the words: "It is written, that according as each shall receive the gifts of God so must he distribute to others." Indeed it is clear, as has been already remarked, that it was asense that he was endowed with certain artistic gifts which impelled him to make such efforts to discover the art of enamelling, and compelled him to work on, notwithstanding every difficulty. And to this belief concerning himself he was careful on important occasions to testify, as may be seen in the dedicatory letters prefixed to his first book, and addressed to the Marshal de Montmorency and to Catherine de Medici respectively.

In the letter to the former, he repeats the idea three or four times over, notably in the words, "God . . . by His last testament has commanded His heirs to multiply the talents which He has committed to them;" and again, "I have not feared to address to you a portion of the talents which I have received from Him in whom all gifts abound."

While the apostolic Philibert Hamelin was in prison, a Calvinist minister arrived at Saintes, and was induced to become the pastor of this little flock, and he was succeeded by another, who became so permanently. We now and then read of such men being hanged or burnt, but we do not realize the constant small sufferings they endured, often more depressing to men of energetic natures than the possibility of martyrdom. "The poor man," says Palissy, "was shut up in Saintes like a prisoner (the people being afraid it would corrupt their ministers if they made excursions into the country to attend on the Huguenot nobility), and very frequently ate apples and drank water for his dinner; and for want of a table-cloth, he very often laid his dinner on a shirt, because there were very few rich people who joined our congregation, and so we had not the means of paying him his salary."

Nevertheless the testimony raised by this little congregation to the reality of the Kingdom of Heaven had such an influence on the town, that a moral reformation took place which affected everybody and everything. The very magistrates seemed emboldened to put a stop to the commonest forms of dissolute living, even to the extent of interfering with the time-honoured custom of tradesmen spending their evenings at an inn. The children caught the serious air that had come over the place, and had "a look of manly fortitude." Gambling, law-suits, dances, ballad-singing, banquetting and superfluities of head-dressing were given up, or greatly diminished. A spirit of prayer and praise seemed to have seized on the people. On Sundays "members of the same craft were to be seen rambling through the fields, groves and other

pleasant places, singing in troops, psalms, canticles, and spiritual songs, reading and instructing one another." This sacred psalmody rose on all sides, the gardens resounding with the part-pieces sung by young girls.

This burst of song was universal in France. The people felt as if they were emerging from a dark and heavy tyranny, and they broke out into singing, as did the children of Israel in the day they came up out of Egypt. The "misereres" chanted to lugubrious music in the dark crypt of St. Eutropius no longer expressed the feelings of the townsfolk of Saintes; their new-born hopes so filled them with light and joy, that they felt the need of worshipping in the sunshine and the open air; and in place of listening to hired mourners, to praise God themselves in unrestrained forms, and with their own lips. Things, in fact, advanced to such a pitch, that Palissy and his brethren were bold enough not only to hold their assemblies in public, but to take the town-hall; and soon the movement became so powerful, that priests began to take part in their assemblies, and to make inquiries about the church, while others began to imitate the prayers made by the ministers, "so that it came to pass that there was prayer in the town of Saintes from one end to the other."

Palissy, whose sense of humour was great, says things were done in these days fit to make one laugh and weep at the same time. The enemies of the Reformers evidently thought there was some charm in these prayers, for when they wanted to get in their tithes, they sent for the ministers to exhort the people. And Palissy says, "I never looked so merry, though I wept the while, when I heard that the attorney, who was criminal-notary when suits were brought against those of the Religion, had himself made the prayers in the parish of which he was the farmer!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, of the tithes; like the Roman tax-gatherers, who paid a stipulated sum, and extracted as much more out of the people as they could.

## VIII.

### PALISSY ARRESTED AND SENT FOR TRIAL TO BORDEAUX.

It was during this halcyon time that Palissy began to reap the fruits of all his toil in the ceramic art. His survey of the salt-marshes of Saintonge had brought him into connection with the Duke of Montmorency, a powerful personage, being Constable of France, and long the head of one of its great political parties. Astonished at the beauty of the enamels of Palissy, he gave the Huguenot potter a commission to adorn his chateau at Ecouen. Palissy, with his usual prodigious energy, seems to have exercised all his various arts at Ecouen, not only filling its galleries with his ware, but actually paving both the galleries and the sacristy; not only adorning the garden with rustic grottos, etc., but painting all the windows with a series of designs after Raffaele.<sup>1</sup>

In the course of accomplishing these works he returned to Saintes, where he found a most disastrous reaction had taken place. It must have been in or about the year 1562, a terrible year for French Protestantism. Murders and massacres took place all over the country. It was the counter-movement which attends every advance of the Kingdom of Heaven, and in Saintes it was, to use Palissy's own words, as if "all the spirits of the devils had come into the town." Nothing was to be heard now but blasphemies, blows, menaces, tumults, horrible language, dissolute and detestable songs. "Often," he cries, "I was seized with a desire to risk my life by going out to punish them, but I said in heart the Seventy-ninth Psalm, which begins, 'O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance.'" And these same heathen soon laid hold of the potter, and carried him off by bye-roads to Bordeaux, where his exit from this world would have been short and speedy, had not

<sup>1</sup> These painted windows are now at Twickenham.

certain noblemen, who were interested in him as a great artist, exerted themselves for his deliverance.

Palissy held, in common with all the Reformers, that "bad shepherds had no right to the tithes," much less persons who did not even pretend to be shepherds; and the fury engendered by fear lest this doctrine should be generally accepted was so great, that the Duke of Montpensier, the Count of Rochefoucault, with the Seigneurs of Burie, of Jarnac, and of Pons, would have been no match for the lawyers of Saintes and Bordeaux, had not the Constable induced the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, to name Palissy, "*Inventeur des figulines du roi*." Thus the royal mantle was thrown over the potter, and he was spirited away like Hector of old.

### IX.

#### THE DELECTABLE GARDEN AND THE FORTRESS-CITY.

Palissy had now reached a position of honour and security, a singular vantage-ground, where amidst the most terrible storms he could ride at anchor in peace and safety. And here he displayed the same simple, fearless integrity, the same love of God in His works and in His people, which had distinguished him all his life long. In 1563, he published at La Rochelle a book, quaintly entitled, "*A Veritable Receipt, by which every man in France can learn how to multiply and augment his treasure*." The first part consists of a treatise on Agriculture, so suggestive and stimulating, that it might profitably be published even to-day. To Palissy, agriculture is the great calling of mankind, that by which the mutual well-being of man and nature can be most fully accomplished. He laments the avarice and ignorance of men, whereby the possessors of land think only of the income they can draw out of it, while they leave its cultivation to the most ignorant. He seeks to make men feel their duty to the earth, and to enforce the necessity and profit of studying the science of its proper cultivation, which,

according to the language of his day, he calls the philosophy of agriculture. He explains the proper management of manure, then miserably misunderstood, urging the improvement of agricultural implements, and vigorously denouncing the reckless destruction of woods and forests; all being written in the most lively manner, under the form of a dialogue, filled with personal experiences, trenchant allusions to the follies and crimes of the day, and a never-failing piety, joyous, childlike and triumphant. Sometimes he goes off into a narrative, which for humour equals the best masters in any tongue.

All, however, tends to one end, the folly and wickedness of men in neglecting their own true well-being, and setting themselves in defence of their ill-gotten, misspent wealth against those who would maintain justice and truth on the earth. He is so overwhelmed by the miseries these men cause, that he gives himself up to the elaboration of two conceptions, the one of a delectable garden, the other of a fortress-city, in one or the other of which, according as the times were peaceable or warlike, poor Christians might find a refuge.

To a mental temperament essentially artistic, poetic, and philosophic, Palissy joined, as we have seen, a most indomitable will, and such practical energy, that he no sooner had an idea, than he proposed to put it into execution. Thus this "delectable garden" and "fortress-city" were no utopian reveries, but real, practical proposals which he made to Marshal Montmorency, just as a landscape-gardener might lay a plan before the owner of Chatsworth or of Belvoir.

In like manner, his proposal about the fortress-city is made with all the confidence of a practical engineer. "If," he says, "it has pleased God to distribute to me of His gifts as an artist in earth, who will deny that He has also sufficient power to communicate to me a portion of understanding in the military art, which is acquired rather by nature, or natural sense, than by practice?"

Palissy's favourite Psalm, the one hundred-and-fourth, inspired him with the idea of a delectable garden, which should be a refuge for the afflicted persecuted children of God. For he was fully convinced that the world is divided and ever will be, into two kinds of men; and that the unjust, the simoniacal, the avaricious, and other wicked people will always be ready to persecute those who simply and sincerely walk in the way of the Lord.

Guided by his psalm, his first object was to find a plain at the foot of mountains, protecting it from the north and west winds, and from whence streams fall with which he might water his garden. Having marked the limits of his garden, and divided it into four parts with cross paths, and an amphitheatre in the middle, he proposed to erect eight summer-houses. Those at the four corners of the garden would be of rock-work, and to the north and west would appear to form part of the hills, so that no one descending would have any idea he was approaching a building. Their roofs would be covered with herbs and plants attractive to song-birds, and through their sides water would spring forth in jets; their interiors would be in various designs, all in enamelled earth, and each containing a text of Scripture in antique characters. The other summer-houses at the ends of the walks would be formed of foliage rising over tortuous rocks, on the ledges of which would be an infinite variety of the creatures with which Palissy so cleverly covers his ware, toads and lizards crawling over the rocks, snakes and adders coming out of their clefts; cool waters would trickle everywhere, and in one was to be an arrangement by which the fountain should cause gurgling sounds resembling the song of a nightingale.

On the mountain above would be a series of caverns, which would serve as greenhouses, tool-houses, etc., and above which would be a terrace with steps cut in rock, and along the terrace a balustrade with damask-roses, violets, and

other fragrant plants, and on the other side a hawthorn-hedge to entice the birds.

The amphitheatre in the centre was to be an island, turned into a sort of temple by a grove of poplars planted round, whose trunks, drawn together into a pyramid, were to be crowned with a vane and a set of musical pipes, through which the wind would make Eolian music. This amphitheatre, approached by little bridges, would have a table and seats, and the guests would be entertained by the song of birds; for by a curious arrangement of wire-work, the amphitheatre would be the centre of a vast aviary. Statues, groups, and grottoes would also adorn the garden, not omitting arrangements for sundry practical jokes dear to the hearts of juvenile Huguenots. Beyond the pleasure-garden to the south would be meadows, and to the east fruit-grounds and orchards. Palissy was permitted to realize his design in the park at Chaulnes.

His idea of the fortress-city, which however remained only an idea, he got from considering the shell of a purple murex which had come from Guinea, and of which a citizen of La Rochelle had made him a present. He had looked here and there in nature for the true idea, and had considered with admiration the nest of the loriote, the shell of the snail, the adhesive power of the limpet, and the spines of the sea-urchin; the sight of these marvels, as he walked among the rocks, moving him to cry out again and again, "O thou good God! Not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory and honour." But it was only when he saw the purple murex, with its long horns, clearly given to it as a bulwark and defence, that he felt he had got the idea of his fortress, and straightway took compass, rule, and other tools necessary for the making of his design.

## X.

### PALISSY-WARE.

In 1564, Catherine de Medici laid the foundations of the new palace in Paris,

called, from the site having been a potters' field, the Tuileries. Here, about this time, Palissy came, and erected his furnace and workshop within the precincts of the new buildings.<sup>1</sup> His sons, Nicholas and Mathurin, worked with him, so that he had respite from hard labour and was able to devote himself to study and designing.

And now, surrounded by some of the finest works of the Italians, he was able to surpass all his former efforts. His works were not confined to the Tuileries; it is known that, besides Ecouen and Chaulnes, he adorned the château of Nesle in Picardy, and that of Reux in Normandy, and possibly there were others. And such was the religious spirit in which he did all his work that he never lost an opportunity of setting forth the glory of God, especially as seen in the salvation of men. In the Park at Ecouen, Palissy erected a grotto, from whence a cascade fell with the Gospel invitation worked in various coloured stones on a rustic frieze: "Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters."

Unfortunately, time has not dealt well with his garden-pieces, so that his fame rests on such of his works as have been more protected from the accidents of weather: his statuettes, groups, vases, cups, plates, basins and many other beautiful things, of which the finest collections are to be seen in the Louvre and the Hôtel de Cluny, in Paris.

"One is compelled," says Lamartine, "to stop before these sculptured dishes, attracted by their simple fidelity to nature. The adders in relief with their scaly spirals make one's fingers contract, their colour and their verisimilitude at once fascinating and repelling. Near the adder, which sleeps, bending its neck on the rings of its tail, is seen the black crawfish, stretching out its long claws as if to lay hold of the ledges of the rock, or to force itself into some cranny. And by its side dart the silvery fish with

outspread fins, rapidly directing their course through the weeds. It is as if, suddenly pushing aside the weeds and the rushes, a human eye were to surprise the world of a river-bed; the very ground, indeed, is so true in its forms, the changing hues of the scaly inhabitants so exact, the brilliant colours so sparkling, that one might fancy a housewife in washing her crockery had plunged one of her dishes into a pool, and had drawn it out filled to the brim with sand, shells, weeds and aquatic creatures. The contents of a fisherman's net emptied on the sands all alive and streaming with water into an earthenware basin;—such is Palissy-ware.

"But in his solitary contemplations, Palissy discovered what was more precious than his art,—he found God Himself, the end and object of all perfect art. In his leisure moments he writes these marvellous contemplations, he pours forth his intelligence in his hymns; attaching himself with a filial faith to the persecuted religion of his brothers, he devotes his youth to his handicraft, his old age, his liberty and his life to his God."

## XI.

### MASTER BERNARD OF THE TUILERIES.

For the next ten years Palissy is working at Paris, and is familiarly known as Monsieur Bernard of the Tuileries. In 1567, he lost his first great patron, the Constable Montmorency, who was killed during the second civil war, fighting against the Huguenots at St. Denis. However, Palissy was now under the protection of Catherine de Medici, and it is among the enigmas of her character that she, the chief actor in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, should have been able properly to value and faithfully to support two of the most honest men in the kingdom—Michael l'Hospital and Bernard Palissy.

When the dreadful work took place in 1572, and nearly all his Calvinist brothers in Paris were ruthlessly slaughtered, Palissy was again shielded by

<sup>1</sup> The remains of Palissy's furnace were discovered in 1865.

royal protection; how or in what manner does not appear. He escaped, and reappears as full as ever of energy, courage and faith. No doubt this was greatly owing to the well-balanced character of his powerful mind, and to the healthy condition of a man who had always lived laboriously and temperately; but something also was due to the fortifying character of that cardinal article of the creed which he held, that all things happened according to the purpose and will of God. A man who believed this could go on calmly and cheerfully in the ordinary way of life, even after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In 1574 died Charles IX., the fourth king of France under whom Palissy had lived. Catherine was now more powerful than ever, and under her agis Palissy knew he had nothing to fear. For he was a shrewd man, seeing clearly from the very first why he was permitted to live, and too honest and plain-spoken to pretend he thought otherwise. Thus in writing to the Constable concerning his deliverance from his enemies at Bordeaux, who wished to put him to death, he says: "The Duke of Montpensier gave me a safeguard, forbidding them to take cognisance of, or undertake anything against me, or against my house, well knowing that no man could bring your work to a completion but myself. Also being a prisoner in their hands, the Seigneur de Burie, the Seigneur de Jarnac, and the Seigneur de Ponts took great trouble to cause me to be delivered, with the design that your work might be completed." And on another part of the same letter he says: "I doubt whether you would have found it good, if I had quitted your work to bring you large thanks." Showing plainly that he knew that it was the work he was wanted to do at Ecouen that saved his life.

Our great dramatist has said, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and truly there was something in this simple, unsophisticated artisan that could not fail to go to the heart of the

most worldly. It must have been like a draught of pure spring water, to a woman who had passed all her life in the midst of treachery and corruption, to receive a letter which seemed rather written by a loving and strong friend than a "subject," who, in addition to his natural prostration at the foot of the throne, was a Huguenot, and could not claim a higher position in society than an artisan. "Madame," he says in one place, "there never was a time when good inventions received their reward from kings;" yet it was impossible for Catherine to have felt other than grateful for its sincerely affectionate tone. It must have made her feel, what she might very well often have doubted, that she had a place after all in the human brotherhood.

Catherine died in 1589, twelve days after the murder of Guise, and Palissy had now no earthly protector but her miserable son, Henri III., who, with battered crown and torn purple, was himself shortly to pass away by the knife of the assassin. To Palissy, however, we may be sure the protection of man was of little account. He was of the same temper as Coligny, and trusted in One who would never forsake him. When the time came, "he knew how to die."

## XII.

### PALISSY'S "LITTLE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE."

The courtiers sometimes alluded to "Poor Monsieur Bernard the potter"; not so the really learned men in Paris who gathered to hear what this student of nature had to teach. For Palissy, ever mindful of the parable of the Talents, and the duty of distributing all he had received, was ready to teach science to *savants*, and the art of behaving royally to kings.

Accordingly, in 1575, he determined within himself, that he was like a ripe tree that ought to shed its fruits. He had had a peculiar experience, God had taught him many things, and he ought not to die without giving these admirable secrets to posterity. At the same



time, with the true hesitation of a scientific mind, he wished for the confirmatory experience or otherwise of other workers; he was the more modest because he knew nothing of Latin or Greek, and was unacquainted therefore with the writings of the old naturalists, which formed the foundation of the science of the time. To secure the right audience, he determined to charge a dollar for entrance to his lectures; and he prepared a notice, which he had posted up at the corners of the streets in Paris, in which he promised in these lectures to explain all he knew of springs, fountains, stones, metals, and other natural things, and that if his statements did not prove trustworthy, he would restore the dollar fourfold.

Among those who came to listen to this precursor of Newton and Faraday, was the distinguished surgical reformer, Ambrose Paré. With him was his fellow-surgeon to the King, Richard Hubert. Next there were the physicians of the Queen of Navarre, one of whom, François Choisin, was a companion of Palissy, and that same year had made with him and Wilson, a young pupil of great promise, who afterwards became physician to Henri IV., a geological excursion. Besides these, there were present a great number of other physicians and learned men, among whom we may note Lobel, physician to William, Prince of Orange, and afterwards physician and botanographer of James I. of England. None of these men found occasion to hold their instructor to his word, and demand the four dollars he had offered to pay if his lessons proved worthless.

Indeed, it was little likely any man would have thought it other than a great privilege to listen to the experience of this careful observer of nature; who, too, was able to prove much that he said by an appeal to other senses besides that of hearing, for he had formed a cabinet of natural curiosities, which, combined with the rare beauty of his own artistic work, must have been a quite unprecedented treat.

Palissy was almost always far in

advance of his age: in some of his speculations there have been scientific men even in this century who have not known the truth as he did. He is constantly nearing the discoveries of the present day, but his attitude is that of an enquirer; a determined opponent of mere theory, he believes that nothing but experience can warrant any conclusions in natural philosophy. And it is an interesting fact, that Bernard Palissy was teaching this when Bacon was not more than sixteen years of age, and probably acting on it long before the author of the *Noctum Organum* was born. What is still more interesting, is the fact that from the end of September, 1576, to about the middle of February, 1578, Francis Bacon was in Paris, in the suite of the English ambassador. He is said to have followed the Court, from time to time, into the provinces, but the greater part of his time was spent in Paris, and it seems very unlikely that an intelligent young Englishman, who had already had exactly the same thought as Palissy,—namely, that the study of nature was barren because the method of study was wrong,—should have missed the opportunity of listening to an experimental philosopher like Palissy. He was in Paris mainly to complete his education; the course was one he could not fail to know of; it was given every year; it was attended by the chief physicians in Paris; it was given within the precincts of the Tuileries, and by a man who was of the religion with which the young Englishman had been taught specially to sympathise. If, in consequence of Bacon's silence, his presence at Palissy's lectures remains doubtful, is it likely he neglected to read two such works as Palissy's treatise on *Agriculture and Gardening*, published in 1563, and the pith of his lectures published in the *Discourses Admirables* in 1580?

Palissy was not only a father of modern science, but the religious attitude in which he pursued his researches is an example for all time. His experience

gives no support to the idea that there is any opposition between science and faith. All his scientific advances were the result of faith. Palissy believed intensely in the words, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." To him God was the one active Power, the unceasing Worker, the Source of all energy. To him man's highest joy was to be a co-worker with God, and this thought was the secret of his untiring activity, of his extreme audacity, so that there was no task under the sun to which, if he had felt called by God, he would not have addressed himself.

Unless we understand Palissy's belief in the abounding grace of God and His purpose in choosing His instruments, and bestowing on them all the gifts necessary for the work; unless we realize his sense of the responsibility laid on such a man to multiply his talents by their constant and strenuous exercise in the service of mankind, we shall never comprehend this true servant of the Lord.

### XIII.

#### PALISSY IN THE BASTILLE.

Master Bernard's lectures went on year after year, and were still being delivered in 1584. But things were growing darker than ever in this last Valois court, and as a diamond sparkling in a dung-heap, this illustrious man seems to shine with added brilliancy on account of the extreme corruption of his surroundings. It was a wonder that he was left so long unmolested, but at last his enemies carried the day, and the miserable King was obliged in 1588 to consent to his being sent to the Bastille. Low as he had sunk, Henri III. had a conscience, and he knew assuredly there was no better man in France than Bernard Palissy. But the League pressed him hard, the Guisards followed him like

hungry wolves on the track of a Norwegian sledge. He was fain to throw them one victim after another, and now they cried for Palissy.

In his despair he visited the old prisoner. "My good man," said Henri, "it is forty-five years since you entered the service of the Queen my mother, and mine. We have endured your living in your own religion in the midst of executions and massacres. Now, I am so pressed by the Guisards and my own people, that I have been compelled to put you in prison, and to-morrow, if you are not converted, you will be burnt."

"Sire," answered Bernard, "you have told me several times that you pity me, but it is I who pity you who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. I who have grace in the Kingdom of Heaven will teach you a more royal language; and it is, that the Guisards, all your people, and you yourself will not be able to compel a potter to bow down to images of clay, for I know how to die."

The King went home. Palissy was not burnt, but his life ended some time during the next year, in misery, want, and bad treatment. It was a time of intense political confusion, and no one heeded the prisoners in the Bastille. Thus Palissy passed away unnoticed, and the place of his sepulture no man knoweth to this day.

But this is of little moment; he lives to-day in his works, more honoured than ever. But we have sought to fix our minds on Palissy himself, rather than on Palissy-ware; on the work of the Divine Sculptor, rather than on the works of the human artist; and in the character unfolded, so grandly simple, and yet so sublimely royal, we have a monument of the Huguenot Potter of Saintes the hand of time can never mar.

RICHARD HEATH.

# PHILIP DODDRIDGE.



# CHRISTMAS EVANS.

---

## I.

### HIS EARLY YEARS.

CHRISTMAS EVANS was born on Christmas Day, 1766, at a place called Esgairwen, in the parish of Llandyssul, in the county of Cardigan. His father's name was Samuel Evans, and his mother's maiden name Johannah Lewis. Samuel was a shoemaker by trade, and he spent his life in very humble circumstances. Nothing is recorded of him to point him out as in any way superior to the average of his class. He died when his son Christmas was only nine years of age, leaving his widow and two sons dependent on parish relief and on the precarious help of friends and relatives. Although the neighbourhood of Llandyssul was at that time better supplied with day schools than most places in the Principality, yet Christmas received no education whatever—not even sufficient to enable him to read. After his father's death he went to live with his maternal uncle, James Lewis, who treated him with the greatest unkindness, and in whose service he spent six most unhappy years. Of these he had most bitter recollections, and he declared that “a man with less conscience than his employer could not easily have been found in all the world.” Thus, he was utterly neglected, left to grow up in ignorance, surrounded by brutalising influences, without a helpful friend or happy home. Everything was calculated to corrupt his nature and embitter his spirit. After he left his uncle, he spent a few years in hard service at two or three farms in the neighbourhood. But although his surroundings were so unfavourable, yet from a boy he was not altogether thoughtless and indifferent. He possessed a most lively imagination, and was given to much reflection and frequent meditation.

The Principality up to this time had been covered with the darkness of deep ignorance and gross superstition, yet a few great gospel lights had already appeared, and the days of a great revival had dawned. The “Candle” of Vicar Prichard of Llandovery had been burning for years, and had enlightened many a home. The great pioneers, Vavasor Powell, Walter Cradoc and others had prepared the way. Griffith Jones of Llanddowror, a most earnest and laborious man, had established his Circulating Catechetical Schools; and now the great luminary of the Revival had been blazing forth for years, Daniel Rowland of Llangeitho. He had assumed the office of a clergyman years before he was endowed with power from on high; but a sermon preached by Griffith Jones pierced him to the heart, and he became “a new man in Christ Jesus.” From this time forward he was a mighty and soul-stirring preacher. His earnestness was irresistible and his eloquence overpowering. He was called by some “the mad parson,” but his “madness” was akin to that of Paul. The secluded village of Llangeitho, far in the interior of Cardiganshire, became the Jerusalem of Wales. His ministry attracted thither between two and three thousand every “monthly Sunday,” many of whom would have to make a journey of over two hundred miles; still, thither they would go, through winter floods and summer heat, to hear the great preacher, and to remember their Lord's dying love. Sometimes at these hallowed seasons the word was so powerful that people fainted, or shouted with joy, or cried in the agony of conviction, “What shall we do to be saved?” Few districts had remained unaffected by this revival of spiritual religion, and Christmas Evans, when a boy, must have been brought within the

circle of its influence. Sometimes he had extraordinary dreams, which he regarded as direct monitions from God. When a child he was greatly terrified by the fear of death and the Day of Judgment, until he was driven to tears, cries and prayer. He had also wonderful escapes from peril, which he afterwards attributed to the direct agency of Providence. "When I was about nine years of age," he said, "I climbed to the top of a very tall tree, with a knife in my hand; I stood on one bough and laid hold of another above it and began cutting it off. When I had done so I fell a great height, and remained on the ground unconscious for hours, until some passer-by found me in that condition late in the afternoon." At another time, after a great flood he fell into a deep pool, and he often wondered how he, unaided, came out of it. At another time he was placed on a high-spirited horse which ran away with him, and stopped not until it entered its stable, and "it was through God's good providence," he said, "that I was not struck dead at the entrance door." At another time, when fifteen years of age, a shepherd boy, a quarrel took place between him and another, who in the heat of passion drew a knife, and with all his might stabbed him in his right breast; but the bone prevented the knife from penetrating deeply, and thus he experienced another providential escape. His dreams, reveries, and escapes greatly affected him, and left on his mind abiding impressions.

## II.

### BEGINS TO PREACH.

When in his eighteenth year a number of young men were brought under religious influence, and in them the spirit of earnest inquiry for the way of salvation was awakened. Several joined the Presbyterian Church (which had now almost become Unitarian) at Llwyn-rydowain, then under the ministry of a very able man, bard and scholar, David Davies. Christmas Evans became a member of his church, and his thirst for

mental improvement and spiritual knowledge grew intense and insatiable; yet he was not able to read, and he had no books or opportunities to learn. His own words graphically describe the state of things. "During a revival which took place in the church under the care of Mr. David Davies, many young people united themselves with that people, and I amongst them. What became of the major part of these converts, I have never known; but I hope God's grace followed them as it did me, the meanest of the whole. One of the fruits of this awakening was the desire for religious knowledge that fell on us. Scarcely one person out of ten could, at this time, read at all, even in the language of the country. We bought Bibles and candles, and were accustomed to meet together in the evening in the barn of Penyralltffawr, and thus, in about a month, I was able to read my Bible in my mother tongue. I was vastly delighted with so much learning. This, however, did not satisfy me, but I borrowed books, and learnt a little English. Mr. Davies, my pastor, understood that I thirsted for knowledge, and took me to his school, where I stayed for six months. Here I went through the Latin Grammar; but so low were my circumstances that I could stay there no longer."

This thirst for knowledge possessed him throughout his life. From this time he drank deeply from the well, and he was ever a great reader. He had no money to buy, and therefore he borrowed all the books he could. He specially prized an English-Welsh Dictionary, which enabled him to read intelligently a few of the great English authors. Among the earliest that he read were some of the writings of the "Great Dreamer," which must have been to him, who was afterwards described as the "Welsh Bunyan," a "feast of fat things full of marrow." Soon after becoming a member of the church his talent and piety were recognised, and he frequently took part in prayer meetings held in the chapel or in cottages. It was

years, and was turned and mended a good many times." Four guineas soon melted away, he says, half in articles of dress; but he struggled with pecuniary difficulties, and kept a watchful eye over his finances, so as not to fall in debt. His wife would tell long afterwards how he used to say, during his student years "he never contracted any debts; and though his income was small he never wanted money, but at the close of every year had always some cash in hand."

Mr. Jennings removed to Hinckley, and took the academy with him; and before Philip completed his studies there, he drew up an elaborate form of rules by which he meant to live; they are printed in full by Job Orton. "Such pains did he take," adds his biographer, "to train up himself for usefulness in the Church."

### III.

#### ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY.

About a year after his removal to Hinckley Mr. Jennings died; and at that time the young student was allowed to commence preaching; the first sermon being delivered at Hinckley, and in the old meeting-house described by Nichols in his *History of Leicestershire* as having behind the pulpit and on either side "two small galleries not unlike the boxes of a playhouse," designed for the accommodation of the Academy pupils. The text Doddridge preached from was, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema;" and he records in his diary—"two persons ascribed their conversion to the blessing of God attending that sermon." He continued after this at Hinckley for about a year, preaching occasionally there and in the neighbouring villages; but from Kibworth he received an invitation to accept the pastoral office, which was now vacant. He gives an amusing description of the place and the people, everything being very humble, and the luxuries of polished life being, so far as Dissenters thereabouts were concerned, removed far away. Tea was a rare beverage, and he writes, "I

have not so much as a tea-table in my whole diocese." However that might be, he could say in a graver humour, "I am now with a plain, honest, serious, good-natured people. I heartily love them myself, and I meet with genuine expressions of an undissembled affection on their side. I would hope that God is amongst us, and I desire to mention it with a great deal of thankfulness that I already see some encouraging effects of my poor attempts to serve them. I don't go very much abroad, and when I am at home, I can conveniently spend twelve hours a day in my study. I have now many good books of my own, and my friends that are still better furnished, are very ready to oblige me with the use of theirs. As to the salary, though it does not certainly amount to forty pounds a year, it is a tolerable assistance to a single man; and I believe I shall never marry while I stay here."

In those days there was no penny post, and as the carriage of letters was expensive, they were generally very long, some of them containing as much as we put into a tract. It was the fashion for young people to write sentimental epistles under fanciful names, and to say things which, though they are now very amusing, were then by no means very wise. Even John Wesley kept up a correspondence with young ladies, in which he addressed them as "*Aspasia* and *Varanese*," whilst he signed himself by the name of "*Cyrus*." and Philip Doddridge wrote to one of the gentler sex, whilst he was at Kibworth, Hinckley, and other places, under the affected title of *Clio*, though before he gets to the end of it he sinks, with starched politeness, into the epithet of "*Madam*," and retreats from affectionate familiarity to the cold fashion of a City courtier. These letters made some stir when first printed, several years ago: certain critics condemning their publication, others vindicating the measure, because the learned divine thus appeared in natural colours, with lovable traits, albeit dashed with a little folly. We certainly do not consider his letters as

models for imitation; but we fully accept the explanations given by his widow: "Natural gaiety of temper sometimes cast a shade on his otherwise excellent qualities, and these things may perhaps be remembered by some when those may be overlooked and forgot. But mingled as, I fear, you will find his early diaries and other papers with things of this kind, I doubt not you will also there find those seeds of piety which by his indefatigable care, under the blessing of Heaven, was growing up, and gradually improved, till they shone out with such bright and distinguishing rays; and, amidst his gayest scenes in early life, will be found the foundations early laid for those important and extensive schemes of his future usefulness, many of which by the Divine favour he lived to execute, and others and still more perhaps, were broken off." This estimate is just. Amongst his earliest letters there are examples of eminent spiritual excellence; especially in those addressed to one young lady who had met with an accident, and to another who was just going abroad; both are full of wise, pious counsel.

He was an early riser, getting up at five o'clock, and throughout the day rigidly economical in the use of time, thereby laying up stores of knowledge which mark his numerous works, and which would not be unworthy of a scholar who had enjoyed University advantages.

In October 1725, he removed to Market Harborough, still keeping up his Kibworth connection, and in Mr. Some, who was minister at the former place, he found a friend who promoted his piety, and an instructor who advanced his education. At the same time he received a fresh impetus to devotedness from the death of two young preachers in the neighbourhood. In 1729 he became assistant to Mr. Some, and preached to his congregation, alternately with that at Kibworth; and as his reputation spread, he received calls from other and larger churches to accept the oversight of them; but important work he was

induced to undertake, kept him a little longer where he was.

When Mr. Jennings died, the academy lapsed, and Doddridge became aware that he had been thought of as successor to the academic charge. Education for the Dissenting ministry needed to be placed upon a permanent basis, and he took up the subject with his accustomed ardour. He was induced by a friend to draw up a scheme for an improved curriculum; in reply, he wrote a letter long enough to fill a volume. A minister at Kettering showed the paper to Dr. Watts, who approved of it, and thought the author was the very person to carry such a design into effect. A plea of incapacity, modestly urged, did not put an end to the project, and while the young man was still turning over the matter, he attended a meeting at Lutterworth for humiliation and prayer. Mr. Some, the preacher on this occasion, adverted to the importance of an effective course of training for ministerial candidates, and urged the institution of an academy at Market Harborough, to be entrusted to the hands of him who had drawn up such a promising programme. The brethren present encouraged him to undertake the proposed task, and Dr. Clark of St. Albans being consulted, threw his weight into the scale. It does not appear that Doddridge required further persuasion; but, earnestly seeking help from God, put his hand to the plough which he was asked to guide. A large correspondence ensued; Dr. Watts' suggestions were considered, and in the Midsummer of 1729 a Ministerial Academy was opened at Harborough.

#### IV.

##### PASTORATE AT NORTHAMPTON.

He had been at work only a few months when a vacancy in the Independent pastorate occurred at Northampton. The young tutor had already declined overtures from Nottingham; but Northampton had superior claims, and though he hesitated for a time, he at

length accepted a call to the meeting-house on Castle Hill.

The place of worship, now altered considerably, remained much as it was in Doddridge's day when a centenary commemoration of his death occurred in 1851. It was a plain edifice, with a dial in front on the outside, over two unornamented doorways; within were high-backed pews, and a small pulpit overhung by a sounding-board. There the new pastor was ordained on the 19th of March, 1730. The annual return of that ordination day was kept by him to the end of life, and no sooner had he become settled in office, than, according to a custom of his already noticed, he drew up a code of spiritual laws, to the same effect as before, to regulate his private and ministerial life.

Just before his ordination he was visited with a dangerous illness, and his friends feared he would not recover. "I have some cheerful hope," he says immediately after he had been ordained, "that the God to whom I have this day been more solemnly than ever devoting my service will graciously use me either in this world or a better: and I am not solicitous about particular circumstances, when or how. If I know anything of my heart, I apprehend I may adopt the words of the Apostle, 'that it is my earnest expectation and my hope that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that Christ shall be magnified whether it be by life or by death; that to me to live is Christ, and to die unspeakable gain.'"

Of Doddridge as a preacher we can form a correct idea from accounts given by those who knew him well, and by a perusal of his published discourses. He had great readiness, and could preach with little or no preparation, sometimes under such circumstances with surprising effect, sometimes, however, the reverse. There was an earnestness in his manner, and a pathos in his voice, unusually impressive; yet his pronunciation and action, though quite natural, appeared otherwise to those who did not know him in private. His published sermons

contain a course on the Evidences of Christianity, which Robert Hall ranked so high, that he considered them "in some respects superior to Paley's, particularly for young persons who had some religious knowledge." Certainly there is a tender persuasiveness in the Nonconformist, which we should in vain look for in the pages of the Archdeacon. His *Sermons to the Young* are remarkable. The following passage occurs in John Foster's *Life*: "One of the last works read to him was a sermon by Dr. Doddridge on the incapacity of an unregenerate soul for relishing the enjoyments of the heavenly world" (fifth of the series on Regeneration). "He was so struck with this sermon that he desired his daughter to promise him that they would read it every month, saying that no one could read it often without a salutary effect." Some of Doddridge's ordination sermons are exceedingly beautiful and affecting: and one, on the *Evil and Danger of Neglecting Men's Souls*, preached at a meeting of ministers, can never be forgotten by any one who has had the benefit of perusing it. The four volumes published from his MSS. about half a century ago, give average specimens of his pulpit addresses; and though they lack the freshness and originality nowadays so much desired, they are filled with a fragrance of truth sweet to those who have spiritual perceptions. Never very great, they are always very good; and goodness in a sermon, meaning by that power to edify, is better than greatness.

In the administration of the Lord's Supper he was singularly happy, as it appears from his diary, in which he records the substance of what he said on such occasions. A large number of his sacramental meditations have been published in a volume; they are eminently adapted to raise our thoughts, and revive our love, to that adorable Saviour who laid down His life for our redemption. The Lord's Supper was to Doddridge a blessed season, when he paused to reflect upon the dealings of Providence and the discoveries of Revelation. In a



letter to his wife he states : " Last Lord's day was our sacrament day, and indeed it was a most comfortable one to me; my joy at that ordinance was so great that I could not well contain it. I had much ado to forbear telling all about me as well as I could—for it would have been but in a very imperfect manner—what a divine flame I felt in my soul, which, indeed, put me greatly in mind of Mr. How's 'full stream of rays.' Were it possible to carry such impressions through life, it would give the soul a kind of independence far too high for a mortal existence."

His pastoral labours were abundant. He took a great interest in families; established prayer meetings; visited his flock; and proposed questions to the young, gathering up answers on which he commented from week to week on a Friday evening. His discourse entitled, "Religious youth invited to early communion," is a key to desires and endeavours in that direction. He kept not only a list of all church members, but attached to their names memoranda of their religious progress. He also pursued the old Puritan custom of holding days of fasting and humiliation; yet we find him, amidst this incessant spiritual industry, lamenting the smallness of success. The fact is, he did more good than he knew of, and daily he drew his loving congregation nearer and nearer to himself; and by his solicitude for their highest welfare, exerted a moral influence upon the inhabitants of the town, who held his character in the highest esteem.

But whilst remembering all the love and honour which Doddridge enjoyed, it is proper to state that he had personal enemies who strove to injure his reputation; but this chiefly served to bring out more conspicuously his own Christian resignation and forbearance.

## V.

### HIS THEOLOGICAL ACADEMY.

Founded at Market Harborough, it was removed to Northampton, and the

building in which it was conducted still remains in Sheep Street, and may be identified by a range of pilasters on the wall; in Doddridge's time they were more imposing than they are now. The Institute was of a nature difficult for some people to understand, because it combined a seminary for the education of ministers, with a school for young gentlemen in general. Several persons of property and rank were there trained for secular life, whilst a number of men, afterwards distinguished as preachers of the Gospel, were prepared for the discharge of their high calling. Parents helped to provide an income, and a number of young men were supported, or assisted, out of endowments in the hands of trustees. The "Fund Board," as a committee for aiding ministerial education was called, helped to feed the exchequer, and payment for several students came from the estate of Mr. Coward, bequeathed by him to certain trustees for religious purposes.

Theological instruction devolved entirely on Doddridge; the whole course, including History, Logic, Mathematics, and Antiquities, must have been chiefly in his hands. He met his pupils at six on a summer's morning, and at family prayer he required one of them to translate the Old Testament lesson from the original; after breakfast he unfolded a string of what were termed *propositions*, *scholias*, and *lemmas*, according to the pedantic terminology of the day. Critical lectures on Scripture, pastoral theology, and the composition of sermons were included in the professor's comprehensive scheme; the average number of his pupils being about thirty-four, and 200 the total for twenty-two years. Of these 120 became ministers, one in the Church of England, some in the Church of Scotland, but most in Dissenting congregations. He seems to have been in the habit of stating arguments on both sides of a question with great fairness, leaving his auditors to draw their own conclusions. But they could have no doubt from his pulpit, teaching

take this step. The salary he was going to receive was only £17 a year, and he did not receive more for the next twenty years! Not a very liberal provision for an overseer of ten churches. This was his only source of income, with the exception of small gifts he received during his visits to other churches on his journeys in South Wales. He was the only Baptist minister in the island, and he must have often yearned for the society and fellowship of a kindred spirit. But he had come to work, and he began it in right earnest. His first act was to set apart a day for fasting and prayer in all the preaching stations. Soon his presence was felt to be like the genial sun on the drooping frost-bitten flowers. A revival took place, and many were added to the churches.

Llangefni seemed to be the centre of his district, and he lived at Cildwrn Cottage. It was in fact more a hut than a cottage. It did not afford the comfort and "coziness" that we generally associate with the name "cottage." The door had decayed with age and exposure, and it was held together by a tin plate nailed across the bottom of it. The luxury of a new door could not be afforded. Christmas was a tall man of six feet, but in his own house he had to practise "humility" and to exercise greater precaution than was his wont, lest in rising from his favourite arm-chair his massive head should come into violent contact with the lowly roof. The furniture was scanty, like that of an Irish cabin. After his Sunday's work, consisting of at least three services, and of, perhaps, a journey of twenty miles, returning home, he could not boast of possessing what might be truly called a bed. Some of the old boards had rotted, and others were lost, and *stone slabs* had to be used in their stead. In this dire poverty he spent most of his life, and during nearly the whole of it he never received more than £30 a year; yet such was the frugality of his wife, and the self-denial that he practised, that he felt that the Lord dealt bountifully with him. Books

were his household gods, yet they were but few that he could procure. His soul thirsted for knowledge, but the fountain of it he found, to a great extent, sealed. Yet he and his wife vied with each other in their gifts of charity. He was as tender-hearted as a woman, and as simple as a child. He endured privation himself, but he could not with indifference witness others in need of daily bread. We do not know how he was able to subscribe from ten shillings to a pound annually to various societies, or help in the way he did the helpless and the destitute. He never concealed his poverty, and yet he never complained of it. In fact, he would have been ill at ease in affluent circumstances. He felt the cold wind of poverty to be bracing to his soul, and the grip of earthly want only made him hold more securely "the pearl of great price." "The pain of poverty was to him only the piercing of a maiden's ear, and jewels were hung in the wound." "Having nothing," he yet felt that he "possessed all things." This humble cottage was the "workshop" where he elaborated those great sermons, those gorgeous word-pictures, those brilliant allegories, which, delivered by him, delighted, thrilled, and subdued his audiences. He had no separate "study," with shelves groaning with theological literature, but the humble kitchen was his "sanctum," with the Bible, some volumes of the Puritans, and a few others constituting his library. He composed his sermon when talking to his fowls and ducks and pig, which he called by familiar names; but the hour of agony and of the "burden" of the Word of the Lord sometimes came upon him, and then he would become unconscious to all that went on around him. Two ministers one day called to see him. He was sitting at the table, Bible in hand, absorbed in thought. He did not notice their entrance. He moved uneasily in his chair, and a cloud hung over his brow. The tea-things were on the table, and, in fact, he had already partaken of one cup. His wife asked him to have

another, but he handed her the Bible and not the cup. He closed his eyes, but the vision did not come. He got up and consulted one or two volumes, but apparently to no purpose. Then after a few minutes, spent evidently in agonizing thought, he suddenly fell on his knees and poured out his soul in prayer to God. When that was over calmness settled on his brow, and his countenance shone "like a radiant morning breaking through the clouds." He even clapped his hands, like a child, with delight. The mystery was solved. The vision stood out before him clear and distinct, like a rainbow on the storm-cloud. The light entered his soul and filled him with ecstasy. Now he noticed his friends, greeted them cordially, and delighted them with his play of wit, his fund of anecdote, and his occasional brilliant sayings.

He had divided his sphere of labour into four districts. He visited three of these every Sunday, and preached at least three times. He was also hard at work during the week, holding different kinds of services almost every evening. He had none to help him, as he was sole Baptist minister in the county; and this was the case for twenty years, in which time the number of churches increased from ten to twenty.

## V.

### CHRISTMAS EVANS AT AN ASSOCIATION.

The meetings of the Annual Association were the high festivals of the Welsh Churches. At this time there were only two or three Baptist Associations in the Principality. Two days were set apart in which no work was done throughout the whole district. Part of the first day would be devoted to connexional business, and at this conference most of the ministers and a large number of "laymen" would be present. The meetings were generally held in summer, as the preaching services were invariably held in the open air. No chapel would hold a tithe of the multitude that would

come together. Two services were held the first day, and five or six sermons delivered. On the second, the great "field day," four services were held. During the day, ten or twelve sermons would be preached. Also the previous evening services would have been held in all the chapels belonging to the various denominations throughout the neighbourhood. A stage had been erected in a convenient field on a gently-sloping ground, so that the vast congregation might have equal facilities for seeing and hearing. The people would travel scores of miles and remain standing on the field all day, and listen most attentively and often with rapture to all the sermons. Christmas Evans was already well known in some parts of Wales, but as yet his name was not the household word that it afterwards became.

After incessant labour amidst much that was very discouraging in Anglesea, he turned his face once more towards the "sunny South." In the minutes of the Association held in Anglesea in 1794 was a resolution to the effect that "Brother Christmas Evans be permitted to collect among the churches for the meeting-house at Amlwch." The meetings of the South-Western Association were held this year at Felinfoel, Carmarthenshire. This was the largest Association in the Principality, and its churches had recently enjoyed much prosperity. The "tribes of Israel" gathered together in large numbers—as many as twenty thousand have come together to the high festival. The ten-o'clock service the second day is regarded as the most important, and the "great guns" are placed in position then. It was a beautiful but very hot summer day. An early service had already been held, and by ten o'clock several thousands had come together. At this service three sermons were to be preached. One of the great preachers appointed did not put in an appearance, and the question arose, who could take his place. At last Timothy Thomas said, "Ask that one-eyed lad from the North; I hear that he preaches quite

wonderfully." The one-eyed man of Anglesea at last reluctantly consents. He retires for a short time, and looks over hurriedly and nervously some notes of a sermon. Then he holds his hand over his one eye, and in a short silent prayer he asks God to help him and bless his message. When the echoes of the hymn, sung with heart and voice by the large congregation, had died away, he stands up, a tall bony man, haggard in his look, and uncouth in his gestures and movements. Yet there was wonderful calmness resting on that rugged face and towering brow. With that large eye, that Robert Hall said had enough light in it to light a whole army through a desert on a dark night, he surveys for a moment that vast multitude. They, in turn, wondered why such a shabby, ill-favoured stranger should be asked to preach. He seemed to them like a "man from Nazareth," from which no good could come. He reads his text in rather a low tone and hesitating manner. "And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and un-reprovable in His sight." He seemed for a while ill at ease, even faltering in speech and evidently wrestling with mighty thoughts, for which he could not find adequate utterance. The fire was already kindled in his heart, but it seemed as if unable to find vent and burst into a flame. The great theme had already possessed his soul; and as he proceeded, the fire within was gradually melting the chains which held him bound; his tongue was loosed, and his speech grew eloquent; the very language seemed at last to sparkle with the intensity of the feeling and the grandeur of the thoughts; the passion within him spread a glow over his countenance, and filled his eye with a strange wonderful light; his high brow seemed to expand, and every feature to become an exponent of the emotions that swayed the mind. The trammels were all left far below, as his royal imagina-

tion in its eagle soarings seemed to catch glimpses even of the great White Throne. Occasionally he would burst forth into one of those piercing *shrieks* of eloquence which were all-subduing. Man's state of alienation from God, and the danger of being eternally lost, he portrayed so vividly that terror seemed to seize the hearers; and he described God's love in Jesus Christ in melting strains, with all the wealth of imagery, narrative, and exposition. His dramatic power and the wealth of his imagination seemed to overwhelm the immense audience now welded together by the force of his eloquence. The allegories and descriptions dazzled with their brilliancy; climax after climax was reached; the very heavens seemed bending over the scene; the ministers on the stage rose to their feet and pressed round the orator; at the height of his argument he would give vent to his emotion in a far-resounding shout, uttered with power and winged with earnestness, that would startle people to their feet and tears to their eyes. No longer was the haggard look or awkward gait to be noticed—a transfiguration had taken place. Now every look, gesture, and action fitted in with the sentiment. The eye gleamed with seraphic fire; and as he held up the Cross of his Saviour before the multitude, his face glowed with the reflection of that glory that "gathers round its head sublime." No longer could the throng restrain their pent-up feeling, but it found expression in "*Diolch iddo! Gogoniant! Bendigedig!*"<sup>1</sup> He was oblivious of everything around him. His theme has been to him all-absorbing. As he approaches the close, earth seems to be receding from his view, and heaven, close by, bursts upon his vision. As it was said of Whitefield, so it could be said of him: "His face is language, his intonation music, his action passion." After a burst of melting eloquence he brings his discourse to a close, and the people are so affected that they find relief in tears and praises, many asking, "Who is this that God hath raised up?"

<sup>1</sup> Thanks to Him! Glory! Blessed!

## VI.

## SANDEMANIANISM.

From this time forth his fame was spread throughout Wales, and his presence at the large gatherings of the Denomination was eagerly looked for. He became at once the most popular preacher in the Principality, and some of the largest churches would have been glad to secure him as their minister; but he returned to Cildwrn Cottage, and to his humble "cure" in Anglesea. Troublous times were now before him. Sandemanianism, which taught that faith was a mere intellectual assent to the teaching of Christ, had spread among several of the churches, and Christmas Evans even fell under its sway for a time. The great leader of this "heresy" was John Richard Jones of Ramoth, a man of great intellectual power and of unbounded energy. He was for some time Baptist minister at Harlech. He was at first an enthusiastic revivalist, and even encouraged the wildest expression of religious excitement; but after embracing Sandemanianism he regarded all excitement as mischievous, and all enthusiasm as baneful. He affected the most stoical calmness, if not frigidity, and regarded the Welsh *hwyyl*, and even all warmth of religious feeling, as indicating a show of religion without the power thereof. He grew supercilious and disdainful. At length he spoke as if "poor travelling preachers" were a curse to their country, and as if there were no salvation for the ignorant multitude. But he was just the man to carry on with vigour and temporary success the new crusade. He was a good scholar, head and shoulders above his ministerial brethren around him. He was conversant with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and in other subjects his attainments were considerable. He possessed a clear intellect, a strong will and great decision. For a time the spirit of revival was dead among the churches, and endless and profitless disputations ensued.

The Association platform was turned into an arena where the theological combatants fought out their battles. The questions, whether members of the church, however scattered they might be, should necessarily meet in the same place; whether perfect unity of opinion was essential to Christian fellowship; whether the right of private property should be abolished; whether the holy kiss and the washing of feet should not be practised—these and kindred subjects were discussed everywhere, in the pulpit, in the "society," in the field, by the fire-side. In North Wales the new doctrine was for a while in the ascendancy. Nearly all the ministers seemed to have embraced it. Christmas Evans was "inoculated," and was for a time a strong advocate of its doctrines and practices. He concluded a lengthy letter he wrote to brethren entertaining the same views by saying: "I perceive that we ought to wash the feet of the disciples as of old; that we ought to partake of the Lord's Supper every Lord's day; that we should observe the holy kiss; and that we should keep the love feast." But he was not long under its spell. He soon found out that the "letter killeth." "I found," said he, "that Sandemanianism so affected me, that it extinguished the spirit of prayer for the conversion of the ungodly. I lost the power that had clothed me, consisting in confidence and earnestness in the pulpit, with strong desires for the conversion of souls to Christ. My heart went back, and I lost the testimony of a good conscience. I had lost nearness to God, and I had lost walking with Him, and something very precious was absent. I also observed that the effects of the new doctrine on our churches were disastrous. The poison penetrated four counties—Anglesea, Carnarvon, Denbigh, and Merioneth. It first of all sent away the hearers of the Gospel. I lost in Anglesea nearly all my old hearers. Many of these attended the ministry with other denominations. There they had rest from the new condemnatory spirit amongst us. We thus almost

entirely took down what had taken fifteen years to raise, and became again a despised people. So I was obliged to re-examine the foundation of my religion, to re-erect the porches, and to measure the whole by the reed of the Word."

## VII.

### FRESH LIGHT AND RENEWED CONSECRATION.

So he experienced many heart-stirrings, and, as he was journeying one day between Dolgellau and Machynlleth, "a day," said he, "never to be forgotten, I felt my heart hard but sick and my mind oppressed with darkness that could be felt. I poured forth my heart before God, in the name of Jesus, and I experienced freedom to confess and repent on account of my sin in going after the spirit of an empty religion, which had not His love in it, and which had turned my feelings, like those of Nabal, like unto a stone within me. I prayed to Christ again and again. I felt that the heart of stone was melting within me. Profuse streams of tears flowed freely and incessantly for three or four hours. The place was solitary, and therefore most advantageous for me to converse with God. This gave me an opportunity to pour forth strong cries and tears all the way, until my nature was nearly exhausted when I arrived at Machynlleth. I gave myself to God anew, and prayed earnestly for His cause, especially in Anglesea. In the first services I had after this I felt I had been removed from the frigid zone of Greenland to a genial clime, like the land of promise." So his faith was brightened and strengthened in the fire of trial, never to be rudely shaken again.

Soon after this he had one of those wonderful dreams which he regarded as visions sent him by God. He had a most vivid vision of hell, at the gate of which he was cast. Then he proceeds to give a terrible description, lit up as it were by the lurid flames that he saw, of his own agony and terror, until his

Saviour came, when a great calm possessed his soul, even at the gates of hell. At this time also he entered into a most solemn "covenant with God." This he made "in the confidence and hope that are in Christ, from a sense of nearness to God, and with the consciousness of the evil in his own heart, but of complete reliance on the infinite grace and merits of his Redeemer." It consisted of thirteen declarations mingled with prayers, each solemnly attested with his signature. After this he experienced great calm and heavenly peace as one "abiding under the shadow of the Almighty."

Thus he returned to his work with a giant's strength, the result of renewed consecration. The cause once more flourished, and the Lord added daily to the churches. In 1814 and 1815 there was great prosperity, over six hundred turning to God. There were now twenty-one stations, and many chapels were built. He visited South Wales twice a year, usually on behalf of the struggling churches under his care; sometimes he had a book of his own composition to sell, all the profits of which he would devote to paying chapel-debts. The inclemency of winter or the heat of summer could not deter him from accomplishing his onerous task. During these journeys he laboured most abundantly, preaching incessantly, being a veritable Paul in spirit and aim. He also studied hard, so that he might be able to preach in English, and be in a position to plead with the wealthier friends in England for help towards the weak churches in North Wales. He could understand sufficient English to read with profit some of the great Puritan divines before he settled in Anglesea, but he says that he made no attempt to learn English Grammar before he was thirty-three years of age. He learnt most of Richards' English-Welsh Dictionary by heart. "My English," he says, "was very broken, and yet it was my ardent wish that I should be able to preach in it. I made it a matter of prayer, as I never succeeded in anything without doing so. This the

"My brethren, pardon the freedom of my speech. I should have thought it my duty to have separated from the Church of Rome had she pretended only to determine those things which Christ has left indifferent: how much more, when she requires a compliance with those which He hath expressly forbid? When she has the insolence to say, 'You shall not only confine yourself to a prescribed form of words, but you shall worship in an unknown tongue: you shall not only bow at the venerable name of our common Lord, but you shall worship an image: you shall not only kneel at the communion, but kneel in adoration of a piece of bread: you shall not only pronounce, or at least appear to pronounce those accursed, who do not believe what is acknowledged to be incomprehensible, but those who do not believe what is most contrary to our reason and senses.'"

Doddridge was eminently loyal and patriotic, and warmly attached to the House of Hanover; hence, in '45, he took an active part in encouraging a resistance of the Pretender's attempts to re-establish the Stuart dynasty on the British throne; but in that movement the zeal of the Protestant strengthened the loyalty of the subject, and he felt that religion as well as politics had to do with the struggle.

## IX.

### FAMILY LIFE.

Dr. Doddridge married Mercy Maris of Worcester, in December 1730, and never did a happier union take place. Orton extols her as "prudent, religious, and affectionate," and Warburton must have been pleased with her, or he would not have paid the lady such compliments as he did. Just before his wedding, the bridegroom spent a day in "extraordinary devotion," and amongst his numerous rules for the conduct of his life he now inserted this: "As a husband it shall be my daily care to keep up the spirit of religion with my wife, to recommend her to the Divine blessing, to

manifest an obliging, tender disposition towards her, and particularly to avoid everything which has the appearance of pettishness, to which, amidst my various cares and labours, I may in some unguarded moments be liable." His printed letters abound in strong expressions, and in some unpublished ones we have had the opportunity of reading, there are stronger expressions still. In a volume of select devotional letters, he says to her when absent: "And I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is. I hardly feel that I want anything."

We heard many years ago from the daughter of one of his students, that he was accustomed to treat her with the utmost respect, and with all the ceremonious politeness of the age. He was very near-sighted, and on one occasion took some other person for Mrs. Doddridge, and greatly amused the company, as they listened to the glowing terms which surprised the lady as he addressed her by mistake.

Whatever the strength of attachment might be on the husband's part, it received a full response from the devotion of his wife. Her letters, many of which are preserved, abundantly testify this, and at the same time show her to have been a woman of intelligence and judgment.

After his decease she wrote to Warburton, a letter the autograph of which we have before us. In it she says: "I endeavour as far as possible to divest myself of that self-love which would lead me to repine; and to attend to the dictates of reason and religion, which tell me, that the more worthy the object was of esteem and affection, the more I should rejoice in that superior happiness and glory to which he is now raised: but I forget myself; you will forgive, sir, this digression. You knew us both, and by

fied with the cause of Christ, and its prosperity was her joy."

Also a serious illness befell him in 1823, and he was not able to preach for nine months. He also feared that he would lose the use of his one eye. But although these trials made him feel at times very depressed, yet he felt that his work was not yet done, and he waited with patience until the Lord restored him.

Again doctrinal differences began to trouble the churches. Some were Calvinists and others Arminians, and by these zealous "Defenders of the Faith" Christmas Evans was suspected of and charged with holding Fullerism.<sup>1</sup> The conflict sometimes raged furiously, and hard words were spoken. These miserable theological wranglings ill-suited his disposition, and he would have been glad to be quit of them all.

In addition to the personal and theological, there were also ecclesiastical troubles. He had been hitherto sole minister of the Baptist churches in the island, but now the independency of Congregationalism began to assert itself. Evans was not, like Wesley, a born organizer and an adept at management. Looked at from this standpoint, he, in fact, presented the weakest side of his character. He would have preferred to see sub-pastors appointed, to be, in most cases, nominated by himself. He regarded himself as possessing a certain right and authority to this; but frequently his advice and recommendations were rejected, and the churches invited as pastors men whom he regarded as unfit for their work. In doing this, he regarded the churches that he had established and nurtured as ungrateful, and their action unwise. Still he did not become morose or despondent. He was too much a man of faith to do that. He perceived the unfaithfulness of others, but he knew his own weakness as well. He did not know what vindictiveness was, as he possessed in an eminent degree a forgiving spirit. But he now

<sup>1</sup> The doctrinal views of Andrew Fuller.

thought that he could do more good elsewhere than in Anglesea. He writes, "I felt assured that I had yet much work to do, and that my ministry would be instrumental in bringing many sinners to Christ. This arose from my trust in God and the spirit of prayer that possessed me. I frequently rose above all my sorrows. As soon as I went into the pulpit during this period I forgot my troubles and found my mountain strong. I was blessed with such heavenly unction and longed so intensely for the salvation of men, that I felt the truth like a hammer in power, and the doctrine distilling like the honey-comb, and like unto the rarest wine. Everything now conspired to induce my departure from the island; the unyielding spirit of those who had oppressed and traduced me; my own most courageous state of mind, fully believing that there was yet more work for me to do in the harvest of the Son of Man; my earnest prayers for Divine guidance during one whole year; and the visions of my head at night in my bed—all worked together towards this result."

## IX.

### CAERPHILLY; CARDIFF; CARNARVON.

So he bade adieu to his still beloved Anglesea in 1826, having laboured there for thirty-four years. His next pastorate was at Caerphilly, Glamorganshire—a small town noted for its cheese and castle. It was a great trial for him to leave the district where he had laboured so long, and now, advanced in years, to remove to a strange place. "During my journey from Llangefni to Brynsiencyn," he records, "I experienced great tenderness of mind and the presence of Christ, as though He were by my side, until I was constrained to break out in audible cryings and supplications. The struggle lasted for hours, until I was enabled to entrust the care of my ministry to Jesus Christ, with a confidence that delivered me from all my afflictions. I again made a covenant with God, but



which I never wrote." He was received at Caerphilly with great rejoicing, as the good people there had been much afraid that his heart would fail him at the last moment, so that he could not leave Anglesea. Soon after his settlement some friends noticed that he seemed unhappy, and that he felt lonely, so they advised him to marry again. The name of an excellent woman was mentioned, with the further recommendation that she was a lady of means. "No, no, brother," he replied; "it is my opinion that I am never to have any property in the soil of this world until I have my grave; I shall then have my full share of it. No; if I am to have another wife, you must go all the way to distant Anglesea, and bring back my old and faithful servant, Mary Evans, who will be the best help-meet for me." So a friend undertook the long journey of nearly 400 miles (there and back), and soon Mary Evans became Christmas Evans' second wife. A noble partner she proved herself to be. She cared for him most tenderly and affectionately to the last.

Soon his ministry was felt to be as powerful as ever, and great prosperity attended it. About one hundred and forty persons were added to the church. Still, as pastor, he had difficulties to contend with. Hitherto there had been lamentable lack of pastoral superintendence and salutary discipline, and the deacons had monopolized the entire management of affairs. Christmas Evans, making full use of his authority as pastor as well as of his power as preacher, was met with an unwillingness (if not with resistance) to fall in with his ways. So his stay at Caerphilly was of short duration—only two years—although he considered that, on the whole, the time he had spent there was very blessed. In 1828 he removed to take oversight of the Welsh church at Cardiff. On the way thither, on the Caerphilly Mountain, after much prayer and supplication, he entered into another covenant with God. This last "covenant" of the now

venerable preacher is a heart-stirring document. In these wrestlings with God we discover the secret of his strength and his power in the pulpit.

We must not judge him as we would an ordinary pastor. He had been the Apostle of Anglesea, and his removal to Caerphilly he regarded in the light of a mission; so also his migration to the neighbouring town of Cardiff, and finally to Carnarvon. Cardiff he did not find a congenial sphere. The church was in a low spiritual state, having been brought into it chiefly through the immoral conduct of his predecessor. Evans was severe in his judgment on him, which some of the members who were still of this man's party considered harsh. He was now sixty-five years of age, and his physical powers began to fail, and at times he would become irritable and despondent; yet, at the request of many friends, he undertook the preparation of a volume of sermons for the press. He had come to the conclusion that it would be well for him to remove from Cardiff. He journeyed to Liverpool, and there he met several old friends and ministerial brethren. His appearance in the place was as if he had been raised from the dead—such was the joy of hundreds at seeing and hearing him once more. He was advised to take charge of the church at Carnarvon. He accepted the invitation thither, although the cause was in a very low state, and there was, besides, a very heavy debt on the chapel. He entered on this, his last field of labour, in 1832. The members were very poor, and, worse than all, there were bitter contentions among them. Sandemanianism there was not yet dead, and two or three of its disciples had greatly troubled the church. Still, he was happy in doing all that he could, and especially in being so near to his beloved Anglesea. He went to the first Association that was held in the island after his return to the North, and his presence caused universal delight. The old powers seemed to return to him. His imagery was as brilliant, his earnestness as intense, and his

"As with a seraph's voice to sing,  
To fly, as on a cherub's wing:  
Performing with unwearied hands,  
A present Saviour's high commands.

"Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait Thy signal for my flight:  
And in Thy service here below,  
Confess that heavenly joys may grow."

# XI.

## CLOSE OF LIFE.

In the December of 1750 he caught a severe cold; soon afterwards pulmonary disease made its appearance. At his last communion in Northampton, he dropped hints which made his people feel that soon they would see his face no more.

Physicians advised him to try the medicinal waters at Bristol. A clergyman of the Established Church welcomed him as a guest till he could secure convenient lodgings. Dr. Maddox, bishop of Worcester, paid him a visit, and offered to drive him to the Wells in his carriage. People vied with one another in showing him kindness. "I have experienced since I came hither," he says, "this day in particular, the kind interposition of Providence, in raising me up some very generous friends, in a place where I expected to be a perfect stranger; especially a worthy nobleman, who as kindly interests himself about my health, as if he had been long my intimate friend." Leading members of his church at Northampton came to see him, bringing messages of sympathy, and informing him of prayer meetings on his behalf, held three times a week.

He was advised to seek a warmer climate, but there were pecuniary difficulties in the way, as his usual income was too small to bear the heavy expense of a foreign journey. This obstacle was speedily removed by the generosity of those who admired his character and writings. Mr. Nathaniel Neal, who was interested in the Northampton

Academy, wrote to him: "Instead of selling what you have in the Funds, I believe I shall be able, through the benevolence of your friends, to add to it, after having defrayed the expenses of your voyage. Besides this, you go with a full gale of prayer; and I trust we shall stand ready to receive you with shouts of praise." A servant in the family where he lodged offered to attend him; and Warburton—probably through his friend Mr. Allen, who held a Post-office contract—procured an order to provide accommodation for the invalid in one of the Government packets. Mrs. Doddridge, in a letter to Warburton already noticed, expresses her obligations to both of them.

He travelled from Bristol to Falmouth in a somewhat improved state of health, but suffered a relapse the night before embarkation. As he was on his way to Lisbon, the soft air, the novel scene and surrounding comforts raised his spirits; and, as he sat in his chair in the captain's cabin, he exclaimed to his wife, "I cannot express to you what a morning I have had. Such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with as no words can express." Intense heat, whilst the vessel was becalmed in the Bay of Biscay, greatly tried him; but on entering the mouth of the Tagus, the scenery revived and cheered the invalid as he sat on the deck. After landing, a rainy season increased disease, and destroyed all hope of recovery. He expired at Lisbon on the 26th of October, 1751, and was interred in the burial-ground of the British factory. A simple monument was raised to his memory, which has been renewed again and again; and travellers of all denominations have repaired to the spot as a shrine sacred to evangelical piety and Catholic union.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

# BISHOP HOOPER.



## BISHOP HOOPER.

On the 16th of May, 1549, two years after the accession of Edward VI. to the English throne, a tall grave English gentleman, some fifty-four years old, not dressed as an ecclesiastic, but with the appearance of one—accompanied by his wife, a noble lady of Burgundy, and a little daughter barely two years old—disembarked at the port of London from Antwerp. He had left Zurich, his happy home for the past two years, because he felt it his bounden duty to give his aid to the work of the Protestant Reformation in his own country, which was slowly making its way in the face of immense difficulties, and sorely needed such men as himself. It was with no light heart he had abandoned his peaceful life in the bright pleasant Swiss city, and the loving Christian friends he had made there—Henry Bullinger, Gualter, Gesner, Pellican, and many more. He knew full well the trials that awaited him, and foreboded how they were sure to end. Foxe tells us that just before his departure from Zurich, when his friends clustered round to say “Farewell,” telling him he was sure to rise to distinction in his native land, begging for a letter now and then, and urging him not to forget his Swiss friends and well-wishers, who would be sure never to forget him, he told them in reply that had it not been for his conscience moving him for religion’s sake to leave them, he would gladly have continued all his life in Zurich, and that nothing should ever induce him to forget such friends and benefactors; “and therefore,” he added, “you shall be sure from time to time to hear from me, and I will write unto you how it goeth with me.” Then taking the cathedral preacher, Henry Bullinger, his dearest friend at Zurich, by the hand, he uttered the following memorable words: “But the last news of all, I shall

not be able to write myself, for *there—where I take most pains—ye shall hear of me to be burnt to ashes!* And that shall be the last news which I shall not be able myself to write unto you, but you shall hear it of me.”

In less than six years from the day these words were spoken, John Hooper, soon to be Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester—for he it was, who uttered this prediction—was burnt to ashes at the stake, in the city of Gloucester, over against his own cathedral close, for the faith of Christ, and the truth of His Gospel.

### I.

#### EARLY HISTORY: 1495–1518.

The early history of this great Reformer, “one of the wisest and best,” says Richard Baxter, “of all our English bishops,” is wrapped in much obscurity. That he was a Somersetshire man is certain, and that he was born in 1495, in the reign of Henry VII., some ten years after Bishop Latimer; but the place of his birth is unknown, and not even a tradition has survived about it. He was the only son and heir of a gentleman possessing considerable wealth. At the age of nineteen, in 1514, he was entered at Merton College, Oxford, under the tuition of his uncle, then fellow of the college, and in 1518 he proceeded to the degree of B.A., when three-and-twenty years old.

These were the days just before the outburst of the Continental Reformation—days of great literary activity and of a dawning spiritual life. At home, Wolsey and Warham, Erasmus, Colet and More were at work, and men were talking of the *Utopia*, and the *Praise of Folly*, and *The Paraphrase of the New Testament*. Abroad, the monk Martin Luther was protesting against Papal

physical forces, opened up so many new realms of thought, and won so many heights which have become the starting points for other explorers." It completes the picture and deepens the interest to add that the great savant, so eminent both in speculation and in practical affairs, was a peculiarly humble and devoted Christian. There was a basis on which his energy, his love of truth, his delicate courtesy habitually rested—it was faith in God. Dr. Bence Jones' restrained and suggestive words are in reality the outlines of a character as resplendent as it is rare: "His standard of duty was supernatural. It was not founded on any instinctive idea of right or wrong, nor was it fashioned upon any outward expediencies of time and place; but it was formed entirely on what he held to be the revelation of the will of God in the written Word, and throughout all his life his faith led him to endeavour to act up to the very letter of it."

On all accounts, surely, a character and life-work well worthy of the study of all thoughtful people.

## II.

### CHILDHOOD AND APPRENTICESHIP.

Michael Faraday was the son of a blacksmith. A poor man the blacksmith was, and, unlike most men of his craft, delicate in health; but, though poor and delicate, he was a man of serious mind, and still more, of genuine piety. The family home was among the hills of Yorkshire, but from its quiet scenery the blacksmith removed about 1787 to Newington Butts, in Surrey, and there, in 1791, Michael was born. The name suggests Ireland, and there was among the older people a long-standing tradition that the Faradays were of Celtic origin. Little Mike needed all the vivacity he could draw from any quarter, for the blacksmith's son did not find much at home to make his childhood exhilarating. In 1796 the family removed to rooms over a coach-house in Jacob's

Well Mews, near Manchester Square; and in this confined place, with its sounds of grooming and the forge, the days of the lad's earliest youth and of his father's decline had to be spent as best they could.

But, as he liked best in later days to describe himself as a philosopher, so in the wise fashion of children, who manage to extract enjoyment from the most unpromising materials, Michael was a philosopher from the first. One day the little fellow narrowly escaped a possible breaking of his own back by tumbling through an open trap-door upon his father's, but the explanation of his sudden descent was that he had been conducting an experiment upstairs. Better still, he studied the art of being as happy as he could by playing marbles on the sunny flagstones of the street; or looking after his little sister, and joining in her gambols when she was entrusted to his care. Never far out of hearing of his father's anvil, or the search of his mother's eye, the lad, if poor, was reasonably merry; and though his schooling, when it came to that, was of the simplest, and there never could have been much to awaken intellect about this strange prosaic Jacob's Well, the earliest knowledge we have of the blacksmith's son is all in favour of the belief that his boyish life was as full of natural and healthy development as it was free from suffering and evil manners.

A shadow indeed there always was at home. When a lad of sixteen Michael must have been grieved to notice his father's worn aspect, and to know that he was often off work because he could not bear its strain. In 1807 the blacksmith wrote to his brother Thomas: "I am sorry to say I have not had the pleasure of enjoying one day's health for a long time. Although I am very seldom off work for a whole day together, yet I am under the necessity (through pain) of being from work part of almost every day." He then speaks of the affairs of their little church, and adds: "But we perhaps ought to leave these matters to the overruling hand of

Him who has a sovereign right to do what seemeth good to Him, both in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." Three years afterwards he died.

But for some time already, as might be expected, Michael had been busy in adding to the family resources. Just round the corner, a few yards from the opening into the mews, there was a bookseller's shop; and the boy must have long been familiar with the rows of titles along the lower windows and the prints which decorated the upper panes. He had often spelt out three lines above the entrance, "*No. 2. RIEBAU. Blandford Street,*" and brought his inquisitive little face as near the glass as possible to penetrate, as a child might, the mysteries of the interior. In those earlier days he could hardly have expected that he should himself yet become one of the bookseller's establishment; but it is the unexpected that often happens, and when about thirteen Michael Faraday went to Mr. Riebau as an errand-boy for a year on trial.

When from later years his memory went back to these earlier ones, he recalled with special distinctness his work on Sundays. It was his uncongenial business to deliver and collect again on Sunday mornings the papers lent out by his master. "Often he got up very early and took them round, and then he had to call for them again; and frequently, when he was told the paper was not done with, 'You must call again,' he would beg to be allowed to have it; for his next place might be a mile off, and then he would have to return back over the ground again, losing much time, and being very unhappy if he was unable to get home to make himself neat and to go with his parents to their place of worship." The words are a reminiscence of Faraday's own, and they reproduce, as in a picture, at once the outer and inner aspect of these apprentice days.

Another recollection it would be a pity to lose. One day some message led

him to a house, and, while waiting for the tardy opening of the door, the inquisitive head, usually busied with some new discovery, was pushed between the bars of the iron area railings for some unexplained purpose of investigation on the other side. Being so situated, an interesting question arose. On one side of the balustrade was the inquiring head, on the other side the body: but "on which side," thought the young philosopher, "am I?" Such a question on the nature of personal identity was a fascinating one; but, in the midst of the consideration of it, the door was suddenly opened, the exploring head as suddenly withdrawn; and Michael, with a nose somewhat damaged and bleeding from the blow, forgot all about his metaphysical problem.

But more attractive and much more important than the newspaper deliveries was the acquaintance Faraday soon came to make with books and their contents in Mr. Riebau's shop. His master was a bookbinder; and, when the year of the errand-boy's work was over, he became an articulated apprentice. "Michael is bookbinder and stationer," writes his father some years later, "and is very active at learning his business. He has a very good master and mistress, and likes his place well. He had a hard time for some while at the first going; but, as the old saying goes, he has rather got the head above water, as there are two boys under him." Better still than gaining the confidence of his employer, Faraday was storing his mind, and greatly developing its unsuspected powers. Though required for trade purposes to pay exclusive attention to the outsides of the books, he was impelled by a stronger motive to investigate what was within. One day a customer brought an imposing pile of unbound volumes, on which the apprentice had to exercise his art: it was a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The third edition of this famous book was specially remarkable for the series of scientific articles with which Professor Robison had enriched

For at least nine years after this, he lived abroad, with the exception of occasional secret visits to his own country as necessity compelled him, incurring the greatest dangers. "I suffered," he says, "many things by land: twice I suffered bonds and imprisonment, whence being marvellously delivered by the mercy of God, though with the heavy loss of my fortune, I was wretchedly harassed by sea both by enemies and storms." During this period, beside the glimpses we get of him in Paris and other parts of France, we hear of him at Strasburg, at Basel, and finally at Zurich, where he remained two years. Notwithstanding these harassing circumstances, he appears to have diligently pursued his studies, especially in Hebrew. He also formed valuable and lasting friendships with the chief Continental Reformers—Bucer Martyr, Bullinger and others—and above all, became thoroughly established and settled in the true faith of the Gospel of Christ.

In 1546, at the mature age of fifty, he married Anna de Tserclas, "a godly and wise woman," whose parents, of noble rank, lived not far from Antwerp. By his marriage with her he had issue one daughter, born at Zurich, and afterwards in England one son; both of whom survived him. He took his wife with him to Zurich, where from 1547 to 1549, the first two years of Edward VI.'s reign, he lived, watching from afar the tide of events in England, and publishing such works as might help to further the cause of Protestantism; notably, *An Answer to Bishop Gardiner's Book upon the Eucharist*, and a work entitled, *The Declaration of Christ and His Office*, dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, the Lord Protector, whose wife was half-sister to Sir Thomas Arundel. From this last-named treatise we give a sample of his teaching.

"These two offices of Christ [intercession and sacrifice] should never be out of remembrance. They declare the infinite mercy of God, and likewise His indifferent justice unto all creatures, without respect of persons. The token of His mercy

may be known in this, that He would not that all mankind should be lost, though in Adam all deserved eternal death. He opened His mercy unto Adam not only by word, but also by the fire that descended upon his sacrifices and his son's; so to Abraham, then to the world by the incarnation and death of His only Son, the promise of grace and the promise of everlasting life unto such as repent and believe in Him.

"The sign of His ire and displeasure unto man is this, that He would not accept man again into His favour for no penance, no sorrow, no trouble, no adversity, no weeping, no wailing, no, nor for the death of any person, until His own Son, most dear beloved, by death appeased His displeasure, and became surety to satisfy the justice of God and the right that the devil had unto all mankind. This if [a] man remembered as deeply and as earnestly as the matter requireth, it should make his heart full sorry, and bring him unto an honest and virtuous trade of life; to consider this example of God's justice and equity in the appeasing of His own just conceived ire, and likewise that He would do no wrong unto His mortal enemy, the devil. Except the Son of God had been an equal and just redemption, a price correspondent to contrepeece and satisfy the culpe and guilt of man's sin, God would not have taken one soul from the right and justice of the devil.

"Now [out] of this infallible truth, that Christ hath sacrificed only for sin and His death accompted only sufficient for the salvation of man, the Church of Christ is aright instructed of two most necessary articles; first, of justification, and then of the right use of the sacrament of His holy body." Then in the following chapter he proceeds to treat the subject of justification.

#### IV.

PREACHING WORK IN ENGLAND: 1549-1550.

Up to this time Hooper seems to have intended, as he says, "to bid farewell

at length his experiments and his theorisings. As he went on the interest increased at every step, and letter followed letter filled with comments upon chemical phenomena. Occasionally another subject is introduced: he discusses the ethics of friendship; and, as if forecasting his own eminence, analyses with equal fulness and precision the whole complex subject of scientific lecturing. On this latter subject he received copious illustration when a friend gave him a pass to the Royal Institution; and he found himself on four successive evenings perched above the clock, and surveying the gathering audience before the hour struck and Sir Humphry Davy entered to delight them with his eloquence. These lectures at the Institution formed, in fact, a critical influence in Faraday's life; for with intellectual tastes of now almost unmanageable growth, and a master he was heartily anxious to leave, the currents of his wishes and his affairs seemed to be setting steadily toward a life of scientific research. With characteristic directness and simplicity he wrote to Sir Joseph Banks; and, when nothing came of the venturesome epistle but a "no answer" message from the footman, he applied to Sir Humphry himself. The reply was as kind as it was encouraging; and a few weeks after he was startled one night when undressing by a loud knock at the door, announcing a note from the Royal Institution, and the offer of a situation there; salary, twenty-five shillings a week and two rooms for himself. It was the opening of a door into a new world. The next morning Faraday took final leave of book-binding, and, to use his own words, "turned philosopher."

His exact position was that of chemical assistant, and much of his work was necessarily routine and mechanical. But his abilities were gradually becoming evident, and his personal character could not fail to make its impression. From assisting Sir Humphry in his often perilous experiments, and sharing in their interest, he grew to be ever less

of the subordinate and more of the fellow-worker and friend. He entered the Institution in March 1813, and only six months had passed when Sir Humphry arranged for a Continental tour, and offered Faraday the opportunity of going with him as amanuensis. They left London together on October 13th, and a fortnight afterwards were in Paris.

#### IV.

##### ON THE CONTINENT WITH SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

It was, as Faraday himself says, "a new epoch" in his life. Never before, within his recollection, more than a dozen miles from London, he found himself, when passing through the varied scenery of Devonshire, the delighted spectator of a new world. The travellers embarked at Plymouth, and, though the weather was wild, nothing could interfere with the zest with which Sir Humphry's companion, happily untroubled by sea-sickness, surveyed the unusual scene. Three months were passed at Paris; Faraday observing keenly, in his intervals of leisure, the manners of the people, and visiting the centres of scientific and general interest. One Saturday, "an important day," as the Diary is careful to note, he caught a glimpse of Napoleon. "He was sitting in one corner of his carriage, covered and almost hidden from sight by an enormous robe of ermine, and his face overshadowed by a tremendous plume of feathers that descended from a velvet hat," but from the distance his "dark countenance" could hardly be seen. From Paris the travellers passed by Nemours and Montpelier to Nice: thence, across the Alps, by the Col de Tende to Turin. Genoa, where Sir Humphry made some experiments with the electric eels, follows; and then Florence, where, by the aid of the Duke of Tuscany's huge lens, he succeeded in burning a diamond in oxygen. So charming a city could not fail to interest Faraday, and the month passed quickly; but Rome was before: and after Rome Vesuvius.



From the southern point the party turned northward by Milan to Switzerland and the Tyrol, and, in December, back again to Rome, where the winter was passed. The original plan contemplated a somewhat lengthy stay; but various reasons led Sir Humphry to return sooner than he had at first intended, and by April of the following year Faraday was again in London.

Of this notable period the record is to be found in the *Diary* Dr. Bence Jones has published, for Sir Humphry has left it undescribed except in a way in which his amanuensis could hardly have followed him—that of occasional poems. But between Faraday's picturesque prose and his chief's graceful and imaginative verse, there survives an admirable memorial. Pleasant to both,—and to Sir Humphry it should have been eminently so, for his young wife was his companion: it was to Faraday a time of unique influence and importance. A stranger to University life, and all the stimulating forces awakened by a regular academic training, he secured on this Continental tour something more than a recompense. Sir Humphry was then rapidly rising in reputation, and his assistant met in his company the leaders of thought, and became familiar with the fortunes and the affairs of science. Wherever he went, museums and laboratories were open to him; and, better still, in the Alpine glaciers and the furnace of Vesuvius he saw Nature herself at work. Nor did anything escape him; for, while courteously reticent about his companions, Faraday has photographed the scenes through which he passed. But in all his *Diary* what will please many readers most, is the writer's affectionate spirit. "The first and last thing," he writes to his mother, "is England, home, and friends. It is the point to which my thoughts still ultimately tend, and the goal to which, overlooking intermediate things, my eyes are still directed. . . Whenever a vacant hour occurs I employ it in thinking on those at home. Whenever present circumstances are dis-

agreeable I amuse myself by thinking on those at home. In short, when sick, when cold, when tired, the thoughts of those at home are a warm and refreshing balm to my heart. Let those who think such thoughts useless, vain, and paltry, think so still; I envy them not their more refined and more estranged feelings; for me, I will still cherish them, in opposition to the dictates of modern refinement, as the first and greatest happiness in the life of man." And when in his last letter he announced himself as hurrying home, and soon to arrive in Weymouth Street, it is with all the eagerness of a boy: "I cannot find any heart to say much here, because I want to say it myself, and I am too glad to write it. My thoughts wander from one to another, my pen runs on by fits and starts, and I shall put all in confusion. I do not know what to say, and yet cannot put an end to my letter . . . It's the shortest and to me the sweetest letter I ever wrote you."

## V.

### EARLIER YEARS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

When Faraday returned he was re-engaged at the Royal Institution. Thirty shillings a week, though supplemented by two rooms, hardly constituted in itself a very attractive remuneration; but the real charm of the position was of a higher and a far different order. "The glorious opportunity I enjoy of improving in the knowledge of chemistry and the sciences with Sir H. Davy," is Faraday's own estimate of the value of his position. And every year it became at once more remunerative and more absorbing. Scientifically regarded, the next fifteen years form one well-defined section in his life. They precede the period of Faraday's great discoveries, and form his preliminary training for work so illustrious. In this stage of his higher scientific discipline, the year 1816 is the first of any notable reproductive energy. The group of students who used to meet in Dorset Street, where Mr. Tatum had formed a City Philosophical Society, and

Archbishop, after a fortnight's attempt at persuasion, finding, as he said, "Hooper coveting rather to prescribe order to others than to obey," reported to the Council, who committed him to the Fleet Prison, where he lay for nearly three weeks.

In the end a compromise was effected. Hooper gave way on some points for peace' sake, for Christian liberty, and the edification of the Church. He consented to wear the prescribed episcopal dress at his consecration and when he preached before the King, or in his cathedral, or on any great public occasion, while left at other times to do as he pleased. His submission made to the Council on these terms, he was released from prison, to the great joy of his friends, and so the dispute which had so seriously disturbed the peace of the Church came to an end.

Hooper's own account of it occurs in a brief letter to Bullinger. "I was occupied," says he, "during the past year with constant and unimportant business, as you have doubtless heard. The question respecting the habits, which was always exceedingly displeasing to me, was gravely discussed between the Bishop of London and myself. For my part, I very properly, if I be not mistaken, found fault with the use of them in the Church, and contended for their entire removal. He, on the other hand, most urgently and pertinaciously defended their use. But as the Lord has put an end to this controversy, I do not think it worth while to violate the sepulchre of this unhappy tragedy."

On the 8th March, 1551, shortly after his imprisonment, he was consecrated Bishop of Gloucester, and preached before the King, says quaint old Foxe, "in a long scarlet chimere down to the foot, and under that, a white linen rochet that covered his shoulders. Upon his head he had a geometrical, *i.e.* a four-squared, cap, albeit that his head was round, the bystanders either approving or condemning his dress just as they were guided by their feelings. What cause of

shame, the strangeness hereof was that day to that good preacher, every man may easily judge."

That this unhappy difference was soon healed between the two good men chiefly concerned in it, and that Ridley even came to be afterwards of Hooper's mind, may be judged from that most touching letter of his to Hooper, when both prelates were in prison four years afterwards, in Queen Mary's days:—"Howsoever, my dearly beloved brother and fellow elder, whom I reverence in the Lord, in time past, in certain byematters and circumstances of religion, your wisdom and my simplicity, I grant, have a little jarred, each of us following the abundance of his own sense and judgment. Yet now, I say, be you assured that even with my whole heart, God is my witness, in the bowels of Christ, I love you in the truth, for the truth's sake which abideth in us, and, as I am persuaded, shall, by the grace of God abide in us for evermore."

Bishop Hooper lost no time after his consecration in entering upon the duties of his office, but at once went down to Gloucestershire and commenced the arduous work of teaching and preaching throughout the diocese, and setting in order the things that were wanting.

Prescient of the future, as though he knew that his time was short, "he employed it," says Foxe, "with such diligence as may be a spectacle to all bishops who shall ever hereafter succeed him, not only in that place but in whatsoever diocese throughout the whole of England."

So little did he spare himself that his poor wife became seriously alarmed about his health, and in a letter to Henry Bullinger, still extant, entreats him to admonish her husband to be more moderate in his labours. "He preaches four or at least three times every day, and I fear lest these over-abundant exertions should cause a premature decay." But nothing could divert him from the work he had undertaken. "You know," writes he, in one of his

last, in a candid letter, he told Miss Barnard his mind. Philosophers in such affairs are often liable to the charge of indiscretion, but Faraday was as sensible and grave as he was passionately in earnest. The young lady, as if quite conscious of the urgency as well as the gravity of the case, escaped for a few days to Margate, so that, at safe distance from her eager suitor, she might turn every thing quietly over. But Faraday, with an intensity quite his own, found he was compelled to go down to Margate and talk it over along with her. A few days were spent never to be forgotten; and one beyond all the others rose ever in memory:—"I can never forget this day. Though I had ventured to plan it, I had had little hope of succeeding. . . . I seemed to live with thrice the energy I had ever done before. . . . But now that the day was drawing to a close, my memory recalled the incidents in it and the happiness I had enjoyed: and then my thoughts saddened and fell, from the fear I should never enjoy such happiness again." But it is precisely in the falsification of this natural fear that the charm of the story lies. The happy pair were married in June, and some might have sagaciously surmised that the young philosopher's passion was too warm to last, and that science and popularity would not improbably absorb his affections. Precisely a quarter of a century afterwards, when honours began to crowd upon him, and he was approaching the height of his activity and fame, Faraday wrote: "January 25, 1847.—Amongst these records and events I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honour and happiness, far exceeds all the rest. We were married on June 12, 1821." Fifteen years later, from the British Association Meeting in Liverpool, he writes: "Nothing rests me so much as communion with you. I feel it even now as I write, and I catch myself saying the words aloud as I write them as if you were within hearing." Nor when ten other years had passed was there any

change in his affection. He had gone to Birmingham. "My dearest wife," he says, "I have just left Dr. Percy's hospitable table to write to you, my beloved. . . . After all, there is no pleasure like the tranquil pleasures of home; and here—even here—the moment I leave the table I wish I were with you in QUIET. Oh, what happiness is ours! My runs into the world only make me esteem that happiness the more." The last published letter, and written with a failing hand, is just as radiant with gentle affection as the first. Business had drawn him to Glasgow, but his heart was untravelled. "Dearest, the thoughts of return to *our home* crowd in strongly upon my mind. . . . My head is full and my heart also, but my recollection rapidly fails. . . . You will have to resume your old function of being a pillow to my mind, and a rest, a happy-making wife." Fortunately, it is not an unusual story; but it is not the less delightful, nor is it a slight testimony to the nobility of his comprehensive nature to say that while unsurpassed in devotion to science, he was as remarkable for delicacy and warmth in the impulses of the heart.

## VII.

### HIS WORK AND DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

From the day on which he brought his young wife home to his rooms in the Royal Institution, there was no remarkable break in the outer aspect of Faraday's life till almost the end. The work of scientific research, however intellectually romantic and endlessly varied, wore, externally, the dress of a daily routine; and for nearly a quarter of a century there was but one interval—that of a Continental tour—in the quiet course of everyday affairs. A few years after his marriage he was appointed Superintendent of the Laboratory; and in 1833 Fullerman Professor of Chemistry in the Institution for life, but without any obligation to lecture, so that his time was all the more free for the profounder researches in which he was increasingly

absorbed. In 1841 the years of preliminary training may be said to have passed into the period of those monumental discoveries which have given Faraday his unique fame. For a full decade he worked with intense devotion; but in 1851 there were signs of mental overpressure, and four years were given to rest. In 1855 the second period of his great researches began; and they again ceased only when the taxed powers again, and finally, yielded to the strain. "And on what," the unscientific reader will naturally ask, "was the philosopher for so long a time employed?" Before the question receives any reply, it may be best to look in upon the professor at work, and no one can introduce us to him more fitly than Dr. Gladstone.

"Let us watch him on an ordinary day. After eight hours' sleep he rises in time to breakfast at eight o'clock, goes round the Institution to see that all is in order, and descends into the laboratory, puts on a large white apron full of holes, and is busy among his pieces of apparatus. The faithful Anderson, an old soldier, who always did exactly what he was told, and nothing more, is waiting upon him; and as thought flashes after thought through his eager—perhaps impatient—brain, he twists his wires into new shapes, and rearranges his magnets and batteries. Thensome conclusion is arrived at which lights up his face with a gleam of satisfaction; but the next minute a doubt comes across that expressive brow—may the results not be due to something yet imperfectly conceived?—and a new experiment must be made to answer that. In the meantime one of his little nieces has been left in his charge. She sits as quiet as a mouse with her needle-work; but now and then he gives her a nod or a kind word, and throwing a little piece of potassium into a basin of water for her amusement, he shows her the metal bursting into purple flame, floating about in fiery eddies, and the crack of the fused globule of potash at the end. Presently there is handed to him the card of some foreign *savant*, who

makes his pilgrimage to the famous Institution and its presiding genius; he puts down his last result on a slate, comes upstairs, and, disregarding the interruption, chats with his visitor with all cordiality and openness. Then to work again till dinner-time at half-past two. In the afternoon he retires to his study, with its plain furniture and the india-rubber tree in the window, and writes a letter full of affection to some friend, after which he goes off to the council meeting of some of the learned bodies. Then back again to the laboratory; but as evening approaches he goes up again to his wife and niece, and then there is a game of bagatelle or acting charades; and afterwards he will read aloud from Shakespeare or Macaulay till it is time for supper, and the simple family worship, which now is not liable to the interruptions which usually prevent it in the morning. And so the day closes."

On a summer evening he used to go with his wife and their little niece to the Zoological Gardens: but Fridays were lecture evenings, and often Faraday himself addressed the philosophical congregation. It is well known that few could more fascinatingly illuminate abstruse scientific truth. His eager manner, his enthusiasm in his subject, his simplicity, his admirable lucidity of exposition, and especially that peculiar sweetness of spirit which pervaded everything,—all this made him at once to senior and juvenile audiences a lecturer of fascinating popularity.

And what were the conspicuous services of a *savant* so eloquent and so able? The answer, though simple, is suggestive. Before Faraday's time those mysterious forces—electricity, magnetism, heat and light—were practically inexplicable: they were material substances: they were imaginary powers: they were as different from each other as they were perplexing in themselves: the thoughtful could not understand the enigma of their action: the thoughtless misunderstood it, and explained them accordingly.

And what Faraday did was, practically, not only to throw a flood of light on their actions and operations generally, but to show that all these abstruse and seemingly diverse forces were really various manifestations of one. With a generalization as vast and magnificent as Newton's he illustrated the nature of those sleepless and mighty activities which make the physical world a scene of activity as various and as lovely as its forms. Newton had, in one law, as simple as it is sublime, illustrated the action of the powers which hold the parts of matter, and the bodies of the astronomical systems in their places. Faraday with equal sublimity threw a flood of light on the character of those forces which with ceaseless agencies of separation and recombination, give motion and activity to all the parts of the stable universe. And when his exhausted brain was compelled to lay down the luring problem for ever, he was engaged in the attempt to prove that, not only were the forces of electricity, light and caloric really one, but that they were identical with gravity itself.

It was in November 1845, four years after the beginning of his more notable researches, that Faraday wrote in a communication to the Royal Society: "I have long held an opinion almost amounting to conviction, in common I believe with many other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin; or in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action. This strong persuasion extended to the powers of light, and led to many exertions having for their object the discovery of the direct relation of light and electricity. These ineffectual exertions could not remove my strong persuasion, and at last I have succeeded." And three years later, in a lecture before Prince Albert, he says: "The

exertions in physical science of late years have been directed to ascertain, not merely the different natural powers, but the manner in which they are linked together, the universality of each in its action, and their probable *unity in one*. ... When we see the magnetic force exercising its governing power over matter; and when we thus see it extended to all matter, animal vegetable or mineral, living or lifeless; and when we see it thus making strange and striking distinctions between the same kind of matter, as it may be in the amorphous and crystalline state; and when we remember that the earth itself is a magnet, pervaded in every part by this mighty power, universal and strong as gravity itself, we cannot doubt that it is exerting an appointed and essential influence over every particle of matter, and in every place where it is present. What its great purpose is, seems to be looming in the distance before us, the clouds which obscure our mental sight are daily thinning, and I cannot doubt that a glorious discovery in natural knowledge, and of the wisdom and power of God in the creation, is awaiting our age, and that we may not only hope to see it, but even be honoured to help in obtaining the victory over present ignorance and future knowledge."

But this general statement is far from complete. In his lucid summary of Faraday's achievements, Professor Tyndall pictures their varied mass and magnificence: "When from an Alpine height the eye of the climber ranges over the mountains, he finds that for the most part they resolve themselves into distinct groups, each consisting of a dominant mass, surrounded by peaks of lesser elevation. The power which lifted the mightier eminences in nearly all cases lifted others to an almost equal height. And so it is with the discoveries of Faraday. As a general rule the dominant result does not stand alone, but forms the culminating point of a vast and varied mass of inquiry. In this way, round about his great discovery of Magneto-

bishopric of Worcester was at once taken from him, and the Romanist Heath reinstated, and not two months after Edward's death he was summoned to appear before the Lords of the Council at Richmond. This was to meet a pretended charge of being indebted to the Queen; the real reason was to keep him safe in ward till a law should be passed giving power to bring him to the stake for heresy. His friends warned him of the impending danger, and besought him to flee the country; but he calmly refused, saying, "Once I did flee and take me to my feet. But now, because I am called to this place and vocation, I am thoroughly persuaded to tarry, and to live and die with my sheep."

Accordingly he appeared at Richmond on the 29th August, and was received by Gardiner, as Foxe tells us, "very opprobriously, who railing and ranting of him, accused him on the score of his religion." No answer, of course, was of any avail. He was committed on the 1st September to the Fleet prison, and there kept in close confinement. On the 19th March, 1554, some six months afterwards, he was taken before the Queen's Commissioners to be deprived of his bishopric of Gloucester. These were Bishops Gardiner of Winchester, Bonner of London, Tonstal of Durham, Day of Chichester, and Kitchin of Llandaff. "So uncharitably was Master Hooper handled at these men's hands," says an impartial witness, "and so humbly and patiently did he use himself towards them, that whereas I stood in a mammering and doubt which of these two religions to have credited, their unreverend behaviour doth make me rather to credit his doctrine than that which they by railing and cruel words defended, considering that Christ was so handled before." Hooper refused to put away his wife, for which Bishop Day called him "hypocrite," and Tonstal and others "beast," "with clamours and cries and long brutish talk." In answer to Bishop Tonstal, he plainly said that "he believed not the corporal presence in the Sac-

rament." Whereupon with noise and tumult they bade the notaries write that he was married and refused to give up his wife, and that he believed not the corporal presence, and was therefore worthy to be deprived of his bishopric, and so committed him again to prison, where he lay for eleven months longer—seventeen months in all—till February 9th, 1555. On that day at last death gave him liberty, and the noble Protestant prisoner was free.

Of these long weary months we have occasional glimpses from the letters he was now and then able to send to friends at home and abroad. At an early period of his imprisonment he managed to get his wife and two children safely conveyed to Frankfurt, where she took up her abode with a female relative, anxiously awaiting tidings of her husband's fate. He writes to his old friend Henry Bullinger, commending to his protection one and another of the fugitives from England for conscience' sake. He expresses devout resignation to the will of God, and exhorts his friends and fellow-sufferers to constancy and steadfast resolution. "As for myself," he writes in one of his letters, "in a short time, unless the Lord shall restrain the tyranny of our enemies, I shall go, in the blood of Christ, to heaven."

In one letter, written just at the close of his long imprisonment, we have an interesting account of the treatment he experienced in prison. At first, on payment of very heavy fees to the warden, he had been able to live in some degree of comfort, but after three months or thereabouts Gardiner ordered him to be confined in the common prisoners' wards, to be more severely dealt with. "I had nothing now appointed me," he says, "for my bed but a little pad of straw, a rotten covering with a tick and a few feathers therein, the chamber being vile and stinking, until by God's means good people sent me bedding to lie on. On the one side of this prison is the sink and filth of all the house, and on the other side the town ditch, so that the stench

of the house hath infected me with sundry diseases. During which time I have been sick, and the doors, bars, hasps and chains being made fast upon me, I have mourned, called and cried for help. But the warden when he hath known me many times ready to die and when the poor men of the wards have called to him to help me, hath commanded the doors be kept fast and charged that none of his men should come at me, saying 'Let him alone: it were a good riddance of him.' Thus I have suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months, my goods, living, friends and comfort taken from me: the Queen owing me by just account fourscore pounds or more. She hath put me in prison and giveth nothing to find me: neither is any one suffered to come at me whereby I might have relief. . . . But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done whether it be by life or by death."

We give a beautiful letter to certain prisoners, seized in Bow Churchyard when engaged in prayer and reading the Scriptures, to show how well he was able to comfort those in like distress. "O! glad may you be that ever you were born to be apprehended, taken while so virtuously occupied: blessed be they that suffer for righteousness' sake! If God had suffered them that took your bodies to have taken your lives also, then had you now been following the Lamb in perpetual joys, away from the company and assembly of wicked men. But the Lord will not so suddenly have you to depart, but reserveth you gloriously to speak and to maintain the truth in the world. Be of good comfort: all the hairs of your head are numbered: and there is not one of them shall perish, except your Heavenly Father suffer it. Now you be even in the field and placed in the forefront of Christ's battle. It is doubtless a singular grace of God and a special love of Him towards you, to give you this forward and pre-eminence: and a sign that He trusteth you above many other of His people. Remember, dear brethren and sisters, what lookers-on you have to see

and behold you in this fight: God and all His holy angels, who be ready always take you up, if you be slain in this fight. Consider also whom you have standing at your backs: all the faithful brethren, who shall take courage, strength and desire to follow such valiant and noble Christians as ye be. Be not afraid, therefore, of your adversaries. For He that is in you is stronger than he that is in them. Shrink not, although it seemeth to the flesh painful. Your pains shall not be now so grievous as hereafter your joy shall be comfortable. Read the 8th and 9th chapters to the Romans; to the Hebrews the 11th and 12th, and upon your knees thank God that ever you were counted worthy to suffer anything for His truth's sake. . . . So let us now who are called commit all things to Him that calleth us. He will take heed that all things at home shall be well. He will surely comfort the husband: He will doubtless help the wife: He will guide the servants: He will keep the house: yea, rather than anything shall be left undone, He will rock the cradle. Cast therefore your care upon God, for He careth for you. . . . God's Holy Spirit be with you now and evermore."

A week before the close of Hooper's imprisonment he wrote a letter to certain of his friends, of which we give some extracts. January 21, 1555. Referring to the action of Parliament. . . . With respect to religion, he goes on to say: "But now is the time of trial to see whether we fear more God or man. It was an easy thing to hold with Christ whilst the Prince and the world held with Him; but now the world hateth Him, it is the true trial who be His."

"Wherefore in the name, and in the virtue, strength and power of His Holy Spirit, prepare yourselves in any case to adversity and constancy. Let us not run away when it is most time to fight. Remember, 'Who shall be crowned, but such as fight manfully?' and 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.' Ye must now turn your cogitations from the perils you see—and mark the felicity

Sandemanians. A very unworldly community it was, few in numbers, and attracting slight attention. In the last century a Scottish minister, the Rev. John Glass, found himself in collision with the Courts of his church; he held that all state connections were a serious evil, and that in many other popular customs and views there was a deplorable misconception of the spiritual simplicity of the first days. His son-in-law, Robert Sandeman, became known as the vigorous assertor of opinions then thought by many heretical, and the community of those who accepted them were known by his name. The movement, like so many similar, was practically an active protest against the formality and dogmatism into which settled forms of belief and usages sometimes degenerate; and it naturally attracted not a few of the spiritual and quiet minds of the day. Faraday's father and his people had found a congenial home within the Scottish sect, and Faraday himself, a month after his marriage, made the public confession of sin and profession of faith which was usual, and was received as a member of the church. This was in 1821, and to the end he remained in hearty and intimate friendship with the little company whose spirit and ways he had found so congenial in his journey towards the "better country."

The precise views held by Sandemanians are matters of much less interest than the expression Faraday has given of his own. In 1854 he began a lecture on "Mental Education" at the Royal Institution in words which are remarkably characteristic of his mind: "Before entering on this subject I must make one distinction which, however it may appear to others, is to me of the utmost importance. High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view; and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears or hopes or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth

of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given. Let no one suppose for a moment that the self-education I am about to commend in respect to the things of this life extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief. I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply these mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe that the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and godhead; and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those higher things concerning his future which he cannot know by that spirit."

Some years later, in a letter to one of his correspondents, Faraday gives an unusually full statement of his own views on the spiritual life. It is at once so characteristic and so explicit as to furnish a good conception of his own position in regard to those momentous matters. "The Christian," he says, "who is taught by God (by His Word and His Holy Spirit) finds his guide in the Word of God, and commits the keeping of his soul into the hands of God. He looks for no assurance beyond what the Word can give him; and if his mind is troubled by the cares and fears which may assail him, he can go nowhere but to the throne of grace and to Scripture. No outward manifestation, . . . can give either instruction or assurance to him, nor can any outward opposition or trouble diminish his confidence in Christ cruci-



way, and that any child might keep him well enough." That night "he did eat his meat quietly, and slept his first sleep soundly." After this sleep he continued all the night in prayer until the morning; and then, as a day was allowed him for preparation, he desired that he might go into the next chamber, that there being solitary he might pray and talk with God. So that all that day, saving a little at meals, or when visitors came to him, he bestowed in prayer.

One of these visitors was Sir Anthony Kingston, whom he had once offended by publicly rebuking his sins. He entered unannounced and found him at his prayers, and as soon as he saw Master Hooper, he burst forth in tears. Hooper at the first blush knew him not, but when he said, "My lord, do you not know me—an old friend of yours, Anthony Kingston?" at once recognised him. Then Kingston said, "I am sorry to see you in this case, for as I understand, you be come hither to die. Oh, consider! Life is sweet, and death is bitter. Therefore, seeing life may be had, desire to live, for life hereafter may do good." Hooper answered, "I thank you for your counsel, but it is not so friendly as I could have wished. True it is, Master Kingston, that death is bitter, and life is sweet; but consider that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet. Therefore have I settled myself, through the strength of God's Holy Spirit, patiently to pass through this fire prepared for me, desiring you and others to commend me to God's mercy in your prayers." "Well, my lord," said Kingston, "then there is no remedy, and I will take my leave; and I thank God that ever I knew you, for God did appoint you to call me, being a lost child. I was both an adulterer and a fornicator, but God, by your ministry, hath brought me to the detesting and forsaking of the same." They parted, the tears on both their faces.

In the evening came the Mayor and aldermen, with the sheriffs, to shake

hands with him. To them he spoke cheerfully enough. "It was a sign of their good will," he said, "to take a condemned man and prisoner by the hand, and a proof that they had not forgotten the things he used to teach them as their bishop and pastor. "He begged the sheriffs that there might be a quick fire, to make an end shortly, and for himself, he would be as obedient as they could wish. "If you think I do amiss in anything," said he, "hold up your fingers, and I am done; for I am not come hither as one enforced or compelled to die (for it is well known I might have had my life with worldly gain), but as one willing to offer and give my life for the faith rather than consent to the wicked Papistical religion of the Bishop of Rome, and I trust by God's grace to-morrow to die a faithful servant of God, and a true obedient subject to the Queen." He retired to rest that night very early, saying that he had many things to remember. He slept one sleep soundly, and bestowed the rest of the night in prayer. After he had risen in the morning, he desired that no man should be suffered to come into the chamber, that he might be solitary till the hour of execution.

About nine o'clock of the Saturday morning, February 9th, 1555, Hooper was bid prepare to be led forth, as the time was at hand, and he came down from his chamber, accompanied by the two sheriffs. The day was gloomy, wet and windy. The place of the execution was an open space outside the college precincts, near a large elm-tree, under which he had been wont to preach, opposite to the cathedral. Several thousands of people were collected to see him suffer; some had climbed the tree and were seated among the leafless branches, in the storm and rain. A company of priests were in a room over the college gate. "Alas!" said Hooper, "why be these people assembled and come together? Peradventure they think to hear something of me now, as in times past; but speech is prohibited

me." He had suffered much in prison from sciatica, and was lame, but he limped cheerfully along with his staff in his hand, and smiled at such as he knew among the people.

Arrived at the stake, he kneeled him down to pray; but ere he was entered into his prayer, a box was brought and placed on a stool before his eyes, which he was told contained his pardon if he would recant. But Hooper cried out, "If you love my soul, away with it! If you love my soul, away with it!" The box being taken away, Lord Chandos said, "Despatch him then, seeing there is no remedy." Yet he was suffered to pray a while longer, and certain of them who were standing nigh, heard how he confessed his faith; acknowledged his sinfulness; asserted his innocence, and in these words implored the Divine help to bear his cross: "Well seest Thou, my Lord and God, what terrible pains and cruel torments be prepared for Thy creature; such, Lord, as without Thy strength, none is able to bear or patiently to pass. But all things that are impossible with man, are possible with Thee. Therefore strengthen me of Thy goodness, that in the fire I break not the rules of patience, or else assuage the terror of the pains, as shall seem most to Thy glory."

Prayer being done, he prepared himself to the fire, stripping off his garments to his shirt, and was bound round the waist with a hoop of iron to the stake. A pound of gunpowder was tied between his legs, and as much more under either arm. When the faggots and reeds were brought, he received two bundles of them in his own hands, embraced them, kissed them, and put under either arm one of them, and showed with his hand how the rest should be disposed, and pointed to the place where any did lack.

The man that was appointed to make the fire, here approached and begged his forgiveness for it. "Therein," said

Master Hooper, "thou dost nothing offend me. God forgive thee thy sins, and do thine office, I pray thee."

Thus being ready, he looked upon the people, of whom he might well be seen (for he was both tall and stood upon a high stool), and behold, round about him and in every corner there was nothing to be seen but weeping and sorrowful faces. Then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he prayed to himself. The fire was then brought, but the wood was green. The dry rushes only kindled, and burning for a few moments were blown away by the wind, so that he was not more than touched by the fire.

Within a space after, a few dry faggots were brought, and a new fire kindled with the faggots (for there were no more reeds), and this burned at his nether parts, but had small power above, because of the wind, saving that it did burn his hair, and scorch his skin a little. In the time of which fire he prayed, saying mildly: "O Jesus, the Son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul." After the second fire was spent, he did wipe both his eyes, and beholding the people, he said with an indifferent loud voice, "For God's love, good people, let me have more fire."

A third fire was kindled within a while after, which was more extreme than the other two; and then the bladders of gunpowder exploded, but did him small good: they were so ill-placed, and the wind had such power. In the which fire he prayed with somewhat a loud voice, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" These were his last words.

"Thus was he three-quarters of an hour or more in the fire, and quietly and patiently died; and he now reigneth. I doubt not, as a blessed martyr in the joys of heaven prepared for the faithful in Christ before the foundations of the world, for whose constancy all Christians are bound to praise God."

CHARLES MARSON, M.A.

# JOHN EVANGELIST GOSSNER.



# JOHN EVANGELIST GOSSNER.

## I.

### HIS TIMES.

TOWARDS the end of the last century the state of religion on the continent of Europe was very low, both in the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. In the latter, the Jesuits had acted in such a way that one Government after another had been obliged to suppress the Order, till at last even the Pope could endure them no longer.

In the Protestant Church a lifeless orthodoxy had given place to Rationalism. An eloquent preacher having on a Christmas-day read out his prescribed text, which spoke of Him who had been laid in a manger, announced to his congregation that in referring to the manger, he would speak to them of the great benefit of the stall-feeding of cattle. To such a pitch had Rationalism brought the Church.

Two or three generations had passed away since the time of Spener and August Hermann Francke. Many individuals from among the highest and lowest classes of society were continuing to bear witness to the power of divine grace. We shall see how it was a poor peasant girl in the house of Feneberg who brought Bishop Sailer, Gossner's friend, to accept of the doctrine of salvation by grace. The Moravian Brethren had gathered most of the real Christians among the Protestants into their churches, and though Zinzendorf had died in 1760, his work continued to prosper.

Outside that circle, Rationalism on the one hand and the Mysticism of Jacob Boehme and Jung-Stilling on the other, divided the land between them, while the Quietists were retiring into their chamber to read the Scripture and pray and wait for better times.

## II.

### HIS EARLY LIFE.

Gossner was born on the 14th December, 1773, and, being baptized the same day, he received the names John Evangelist. His parents were devout Roman Catholic peasants, living in the Circle of Suabia, which afterwards became part of Bavaria. His native village was called Hausen, not far from Günzburg and Ulm, not to be confounded with another Hausen, near Heidenheim, in Würtemberg.

The Suabians were all at that time bigoted Roman Catholics, at least in the villages. A good-natured, pædagogic people, regarded by other Germans pretty much as the Galileans were regarded by the citizens of Jerusalem. Gossner was born at the end of the year in which Pope Clement XIV., by the famous Bull "Dominus ac Redemptor," had suppressed the order of Ignatius Loyola as an intolerable evil. The Jesuits continued, however, to hold their old post as ex-Jesuits, and to carry on their work as formerly.

Of a family of thirteen children in his father's house, John was the tenth, and, as there was no school in Hausen, he went with his brothers and sisters to the parish school in the neighbouring village of Waldstetten, where he is said to have worked fairly well, being generally near the head of his class, but always foremost at the village games and sports. When he reached his tenth year he was admitted to his first communion, and, having then confided to his confessor his great desire to become a priest, the consent of the parents to this step was with some difficulty obtained, but only after two years' waiting.

In his twelfth year he entered the Gymnasium at Augsburg, where he re-

came by water. The perquisites of his post were considerable. Besides house and profits of the orchard, and the gratuities of passing courtiers, he had ten groats per day of standing wage, with other allowances, "insomuch that he lived plentifully and in good repute, but laid by nothing."

And so Philip Henry records of himself: "Wednesday, 24 Aug. 1631, I was born in Whitehall, near the garden stairs before mentioned. The witnesses at my baptism were Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who gave me my name and was kind to me to the day of his death, James, Earl of Carlisle, and the Countess of Salisbury."

## II.

### EARLY DAYS AT WHITEHALL.

Philip Henry did no discredit to such a birthplace or so distinguished sponsors. He was naturally a well-favoured child, and soon began to develop that graceful suavity of speech and demeanour, befitting the precincts of a royal Court, which never left him. The young princes did not disdain to be his occasional associates. They were much about his own age, Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., being born the year before him, and Prince James, afterwards James II., two years his junior. The latter was created Duke of York at the age of ten, and by the influence of the Earl of Pembroke John Henry had an additional place among the young Duke's attendants. This post he was afterwards permitted by the King to sell for £600, "which proved a great mercy to him, and was his maintenance for several years after the war began, when his other incomes failed."

From earliest childhood Philip Henry was piously nurtured and guarded from the contaminations of Court life by a mother who had imbibed much of the devout and anxious Puritan spirit. Of that beloved and revered mother, Magdalen Rochdale, to whom he was conscious of owing so much, Philip Henry declares that though "living where she

had opportunity of enjoying worldly delights extraordinary, she was dead to them. She looked well to the ways of her household, prayed with them daily, catechised her children, and brought them constantly to public ordinances."

To the dear familiar spot he ever lovingly reverted. "Have you taken a turn to Whitehall yet, to see the nest in the orchard whence your father came?" he asks in a letter to his son Matthew more than fifty years later. The sorrows of his young life were not of a private or domestic kind, but sprang chiefly out of public affairs and contact with the great events themselves at their very centre. An infatuated monarch, madly bent on arbitrary power, and trying issues with the nation for absolutism in Church and State, is driving things to a fearful crisis. Philip Henry could never forget the unwonted turmoil and bustle of a Parliament, after eleven years interval from the previous one. As a schoolboy of ten he heard the noise of the great tumults at Westminster in 1641, and of the excited mobs that hustled the bishops, or that surged to St. Stephen's in support of the Grand Remonstrance. And when King Charles went rashly down to the House on that fateful 3rd of January, 1642, with an armed force to seize the patriot leaders, Philip Henry listened to the roar and hurricane of popular fury that ensued. Or the week following, after the King had left Whitehall in alarm, never to see it again till brought back for trial and execution seven years later, the bewildered little fellow was witness to the scene on street and river when the five members were brought to Westminster in triumph. Yet, on the other hand, he loved to recall by the quiet family fireside at Broad Oak his pleasant interviews with the royal household. He treasured to his dying day a book given him by the young Duke of York; and "I have heard him," says his son, "bewail the loss of his curious pictures he gave him likewise." And whatever he thought in later life as a Presbyterian Puritan res-

pecting Laud and his policy, he was never slow to mention his own kindly reminiscences of the Archbishop. The sharp active Primate, hurrying to cross the river to Lambeth from some privy council, would note with approval the eagerness of the boy to open the postern. And after Laud had been sent to the Tower, Philip Henry once went with his father and saw him there—a visit rendered memorable to the boy by the Archbishop giving him some bright new-coined pieces of money.

John Henry, the father, continued, as we might have supposed, a sturdy Royalist to the end. Magdalen Rochdale inoculated her son with her own Puritan tendencies. Philip Henry chose the Presbyterian side in the coming struggle, and strove to unite in himself the constitutional loyalist and evangelical churchman. But never, even when an outcast and a persecuted sufferer, did he cease to cherish these early recollections; and never did they fail to keep away all bitterness from his spirit, without in the least tempting him to swerve from his own deep-seated convictions.

### III.

#### EDUCATION AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

It would not be easy to light on a finer picture of Christian boyhood than that of Philip Henry. After good preparatory training, he is admitted in 1643, at the age of twelve, to Westminster School. Passing with distinction through the fourth form, he ere long comes under the immediate care of its redoubtable head-master, the famous Dr. Richard Busby, whose name has become proverbial as a preceptor of youth. Few men have presided so long with such distinction over a great public school, or have turned out so many illustrious pupils, like Dryden and Locke, South and Atterbury, with others famous in various departments. The stern and formidable disciplinarian could boast of sixteen of the bishops on the bench at one time having passed under his "little

rod." It was he who kept on his hat when Charles I. visited the school and stood uncovered, explaining afterwards to His Majesty that it would be an end to discipline if the boys got an impression of any one being greater in the school than their teacher. Living to his ninetieth year (1606–1695), noted alike for his vehement attachment to the Stuart dynasty and his able scholastic work and writings, he fitly was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his effigy may still be seen. But in 1643 Busby was only commencing his long professional career. And though Philip Henry's mother, in her religious care for her boy, stipulated he should attend the early morning lecture, set up from seven to eight o'clock at the Abbey in connection with the famous Westminster Assembly of Divines, this did not prejudice his advancement at school. Writing of the seven preachers who conducted that service, Stephen Marshall, Herbert Palmer, Charles Herle, Philip Nye, with Whitaker, Stanton and Hill, he says: "I was their constant hearer, at the request of my dear mother to the master, who dispensed with my absence from school that while, and I wrote their sermons as well as I could. She took me also with her every Thursday to the lecture at St. Martin's, and every monthly fast to St. Margaret's, Westminster, which was our parish church, where preached the ablest men in England before the House of Commons."

These and other influences then surrounding him were, as we shall see, among the chief determining elements of his life. But though drawing him in an opposite direction, they did not interfere with his rise in the good graces of Dr. Busby, whose favourite pupil indeed he ere long became. "The usual severities of the school," he says, "I had small share of. Once, however, being monitor of the chamber, and being sent forth to seek one that played truant, I found out where he had hid himself, yet at his earnest request promised to say I could not find him, which I wickedly

## V.

IN STOFFENRIED, NEUBURG AND SEEG.

After leaving the seminary Gossner was sent as curate to Stoffenried, where he remained only a short time, and then removed to Neuburg. It was here, in November 1797, within a year of his ordination, that the letter from Martin Boos to Langenmayer fell into his hands, and worked the great change in his life. In a few months we find him preaching most faithfully the doctrine of Christ being made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. We find him writing to his former fellow-students, urging them not to stop by the way, but to press into the kingdom of God. His own heart having experienced such wondrous peace, he could not rest till all his friends had learned to see the way of salvation as it was now made clear to himself.

His next curacy was in Seeg, under Feneberg, where he remained two years. During this time there were marvellous conversions taking place, some of which were attended with complete physical prostration; and many who were listening to the preacher proclaiming the way of salvation would, with loud screams, fall prostrate in the church, awakening after a time in great peace of mind, followed by complete change of life. The words spoken by these stricken ones were regarded by some as special revelations. Gossner never encouraged this phase of the work, but protested against attempts to represent the visions of a heated imagination as revelations from God, and still cried: "We have a sure word of prophecy, to which we do well to take heed, and not trouble ourselves about these dreams, of which we cannot tell whence they come."

His next curacy was in Augsburg, where the ex-Jesuits, who for some time had watched him closely, soon brought against him a charge of heresy. Ninety-five points were noted on which he was

suspected of teaching something contrary to the doctrine of the Church. The principal charge referred to justification by faith through grace without the deeds of the law. The inquisitor strove to make his admission, that our good works cannot justify us before God, to be evidence against him for teaching Antinomianism, and this would have involved imprisonment for life. If our good works do not justify us before God, it was said, then they are of no use, and it makes no difference how a man lives. Gossner replied, that good works, if really good, have their own place as an evidence of faith in Christ, who alone can justify, and not as the ground of justification.

Up to this time Gossner and his friends had believed most firmly, that as their new doctrines agreed with many passages to be found in the writings of Augustine and Jerome and other distinguished fathers of the Church, as well as the teaching of Christ and the Apostles, they were still in full accord with the traditions of the Church of Rome, but they now discovered their mistake. The examination was most harassing and of long duration, resulting in a sentence of imprisonment. Now it happened that he was sent to the same prison where Martin Boos had once been confined for the same cause, and the same director of the gaol was still at his post. This man's name was Hoffmann, and as he had been converted under the influence of Martin Boos, who had spent eight months under his charge, Hoffmann and his family received Gossner with tears in their eyes, and contrived to make the prison to be to him a home. Still it was a heavy trial to discover that the teaching of the Bible and of the Church were so much opposed to each other as to be utterly irreconcilable. Feeling in his own heart the power of the Word of God, and seeing its fruits in the holy and joyous lives of those who had accepted the atonement of Christ, he could not respect the Church of Rome as he had done before, and the thought rose in his mind that

he might yet some day be obliged to leave it. He was released from prison in August 1802, and returned to Augsburg; but it is worthy of note, that in his Diary of this period not a single bitter word is to be found against his persecutors.

Martin Boos had at this time removed to Upper Austria, where he had accepted a post as assistant to Pastor Bertgen in Puerbach. As Gossner's health had been seriously affected by his imprisonment, he required change and rest; and to obtain these he resolved to visit Boos. Here, accompanied by Pastor Bertgen, he enjoyed the lovely scenery near Linz and Wels, and even visited Bishop Gall of Linz at his charming residence among the mountains near the Danube. The Bishop welcomed him most heartily, seeming greatly to enjoy his society, and Gossner remarks in his Diary: "How can I understand this? My bishop in Augsburg sent me to prison as a heretic a few months ago, and here is the Bishop of Linz, who knows perfectly what I believe and what I teach, lodging me in his palace and treating me with the greatest possible kindness! Is not the house divided against itself?"

Greatly refreshed by his intercourse with Boos and the many friends whose acquaintance he made in Upper Austria, he returned to Augsburg, having visited Sailer, who was then Professor in Landhut, by the way. His old friend Bayer he also met unexpectedly, and in the course of his rambles found, for the first time, a copy of *Klopstock's Messiah*, which he read with intense delight. Having returned to his work in Augsburg, he felt that he lay under suspicion and was surrounded by spies ready to report every word and act that might give his adversaries power over him. His former joy in his labour was gone, he even laments that he was no more able to pray as he had done before, and he longed for a change. Still, as recorded in his Diary, his constant cry was: "Lead Thou me, blessed Jesus, never to seek my own ease or comfort, but in all things to seek Thy glory, Thou God of love."

## VI.

### IS APPOINTED PARISH PRIEST.

After repeated ineffectual efforts to obtain a parish at some distance from Augsburg, he found himself in 1803 unexpectedly appointed to be parish priest in Dirlwang. The French Revolution had produced great changes in Germany, and Max Joseph of Bavaria found himself rewarded with very considerable additions to his territory, in virtue of his readiness to serve the purposes of Napoleon. His prime minister, Montgelas, was a disciple of Voltaire, and in his church patronage did not consult the wishes of the bishops. That a priest had been sent to prison was rather a recommendation to a post, as he was then less likely to cross the Minister's plans. When a vacancy occurred in the parish of Dirlwang, near the Tyrolese mountains, it was given to Gossner, who was much pleased with the change from Augsburg, where his position had gradually become intolerable.

The parish was beautiful and well cultivated. The peasants were poor but diligent and thrifty. The new pastor met with a kindly reception. His new style of preaching soon attracted attention. In fine weather crowds came from a distance, so that when the church could not hold them they retired to the churchyard. Here, when the crowd was greater than usual, he would preach for an hour and a half in the open air against Mariolatry, saying that Mary's greatest virtue was, that her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour, and that she had said to the servants in the presence of the Lord at the marriage feast in Cana, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." He taught that the intercession of the saints was not required, as the Lord Jesus had undertaken all that Himself. As a spirit of revolution was at that time rife, the people were glad to have a priest who had the courage to break with the old traditions of the Church, and offer them something they had never heard before.

His life was also different from most



of the other priests in that neighbourhood. His whole time was devoted to the good of the parish—visiting the sick, instructing the young, comforting the dying. The war had wasted the land, and the French soldiers were billeted on the citizens, causing great trouble and expense. In his Diary we read an account of much that he suffered, closing with the remark: "We shall one day give thanks for all this, but at present it is hard to bear."

After the war a fever of a very malignant kind broke out. In some cases whole families were struck down at the same time, and as there was no one to nurse them, it frequently happened that all of them died. Some of the survivors fled for fear from the district; others became utterly callous and indifferent to the misery around them. Gossner was day and night among the sick and the dying, and frequently meals cooked in his kitchen were carried to from forty to fifty sick persons in one day. The fellowship of suffering brought him nearer to his parishioners, and having no fear of the infection he exerted himself far beyond his strength; but when the scourge had passed away he felt the effects in an exhausted constitution. His labour was lightened, however, by the consciousness that he was not under the espionage of the Jesuits, as had been the case in Augsburg, but might proclaim a full and free gospel without fear. Many conversions took place in the parish, some of which were very sudden and very thorough, so that the plague brought new spiritual life into the parish.

His own heart was filled with love to a personal Saviour, and the more earnestly he preached to others, the more deeply did he feel in his own heart the power of that Gospel he was commending. "How is this," he cried, "that this world sees no beauty in a crucified Saviour! They are lamenting that they cannot pray; cannot resist temptation; but no one laments that the dying love of Jesus is so little felt. As the Israelite in the wilderness looked to the brazen

serpent and was healed, so our only cure is to look to Jesus, who bore the cross for us and is now set down at the right hand of God. A fixed look at the crucified One fills the heart with a sense of shame because of our own vileness, and at the same time of unspeakable joy that our guilt is all washed away by His atoning death. Let no one think that this is too little for our salvation. A believing look at the Lamb of God as slain for us and accepted of the Father as our substitute, is all we need for eternal life."—(Sermon on Good Friday.) He felt there could be no more fellowship between him and the bishops or the ex-Jesuits, and Christian fellowship was daily becoming a growing necessity of his very existence. Close brotherly relations to those who loved the Lord Jesus was become his daily bread, and this he did not find in his own Church.

Filled with thoughts like these, he invited several friends, whom he knew to be like-minded, to meet him at his parsonage on 17th October, 1804. Feneberg and Bayer, Langenmayer and Sailer, accepted the invitation, and Christian Schmid came unexpectedly to Dirlwang at the same time. Several days were spent in prayer and studying the Scriptures, and before the friends parted they resolved to devote a fixed time daily in their own houses to prayer for definite objects on which their minds were set. As they thus prayed for each other and for the Church of God, they found themselves, while growing in love to Christ, losing their attachment to the Church of Rome.

The political state of the land was encouraging; for an edict was issued in 1803, offering equal rights to all Christian denominations in the kingdom of Bavaria. These praying brethren took advantage of the edict, and sent a petition asking leave to form a Christian colony for themselves, free from the bishops and the Pope. Nothing came of it, however, and the expectations in this direction were given up. They must learn not to trust in princes.

## VII.

## THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

More than twenty years before this time a strong desire for union had been felt by many Christians, and on the 30th August, 1780, Dr. John Urlsperger of Augsburg had succeeded in founding in Basel a society to be called the Christian Association, whose object should be to unite in close Christian fellowship all who loved the Lord Jesus. The work to be undertaken was the distribution of Bibles and tracts, tending the sick, establishing lending libraries, and other branches of home mission work. Dr. Steinkopf was the active Secretary, and on his removal to London the post of Secretary was taken by Spittler, then a youth of nineteen years. We cannot follow the working of this society, out of which the Basel Bible Society and Foreign Mission grew, further than to notice the great influence it had on Gossner. He and his friend Langenmayer meditated at one time leaving the Roman Catholic Church and joining this Association, but Spittler, the publisher, and the founder of the Missionary Institution, Crishona, and others advised them to remain as long as possible in their own church, as Luther had done.

When Dr. Steinkopf had been appointed first Foreign Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804, he proceeded at once to Basel and Nuremberg to establish auxiliaries there in connection with the Christian Association. Gossner entered heartily into the work, and in an incredibly short time had distributed 650 copies of the Scriptures. We must remember that this was at a time when few cared for the Bible, and the distribution took place among Roman Catholics. Though Gossner had a goodly number of real converts in his parish, still, the great body of the parishioners preferred the pilgrimages and processions to the earnest preaching of the Gospel, and these evil-disposed persons gave him much trouble.

In the winter of 1809 he was pros-

trated by a dangerous illness of long duration, and during this time such a spirit of opposition to the gospel showed itself in the parish that it became evident he must resign. He would not do so, however, till he had found a faithful successor, so he was obliged to wait till January 1811, when his friend Bayer took his place. As soon as this matter was settled, he started on a visit to Basel, where Spittler had invited him to come, partly for rest, and partly to act as Secretary of the Christian Association in Spittler's temporary absence, and this visit was the means of greatly developing Gossner's inward life.

Here he was greatly refreshed by personal intercourse with Spittler, Blumhardt, Inspector of the Basel Mission, Anna Schlatter, that mother in Israel, who was, like Deborah, a leader of the host of the Lord, and the other worthy Christians that were then living as lights in the world. His correspondence in Spittler's absence reached to Steinkopf in London, through many parts of Switzerland and Germany, and even into Russia.

The Christians in Basel had for several years held regular prayer-meetings, and as Spittler had conducted them for a time, it was quite natural that Gossner should take his place here also. The earnest believers at once felt that they were listening to one who had drunk deep of the living waters, and though still a Roman Catholic priest, his exposition of the Scripture drew many to the prayer-meeting, where there were frequent cases of awakening and conversion. Steps were taken to enable Gossner at this time formally to separate himself from the Church of Rome, but when matters came to a point he drew back. The Master had still work for him to do in the Church of Rome. In addition to other work during his stay in Basel, he was a most diligent tract writer, and many of his tracts are still reprinted and read with profit in our own day.

After six months Spittler returned to his post in Basel, and Gossner left for

Germany. On his way he made several visits, that were a means of strengthening him for future work, and arrived in Munich in September 1811, just a month after he had left Basel, where he resolved to rest for a time.

### VIII.

#### HIS WORK IN MÜNICH.

During the early part of the reign of Max Joseph, the ministers of state were devoted followers of Voltaire, trying to root out all that they called superstition. The mass of the people in Munich, however, were bigoted Roman Catholics. When a Protestant queen came to reside in Munich, no citizen would let a house to her chaplain, and he was obliged to take up his lodging in a wing of the palace, while an old dining saloon had to be fitted up as a Protestant chapel for the queen and her attendants. It was only under threats of heavy punishment that the magistrates had been obliged to permit a Protestant merchant to obtain citizenship. It was in this city, and at such a time, that Gossner resolved to settle, till his health should be quite restored. He obtained a pension from an old foundation, and the duties were very light. Here he had leisure to study the Fathers, to write tracts, and to correspond with his numerous friends. It was at this time that he wrote his little works, *Christ for us and in us*, and *Christ the End of the Law*, though they were not printed till Dr. Prochnow prepared them for the press in 1862.

In 1812 he found himself so much better that he sent a petition to be permitted to resume in Munich the duties he had for fourteen years discharged under the Bishop of Augsburg. His request was granted for a period of three years.

He was now brought into contact with many troubled souls, and had an opportunity of pointing them to the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world. The ordinary priests soon discovered that he was very willing to take an occasional service as a substitute, and many were glad to give him an op-

portunity of preaching. Indeed, in one church he took the entire charge of an afternoon service for children. Before the year 1812 was closed he had above 500 children and adults regularly attending this service. When he preached occasionally in other churches, there was always a large attendance, if it was known that he was expected to occupy the pulpit. It was of course only a few that really longed for the spiritual food he had to offer, but in a short time these few became a faithful band that met at his house on the Sunday evenings, where mission intelligence was read, and the story of missionary success as reported in the Basel magazines furnished subject for thought and prayer. It was Zinzendorf's hymns, and others prepared for the Moravian churches, that were sung, and by this means he was drawn closer to the Moravian Brethren.

People came from a distance to take part in these evening meetings, and we find among those who received permanent benefit, the names of Baron Charles von Gumpenberg and Baron Ruffini. When these noblemen returned to their estates they gathered their tenants and neighbours to their respective castles, and considerable numbers of the neighbours attended these services which the noblemen conducted in their own residences. Baron Gumpenberg gave up his practice of law and devoted his whole time to work for Christ, saying that he had learned something that few seemed to know, that whosoever believes on the Son of God hath everlasting life, without looking to anything else. Many were awakened under his preaching, and he—the Roman Catholic baron—asked the Moravian ministers working in the neighbourhood to take charge of the awakened ones and lead them to a fuller knowledge of Christ. Baron Ruffini's castle became also a centre of Christian work.

It was at this time that the Roman Catholic priest Ignaz Lindel was converted under the preaching of Gossner. This man was, perhaps, the most eloquent

tenances, for sixty years, should he not accept other preferment. Philip Henry entered on possession in February 1659, eight months before the Judge's death. Had he been eager for preferment, he had two opportunities this very year; being offered, and "much solicited to accept," the vicarage of Wrexham in March, and a large living near London shortly after. He declined both proposals, for many reasons. One thing that bound him to the spot was the mutual attachment which had sprung up between himself and a young lady of pious disposition in the neighbourhood, Katharine Matthews, only child and heiress of Mr. Daniel Matthews, a gentleman of property, who had been Under-sheriff of Flintshire, and who represented some of the old families in the district. Mr. Matthews was opposed to the match for a time, his daughter having what he thought more eligible offers, and he had himself little liking for Philip Henry's religious notions. Mr. Henry, he admitted, was a scholar and gentleman of no ordinary type, but "we do not know where he comes from." "Perhaps so," replied Miss Matthews; "but we know where he is going, and I should like to go with him." The lady carried her point. Philip Henry and she were married, 26th April, 1660, at White-well chapel, her father giving her away, and surrendering for marriage portion the title deeds of Broad Oak farm he had himself obtained with his own wife, Eleanor Benyon, as heiress of a family that had held it for generations. On Mr. Matthews's death in 1667, his other properties came likewise to his daughter's children, so that Philip Henry and his household were amply provided for. His richest inheritance, however, was found in Katharine Matthews herself. "My dear wife every way my helper, blessed be God," is his grateful and constant acknowledgment. Five of their six children were spared to grow up, and what a home theirs was we shall afterwards see, when Broad Oak offered an asylum in the coming sad days. For

Philip Henry is now on the eve of great changes. Trying times, not, indeed, unmixed with mercy, are at hand, times of a suffering, and what for him was even worse to bear, times of a silenced ministry. Of this he had foretastes in the strange treatment he began to experience at the hands of the young Pulestons, now returning home again with very different views and habits from any they had imbibed when under his own influence. Within a year Judge Puleston had followed his wife to the tomb, 5th September, 1659; and when Philip Henry preached the funeral sermon, he felt, as his son remarks, that the last tie which bound him to the family at Emral Hall was snapped, and buried in the grave. Unhappily we have no diaries of Philip Henry for 1658-60, but the vicissitudes of his brethren found their reflection in his own life and experiences. His character and principles were about to be sternly tested in connection with the events that followed the restoration of Charles II. and the ecclesiastical measures that ensued. How he stood the ordeal and came out of it may be anticipated from his own beautifully figurative and pathetic prayer: "When the flail of affliction, O Lord, is upon me, let me not be as the chaff that flies in the face, but as the corn that lies at Thy feet." How exquisite the image! How exquisitely he himself exemplified it!

## IX.

### GREAT CHANGES.

On Cromwell's death a military chaos seemed impending. The country was falling a prey to soldier-adventurers. At this juncture Sir George Booth, of the family of Dunham Massey, headed the Cheshire rising in Philip Henry's neighbourhood, which, with its cry for "A free Parliament," did so much to determine the course of events in favour of the Restoration. *Lord own them, if they only own Thee*, was the expression of Philip Henry's hopes and wishes on the

occasion. Defeated at the time by Lambert's soldiers (some of whom Philip Henry rebuked in Worthenbury church for irreverence), Sir George was committed to the Tower, but eventually was chosen first of the twelve Commissioners to negotiate with Charles at Bredà, and was afterwards created a peer (Lord Delamere) for his high services, however much deceived in the end, with his co-Presbyterians, by royal and other perfidy. Relying on the Declaration from Bredà, and to save a nation on the brink of ruin, none more cordially promoted or welcomed the return of Charles II. than Philip Henry and his fellow-Presbyterian ministers. How sadly misplaced was their confidence! Very soon the conduct of the restored King and his advisers gave cause for disgust and alarm. Milton's warning words in his "Defence of the People of England" were coming true: "Woe be to you, Presbyterians especially, if ever any of Charles's race recover the sceptre! Believe me, *you* shall pay all the reckoning!" A mighty reaction was setting in. The nation began to sink to its lowest. Its worst scum rose to the surface. Wearied out with its long and abortive efforts at reform, it craved for a settlement of any kind, and at any price, if only it were a speedy one. Mad excitement was followed with an equally mad fit of base and lethargic self-indulgence.

Philip Henry, like his brethren, had bitter experience in his own neighbourhood of the change. The Puleston family had been on the side of the Parliament in the late struggle, and in 1644 Emral Hall had been *rabbed* by the Royalists. But now, the rapid way the younger generation swung round to extreme royalism, alike in politics, religion, and morals, was an illustration of what was going forward more or less all over the land. The process was in every way most demoralizing. With vast numbers it was a matter of convenience only and not of conscience. No wonder we read so much

in Philip Henry's Diary, after this, of revellings, and of deaths from drunken surfeits. Young Puleston with his brothers imbibed the low sensual tastes that began to prevail where men had consciously lost their political and religious integrity. Aided and abetted by neighbouring squires, he seems to behave like a frenzied mad-cap, and in many ways vexes the righteous soul of his former tutor. He tears down the Covenant in the church and insists on hanging up in its place the Privy Council Order to burn it. Believing a lying report, he sends a deputy-lieutenant of the county to search Philip Henry's house for arms, "not openly, but slyly by his brother." At another time "he overtook us and drew his sword, and would needs fight, saying we were all traitors, swearing desperately." And when, so early as September, 1660, Philip Henry was illegally dragged to the Assizes by some malicious busybody, with his neighbouring Presbyterian fellow-ministers, Mr. Steel of Hanmer and Mr. Fogg of Bangor, for not using the Prayer Book, though as yet no law enjoined it, and a proclamation only allowed it, young Puleston most unrighteously withheld his annuity, "designing it for a pot companion." But rather than go to law, which was yet in his favour, Philip Henry accepted part of what was due, and eventually resigned even the indenture of the house which had been built so recently for him. At this time he was often straitened enough. "Things are low with me in this world: but 3*d*. left," he records in the Diary, 31st January, 1661. But he behaved with a like magnanimity towards the former Rector of Bangor, who now began to look sharply after his own interests. By adroit management the living of Worthenbury was again made a chapelry depending on Bangor, and Philip Henry was reduced to the condition of a curate liable at any moment to be removed by his superior. "Lord sanctify to me *every twig* of Thy rod," was his earnest prayer.

he had to encounter, and to submit to authority; but his reply always was: "If I had been willing to submit to the Jesuit party and to cease to preach the gospel, there would have been no need to leave my own country. It is not a time to be patient when they are trampling under their feet the glory of my Lord and forbidding me to tell a lost world the way of salvation." This word of the Lord was laid earnestly on his heart: "When they persecute you in one city, flee to another," and he longed and prayed for some way of escape to a place where he could preach in peace. It is true he had a few earnest Christians with whom he could associate, such as Dr. Jacobi and his dear wife Anna, the daughter of Matthias Claudius of Wandsbeck, near Hamburg. In the circle that used to meet in this honoured house, the Roman Catholic priest found a home and friends and fellow-pilgrims on the way to the heavenly Jerusalem. To the Protestants in Düsseldorf his preaching in the Roman Catholic chapel was much blessed.

In a very unexpected way he was set free from his persecutors in this place, and had a wide and effectual door opened up before him.

## XI.

### HE IS CALLED TO ST. PETERSBURG.

The Emperor Alexander I. of Russia had thrown his land open to the poor peasants of Switzerland and Würtemberg, who in the year 1817 were flying from the famine and the plague that seem to have at all times followed in the wake of war. Many Germans had emigrated and settled down near Odessa, and Lindel, whom Alexander had frequently met in Bavaria, was designated as the head of the clergy whose business it was to attend to the spiritual wants of the emigrants.

Lindel was, however, at that time chaplain to the Knights of St. John, who worshipped in the Maltese church in St. Petersburg, and till he had found a successor he could not leave for Odessa. Prince Galitzin, the Russian Prime Minister and the friend and founder of the

Russian Bible Society, took a deep interest in the matter, and having known Gossner as the translator and intrepid distributor of the Word of God in Bavaria, he proposed the Düsseldorf professor for this post.

On 2nd April, 1820, he received the call to St. Petersburg, and on the 27th June he was on his way to the Neva. The Prussian Government expressed sorrow at losing his services, and offered him forty per cent. addition to his salary with other inducements to remain. From all sides now came expressions of regret that he was about to leave the Rhine, and his pupils expressed their warmest affection, while the Directors of the Gymnasium gave him, on parting, a most brilliant testimonial.

On his way to his new home he rested a few days in Berlin, where he stayed with Mr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, and met with the leading men who then surrounded the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William III. of Prussia, who were the most earnest Christians at that time in the capital. There exist letters, which his biographer, Pastor Dalton of St. Petersburg, has published as written at the time of this visit, picturing him in brilliant colours. His humility, his courage, his deep practical knowledge of Scripture, his knowledge of the human heart, his love to Christ, his power to draw others near to the throne of God, his power of prayer, and his simple, affectionate, winning ways are dwelt on with touching affection. The short visit was not forgotten either by himself or those with whom he at that time met, but its recollection was treasured up as very precious.

Having reached St. Petersburg, Gossner began his work at once, and in a short time had meetings for prayer and expounding the Scriptures every evening in the week, in addition to the Sunday services, which were conducted in the church belonging to the Knights of St. John. His own dwelling-house was soon far too small for the crowds who wanted to join in the extra services. Just then there was a flat in a princely

house to let, but the rent was £900 a year. The friend who called his attention to it, and showed how a ball-room in the building could be easily turned into a church, added that the rent would be paid for him by an unknown friend as long as he required. For two full years he was able to use this hall, and to see on many occasions above 1000 worshippers present. The unknown friend was evidently the Emperor Alexander I. himself.

After four years' very successful labour, during which time many turned to God, the enemy obtained power to stop the blessed work. Gossner never knew how the matter came about, but his biographer, Pastor Dalton, discovered after his death, from State papers in St. Petersburg, the particular way in which the enemies of the Gospel carried out their plan, and with a masterly hand has described the wheels within wheels that were at work. Alexander's strength was completely exhausted and his death was approaching. It was then that Prince Galitzin was driven from his post; the work of the Bible Society was stopped in Russia; and Gossner was driven from the city by a wave of that fanatical zeal, that from time to time takes possession of the Greek Church.

The Emperor sent him a message before his departure to say that his Imperial confidence in him was unshaken, but he was obliged by circumstances to send him out of the Empire. The message was accompanied with a gift of £150 for travelling expenses, and a comfortable carriage to convey him to Germany.

The parting from his congregation was a heavy trial on both sides. For four years a very remarkable work of grace had been carried on. For the first two years, crowds often stood on the stairs when there was no more room in the hall, and afterwards the large saloon was constantly filled. Up till very lately remnants of the work of that time were still visible, and a few survived to tell of the joy that filled the hearts of the young converts as they prayed together and sung the hymns

of the Moravian Brethren at Father Gossner's meetings. The greater number of those that had been converted during these four years continued to meet together frequently in groups after he was gone, and a letter from Gossner, at first weekly, but afterwards less frequently, cheered them on in their pilgrimage Zionward. After a time faithful preachers came to St. Petersburg, and the remnant of Gossner's congregation by degrees attached themselves to these pastors.

## XII.

### HE RETURNS TO GERMANY.

Having been thus dismissed, Gossner travelled to Berlin, and after a very short stay proceeded to Altona. There was a branch of the Christian Association there, with which Gossner had corresponded during his stay in Basel. Mr. Van der Smitten gave him his own country house on the Elbe near Flottbeck, where he remained about six months. He here met with Dr. Merle d'Aubigne, who had for five years laboured faithfully in the French church in Hamburg, till the Rationalistic party succeeded in driving him away. Amalia Sieveking, the Elizabeth Fry of Germany, was a frequent visitor at his house. She was at that time anxious to form a sisterhood in the Protestant Church, and the evangelical priest seemed to be the man to carry out her idea. She had long to wait before her plan assumed a definite form, and then in 1832 it became a Women's Association for Nursing the Sick Poor. A letter written at that time from Altona described Gossner as "a man of wondrous sweetness of character and power in prayer."

When the winter was coming on, Boos invited him to come and stay at Sayn, near Neuwied-on-the-Rhine, but he chose to go to Leipzig, to be near his publisher, Tauchnitz, who was then bringing out some books that Gossner had written. He was in no way hampered now in his worldly means, for with the gift of £150 from the Emperor on leaving

did sing Psalm 90, and I observed some of them join in singing it with us. Lord, let me know what Thou wouldst have me do, especially in Thine own worship." His earnest desires for the communion of saints finds beautiful expression thus: "Notwithstanding sad divisions about the church, all saints so far as they are saints are one: one in their aims, one in their askings; one in amity and friendship, one in their interest, and one in their inheritance . . . The things on which they are agreed are more, and more considerable, than the things on which they differ. They are all of one mind concerning sin, that it is the worst thing in the world; concerning Christ, that He is all in all; concerning God's favour, that it is better than life; and concerning the Word of God, that it is very precious." This made him a loving, large-hearted, clear-minded and sympathetic Christian man.

## XII.

### FAMILY LIFE.

Philip Henry is the domestic or family saint of the seventeenth century. The home life at Broad Oak is his special glory. With nothing mystical or monkish about his quietude and retirement, he threw a halo of sanctity round all the domestic relations, and made his dwelling a proverb for everything true and pure, honourable, lovely, and of good report. What streams of gracious influence have come forth from that well-ordered and hallowed abode! Nowhere did Philip Henry shine more brightly than as prophet, priest, and king in his own house. And seldom has a scene of purer domestic order and happiness been witnessed than at Broad Oak. Morning and evening worship was so practised as to be not a mere duty, but a delight to all who engaged in it. He laboured to make the exercise instructive and helpful to young and old. In his view, it was to be "like a hem to all other business that should keep it from ravelling." Alluding to

the words chalked upon infected houses during the awful plague in London, he would say, "If the worship of God be not within a house, you may write on its door 'Lord have mercy on us,' for a plague, a curse, is there." He deemed it desirable to have the morning worship early before other work of the day, and the evening worship early also, before children or servants began to get drowsy. Nor would he wait unduly for any absentee, but would at once begin, remarking, "Better one away than all sleepy." He commonly opened with a short prayer, invoking the Divine presence and blessing; then after singing from a psalm, he would read and expound a passage, taking Scripture in regular order; then he would briefly catechise the young people and conclude with prayer, in which he would not unfrequently mention each person by name at the throne of grace. With all this, the family devotions were so managed as not to be tedious; and the presence of strangers was never allowed to interfere with its regular discharge. Besides this, he was earnest and careful about his own private devotions. Morning and evening he and his wife prayed together according to the suggestive words of the apostle Peter: "Living together as heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered." Under February 17th, 1663, we read: "Morning prayer with my wife, omitted for some weeks, this day revived. Lord, never let me alone in sin." He would often say to his family and friends, "Make sure of your secret duty. Apostacy generally begins at the closet door." One evening a week the children and servants were examined in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and on Saturday night there was a rehearsal of the week's readings. The Lord's day he called the queen and pearl of days. He loved in the morning to salute his family with words of sacred joy, while, at the evening exercise, he was careful to have repetition of the sermon, with suitable prayers and exhortation. "Forced absence from



God's ordinances" he reckoned "a grievous burden to every gracious soul." And he would say, "If we cannot go to the house of the Lord, let us go to the Lord of the house." And "beware of two things—never be ashamed of the Gospel, and never be a shame to it." "There are three things which, if we do, we must find ourselves mistaken;—if we look for that in ourselves which we must have from another, viz. *righteousness*: if we look for that in the law which we can only have in the Gospel, viz. *mercy*: and if we look for that on earth which we can only have in heaven, viz. *perfection*." Among other plans he used for training and interesting the children in divine things, was the famous baptismal covenant he taught them: "I take God the Father to be my chiefest food and highest aim. I take God the Son to be my Prince and Saviour. I take the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier, Teacher, Guide, and Comforter. I take the Word of God to be my rule in all my actions, and the people of God to be my people in all conditions. I do likewise devote and dedicate unto the Lord my whole self, all I am, all I have, all I can. And this I do deliberately, sincerely, freely, and for ever." This he got them to repeat every Lord's day evening, and he would say himself, Amen, or sometimes add, "So say and so do, and you are made for ever." It was indeed a holy, happy, loving home, whatever shade of sadness may sometimes have darkened its life and ways.

### XIII.

#### THE SUFFERING NONCONFORMIST.

During the long period between the Restoration in 1660, and the Revolution in 1688, Philip Henry suffered much and often for conscience sake as a Nonconformist minister. But his charity was never failing. Often we read something like this: "Remember to set aside 12d. out of every pound's rent for my dear brethren, fellow-sufferers." This was over and above his usual tenth.

Throughout these twenty-eight years, public worship by Dissenters was for the most part prohibited, often under heavy pains and penalties. Even the meeting of a few Christian friends for prayer and social edification became a crime. Both church and nation fell into a persecuting mood. The severe statutes against Nonconformity afforded many opportunities for spiteful annoyances and exactions. Philip Henry had his own share of suffering. In October 1663 he was arrested along with others about some plot. The charge was entirely groundless, and no evidence being forthcoming, they had to be dismissed. "The first time I have ever been a prisoner; perhaps not the last. Sweet to be in any condition with a clear conscience. 'Tis guilt only that makes the prison." In 1665, the unworthy insult and affront was put on him of being appointed sub-collector of taxes for the township, to show he was not legally a clergyman. This, like every other indignity, he bore with meek Christian patience, discharging the office by paying a deputy and seeing the work well done. A greater trial this year was the Five Mile Act, forbidding him and his brethren from residing within five miles of any place where they had been ministers, unless under an oath so framed that he could not honestly take it. Broad Oak was rather more than this from Worthenbury, but a wretched technical quibble made it doubtful, and Philip Henry had to remove to Whitchurch for a year. There he began to dispense the Lord's Supper, and to exercise all other ministerial functions, weary with waiting for some relaxing of the law. When King Charles II. suspended the penal laws in 1672 for a little, Philip Henry availed himself of the license procured by his friends and made Broad Oak a Presbyterian preaching place, while he further took advantage of the opportunity afforded for ministering in adjacent counties.

This liberty was soon withdrawn. On Tuesday, 14th June, 1681, when he was conducting service in a private

proposed to send out others that loved the Lord, even though they had not enjoyed a college training. His proposal was rejected, so he took the work up himself on these new lines, in the year 1836, when he was sixty-three years of age. In 1837, seven missionaries were sent out—men of God who had no promise of a fixed salary, but went forth resolved, in case of need, to labour for their bread in their respective trades. Some of those sent out later were college-trained men, but his great aim was to find men filled with the Holy Spirit and love to the souls of the perishing. Other societies gladly accepted Gossner's missionaries, and sent them out to their respective fields.

The field which they occupied was very wide. Some went to Australia, some to New Zealand, India, and the islands of the Pacific. Some went to work among the German emigrants in the United States of America. Far and wide they went, till in the first ten years he had sent out eighty missionaries, and up to the present time the missionaries who have gone forth from that society are counted by hundreds.

The brightest part of his work was at Chota Nagpore, among the Kols; where in twelve years, up to 1870, there were 26,477 of the lowest and most degraded tribes of India who had joined the Christian Church. After Gossner's death the work was ably continued many years by the well-known Dr. Prochnow, and it was during his time that the richest harvest in this field was gathered in.

The missionaries that were sent out during Gossner's life, not only invariably called him Father, but felt towards him the most intense filial affection. His keen perception of character prevented him from making many mistakes in the choice of his missionaries, and they

proved themselves mostly very efficient. When misunderstandings at any time arose, his greatest threat was, "If this quarrelling does not at once stop, *we in Berlin will cease to pray for you*," and such a warning was almost always successful.

In April 1846, Gossner resigned his charge in the Bethlehem church and went to live near the Elizabeth Hospital, to which Institution he devoted the evening of his life. He was privileged to write twenty-five Annual Reports of this Institution, and had seen many triumphs of the Gospel among the sick and dying. He had also seen many deaconesses trained to do excellent work outside the Institution.

When the time drew near that he should die, a deaconess from the Elizabeth Hospital nursed him, while his friends comforted him by their sympathy and their prayers. He was called to pass through deep waters, that for some weeks seemed to overwhelm his soul as though the Lord had forsaken him, but at evening time there was light. Pastor Büchsel was at his side when the last struggle came, and he passed away in peace on 30th March, 1858, in his eighty-fifth year, having laboured unceasingly till within a few weeks of his death. Sorrowing friends in large numbers accompanied his remains to their last resting-place, and General Superintendent Büchsel spoke at the grave, where an immense crowd joined in singing a sweet hymn and in giving thanks to God for all that the dear departed one had been to them and the Church. His work lives on prosperously. His great mission work continues to be a blessing to many, while the numerous books and tracts he wrote continue to bring light and comfort to weary souls in many lands.

JAMES CRAIG, D.D.

# DANIEL WILSON.



*Copied by permission from the portrait in Bateman's 'Life of Bishop Wilson.'*

## PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

---

### I.

#### HIS BIRTH AND STUDENT LIFE.

IN the memorable year 1702, on the 27th of June, soon after William III. had passed away, Philip Doddridge entered the world; but so lifeless seemed the child, that mother and nurse laid him aside as still-born. Presently afterwards, feeble respiration was noticed by a servant, and through fostering care the infant began to breathe and move. These circumstances created surprise, and secured for the boy more than ordinary attention; and when he grew up, he could not fail to be regarded as a child of wonder, in whose life appeared something almost miraculous. He might well be his mother's darling; and as soon as his mind opened, she sedulously endeavoured to instruct him in religious knowledge. The parents lived in one of the narrow and crowded streets of old London—whereabouts we do not know; but we do know there was in one of the quaintly furnished rooms a wide open fireplace, displaying in the corner an array of Dutch tiles, which represented Bible scenes and characters, in grotesque forms common at that period. There is something prophetic in the imagination we form of the matron and the little boy conning together the Scriptures in that chimney recess; it was a family expositor furnished by Mrs. Doddridge as the child sat on her knee, to be followed by another *Family Expositor* from the pen of the youngster who now lovingly listened to his mother's talk. Nor would she fail to tell the story of her father's escape from Prague at a time of persecution against Protestantism in his native city. That story the child, when he became a man, thus repeated to his biographer, Job Orton. "Mrs. Doddridge's father sewed up in a leather belt

a hundred broad pieces of gold, and with this he carried away a copy of Luther's Bible; but he unhappily left his girdle behind him at the inn in which he lay the first night after the commencement of his journey; and, not being used to such a cincture, did not miss it till he came to his inn the next evening. He immediately went back to his former lodging, with the united painful apprehensions of being met by pursuers, and unable to recover his substance. When he arrived at the inn, he inquired of the chamber-maid if she had seen a girdle he had left in his chamber. She told him she saw it, but, imagining it of no value, she threw it away, and could not recollect where. After having told her that he had a great value for his old belt, that it would be very useful to him in the long journey he had before him, and promised her a reward if she found it, she searched diligently, and at length found it in a hole under the stairs where the family used to throw their worn-out useless furniture. The good man received his girdle with great joy, and pursued his journey with thankfulness to Providence for its recovery, and often spoke of it to his friends as a wonderful and seasonable mercy."

When ten years old, Philip went to school at Kingston, where his grandfather, the refugee, had lived; and the sight of pleasant scenery thereabouts, and of the river with its lively boats, would educate his perceptions of material nature and human life. We too often overlook the education children received from what they daily saw, in our inquisitiveness about the books they studied at school, or what they read at home. We may be sure that the lad's education went on in more ways than one during the time he spent at Kingston-upon-Thames. The father died when the son

spiritual state. There was a great struggle in him between the new man which was perceptibly forming in his soul, and the old man which had so long had dominion over him. The doctrine of election was at the time the great stumbling-block to him. By his mother's advice he went to old John Newton, then rector of St. Mary Woolnoth. Newton gave him the advice to "wait patiently on the Lord." He also reminded him that "unbelief is a great sin," and should be prayed against. A year passed away, but there were still dark shadows in Daniel Wilson's soul. His intimate friend, Mr. Vardy, had offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and Daniel Wilson took much interest in hearing him preach. While he was himself still struggling in the deep waters, he suggested to his friend as a text for a sermon the word "Christ." "Begin with Christ, go on with Christ, and end with Christ, and I am sure your hearers will never be tired, for His name is like ointment poured forth." On October 3, 1797, Daniel Wilson, for the first time, became a communicant, "drawing near with faith." He chronicles next day, "Yesterday and to-day have been, I think, the happiest days I ever remember." He had found "joy and peace in believing."

## II.

### COLLEGE LIFE AND EARLY MINISTRY.

"I have never seen in any person," said Mr. Eyre to Daniel Wilson's mother, "such deep conviction of sin and such a view of the heart's corruption, where God has not some great and special work for that person to do. I should not wonder if God makes your son an eminent minister in His church." At first the way to the ministry did not seem at all open. His father's decided disapproval thwarted all his plans. Daniel Wilson then sought an interview with Rowland Hill at the Surrey Chapel. Mr. Hill thought him very young, and quoted the Epistle to Timothy. He told

him that his time was not his own, that he had bound himself for a number of years, and that that obligation was superior to any. He added, "If you are pert and proud, and wanting to go without the Lord, I would not give a farthing for you or for your preaching either." Daniel Wilson now learned to sit still. Some months after, his father spontaneously gave his consent to his change of career. He was then entered at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. In the meantime he was located with the Rev. Josiah Pratt in Doughty Street, where he had a beautiful prospect from his room over the fields, unobstructed by any houses. At college he was a diligent student. His original stock of Latin and Greek would nowadays seem small, but it was probably more than the large majority then took to the university. Each day he added to it. By an examination statute passed in May 1800, he had, when taking his Bachelor's degree, to do all things required for the degree of Master of Arts. He took up all Latin authors; Thucydides and Herodotus in Greek; also the whole Hebrew Bible, in which the examiner confined his questions within a very narrow range. The result was that the senior examiner proclaimed he had done himself the highest honour. He gained the English prize essay for "Common Sense" in 1803. In the rostrum he was followed by Reginald Heber with his poem on Palestine. Walter Scott was present. Nine years after Heber and Wilson met in St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. Both found their graves in India.

Daniel Wilson's first curacy was at Chobham, where Cecil was rector. There he visited everybody, in a time when parish visiting was not what it is now. He remained at Chobham a little over two years, and on leaving it was married to his cousin Mary, the daughter of Mr. William Wilson. In 1804 he was recalled to Oxford as Tutor and Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall; he held at the same time the curacy of Worton, where he resided during the vacations.

years, and was turned and mended a good many times." Four guineas soon melted away, he says, half in articles of dress; but he struggled with pecuniary difficulties, and kept a watchful eye over his finances, so as not to fall in debt. His wife would tell long afterwards how he used to say, during his student years "he never contracted any debts; and though his income was small he never wanted money, but at the close of every year had always some cash in hand."

Mr. Jennings removed to Hinckley, and took the academy with him; and before Philip completed his studies there, he drew up an elaborate form of rules by which he meant to live; they are printed in full by Job Orton. "Such pains did he take," adds his biographer, "to train up himself for usefulness in the Church."

### III.

#### ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY.

About a year after his removal to Hinckley Mr. Jennings died; and at that time the young student was allowed to commence preaching; the first sermon being delivered at Hinckley, and in the old meeting-house described by Nichols in his *History of Leicestershire* as having behind the pulpit and on either side "two small galleries not unlike the boxes of a playhouse," designed for the accommodation of the Academy pupils. The text Doddridge preached from was, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema;" and he records in his diary—"two persons ascribed their conversion to the blessing of God attending that sermon." He continued after this at Hinckley for about a year, preaching occasionally there and in the neighbouring villages; but from Kibworth he received an invitation to accept the pastoral office, which was now vacant. He gives an amusing description of the place and the people, everything being very humble, and the luxuries of polished life being, so far as Dissenters thereabouts were concerned, removed far away. Tea was a rare beverage, and he writes, "I

have not so much as a tea-table in my whole diocese." However that might be, he could say in a graver humour, "I am now with a plain, honest, serious, god-natured people. I heartily love them myself, and I meet with genuine expressions of an undissembled affection on their side. I would hope that God is amongst us, and I desire to mention it with a great deal of thankfulness that I already see some encouraging effects of my poor attempts to serve them. I don't go very much abroad, and when I am at home, I can conveniently spend twelve hours a day in my study. I have now many good books of my own, and my friends that are still better furnished, are very ready to oblige me with the use of theirs. As to the salary, though it does not certainly amount to forty pounds a year, it is a tolerable assistance to a single man; and I believe I shall never marry while I stay here."

In those days there was no penny post, and as the carriage of letters was expensive, they were generally very long, some of them containing as much as we put into a tract. It was the fashion for young people to write sentimental epistles under fanciful names, and to say things which, though they are now very amusing, were then by no means very wise. Even John Wesley kept up a correspondence with young ladies, in which he addressed them as "Aspasia and Varanese," whilst he signed himself by the name of "Cyrus"; and Philip Doddridge wrote to one of the gentler sex, whilst he was at Kibworth, Hinckley, and other places, under the affected title of Clio, though before he gets to the end of it he sinks, with starched politeness, into the epithet of "Madam," and retreats from affectionate familiarity to the cold fashion of a City courtier. These letters made some stir when first printed, several years ago: certain critics condemning their publication, others vindicating the measure, because the learned divine thus appeared in natural colours, with lovable traits, albeit dashed with a little folly. We certainly do not consider his letters as

to awake. It was not long before the murmur arose, "There is no such thing as getting a comfortable game of cards now." Still, upon the whole, the new vicar was courteously received. He, for his part, earnestly strove to conciliate, so far as conciliation was compatible with fidelity. Even in 1824 additional church accommodation was necessary, and Daniel Wilson had it much on his heart to supply the deficiency by three additional churches. In the parish church there was no evening service; he obtained the consent of the Vestry to establish one, he being responsible for the extra duty, and all sittings in the church to be free. It was crowded. Extensive parochial machinery, especially in the poorest parts of the parish, was set on foot. But a great calamity now befell him personally. In 1827 his wife died, leaving him a solitary man after four-and-twenty years of peace, union, and comfort. Thus a tie was loosened which might have held him in England and prevented twenty-five years' service to the Church in India. Two years after, his aged mother, who had so actively promoted his early Christian career, passed away in peace. None of these things were permitted to arrest the full tide of work on which Daniel Wilson was then carried forward. The influence of this activity was not confined to Islington. It was clearly manifest, even to the most careless and prejudiced observers, that there was good in Evangelicalism, and that it was not inconsistent with the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. Institutions corresponding in some measure to those created there gradually came into existence in other places. A new view of ministerial responsibility was given, which in manifold instances has produced most blessed results in London parishes, at one time neglected wastes.

Daniel Wilson's own estimate of himself at this period is worth noting. "What I most lament is the remaining corruption of an evil heart, unbelief, pride, vanity, selfishness, self-will: the

masked batteries of Satan. A few things I have always found important: to be cautious in adopting new notions, however plausible; to be fearful of persisting in a course of temptation, if entered upon; to be much in first principles as to the heart; to be quick in taking warning of conscience, or of a friend, or of the falls of others; and to keep close to the whole Bible in its simple and obvious meaning." His private journal is filled with words of deep abasement, confession of indwelling sin, devout aspirations and earnest supplications written as in the very presence of the heart-searching God.

#### IV.

##### DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

At the period of his conversion in 1797, Daniel Wilson wrote to his friend Mr. Vardy, "I have felt great desires to go or do anything to spread the name of Jesus. I have even wished, if it were the Lord's will, to go as a missionary to heathen lands." This concern for the souls of the heathen was not a transient feeling. It still influenced him in the active part he took in furthering the interests of the Church Missionary Society. But the way for personal effort had not for many years been open. His course had been unmistakably marked out in different directions. But now he was a lone man. The silver cords of affection which had so long bound him to a loving wife in delicate health had been severed by death. The old feeling of restlessness and anxiety for foreign work sprang up again within him. By the death of Bishop Turner, the see of Calcutta was once again vacant. Four bishops had filled the office in nine years. It did not seem a post to be coveted, nor was it found easy to fill it properly. It was offered to several eminent men in succession, but was declined by one after the other. The risk was considerable to men somewhat advanced in years of encountering an uncongenial climate, with the extensive journeyings it involved. India was not then, as now, a

place easy of access. There was little to attract a person of the age which Daniel Wilson had attained, except a strong sense of duty. Having access to those with whom the appointment rested, he named others whom he deemed eligible for the post, and subsequently he wrote, if a real emergency arose and no one else could be found, he was ready to go. After some delay the appointment was made. The archbishop "could not but admire the sacrifice he was making, and lament the loss Islington must sustain." The same feeling was manifested by many Christian friends. The experiment was indeed an anxious one; but was wonderfully justified by the results. To judge it properly we have to carry ourselves backwards sixty years, and not to contemplate it from the standpoint of the present. It might have been viewed at the time almost as the leading of a forlorn hope. On his last Sunday in England he preached in Islington Church. The sermon lasted one hour and forty minutes. The consecration of the Bishop need not be dwelt upon, nor the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, which was prosperous and devoid of any remarkable incident; but it may be noticed in passing that when at Cape Town, Daniel Wilson performed his first episcopal act, by confirming and ordaining there; he was in a certain sense entering upon his duties in a portion of the unwieldy diocese of Calcutta.

## V.

### INDIA IN 1832.

Sixty years ago India was a very different place for Englishmen from what it now is. There were of course no railroads; but there were moreover no roads. Unlike the Romans in their provinces, the English in India had not concerned themselves seriously about roads for their troops and treasure escorts throughout the land. From Calcutta to Cape Comorin there was literally no road, save an occasional patch for an evening drive at a civil station and

around the precincts of Madras. Travellers ploughed their way through jungles, crossing rivers on rafts or in basket boats, as the Hindus had done from time immemorial. In the interior, except in a few localities here and there, it was much the same. Intercourse was difficult, tedious and expensive. Few moved from their appointed localities, except great public functionaries on important occasions, or troops when compelled by the exigencies of military service. Some years later the writer of this sketch, after a three months' voyage, found himself appointed to a station which by ordinary marching it would take him two months to reach. The distance could now be accomplished in two days. Our empire had nearly extended to its present limit, but there were still outlying provinces, like the Punjab, independent of our rule, and much had to be done to repair the devastations caused by Mahrattas and Pindarees, disturbers of the public peace not long previously quelled. Missions were still in their infancy; they could only be said to flourish in favoured localities like Tinnevely and Travancore. Christianity was unknown between Calcutta and Madras, save for some effort in Orissa made by the Baptists. As Dr. Duff showed, 92½ out of every hundred children of school-going age in Bengal were destitute of every kind and degree of instruction. "Not till Dalhousie was Governor-General was anything done for Upper India save by the missionaries." Some care was beginning to be shown for the spiritual welfare of Europeans, which had been scandalously neglected. Warren Hastings has recorded that during his whole tenure of office as Governor-General, no doctor was found for his body, nor chaplain for his soul. Bishop Heber mentioned that he met a lady at Nussurabad who during seven years had never seen a clergyman and had had no opportunity of going to church; also there was at or near Tipperat a good and religious man, three hundred miles from any place of worship, who occasionally



went to Chittagong to receive the Sacrament—further from his residence than York from London. There were instances, in those days of darkness and irreligion, of men calling themselves Christians, and military men of high standing, becoming Mahometans, erecting mosques, or in other cases, so far as they could, joining the Hindus and worshipping idols. The connection between the Government and idolatry was intimate. A recent writer in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, September 1887, gives a graphic account of how, as of old the Doge in the Bucentaur wedded the Adriatic, the East India Company annually married the Goddess of Madras, even in 1838, after Bishop Wilson arrived in India. The threat by Bishop Blomfield of circulating the description broadcast through England brought about a perpetual divorce from idolatry. Much good, however, had been effected by faithful chaplains, such as Buchanan, Brown, Henry Martyn, Corrie, Fisher, Dealtry and others, so that when Daniel Wilson arrived, there were scattered throughout India, in cantonments and civil stations, godly men faithful servants of their Heavenly Master; while in the presidency towns men of perfervid zeal, like Duff and Dr. John Wilson, were earnestly and mightily promoting Christian education. Still there was ample need for exertion on the part of all Christ's servants in Satan's strongholds.

## VI.

### THE EARLIER EPISCOPATE.

When Daniel Wilson reached India many questions demanded his attention. Communication with England took up much time; so chaplains and missionaries were much left to themselves. In cases of difficulty the former had to contend as best they could with commanding officers, often impatient and careless of ecclesiastical scruples. Henry Martyn's letters abound with instances of this description. Chaplains too were far from being always judicious or right-

minded. There was much that needed to be set in order. It was well that the new bishop had a strong prejudice in favour of law and order. He quickly made it manifest that this was the case. When at Oxford in authority he had been a strict disciplinarian, enforcing university regulations upon others, and observing them scrupulously himself. He was almost the last man who wore bands, and so earned the sobriquet of "Bands Wilson." When an old pupil called upon him, he said, "I am very glad to see you, sir; but Mr.—, where are your bands?" These peculiarities did not forsake him in his new position; he was somewhat of a martinet, as soldiers would have it. In Lord William Bentinck, who was then Governor-General, he found an earnest Christian gentleman, ready to sympathise with him in every good work, but free from all denominational peculiarities, and by no means disposed to surrender the control of the chaplains into Episcopal hands. The agitation about the relations of the chaplains to the Government caused the Bishop more anxiety than anything else. There were indeed serious difficulties which did not find a complete settlement for many years afterwards. It is pleasant, however, to pass on to more congenial topics. After two years engaged in setting things in order at head-quarters, the Bishop proceeded on his first Visitation. It occupied in all its extent three years. The Visitation opened with a charge delivered by the Bishop in what was then the cathedral. Twenty-one clergy answered to their names. At that time, including the clergy of all descriptions belonging to the Church of England, there were nearly one hundred and twenty, excluding missionaries, in all India. There are now by the blessing of the Lord on the Society more than one hundred and thirty native clergy in the service of the Church Missionary Society alone, exclusive of European missionaries.

In reality sixty years ago a Visitation in India did not correspond to our English

ideas at all. It was rather a journey of exploration and discovery. Vast tracts, equal in size to European countries, were passed through with very little halting; for, except in some of the towns, there were no Christians to be met with. In some places a small handful of Europeans were the only persons professing to be Christians. In Daniel Wilson's time things had somewhat mended, but a little while previously the narrative of Bishop Heber is necessarily rather that of a traveller in foreign countries than of a bishop in his diocese. Missions could not in those days be the chief object of official peregrination. The Bishop went forth as the head of the Ecclesiastical Department to visit the Government servants placed officially under him, precisely as the Commander-in-chief visited the military servants of the Crown and Company. The inspection of the rest of the clergy was an incident in the course of a bishop's official duties—a work voluntarily undertaken, rather connived at than encouraged by Government. It was a duty incumbent upon him as a Christian bishop in that separate capacity. Need it be said that this duty was undertaken by Bishop Wilson with hearty goodwill, and no small benefit to the missionary cause? Even, however, where there were no Missions in the stations he visited, he exerted himself vigorously to arouse a missionary spirit in communities too often careless and apathetic about the responsibilities devolving on them as dwellers in a heathen land. With a most intense desire to communicate in all directions the Gospel which he preached, Daniel Wilson set forth on his long and arduous journey. He first made his way to Penang and Singapore, thence to Ceylon—then a prey to ecclesiastical dissension. The comment upon this portion of the Visitation is, "The Holy Spirit loves not scenes of strife and contention, and here they abounded." Thence the Bishop pursued his voyage to Madras, during which he was exposed to a great storm in an ill-found steamer. "I can do no

more," said the captain; "tell the Bishop he had better go to prayers." While the storm was raging, he read to his fellow-passengers St. Paul's narrative of his shipwreck. God listened to the voice of His servants and brought them out of their distresses. He made "the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof were still," but nine days had been spent in steaming from Trincomalee to Madras. Here most important questions, still agitating the Church of Christ, awaited his intervention.

Much has, at various times, been written on the subject of caste in India, and strenuous efforts have been made to represent it as only, or mainly, a civil distinction analogous to distinctions of rank in Europe. It would be out of place here to enter into this controversy, but a statement of the actual condition of affairs when Bishop Wilson was called upon to adjudicate upon it is indispensable. The stronghold of it was in the Missions in Tanjore and Trichinopoly, which had been called into existence by Schwartz and his fellow-labourers. They had resisted and discountenanced it, but were too few to cope with it, and were perhaps not in all cases sufficiently alive to its insidious developments. Repressed at first, it had for a century gathered strength, and was now thoroughly incorporated with the Christianity of the district. "Idolatrous usages were retained. Soodras and pariahs refused to mingle in the house of God. At the Holy Communion the higher caste first drew near, and would not touch the cup if a low-caste man preceded them. A soodra priest or catechist, whilst not refusing to minister in a pariah village, would not live in it. And, on the other hand, a soodra would not allow a pariah priest or catechist to preach the Gospel to him or to baptize his child. Even the missionaries were accounted as unclean, and a native priest of the higher caste has been known to refuse food and shelter to two European missionaries on their journey, lest food and vessels should be defiled. Christians

attended at the heathen feasts; they bore the heathen marks upon their foreheads; they prohibited the marriage of widows; they would allow no marriage but in their own caste; and in no less than fifty ways they were assimilated with the heathen." It was elicited by inquiry "that in some places it was customary not only to administer the sacred elements to the soodras before the pariahs were permitted to approach, but that the concluding prayers were required to be read, and the soodras dismissed, before the pariahs communicated." In some places, also, a separate cup was tolerated, the soodras using one, the missionaries and the pariahs the other. Bishop Heber had intended to take up the question, but was prevented by death; and now it was before Bishop Wilson, who was greeted on his arrival at Madras with the intelligence that in the previous year no less than one hundred and sixty-eight Christians had apostatized to heathenism, only through the retention of caste.

It could not have fallen into better hands. All the most admirable parts of Bishop Wilson's character had free scope in dealing with it. He had throughout life been prompt, fearless, resolute, and energetic. But he was by no means deficient in a spirit of Christian love and meekness, which tempered his natural qualities, and qualified him to exercise consideration for infirmities, so enabling him to form righteous judgments. It is singular to relate that in this matter of discipline in the native Church, Europeans of high rank and in high command interfered actively in support of caste. Even the Governor-General at one time seemed strongly inclined to interpose. When the ostentatious pertinacity with which native Christians had been ignored by all the authorities of the British Government is borne in mind, probably few events in history have been more singular and paradoxical than this interference of Englishmen of exalted rank on behalf of those who viewed them themselves as pariahs, with whom intercourse was defilement. The course

adopted by the Bishop was clear and decided. He declared that "those who retained their caste were not properly and truly members of Christ's body. They halted between two opinions." In the strongest manner he confirmed the removal of those who refused to renounce the distinctions of caste. He held the removal of such offenders to be like the separation of a diseased limb—indispensable to the safety of the body. At the same time he urged that those who had been overtaken in the fault should be restored in the spirit of meekness in case any of them began to relent; but there must be no compromise. To the Government he wrote, as he was most justly entitled to do, that the matter was one for spiritual cognizance alone, and fell under ecclesiastical authority; that the Missions in the south were wholly independent of the Government; that the complaints were groundless; the punishments for turbulence just; and that the missionaries were acting under his direction in attempting to mitigate evils of long continuance by striking at the root of them. Eventually, after long delay, Government admitted that the matter was not within its cognizance. Almost at personal risk the Bishop met the malcontents in Trichinopoly and Tanjore. His Christian manliness was not without good effect. He did not eradicate caste: the evil was scotched, not killed; but the Christian Church owes him a debt of gratitude for the noble stand which he took on this memorable occasion.

After his anxious sojourn at Madras, the Bishop returned for a brief season to Calcutta before prosecuting his Visitation further. On resuming it the Bishop made his way to Travancore. He there preached in the Syrian churches, two thousand persons on one occasion being present, the Metran presiding: Goa was then visited, where the Inquisition had recently been abolished, and the entire building, dungeons and all, destroyed five years previously to the Bishop's visit. Bombay was afterwards reached, where,

in striking contrast to Ceylon, all "was at peace and all that was done tended to edification." A journey to the Himalayas had then to be undertaken. It involved a succession of one hundred marches, through countries in many parts unsettled and by no means safe. Elephants, camels, hackeries, or country carts, with their attendants, were furnished from the commissariat stores, but horses, servants, palanquin bearers, &c., had to be provided at no small expense by the travellers. The great military stations of Kirkee and Poonah, Ahmednuggur and Aurangabad, abounding in glorious recollections of the past, were inspected. But there was only one missionary station in the Bombay Presidency, namely that at Nasik, where the father of the present Archdeacon Farrar was toiling with no encouragement. Nasik is one of the strongest holds of Hinduism, and is reputed a most holy place by Brahmins. On the 26th of March, 1836, Delhi was reached, but the Bishop had seen much to fill his mind with distress at the condition to which Europeans, removed for a long period from the ordinances of religion, had been reduced. In Simla the Bishop found shelter and a temporary home for four months. It was on his return from Simla that the Bishop caught a sight of the Punjab, a country then scarcely known. Rising from the deck of the vessel in which he was sailing down the Sutlej, he exclaimed aloud, "I take possession of this land in the name of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ." This was in 1836.

Years later, after terrible conflicts, England annexed the country, the Lawrences, Sir H. Edwardes, Sir D. Macleod, Sir Robert Montgomery being its rulers. Christianity, so persistently discouraged in other districts by Government officials, here had freedom and the countenance of Christian example.

On his return to Delhi the Bishop consecrated the church built by Colonel Skinner, a celebrated cavalry officer, commander of the famous body of light horse known by his name. The inci-

dent is a curious one, illustrative of old Indian life led by the English in bygone days. The Colonel, whose father had held a command in the Mahratta army, was introduced at an early age into that army, and saw much service of a wild kind in those fearful days. In 1806 he entered the English service, raising a body of irregular cavalry. He had married a Mahometan lady, who still remained so; but he himself, unlike many Europeans similarly circumstanced, had continued a Christian, and brought up his sons in the Christian faith. Years previously, when he had entered Delhi with a conquering army, he had vowed that an English church should uplift the cross among the minarets of the Mahometans. The vow was now fulfilled, and the aged soldier, with his three sons, knelt before the Bishop in the church which he had built, to dedicate himself, as he had previously dedicated it, to the service of God. From Delhi the Bishop made his way to Calcutta, visiting many important stations as he passed along, and in March, 1837, closed for the time the long journeyings, in which he had traversed more than 13,000 miles by sea and land. One result of it was that churches were beginning to rise in all directions in which his course had led him—largely the result of the spirit of Christian liberality which his energy had called forth, being much stimulated by his own munificence, for he was liberality itself.

As in India the Episcopate might be said to be almost a new thing, even to members of the Church of England long separated from home associations, it is no marvel that differences should have occasionally sprung up among the members of his own communion when the office was filled by so vigorous a prelate as Daniel Wilson. Soon both clergy and laity fretted under it. In one of his despatches the Duke of Wellington, when he was General Wellesley, has placed it on record that in all his intercourse with official personages he had

hardly ever come across one who could manage to avoid giving way to irritation. The Duke attributed much of this to the climate. Hepatitis and prickly heat are severe trials even to the most serene Christianity. Neither the Bishop nor those whom he came across were exempt from human infirmities. These differences have been passed over because they were transient in duration, and as often as not were the result of earnest zeal for what was deemed to be right. But the portrait of character would be incomplete without allusion to them. There is a touching letter written by the Bishop to his old friend Dean Pearson, in which he says: "The charge of assumption which you tell me is commonly advanced, I am not surprised at. You know my faults on the side of excessive energy and over-strong expressions. I suppose these have given occasion for the charge. Watch for me and over me. Admonish, suggest, aid. It is impossible to be in the glare as I am without peril to the soul. Plain truths kindly put by dear friends like you are among the most valuable and consoling supports to a poor sinful creature."

It was about this time that the publication of the "Tracts for the Times" took place. In the important controversy resulting, Bishop Wilson took an active and leading part. His opposition to the system propounded in them was firm, consistent and unwavering. He smelt the battle afar off, and roused himself to the struggle. In the charge which preluded his second Visitation he delivered his soul. None who were privileged to hear it may so long as life lasts forget the powerful warnings he delivered; they thrilled the inmost souls of the hearers. There is one very fine passage describing the attitude of Rome on her seven hills watching the course and development of the writers engaged; "Now writing down the Reformation and the Church of England, and writing up Papacy and the Church of Rome." "She understands them," he said, "if they do

not understand themselves. There she sits on her seven-hilled seat, watching her opportunities, herself unchanged and unchangeable, since Trent has matured and finished off and consigned to indelible tablets all her corruptions—there she sits, smiling and rejoicing at the advance made to her by her most formidable opponent, the Reformed Church of England—dissimulating, denying, explaining away, equivocating, concealing her most obnoxious tenets, retiring for a moment if an explosion threatens, then returning to the assault when calm is restored. There she sits, entering into no controversy herself, except when she meets an accomplished English apologist; but watching events. There she sits, pushing her conquests with her superstitious illusions, her splendid vestments, her fragrant censers, her sculpture, her addresses to the fancy and imagination, especially of the weaker sex, aided by her Jesuits, trained to unreserved subjection, with a refined experience of mankind, and a logic in whose labyrinths the most practised reasoners may be perplexed. There she sits, sending her emissaries into all quarters, and into India in every part, and exacting from her blind and numerous followers overflowing funds for her missionary enterprises, collecting all her strength (and her policy greater than her strength) to assault Protestant England in our various territories, and whom, if she gains, she thinks her supremacy and power secure." Further on, quoting Hallam on the days of Charles I., he added: "A characteristic tenet of this party was that episcopal government was indispensable to a Christian church. Hence they treated the Presbyterians with insolence abroad, and severity at home." These burning words, delivered with no ordinary dramatic power, made an indelible impression on all who listened to them. It may be noted in passing that the Bishop's uncompromising fidelity arrested almost entirely for years the introduction of novelties in doctrine and

ritual into India, but he was not without vexation from this evil in Bishop's College. That unfortunate institution, notwithstanding the great ability of many of its principals and professors, had never thriven. Bishop Wilson had exerted himself to support it in more than one crisis, but in vain. At length a professor was sent out, recommended by Dr. J. H. Murray as a man of "sound doctrine." Conflicts arose, the institution withered and dwindled away, till it finally disappeared a few years ago, and its place knows it no more. There was a marked and painful contrast between it and the admirable institution organized and carried on by Dr. Duff in the heart of Calcutta, with even then its 900 students saturating educated Hinduism with the Word of God.

The second Visitation was not so extensive as the first. It was confined mainly to what was then termed the Presidency of Bengal, the diocese proper of Calcutta. Again it commenced with the Straits Settlements, but the chief incident was the visit to Krishnaghur in 1839. The Church Missionary Society had established itself there in 1832. As is recorded in the *Life of Dr. Duff*, by 1838 whole villages had sought instruction, and hundreds of earnest men and women under purely spiritual influences were baptized, and proved their sincerity by suffering persecution unmoved. A native messenger was sent by the missionaries to the Bishop, entreating him to come over and help them. He went from station to station, examining, preaching, encouraging, confirming. It is said he could hardly sleep from agitation, joy and anxiety to direct everything aright. On one occasion he presided at the baptism of nine hundred Hindus and Mahometans. This glorious dawn was subsequently overcast. Caste crept in, and, the sacerdotalism of Jesuit priests recognising caste, wrought unspeakable havoc.

It was about this time that the Bishop conceived the project of building a cathedral, and of the Additional Clergy Society, to supplement the general lack of

chaplains, who were almost exclusively confined to the great military stations. What was his own spiritual frame of mind then may be gathered from the following interesting extract from an address sent to the Islington Clerical Meeting which was to assemble in January, 1840. "There is nothing worth living for but Christ, and He is indeed worth living for, and dying for too. Nothing but the atonement of Christ for justification; nothing but the Spirit and sanctifying grace of Christ for obedience to the will of God; nothing but the power of Christ for victory over every enemy; nothing but the blessed example of Christ for the pattern of lovely and meek holiness; nothing but the mercy of Christ for the hope of everlasting life at last. As I grow older, my religion is much more simple. None but Christ. None but Christ. I am weary of novelties in doctrine, morals, discipline, church order. I am of the old school of Romaine (whom I remember as a boy in 1792-5), Newton, Cecil, Foster, Robinson, Venn (the elder) whom I once, and once only, saw, and above all, Thomas Scott and Joseph Milner." He prayed his younger brothers to distrust all the plausible theories and new statements and exaggerations of the day. He had seen such rise and expire like the crackling of thorns under a hot twenty times.

## VII.

### THE METROPOLITAN.

In 1839 the Bishop went forth as Metropolitan to visit the churches in India and Ceylon. The anomaly which had made it necessary for those who sought episcopal ordination to travel from Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape in days when no facilities for travelling existed, was now at an end. In India itself suffragan sees had been created, which left to the Bishop of Calcutta the north of the land, Hindustan proper, without the Deccan, as his peculiar charge. Again in the Madras diocese Bishop Wilson had to confront caste. In Tanjore he declared, "on its

"My brethren, pardon the freedom of my speech. I should have thought it my duty to have separated from the Church of Rome had she pretended only to determine those things which Christ has left indifferent: how much more, when she requires a compliance with those which He hath expressly forbid? When she has the insolence to say, 'You shall not only confine yourself to a prescribed form of words, but you shall worship in an unknown tongue: you shall not only bow at the venerable name of our common Lord, but you shall worship an image: you shall not only kneel at the communion, but kneel in adoration of a piece of bread: you shall not only pronounce, or at least appear to pronounce those accursed, who do not believe what is acknowledged to be incomprehensible, but those who do not believe what is most contrary to our reason and senses.'"

Doddridge was eminently loyal and patriotic, and warmly attached to the House of Hanover; hence, in '45, he took an active part in encouraging a resistance of the Pretender's attempts to re-establish the Stuart dynasty on the British throne; but in that movement the zeal of the Protestant strengthened the loyalty of the subject, and he felt that religion as well as politics had to do with the struggle.

## IX.

### FAMILY LIFE.

Dr. Doddridge married Mercy Maris of Worcester, in December 1730, and never did a happier union take place. Orton extols her as "prudent, religious, and affectionate," and Warburton must have been pleased with her, or he would not have paid the lady such compliments as he did. Just before his wedding, the bridegroom spent a day in "extraordinary devotion," and amongst his numerous rules for the conduct of his life he now inserted this: "As a husband it shall be my daily care to keep up the spirit of religion with my wife, to recommend her to the Divine blessing, to

manifest an obliging, tender disposition towards her, and particularly to avoid everything which has the appearance of pettishness, to which, amidst my various cares and labours, I may in some unguarded moments be liable." His printed letters abound in strong expressions, and in some unpublished ones we have had the opportunity of reading, there are stronger expressions still. In a volume of select devotional letters, he says to her when absent: "And I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is. I hardly feel that I want anything."

We heard many years ago from the daughter of one of his students, that he was accustomed to treat her with the utmost respect, and with all the ceremonious politeness of the age. He was very near-sighted, and on one occasion took some other person for Mrs. Doddridge, and greatly amused the company, as they listened to the glowing terms which surprised the lady as he addressed her by mistake.

Whatever the strength of attachment might be on the husband's part, it received a full response from the devotion of his wife. Her letters, many of which are preserved, abundantly testify this, and at the same time show her to have been a woman of intelligence and judgment.

After his decease she wrote to Warburton, a letter the autograph of which we have before us. In it she says: "I endeavour as far as possible to divest myself of that self-love which would lead me to repine; and to attend to the dictates of reason and religion, which tell me, that the more worthy the object was of esteem and affection, the more I should rejoice in that superior happiness and glory to which he is now raised: but I forget myself; you will forgive, sir, this digression. You knew us both, and by

plish. His text on the occasion was, "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb."<sup>1</sup> Pleasant visits among dear old friends, much preaching at important centres, and a vast amount of business filled up every spare moment of what was to have been rest and holiday; but still a measure of restored health and strength was granted, and all was accomplished with cheerfulness and success. Much interest was awakened in India, so that even the enforced separation from his diocese was not without incidental benefit to it. In a touching manner his biographer describes his second departure for India, "dear India." "Viewed after a lapse of years, there is surely something of the self-devotion of an earlier and better day in this second departure from his country, his kindred, and his father's house. The romance of India had long since passed away. He knew the afflictions which awaited him. He had felt the strife of tongues; the sun had smitten him; life was waning. The communion of the Church at home; the sympathy of friends; the love of children—all had to be relinquished, yet none of these things moved him. The grace of Christ never failed, and his purpose never faltered. He called his chaplain to his side and steadfastly set his face towards India, not counting his life dear to himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry that he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Not a word was said to dissuade him. The charge so solemnly laid upon his children, before he left India, was strictly kept; and whatever had been their hope, their grief was silent. They felt that they should see his face no more." Once again he made his way round the Cape of Good Hope, and reached Calcutta in December 1845, refreshed both in mind and body. On his arrival he drove to his cathedral, and with all the clergy in and around Calcutta, offered up thanksgiving unto God.

<sup>1</sup> Revelation xii. 11.

## VIII.

### THE CATHEDRAL AND THE TOMB.

Between the consecration of the cathedral of Calcutta and the deposition of the Bishop's remains in it, a space of twelve years elapsed, the closing portion of his career. He felt that he was not what he had been, and that, to use his own phrase, he must "go softly"; but the years were years of continued usefulness in many important ways. Some were disposed to think that at his great age he ought to have resigned; but it might have been aptly replied, "Were not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?" Three more Visitations were got through; in one instance extending as far as the outlying island of Borneo. His charges were carefully prepared; he preached incessantly with vigour and efficiency until within the last four or five months before his death, and in all ways ably fulfilled the duties of his important office, some reasonable allowance being made for great age and considerable infirmity. His cathedral was a project in which he took the deepest interest. It was intended to answer a threefold purpose. It was to be a parish church for a large district of Calcutta. It was to be the cathedral of the metropolitan see of Calcutta, where all episcopal functions were to be performed. It was, furthermore, to have been served by a body of clergy under the designation of dean and chapter, who "were to bear a missionary character, and carry out missionary objects." In this last respect the cathedral, like Bishop's College, was a failure. The endowment fund for this purpose was subsequently transferred to the great missionary societies of the Church, with certain restrictions. Toward the erection and endowment of this cathedral the Bishop at various times gave between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. His generosity was indeed unbounded: it proved in manifold ways a stimulus to good works of all descriptions through-



out the length and breadth of his vast diocese. The princely charities in which he indulged were not reserved till after his decease, but bestowed freely as God prospered him. He promoted heartily church building in India at a time when places of worship were sorely needed; but his concern was great, and his liberality extreme, for the living ministry, which should be efficacious for the winning of souls to Christ. His satisfaction was great at the completion of his cathedral. About the same time the Court of Directors had sent out "a fierce letter" about any more churches being built. The Bishop, noticing it, characteristically adds: "Thank you; I have got my cathedral." His want was "two or three men of God to supply it."

Some years of service still remained, which were diligently employed. But there were not wanting, some few years before his death, indications that his earthly tabernacle was being dissolved. His voice was failing him; his hearing was affected. Several times he met with accidents, in one of which he fractured his thigh severely. Nor were other warnings from physical infirmity withheld. The Bishop faced all these intimations of departure with manly and characteristic Christian courage. His great ambition now was, while doing with all his might whatever had to be done, to end well.

A glimpse of the home life of the Bishop in the closing period of his life, may not be without interest. It was in 1855 that good Mrs. Ellerton, the mother-in-law of Bishop Corrie of Madras, a lady universally respected for her genuine piety, unaffected simplicity, and extensive usefulness, came to end her days in the Bishop's palace. She had been a resident in Bengal for more than half a century, and could recall the times when a lady going to the Mission-house one Sunday morning, was asked seriously, "Can you really venture there at all without any one to protect you?" Somewhat later she had seen Lord Mornington in church, full dressed

in his robes, with the order of the Garter, and all accompanying jewels. He had ordered all the heads of offices to attend, and the church was crowded. It turned the tide of irreligion, and this strange incident became an important era in the history of the Church of India. The fine old lady, now in her eighty-fourth year, became the guest of the Bishop. "She is very chatty and pleasant, and punctual in coming to meals. Many useful remarks fall from her in conversation. She has a turn for humour, and tells anecdotes of former times. There is a savour of downright piety and simplicity of heart in all she says. Her faculties are perfect, she loves authority and obedience. She jokes with me and calls me twice seven (77). We sit round our tea-table at a little before eight, Mrs. Ellerton, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield, Mr. and Mrs. Yate, myself, Margaret (a schoolgirl waiting on Mrs. Ellerton), and Andrew, my writer; and then I expound briefly, have a hymn read, and close the day with prayer." Mrs. Ellerton survived the Bishop just three weeks. In the same year the Bishop held in Calcutta the first consecration of a bishop of the English Church which had taken place out of England since the Reformation. It was that of a bishop for Borneo. The next year, when he was seventy-eight years old, he travelled thousands of miles, penetrated new countries, shrank from no labours, though compassed about with many infirmities.

In 1857 the Indian Mutiny had begun. When the Bishop preached at Barrackpore, General Hearsey surrounded the church with a guard of soldiers. "We are all passengers together on a sinking ship," was the feeling of the Bishop, and he invited all ministers and missionaries of every name and denomination in Calcutta, to meet and unite with him in prayer. The Governor-General would not interfere authoritatively, but left him to do as he pleased. The meeting for united prayer was held and well attended. The last sermon

"As with a seraph's voice to sing,  
To fly, as on a cherub's wing;  
Performing with unwearied hands,  
A present Saviour's high commands.

"Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait Thy signal for my flight:  
And in Thy service here below,  
Confess that heavenly joys may grow."

## XI.

### CLOSE OF LIFE.

In the December of 1750 he caught a severe cold; soon afterwards pulmonary disease made its appearance. At his last communion in Northampton, he dropped hints which made his people feel that soon they would see his face no more.

Physicians advised him to try the medicinal waters at Bristol. A clergyman of the Established Church welcomed him as a guest till he could secure convenient lodgings. Dr. Maddox, bishop of Worcester, paid him a visit, and offered to drive him to the Wells in his carriage. People vied with one another in showing him kindness. "I have experienced since I came hither," he says, "this day in particular, the kind interposition of Providence, in raising me up some very generous friends, in a place where I expected to be a perfect stranger; especially a worthy nobleman, who as kindly interests himself about my health, as if he had been long my intimate friend." Leading members of his church at Northampton came to see him, bringing messages of sympathy, and informing him of prayer meetings on his behalf, held three times a week.

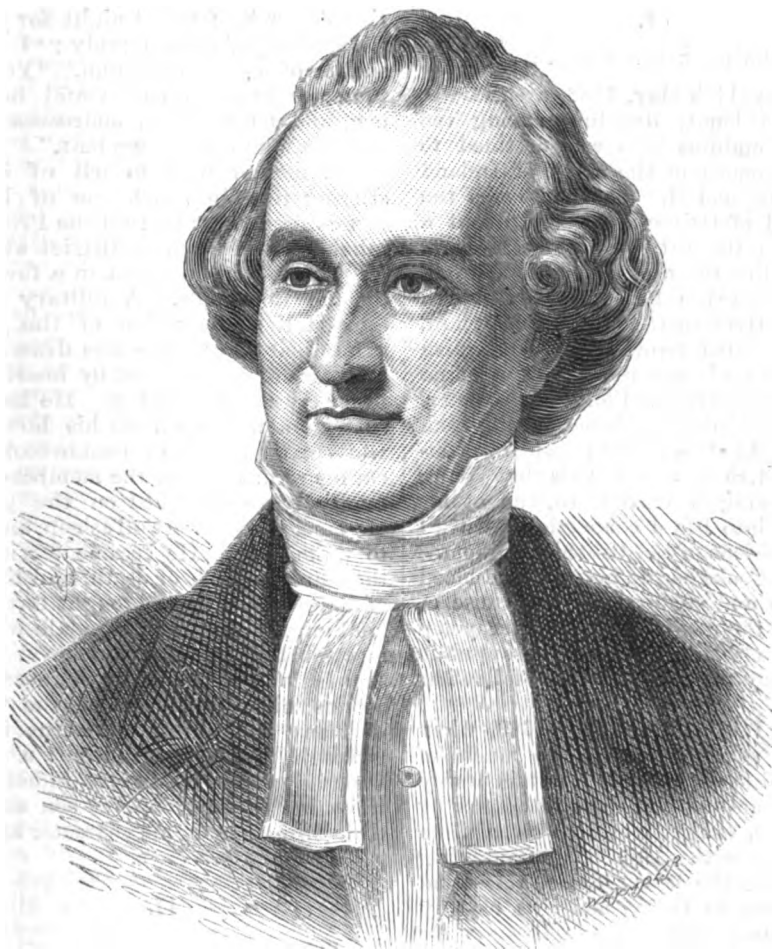
He was advised to seek a warmer climate, but there were pecuniary difficulties in the way, as his usual income was too small to bear the heavy expense of a foreign journey. This obstacle was speedily removed by the generosity of those who admired his character and writings. Mr. Nathaniel Neal, who was interested in the Northampton

Academy, wrote to him: "Instead of selling what you have in the Funds, I believe I shall be able, through the benevolence of your friends, to add to it, after having defrayed the expenses of your voyage. Besides this, you go with a full gale of prayer; and I trust we shall stand ready to receive you with shouts of praise." A servant in the family where he lodged offered to attend him; and Warburton—probably through his friend Mr. Allen, who held a Post-office contract—procured an order to provide accommodation for the invalid in one of the Government packets. Mrs. Doddridge, in a letter to Warburton already noticed, expresses her obligations to both of them.

He travelled from Bristol to Falmouth in a somewhat improved state of health, but suffered a relapse the night before embarkation. As he was on his way to Lisbon, the soft air, the novel scene and surrounding comforts raised his spirits; and, as he sat in his chair in the captain's cabin, he exclaimed to his wife, "I cannot express to you what a morning I have had. Such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with as no words can express." Intense heat, whilst the vessel was becalmed in the Bay of Biscay, greatly tried him; but on entering the mouth of the Tagus, the scenery revived and cheered the invalid as he sat on the deck. After landing, a rainy season increased disease, and destroyed all hope of recovery. He expired at Lisbon on the 26th of October, 1751, and was interred in the burial-ground of the British factory. A simple monument was raised to his memory, which has been renewed again and again; and travellers of all denominations have repaired to the spot as a shrine sacred to evangelical piety and Catholic union.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

# HENRY COOKE OF BELFAST.



# HENRY COOKE OF BELFAST.

---

## I.

### HIS HOME AND ANCESTRY.

ON Sunday, 11th May, 1788, a child was born in a lonely dwelling among the Derry mountains who was destined to become famous in the north of Ireland and far beyond it. The house was the farmstead of Grillagh, situated about a mile from the little town of Maghera, in the valley through which the Moyola dashes from the hills towards Lough Neagh. His father, John Cooke, a plain, unsophisticated farmer, was of English extraction; his mother, a woman of no little individuality and force of character, was of Scotch descent, being sprung from the good old stock of the Howies of Lochgoin; and so it came to pass that young Henry, being of Irish birth, had at his entrance into life a connection with all three divisions of the United Kingdom.

Henry Cooke had in his veins the blood of heroes and sufferers for the cause of God and their country. In after years he once electrified an immense public meeting by the relation of the following anecdote.

In the Williamite wars of 1688, when fire and sword devastated so much of Ulster, all the children in a certain family in the county Down were murdered by the rebels, except one. "Driven from his home, with thousands of starving Protestants, the father carried this child in his arms to Derry, and was happily one of those admitted into the city for its defence. When he mounted guard at night he had no nurse for his little one, so he carried it with him to the wall and laid it between the embrasures where the cannon frowned defiance on James and slavery. Providence protected the boy in the midst of famine and death, and when in after years he was ques-

tioned how he fared at night for shelter, 'Well enough,' was the reply; 'I had the shelter of my father's gun.' Yes, God protected that motherless and homeless boy, and he who now addresses you is that boy's humble descendant."

His mother used to tell of another stirring time in which one of his ancestors figured. "In 1641 the Protestant inhabitants of a whole district at Killyleagh were put to death in a few hours by the Romanists. A solitary female escaped the observation of the savage exterminators, and she was drawn from her place of concealment by hearing the bitter cries of a little boy. He had been sent on a message from his house, and while on the road the massacre took place. On his return he saw the members of his family lying stretched on the ground. He fancied they were all asleep, and tried to wake them. He became terrified by the fearful silence of death, and his cries of alarm and distress brought forth from her hiding-place the only female who had escaped the dreadful butchery. From that little boy Mrs. Cooke was descended. Stories like these beguiled the tedium of many a long winter night in the Grillagh farmhouse, and not a few of them imprinted themselves indelibly on the mind of the youngest son and had their own effect on his character and life till the end of his days.

## II.

### HIS SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL-MASTERS.

Henry Cooke's parents did the best they could for his training. His mother especially seems to have bestowed great pains on it. "I received," he himself tells us, "my first instruction in theology at my mother's side. The Shorter Catechism was her text-book; the Con-

indulgences, and beginning the great war with the Church and Court of Rome, which was soon to shake the world. Both at Oxford and Cambridge there were those who before long would come to the front, but who were rather training for the conflict, than actually engaged in it. At Oxford, a certain William Tyndale of Magdalene Hall was "increasing more and more in learning and proceeding in degrees of the schools, reading also privily, with certain students and fellows, the Holy Scriptures." At Cambridge, Bilney and Stafford were studying and lecturing on Scripture: Thomas Cranmer, Fellow of Jesus College, beginning the study of it, Hugh Latimer, Fellow of Clare Hall, violently opposing it.

Whether the mind of our young student at Merton College was in any way influenced by the coming changes, we know not. All that has as yet been discovered about him is, that soon after taking his degree in 1518 he became a monk, first of the Cistercian Monastery of Old Clive (or Cleeve), near Watchet, in his own county of Somerset, and afterwards (as some think—though this is doubtful) of a monastery of Black Friars, in the city of Gloucester.

## II.

### DAYS OF OBSCURITY: 1518-1539.

For the next twenty-one years we are left almost entirely in the dark about Hooper; a few scattered gleams of light, mostly from tradition, are all that at present are afforded us. From these we gather, that, wearied and disgusted with a monastic life, he abandoned his habit, and came up again to Oxford to pursue his studies; but *when*, is uncertain; possibly about 1536, at the age of forty or forty-one. Here, "having abundantly profited," says Foxe, "by the study of the sciences, through God's secret vocation he was stirred with fervent desire to the love and knowledge of the Scriptures. In the reading and searching whereof, as there lacked in him no diligence joined

with earnest prayer, so neither wanted unto him the grace of the Holy Ghost to satisfy his desire and to open unto him the light of true Divinity."

Oxford was a very different place from what it had been when Hooper left it in 1518. "The old order," during the intervening years, "had changed," indeed, both abroad and at home. The Pope's jurisdiction had been abolished in England and transferred to King Henry VIII., who assumed the title of Supreme Head on Earth of the Church of England. The Scriptures were translated and circulated, the monasteries dissolved, the universities visited by Commission and reformed. "The learning of the wholesome doctrine of Almighty God, and the three tongues, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, which be requisite for the understanding of Scripture, were specially enjoined, while the old scholastic text-books became waste paper and were treated as such."

But it would be a mistake to suppose that such improvements made any difference, for the time, in the creed of the Church of England, or in the prospects of real reform. Henry VIII. was trying to constitute an English Church, differing from the former Roman one on the point of the Supremacy, and on that alone. To accomplish this, he bade defiance equally to Lutherans, Protestants and Papists. Heresy was a crime against the King and the law, and Henry's views on religion the only tolerated creed. After various alternations and oscillations in the royal mind, partly religious but mainly political, in 1539 he caused the famous "Bill of Six Articles" to be passed—"The bloody statute," "The whip of six strings" (so called),—which established Transubstantiation by law, forbade Communion in both kinds, and the marriage of the clergy; made vows of celibacy obligatory, and upheld private masses for souls in purgatory, and the expediency and necessity of auricular confession. Burning, hanging, and forfeiture of lands and goods were the penalties for disobedience,

or his own inclination, or both, he early turned his thoughts to the Christian ministry, and in 1802, at an age when boys nowadays would be only beginning to prepare for college, he made his way to Glasgow and matriculated. The journey from Grilagh to Glasgow was no easy matter in those days, especially for a lad of fourteen. Sixty weary miles he had to trudge on foot from his father's house to the little port of Donaghadee, carrying all his own luggage, a scanty enough stock in all probability, but still a sufficient burden for such a small boy; from Donaghadee a small sailing vessel carried the mails of His Majesty King George III. across the channel to Port Patrick, with more or less regularity, as wind and weather permitted, and on board this craft Henry reached the Scottish shore. Another long walk then lay before the young aspirant for knowledge ere the welcome sight of the towers and spires of Glasgow told him that his journey was near an end.

Among his class-mates at the university were two youths whose names and lives were destined to be closely linked in different ways with his in after years. Robert Stewart, subsequently minister of Broughshane, Cooke's *fidus Achates* on many a hard-fought field, and Henry Montgomery, his brilliant antagonist in the Arian controversy. He does not seem to have owed much to those years which he spent in the venerable university buildings on the banks of the Molen-dinar, which have now disappeared before the march of modern progress.

In 1808 his course was completed, and he applied to be licensed as a preacher eligible for election to the pastorate of a congregation, to the Presbytery of Ballymena, appearing before the court in a costume which would probably in our days bar for the time a candidate's further progress—a blue coat adorned with brass buttons, drab vest, white cord breeches and top-boots. But men had not in those times the same ideas of ministerial costume as now prevail. It was by no means rare to see reverend fathers of

the church appear in the pulpit in the scarlet coat of the Volunteer. No fault therefore was found with Henry Cooke's attire. He received his license, and thus before he had attained his majority, formally entered the profession of which he was to be so great an ornament. Who could have thought of what that raw, oddly-dressed lad was to become, as he appeared that day before his Presbytery? One thing, at all events, was clear about him—there was no uncertainty in his mind, even at this early stage in his career, regarding that great doctrine with the defence of which he was afterwards to be so prominently identified. His "trial sermon" before the Presbytery was based on the text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"<sup>1</sup> In the course of it he said: "Had an angel or an inferior minister of God been the person commissioned to publish the news of our salvation, to give the offers of the Gospel which Jesus gave, then there might have been some excuse for neglect. But the person commissioned is no angel, no inferior agent. He is the same to whom the Lord says, 'Let all the angels of God worship Him.' Behold, then, what a glorious Personage holds forth to you the offer of salvation! He thought it no robbery to be counted equal with the Father. Him you may trust, for in Him there is no possibility of deception. Him you may trust, for He is able to save to the uttermost. He is King of kings and Lord of lords."<sup>2</sup>

### III.

#### THE FIRST TEN YEARS' MINISTRY.

On November 10th, 1808, Cooke received a call from the little congregation of Duneane, situated at the northern extremity of Lough Leagh, and was duly ordained there as assistant and successor to the Rev. Robert Scott. It was certainly no fat living. The young minister's entire income amounted to £25 per annum, Irish currency, the senior minister retaining the endowment

<sup>1</sup> Hebrews ii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Porter, *ut supra*.

according to the laws of the Church. The scanty stipend, however, might have been borne, for Cooke had never much of an eye to money. But the strong evangelical doctrines which he preached, and the earnestness with which from the very first he urged them on his people, were not congenial to that cold, lifeless age, and aroused resentment rather than appreciation in Duneane. In Ulster, as elsewhere, at the beginning of this century, a barren morality was the best that was preached from many pulpits, and Arian or semi-Arian principles were lamentably prevalent. Cooke's preaching accordingly stirred up the opposition of the senior minister and of the people. His position became uncomfortable, and not being yet ready to enter on a contest for the truth, he gave up his charge and became a private tutor at Kells, near Ballymena. His talents, however, were of too valuable a type to be allowed to be shelved in this way for very long. Before he had been three months in Kells, a call came to him from the neighbouring congregation of Donegore. He accepted it, and was installed as minister there on January 22nd, 1811. Here he began thoroughly to study those great theological questions which were every day assuming larger importance in the north of Ireland. There is yet extant a MS. entitled "Christianity tried in the Court of Reason," which he drew up at this period for his own satisfaction, and which indicates the nature of his inquiries and studies. Another paper in his handwriting, which dates from about the same time, is a summary of the Scripture proofs of the Trinity carefully collated and classified by himself under twenty-seven heads. Evidently he was furnishing his armoury for the battle which he felt could not be long delayed. In the pulpit, too, the great question of the day had a prominent place. One of his first sermons in Donegore was on the text, "And the Lord said unto him, Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark

upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof."<sup>1</sup> In discussing it, he spoke of the sad national infidelity that was abroad. "Time was," he said, "when infidelity, ashamed, dreading, as it were, to meet the public eye, skulked into corners, and said in her heart, 'There is no God.' She kept the secret to herself. She dared not avow it openly. But that time is gone. Shame and fear have forsaken her. She lifts her voice in the streets; she calls in the high places; she proclaims rebellion against heaven's King; she thinks it possible to dethrone the Omnipotent. Only a few years ago religion fell in France before the infidel phalanx, led by a Volney and a Voltaire. In our own country, a Hobbes, a Hume, and a Paine, with a host of others, organized a crusade against the Cross. Under their leadership infidelity has marched through Britain. She has invaded the sacred precincts of our own Church. Ministers, at her bidding, now boldly disavow alike the nature and the work of the Divine Saviour. Forgetting Him, they forget also Him that sent Him. What base ingratitude have we been guilty of! How have we forgotten God's sparing mercies! How wonderfully has He preserved us as a nation, notwithstanding grievous sins! We are monuments of His love. Whilst the horrors of war have affrighted other nations, whilst its destructive hand has ravaged their cities and desolated their plains, whilst their fields have been deluged with blood and covered with mountains of slain, we have only heard the dread sound roll ominously in the distance—it has not come near our shores. White-robed peace has continued to scatter her olives over our country. Justice lifts aloft her impartial balance. Plenty sheds abundance around. Commerce spreads abroad her wings and is fanned by the breeze of prosperity. Toleration bids every man worship God as conscience dictates, while the smile of Freedom brightens every British home."

<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel ix. 4.

The quiet folks of Donegore had never heard preaching like this. It roused them from the Sabbath slumbers into which the dry, cold essays which they had been accustomed to hear from their pulpit, had lulled them. The whole community woke up into new life. The people flocked to the church to hear the burning eloquence of their new minister, and were moved by it as no man had ever moved them before. As Mr. Cooke went about among them during the week, plying the busy ministrations of the pastor alike in the mansion of the rich and the humble cottage of the tiller of the soil, his manifest zeal for his Master, combined with his wonderful kindness of heart and warmth of geniality, endeared him to them and rendered their minds more receptive of his message. It will be long before the traditions of his ministry cease to linger beside the burns and among the woods of Donegore.

During his pastorate, he took a very unusual step. Conscious that his academic training had not been what it should have been, he asked the leave of his presbytery to return to college, that he might again prosecute his studies, and explore several regions of knowledge, into which his ever-active mind desired an insight. The permission was obtained—his indulgent congregation loved him too well to throw any obstacle in his way, great as was the trial to them of losing his services for the time; and accordingly back to college he went. During the winters of 1815–16, and 1816–17, he entered Glasgow University once more, his old *alma mater*, while in that of 1817–18 he was an alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin. Among the subjects which he studied during these years was medicine, of which he obtained a large and accurate knowledge, walking hospitals, and plying his scalpel in dissecting-rooms with all the diligence of an embryo doctor.

Writing in 1817, to Mrs. Cooke (for by this time he had entered the estate of matrimony, having married Miss

Ellen Mann, of Toome), he says: "This letter written, I sit down to pore over a skull and count its bones and joints, till midnight. Could you see me through the keyhole, you would take me for an old monk, contemplating mortality. It grins horribly, yet 'to this complexion must my lady come, should she paint an inch thick.'"

Many a time in after years the medical knowledge which he acquired at this time was put to good use.

#### IV.

##### THE ARIAN CONTROVERSY BEGINS.

The time was now drawing near for the commencement of that great work with which more than any other Henry Cooke's name must always be associated—the driving of Arianism out of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Providence had prepared the man, and now the hour was at hand. For years this deadly heresy had been allowed to spread among the people almost unchecked. Its blighting influences were secretly mourned over by not a few faithful hearts; but there was no man bold enough to grapple with it until Cooke appeared. On September 8th, 1818, (greatly to the grief of his fond hearers at Donegore,) he had become minister of the important congregation of Killyleagh, on the shores of Strangford Lough, and here, in the spring of 1821, what may be called the first blow in the Arian controversy was struck. It was in this wise. A Unitarian emissary, named the Rev. John Smethurst, had been brought over from England to itinerate in the north of Ireland. Well would it have been for himself and his cause had he kept out of Killyleagh. But in an evil hour for both, he was induced to include it in his tour. He held a meeting. Cooke, no doubt to the surprise of the Arian advocate, attended, accompanied by Captain Sydney Hamilton Rowan, son of the lord of the manor and one of the godliest and most useful laymen to whom the Irish Presbyterian Church has ever given



birth. Smethurst propounded his "New Light" views, as they were popularly called, with all the earnestness and skill of a practised orator, and made a deep impression on his audience. When he had done, Cooke rose. In his own strenuous, dignified way, he boldly branded the doctrines which had just been proclaimed as "false and pernicious," and he invited all present, the English orator included, to come to his church the following Sunday, when he pledged himself "fairly to review and fully to refute" every one of them. Next Sunday, in response to his invitation, a tremendous crowd thronged Killyleagh Presbyterian church, not only to the doors but far beyond them. True to his promise, Cooke took up the Arian arguments and tore them literally to tatters, closing his sermon with an impassioned peroration, in which he charged his hearers, as they valued their hopes of Heaven, to give no countenance to the blighting, soul-destroying, Christ dishonouring heresy which had invaded the place. He was not satisfied with this. He announced his intention of following Smethurst from town to town and from village to village of Ulster, wherever he should go, and refuting his unscriptural doctrines on the spot as soon as they should be uttered. He kept his word; and from place to place the Arian propagandist was pursued, until it was plainly seen that he was only injuring the cause he had been brought over to advocate, and he fled back to England, a sadder and it is to be hoped a wiser man.

For a time Cooke seemed to stand quite alone in his struggle with Arianism. Ministers, as anxious as he was to see the Church freed from its influence, were nervous about grappling with it in his bold, uncompromising way. In 1822, at the annual meeting of the Synod of Ulster in Newry, he urged his brethren to vigorous action against it, but his appeal was coldly received. To add to his embarrassment, the very elements seemed in league against him that day.

As he spoke, a great thunderstorm came on, which shook the church where the Synod was met to its very foundations, and almost drowned his voice, while the lightning played vividly around him. But he was undaunted. "I seem," he said, "this day to stand alone. Yet I am not alone. Men may draw back in fear, but God and truth are with me." And he sat down dispirited, but not discomfited, silenced for the time, but determined to renew the contest at the first opportunity. That night he had a strange dream. "A battle was raging, and he was in the thickest of the fight. He was alone and borne down by numbers. Shadowy forms pressed upon him. His blows, however skilfully aimed and vigorously dealt, fell harmless. Smethurst, Bruce and Henry Montgomery were close upon him, while in the background, cold and scornful, were the dim forms of orthodox brethren. The scene changed. The dreamer was in a spacious hall, filled by an excited crowd. He stood upon a platform. The eyes of the assembly were fixed upon him. Suddenly the devil appeared by his side and challenged him to a discussion on the leading dogmas of Arianism. Henry Cooke never refused a challenge, and the discussion commenced. Argument after argument was advanced on both sides, and truth always triumphed. At length the devil, weary of logic, tried to overwhelm his opponent by assertion. 'I have more experience than you,' he exclaimed; 'I have seen what you never saw; I have heard what you could never hear; I have been in Heaven, where you never were, and I now affirm on indisputable authority—the authority of my own personal knowledge—that Jesus Christ is not God.' 'And I affirm,' said Cooke in reply, 'on the infallible testimony of God's own Word, that when the devil speaketh a lie, which this is, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar and the father of it.' These words were uttered with such strength of voice and vehemence of action, that not only did the dreamer awake, but Mrs. Cooke

started up in alarm, believing her husband to be struggling with a midnight robber."<sup>1</sup>

### V.

#### PROGRESS AND END OF THE BATTLE.

It would take long to tell all the phases of the fierce controversy which now for years convulsed the entire north of Ireland. Sometimes in the Church courts, sometimes in the press, sometimes on some public platform, the battle was fought, the immediate occasion of debate varying from time to time, being at one time the appointment of an Arian to a chair in the Belfast Academical Institution, where most of the Divinity students of the Presbyterian Church then received their education, and at another the direct issue that the ministers and elders of the Synod should be called on to declare plainly whether they held the doctrine of the Trinity or not. All through, Cooke was the champion of orthodoxy, and Montgomery, his old fellow-student at Glasgow, a man of rare eloquence and ability, as noble in presence as he was consummate in address, was the leader of the Arians.

Born in the same year, educated at the same university, sitting in the same Church courts, these two differed *toto cælo* in their theology. Henry Montgomery was an Arian pure and simple, denied the deity of our blessed Lord, and denying this, of course neither believed in nor preached the great doctrines of grace, as these are revealed in Holy Scripture. They and those who held them were to him only objects of contempt. Yet such was the singular power of the man, so skilfully and attractively could his eloquence clothe the unscriptural tenets of Arianism and make the worse appear the better part, that it required a rare power to expose his sophistries and lay bare the false principles in which he gloried. For he was both a splendid orator and a master of tactics. It is still remembered how in the Synod of

Ulster on one occasion, replying to the accusation that his doctrines dishonoured Christ, he replied to the charge by repeating in his own fine style the words of the Scottish paraphrase:

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause,  
Maintain the glory of His cross,  
And honour all His laws.

"Jesus, my Lord, I know His name;  
His name is all my boast,  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost."

He asserted that he could adopt every sentiment in the verses as his own. It was far from an easy task to encounter such a man, or to make clear to the people the errors which lurked beneath the specious garb in which he attired them. No man had been able to do it until Cooke buckled on his armour; and had he not been raised up to vindicate the truth, it is hard to say what would have been the ultimate fate of evangelical religion in the north of Ireland.

Year after year these two men encountered each other on the floor of the Synod in terrific onsets, the memory of which is not yet dead, at Coleraine, at Strabane, at Cookstown. Their last battle was the fiercest of all. It took place at Lurgan, in July 1829. A Mr. Ferrie, who was suspected of Socinian views, had recently been appointed by the managers of the Belfast Institution to the chair of Moral Philosophy, and this supposed indication of the continued prevalence of Arianism in that seminary could not pass unnoticed. Accordingly, Dr. Cooke moved a series of resolutions on the subject. Montgomery had come up fully prepared for this, and fully prepared also to make a final, and as he hoped, a crushing attack on his opponent. The speech in which he made this was admitted on all hands to be a masterpiece of argument and oratory. For nearly three hours he enchained his audience, now inveighing against Cooke, and his supporters, with looks, gestures and words almost appalling, anon chang-

<sup>1</sup> Porter, *ut supra*.

ing his tone with the art of the skilful orator and contrasting the bitter conflicts of earth with the peace of the upper sanctuary in language so full of music and beauty that all who heard melted into admiration. As they listened, the orthodox side trembled both for their leader and their cause. Dr. Cooke, when he rose to reply, said: "Moderator, I rise under difficulty, I had almost said fear. Never has this Synod, never has any assembly, witnessed such a display of forensic eloquence: what its effects upon others must have been I can well conceive, for even I, who was suffering under its stroke, could not refrain from giving it the tribute of my admiration; and as the dagger was driven home to my heart, I felt that it was wielded by the hand of a master." But the fears of the Trinitarians were soon dissipated. As he replied in detail to Montgomery's charges, those who had a little before admired the Arian leader, began to pity him. Position after position behind which he had intrenched himself, apparently impregnable, was demolished; and when Cooke sat down, amid an excitement such as had never been known in the Synod, it was felt that the controversy was virtually over. Montgomery's speech was the last effort of a sinking cause. It was a splendid effort, but it was a failure. The Arians themselves saw this, and saw too that the hour when they must leave the Synod was at last come. They had no choice but between this step and extinction. The terms of separation were soon arranged. Seventeen ministers withdrew, taking to themselves the name "Remonstrants," and so the Irish Presbyterian Church was finally delivered from this heresy. It is instructive to notice that from that hour she entered on an era of unwonted prosperity, growing in numbers, in usefulness, in influence, in wealth, until what in 1829 was a small sect has become a large Church, overspreading the whole land.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Inquirer*, a Unitarian organ, says: "Their Church has more than doubled in number,

Other controversies, at a later period, called forth his powers and furnished occasions for splendid displays of eloquence: the Voluntary controversy, the Education controversy, and the question of Repeal. We can do no more in this tract than mention them.

## VI.

### DR. COOKE'S SPEECHES.

Our readers may be anxious to have an example of Dr. Cooke's speaking in those debates. It is not easy to do him justice by such a specimen any more than by a single brick to give an idea of the house from which it is taken. His speeches were so compacted together, so pat to the occasion, and withal owed so much of their force to their delivery, that no idea of them can be formed from any excerpt. Nevertheless, we give a passage or two from one of them. At the meeting of Synod in Cookstown in 1828, he thus exposed one of Montgomery's fallacies. "The second proposition announced by our lecturer was this: 'I will be accountable to no man in matters of religion, as no man can be accountable for me.' This, Moderator, is another of those simple yet splendid fallacies by which inconsiderate minds are led captive. It is a bit of common glass, finely cut, and set as a jewel, deriving its play of colours from a little foil ingeniously placed beneath it. Take it asunder, and the colours, beauty, and the value are gone, and a bit of glass, worth not one farthing, is all that remains of your precious gem. I shall separate, then, this gem from its setting, that its true value may be ascertained. 'No man can be accountable for me.' This is the reason, the gem of the argument. Now if by 'accountable'

influence and power since the Remonstrants were cast out. Unity, zeal and success seem to mark all their ecclesiastical enterprises. They have virtually possessed the entire province, with many ramifications beyond, and their popular energies give no indication of abating." Surely a most significant testimony! *Inquirer*, 20th March, 1875.

you mean that no man can be made a substitute for you, so that he may perish and you be saved, I freely admit its correctness. In this sense take it, and draw what conclusion you may. But our lecturer is too wise a man to exhibit such truisms to his pupils. In opposition, then, to the only other meaning he can have, I am ready to affirm, and to confirm the statement by the Word of unerring truth, that men in certain circumstances are accountable for each other, and that too under the most awful penalties that the Divine Word has revealed. 'Son of man,' says God to Ezekiel, 'I have made thee a watchman unto the House of Israel; therefore hear the word of My mouth and give them warning from Me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, *but his blood shall I require at thy hand.*' Where is now, sir, the high-sounding proposition that one man is not accountable for another? God has spoken, and it is fled, and the sound of its error shall be heard no more."

In another passage of the same speech he thus shows the impossibility of truth and error dwelling together. "Mr. Montgomery proposes that he and I shall build a temple. Well, we are first to dispute about the nature of the foundation. We cannot agree, so we must build without one or let the temple remain unreared. Next we are to consider the materials of the building. I am engaged in polishing the marble columns; Mr. Montgomery pours on them a corrosive acid. The one lays down a course of ponderous stone, the other a course of 'wood, hay, stubble.' The walls being thus erected, and 'daubed with untempered mortar,' we are next to roof the temple. Mr. Montgomery brings beams of Arian fir; I prefer Calvinistic oak. We are to frame the materials together. But the variety in

their respective strengths and dimensions strains and distorts the whole. Then we are to frame them fitly together. We can agree about neither mortise nor tenon, so we raise a shapeless and unsubstantial mass, without proportion, without beauty, without durability. No wise master-builder, sir, would thus rear a house for man, and shall we thus unfitly seek to raise up a temple for God?"

Again he argues thus: "Let us, says Mr. Montgomery, leave 'all disputed points, points trifling and unessential, and let us come to an agreement upon undisputed, important and fundamental matters.' . . . If, sir, our creed is to be formed of 'undisputed' points, we must far excel those individuals who are characterised as 'scanty in creed.' There is not a point in religion that has not been over and over again disputed. The existence of the world, the very being of God as a Spirit, have been disputed. Were we to take Mr. Montgomery's advice and avoid any disputed point, we might fly round the world like Noah's dove, and return with wearied wing to our meeting in the Synod of Ulster, without obtaining one single spot of undisputed ground as a rest for the sole of our foot! And, alas! sir, is it come to this, that the character of our Lord Himself is announced as a point 'not essential'? Surely, sir, the doctrine of His deity is essential to the Bible, for 'the Word was God.' Surely it is essential to my salvation, for I require an almighty Saviour. Surely it is essential to our worship, for men are commanded to 'honour the Son even as they honour the Father.' Surely it is essential to our principles, for while the Bible demands of us to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our mind, and all our soul, the same Word declares that 'the love of Christ constraineth us,' and that 'if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha.' If this doctrine then be not essential, after its rejection what can be essential? Justification by

faith has been well said by Luther to be '*articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae*,' and I do not hesitate to say, in humble imitation of so great a man, that the doctrine of our Saviour's supreme and essential deity is '*articulus stantis vel cadentis mundi*.'"

## VII.

### THE BELFAST PASTORATE.

On November 24th, 1829, Dr. Cooke was installed in a fine new church specially built for him in Belfast, and which thereafter, so long as he was able to officiate, was the scene of his ministrations. May-street church at once sprang into such celebrity as no place of worship in the capital of Ulster had ever enjoyed. Three times each Sunday he officiated in it, and on each occasion, in spite of its spacious proportions, it was usually crowded. It is not always that the brilliant debater is also the effective preacher. But in his case both powers were singularly combined. The following sketch from the eloquent pen of Professor Witherow will convey some idea of the scene which was often witnessed in Cooke's church. "A report that the Doctor was to preach on the Sin of Theatricals drew me one evening to May-street church. I was in attendance a little before the hour appointed, but found the immense place of worship quite full, every seat occupied, so that I with difficulty found standing-room in the aisle. The text of the evening was so rivetted in my memory that I will never forget it. It was 1 Corinthians xv. 33: 'Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners.' . . . Never did preacher acquit himself better than he did that night. . . . The force of his reasoning and the vehemence of his utterance, the power of that full-toned voice, whose lowest whisper could be most distinctly heard in the most distant seat of the gallery, and whose thunder-peals, the moment after, made the ceiling ring, the con-

tempt that he made the audience feel for the arguments of his adversary, and his passionate appeals to the assembly, satisfied me that I had never heard an orator before, and that the one to whom I was then listening was more than worthy his brilliant reputation. The streams of irony and eloquence and argument that flowed that evening from the pulpit of May Street, and blended together in one burning flood of fiery declamation, were as irresistible as a cataract from the hills. In the midst of the sermon all the gas-lights in the house were simultaneously extinguished, whether from design or accident is unknown to me, and for nearly fifteen minutes the church was in total darkness, with the exception of whatever light emanated from four candles that burned upon the pulpit and that served only to make the darkness visible. But the preacher did not stop nor even falter. Like a hurricane at midnight, on he thundered through the gloom, and when the gas-lamps were re-lighted he concluded with a splendid peroration."<sup>1</sup>

It was as a speaker that Cooke won his chief laurels. He published but little. The tongue, not the pen, was his mighty sword. During his Belfast pastorate he found time, however, for the preparation of an annotated edition of Brown's *Self-interpreting Bible*, which attained a widespread popularity. He was wont to point to it as a proof of the advantages of early rising, the whole of it having been prepared between the hours of four o'clock A.M., his usual time for rising, and six—hours which the vast majority of people spend in bed. He also compiled, at the cost of great care and labour, an analytical Concordance to the Holy Scripture on a plan altogether his own. But an unfortunate accident prevented it ever seeing the light. He took the MS. to London with a view to its publication; the hotel in which he was staying took fire; the precious volume perished in the flames, and he never re-wrote it.

<sup>1</sup> *Three Prophets of Our Own.*

## VIII.

## INNER LIFE.

One secret of Dr. Cooke's success in all his contendings for the truth was undoubtedly his deep, spiritual inner life.

Those who only knew him as a public character could have had no conception of this; but in his private letters, some of which have seen the light since his death, the real man is unveiled, and we see that he had meat to eat which the world knew not of. Thus in 1826, in the heat of the Arian struggle, when his health seemed about to give way entirely under the pressure of his anxieties and many labours, we find him writing to a friend: "I have never fully realized the preciousness of my Saviour's words, or the joy inspired by His promises, until now. My body is weak, but I feel Him by me, in me, whispering sweetly, 'I will never leave thee;' 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I am in pain, but He soothes my pain with the comforting words, 'The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' I look on my wife and my little children, and my heart almost fails; again my Saviour comes with the blessed assurance, 'A Father of the fatherless and a Judge of the widows is God.' I see the dangers of my poor church, and I tremble for her future; still Jesus reminds me of His promises: 'Fear not, little flock;' 'All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth . . . and lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' The horror of death flashes for a moment before my mind. I tremble; but then I hear, and in faith I can re-echo, the triumphant exclamation, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Whatever be the issue, it is in the hands, and I am in the hands, of my loving Heavenly Father, and I can say with

the Psalmist, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes.'" The man who could write thus, surely had his well-springs in God. The celebrated Cæsar Malan of Geneva, whom he met in Dublin about this time, seems to have exercised a powerful influence over him. Writing to Mrs. Cooke, he says: "I have been much pleased and, I hope, blessed by my intercourse with M. Malan. I long to be home with you, to explain to you his plain, simple and delightful views of the Gospel of our Saviour. I believe my light, comfort, hope, and heart are all improved by my intercourse with him. I long to see you enjoy the same happy assurance in the Lord." And once more he says, in another letter: "I am my Saviour's now. I shall be with Him through eternity. Oh, how I do long to see you, and hear you speak the same words of joy which in true faith I am now enabled by the grace of God my Saviour to address to you!"

From Moore Park, the seat of Lord Mount-Cashell, whither in the same year he had gone on the invitation of its kind and noble-hearted owner, on a visit to try to recruit his health, he expresses himself thus in a letter to his wife: "In spite of my sins, my fears, and all Satan's temptations, I remain and rest upon God's record of His Son. I take His salvation as a gift. 'It is finished.' I am 'justified,' and that 'freely,' 'by His grace,' and I have 'peace with God.' I have not 'seen' my Saviour, but I do 'love' Him, and rejoice in Him 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory,' receiving the end of my faith, the salvation of my soul." Later on, he writes from the same place: "Oh, there is a power and a demonstration in the doctrine of a full and finished salvation that I never felt in all its force before. It has opened my heart and loosened my tongue in private also, so that yesterday I believe I spoke of it not less than five or six hours, reasoning out of the Scriptures, convincing some and shaking others. It is the first doctrine I ever saw

draw tears in private from the listener. My heart is full of it. The Lord keep me 'steadfast and immovable,' that I may abound 'in the work of the Lord.'"

## IX.

### HIS EVANGELISTIC WORK.

A deep and most ardent missionary spirit possessed Dr. Cooke from a very early period in his ecclesiastical life. We have seen that from the first he held by and boldly proclaimed the true Gospel at a time and in places where such preaching was the reverse of popular. But he was not content with preaching merely in the north of Ireland. He was among the first in the Irish Presbyterian Church to herald the advent of that missionary spirit which now so markedly possesses it. When at Trinity College, Dublin, in the winter of 1817-18, he employed all his leisure time in missionary work. We hear of him in such Roman Catholic centres as Stratford-on-Slaney and Carlow, preaching, establishing congregations, and promoting the circulation of the Bible. The thanks of the Synod were on several occasions voted to him for earnest and unselfish labours of this kind, and for journeys which he undertook to Scotland to advocate the cause of Irish evangelisation. We have the authority of Dr. Morgan for saying that he was the originator of the Home Mission. Over the whole of Ireland, north and south, he was "in journeyings often," for wherever a new Presbyterian church was to be built, or an old one enlarged, a debt to be liquidated or a school-house founded, Dr. Cooke was for years almost invariably the only preacher that was thought of for the occasion. The labour involved in such work was immense, but it was never grudged. Here is an extract from a letter written in 1856 to one of his sons-in-law, which speaks for itself: "On the 12th of May I set out for the South-West on a preaching excursion, carrying this very paper, in the full determination of writing to you before the 17th, our post

day by Southampton. On that day I reached Athlone. Preached twice on the 13th. On the 14th, . . . I preached in the evening in Ballinasloe. Started early next day for Ennis, partly by rail, partly by coach, and after a weary day reached the city, the headquarters of Jesuitism open and avowed by engravings on stone in front of their chapel. Here I opened a new church with some prospects of usefulness. Next day set out by long-car for Limerick, which I reached in time to enable me to visit Garryowen and the 'Stone of the Violated Treaty.' I preached twice on Sunday. Wilson is doing a good work in Limerick. . . . On Monday I had a seven hours' sail on the Shannon, and saw many of its ancient glories and modern beauties. Reached Moate in the evening, in time to preach. Next day I went to Sully, and attended a service; the day after, Moyvore, and preached. Returned to Sully, and preached next day. Thence travelled to Cavan and rested there, next morning to Drumkeen, Monaghan, and preached there, and so home, by the aid of a horse that brought me to the railway at the rate of ten miles an hour. On reaching home, found letters from friends in the Free Church Assembly, urging me to visit them, as I had been appointed, but by reason of my Western journey had not been able to join our deputation. I wrote that I should go, and set out the moment I had finished unavoidable duties at home. I need not say how kindly I was received. To this visit I gave eight days, and so came home again, but only to set out on the 9th June to Tyrone and Fermanagh, to preach in three distinct congregations—Tempo, Dromore and Newtown Parry. Two days were given to travel *viâ* Derry, as there was not continuous rail on the nearer line. . . . From the 12th ultimo till now, I have hardly enjoyed an hour of rest from preaching and travelling." Truly he was abundant in his labours. Tours of this kind were of no uncommon occurrence in his life.

## X.

## THE APOSTLE OF PEACE.

Dr. Cooke never wearied in contending for Protestant union and Protestant peace. On this subject he held very fixed and very deep convictions. He himself was most steadfastly attached to the principles and polity of his own Church, and was ever ready to break a lance in her defence. It is related that once, dining with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace, he sat next to the old Duke of Wellington, and when the subject of church government somehow cropped up in the course of conversation, very sturdily, though, of course, with the utmost courtesy, maintained the Scripturalness of Presbyteranism in such a way as to elicit the admiration of the whole company. So it was with him always. Some men are ashamed of their Church, if on any occasion it happens to be in a minority. He was invariably proud of his. But, as he said himself on a certain public occasion, "A Presbyterian by birth, education and conviction, my intercourse with my fellow-Protestants of other denominations long ago convinced me that pure and undefiled religion was not limited to forms of church government, but that the power of Gospel truth was common to them all; and in public and in private life I uniformly stated my conviction that, while the Gospel is legitimately compared to a lamp, it matters much less what is the shape of the lamp than what is the amount and purity of the light which it furnishes; and if I have been assailed on account of this concession, still I stand by it and am not ashamed to avow it in the face of all the Evangelical churches." On another occasion he put this conviction in this still more emphatic form: "The priesthood and laity of Rome, the Socinian and the Infidel, form a threefold cord which is not easily broken; but, while this cord has been twisted together and labelled with destruction, Protestants have been uncom-

bined, in loose and separate threads, ready to be snapped asunder by the efforts of the weakest hand. This state of things must continue no longer. The advice of the dying father to his sons must be weighed and applied. He was afraid that after his death they would fall out by the way; so he took a quiver of arrows, and delivering them one by one to his heirs, he required them to break them in pieces. And the work was done. He took another quiver, and, calling for a cord, he bound the arrows together, delivered them to his youngest son and bade him break them, and the feeble boy attempted it in vain. They passed in succession round the family, and the eldest and the strongest tugged and toiled to break them, but could not succeed. 'Thus,' said he, 'my sons, disunited you will be destroyed, but combined in affection you need fear no enemy.' Protestants, you are the quivers. Remain asunder—look upon each other with suspicion—repel one another with sectarian antipathies—let the one look on with apathy or satisfaction, while the other is laid prostrate—do this, and then, I tell you, you will be broken in succession till nothing but splinters and fragments remain to tell of your existence. . . . United, though the powers of earth and the powers of darkness frown with equal hate upon your compacted ranks, they will never make a breach in your array, but will flit around you as fierce yet as innocuous as the chasseurs of Napoleon galloped round the iron-girt squares of Wellington on the memorable field of Waterloo."

From the time of the Arian struggle he was the acknowledged leader of the Synod of Ulster, and when in 1840 the General Assembly was formed by the union of that body with the Seceders, he still retained undisputed his position of pre-eminence. Three times he was raised to the Moderator's chair of his Church, the highest honour in the gift of his brethren. Other recognitions of his services were showered upon him in profusion by Church and State, by clergy



and laity, and by universities at home and abroad. He was presented with the freedom of the city of Dublin. The University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of LL.D. From Government he received the lucrative office of agent for *Regium Donum*, and when the northern Queen's College was opened he was appointed one of its deans of residence. In 1847, when the Assembly's College, Belfast, was established, he was unanimously elected its President and Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, offices which he held until his death, and in which he at once endeared himself to the students, and did signal service to the Church. It is worthy of notice, as showing the great love which his congregation cherished for him, that on the occasion of his election to this professorship they petitioned the Church courts not to dissolve the pastoral tie between them and their minister. The petition having been transmitted to the General Assembly, although its law against pluralities is very strict, he was appointed "constant supplier" of the May-street pulpit, until his people should obtain a successor; and they took such good care not to obtain a successor, that he remained very literally their constant supplier, the only difference between him and other Presbyterian ministers of the town being that from the time of his entering on the duties of his professorial chair he surrendered all the congregational emoluments.

## XI.

### HIS CLOSING YEARS.

So year after year sped on, each if possible busier than that which went before, a splendid constitution enabling "the old man eloquent," as he began to be called, to go through an amount of work which would soon have killed ordinary mortals. As he grew in years, he grew also in the love and veneration, not only of the Church, but of the entire community. The asperities of controversy were softened or forgotten. Age

mellowed the warrior's spirit. He grew less of the mere party leader and more of the *decus et tutamen* of all. In earlier days he had been the Achilles of the Church, now he became her Nestor. He changed, indeed, no opinion, altered no principle, abandoned no position which he had deliberately taken up; as he said at a public meeting the year before his death, "The snows of eighty winters are upon my head and the progress of years has diminished my strength. The only change that has not come over me is a change in my views. My heart is unchanged." A new generation rose round him in the General Assembly, as round some gnarled old oak whose branches have tossed in many a storm there springs a young growth of saplings. But it was not a generation which "knew not Joseph." All revered him—all were proud of him—and, as age began visibly to tell upon him, all wondered how the Church would be able to get on when he should be at the helm no more. For it came by-and-by to be evident that the end could not be far off. Successive family bereavements, which he felt very keenly, seemed to hasten it. As he walked along the streets of Belfast his step was noticed to be growing shorter and feebler. His stately form still maintained the old erect, majestic bearing, but its frailty grew more and more apparent to all. The voice which used to ring out over the largest assemblies, clear and sonorous as a deep-toned bell, grew weak and tremulous, until men wept as they saw how the once mighty orator could not make himself heard further than the first few benches in the council of his Church. In 1867 he felt obliged to give up the charge of his congregation. In the May of that year he dispensed the Communion to them for the last time, charging them all with a solemnity which made the scene one never to be forgotten, to meet him in Heaven. During the following winter he was unable to discharge his college duties. Next summer the death of his wife, the faithful companion of his joys

and sorrows for five-and-fifty years, quite unmanned him. He was taken to Harrogate, in the hope that change of air and scene would revive him; but the hope proved vain. With difficulty he was brought home—worse, and it was now evident that his race was run. But the end came gradually and very beautifully. The Bible was read to him at frequent intervals, and he enjoyed it greatly. Especially did he delight in such Psalms as the 51st, the 71st, and the 103rd, and in such chapters as John xvii., Romans v. and viii., and Hebrews xi. and xii. He knew he was dying. "I die," he said, "in the full assurance of understanding, in the full assurance of faith, in the full assurance of hope." So the strength of the old veteran ebbed away, and at length, on Sunday evening, Dec. 13th, 1868, the stream of his life, which had first seen the light on a Sunday more than fourscore years before among the Derry mountains, came to a close, and Henry Cooke was with his God. He was honoured with a public funeral, all ranks, classes and creeds uniting to pay the last respects to his memory in a manner which clearly demonstrated the wonderful reverence in which he had been held. That winter day saw a scene such as had never been witnessed in Belfast. Beside the hearse walked the pall-bearers, among whom were the Moderator of the General Assembly, the Primate of Ireland, the Mayor of Belfast, and the Bishop of Down and Connor. The President of Queen's College, followed by its professors and students, the President of the Methodist College, similarly accompanied, the President of Magee College, Derry, with its professors, the Faculty of the Assembly's College, Belfast, were there. The clergy of the

then Established Church, of the Presbyterian Church, and of other denominations attended in great numbers. The Town Council of Belfast and the other public bodies of the town walked in the procession. But perhaps more significant than this official recognition of the general sense of loss which was felt, was the vast throng of the populace who walked in the procession, or crowded the side paths and windows and roofs along the route, with such a look of sorrow in every face as told how deep and genuine was the lamentation for the great man who was gone. Francis Davis, the poet, caught well the spirit of the occasion when he wrote thus of that day:

"Tread, tread, slow with the dead—  
Was he a king who hath fallen to-day?  
Was he a prince whose spirit hath fled?  
Who is't that thus they are bearing away—  
Where the white moon lampeth the lonely bed  
And the earthworm rules the kingdom of clay?  
A prince in all holier senses of sway,  
Yea, verily, yea!  
And never, methinks, did the crowds evince  
For a sceptred king or a jewelled prince  
A deeper or holier reverence  
Than these display,  
For the chief whose rest  
Is so little oppressed  
With the gloom of their long array—  
The long, long, sad array,  
That with low, slow tread  
To the place of the dead  
The great man beareth away."

The remains were interred in Malone Cemetery, which lies within a short distance of Belfast, and many a pilgrim visits the hallowed spot where they rest. A splendid bronze statue was raised by public subscription shortly after his death. It stands in one of the most prominent thoroughfares of the town which so long numbered Henry Cooke among its most honoured citizens.

THOMAS HAMILTON, D.D.

# JOHN NEWTON OF OLNEY.



## JOHN NEWTON OF OLNEY:

---

IN the very heart of the city of London, at the entrance of Lombard Street, close to the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and the Bank of England, stands the church of St. Mary Woolnoth. Of the many thousands to whom its gates and square towers are familiar, there are comparatively few aware of the special object which gives the chief interest to the place. True, it is the parish church of the Lord Mayor, and on certain occasions of official ceremony it receives crowded congregations. The organ is a remarkably fine one, and the history of the church has some notable incidents. But its greatest attraction, to many a Christian pilgrim, is a plain mural tablet to the memory of a former rector, who was buried in the vault beneath. The inscription was written by himself, leaving only the date of his death to be added. The epitaph begins thus:—"John Newton, Clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy." The record then tells that he ministered nearly sixteen years as curate and vicar of Olney, in Bucks, and twenty-eight years as rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, in the city of London. He died in his eighty-third year, on the 21st of December, 1807, and was buried on the last day of that year, a great concourse of ministers and people being present.

This "clerk" has left no great name in history as a man of learning, or genius, or eloquence, yet he will ever hold a high place in Christian biography. His writings, if not brilliant, had the better merit of being useful. He was an earnest preacher, a faithful pastor, and a

wise counsellor and teacher. He was no common man who was the intimate friend of William Wilberforce and of Hannah More, of the Grants and the Thorntons, of Lord Dartmouth and Ambrose Serle, and the best of the laity, as well as the clergy of all denominations in that day. A more enduring fame is his, in having been for many years the companion and the comforter of the poet Cowper, and the joint author with him of the classical and still popular book of "Olney Hymns."

The course of his ministry, whether in the country or in London, was uneventful, so far as outward incidents of any remarkable kind are concerned. But the early career of this "Clerk in Holy Orders," to which reference is made in his epitaph in St. Mary Woolnoth, was marked by a succession of adventures and a variety of experiences such as few have encountered. The genius of Deane himself could not have invented a more wonderful story, and it gives another illustration of the common saying, that oftentimes "truth is stranger than fiction."

### I.

#### PARENTAGE AND EARLY YEARS.

John Newton was born in London, in July 1725. His father, a seafaring man, was for many years master of a ship in the Mediterranean and Spanish trade. He was a man of some position and substance, his career ending as Governor of York Fort in Hudson's Bay, where he died in 1750. He was a stern, severe father, in manner at least, which his son attributed to his having been educated at a Jesuit college in Spain. How he came there, or his origin and ancestry, biography does not record. That the severity was mainly in manner and outward ways, appears from another remark

of his son, where he says: "I am persuaded that my father loved me, though he seemed not willing that I should know it."

He had married a gentle and pious wife, and John was her only child, to whose early training she devoted all a good mother's proverbial diligence and prayer. We are told that when barely four years of age the boy could read with facility, and his mind was stored with many portions of Scripture. She taught him Dr. Watts' *Smaller Catechism*, and afterwards the Assembly's *Shorter Catechism*, with the Scripture proofs. This manual of sacred truth was in those days as universally in use among pious Nonconformists in England, as it still is in Scotland, among all Presbyterian churches. She was a dissenter, in communion with the church of which Dr. Jennings, a well-known evangelical minister of that time, was pastor. The good woman saw with delight the quick progress of her boy, and cherished the hope that she might see him in the ministry, if the Lord should so direct his heart. She died when he was only seven years old. The mother's cares and prayers were laid up before God; and the seed sown in that young heart, though long hidden and to all appearance lost, bore fruit after many days. No instance more striking, and no encouragement more cheering for Christian mothers, could be given than the life of John Newton. God alone saw the end from the beginning of that life, and the story of it is full of interest and instruction.

The father married again, and the second wife was not of the same spirit as the first. Under his step-mother, the boy was kindly treated, but he had no further pious training, and being left to his own ways, and in different companionship, the early influence seemed to be lost.

## II.

### SEAFARING LIFE COMMENCED.

When only eleven, after being about two years at school, he was taken by his

father to the Mediterranean in his own ship, and before he was fifteen he had made several voyages. He was then placed in a merchant's office at Alicante, in Spain. His prospects were good, but his unsettled behaviour, and impatience of restraint, caused him to lose his situation. On his return home, his father, not intending to go to sea again, was anxious to settle his son, and consulted a Liverpool merchant, Mr. Manesty, who offered to send him out to Jamaica, and to take care of his future welfare. To the proposal that he should go to the West Indies, the young man consented readily, but a circumstance occurred which was to influence his whole future history.

Some distant relatives of his mother invited him to pay them a short visit in Kent, before he went abroad. In the personal recollections of his life, he tells that he was very indifferent about going to pay this visit, but he went, and was most kindly received. In this family were two daughters, the eldest of them, Mary Catlett, then only fourteen years of age. It was a case of "love at first sight." He said himself long after, "I was impressed with an affection for her which never abated or lost its influence over me. None of the scenes of misery and wickedness I afterwards experienced ever banished her for an hour together from my waking thoughts for the seven following years."

To go to Jamaica, and to be absent for years, was now felt to be something intolerable. He determined he would not go, and yet he did not know how to tell his father of his change of purpose. He stayed with the Catletts for three weeks instead of three days, lingering until the ship had sailed. His father, although at first greatly displeased, became reconciled to him, and in a short time found for him a good berth on board a vessel trading to Venice.

Returning to England in December 1743, he repeated his visit to Kent. Here he protracted his stay in the same imprudent way as before, and again dis-

and they speedily and widely began to take effect throughout the country.

This was a heavy blow and sore discouragement to the rising Protestant party, and for a time the results were disastrous enough. "In a fortnight," says Mr. Froude, "500 persons were indicted in London alone." There was not a man of note or reputation in the city, but was under suspicion or actual arrest, if he had but spoken so much as a word against Rome. Latimer and Shaxton were imprisoned and driven to resign their bishoprics, and the university authorities were not sparing in detecting and denouncing offenders. Hooper, at this time forty-five years old, and "showing," as Foxe says, "some sparkles of his fervent spirit, fell oftsoon into displeasure and hatred of certain Rabbins at Oxford, who by-and-by began to stir the coals against him. Whereby and especially by the procurement of Dr. Richard Smith of Oriel, the Reader in Divinity, he was compelled to void the university."

### III.

DAYS OF ADVERSITY : 1539-1549.

On leaving Oxford, Hooper became steward and chaplain in the household of Sir Thomas Arundel, a great man at the court of King Henry. This must have been the period referred to by himself afterwards, where he says, "I was a courtier and living too much of a court life in the palace of the King." But here the writings of the Swiss Reformers Zwingli and Henry Bullinger came into his hands, and "perceiving them," as he says, "seriously to affect the eternal salvation and happiness of my soul, I thought it well worth my while, night and day, with earnest study and an almost superstitious diligence, to devote my entire attention to them. And being at length delivered from idolatry and impious worship by the goodness of God, for which I am solely indebted to Him and to yourselves, nothing now remains for me to the end of my life but to worship God with a pure heart and

know my own defects while living in this body: to serve my godly brethren in Christ and the ungodly *for* Christ; for I think no Christian ought to live to himself, but whatever he has or is, he ought to refer to God as the Author, and regard all that he possesses as common to all, according to the necessities and requirements of his brethren. I am indeed ashamed beyond measure that I have not done this heretofore, but it is better to be wise late, than not at all."

Such sentiments soon got Hooper into trouble. Sir Thomas Arundel, a great friend of Bishop Gardiner and subsequently a persecutor of the Reformers, liked Hooper personally, but very much disliked his new opinions. To cure him, as he thought, he sent him to the Bishop with a private letter, requesting Gardiner "by conference of learning to do some good upon him, but in any case requiring him to send his chaplain home to him again." The Bishop, after four or five days' conference, "perceiving that he could neither do Hooper that good which he thought to do to him, nor that he would take any good at his hand, sent him home, right well commending his learning and wit, but yet bearing in his heart a grudging stomach against Master Hooper still."

The connection between Hooper and Sir Thomas Arundel did not last long after this. A secret warning was sent him that his life was in danger, for mischief was working against him. He accordingly, "borrowing a horse of a certain friend (whose life he had saved a little before from the gallows), took his journey to the sea-side to go to France." After a short stay in Paris, he returned to England, and was sheltered for awhile in the house of Sir William St. Lo. Captain of the Guard and one of the Princess Elizabeth's gentlemen. But being again "molested and laid for," he was compelled under the pretence of being captain of a ship going to Ireland, to take the seas, and so escaped (not without extreme peril of drowning) again to France, and thence to Germany.

dealer on one of the Plantain islands. Here he passed a time of terrible hardship and wretchedness. The slave dealer was absent for a time, during which his black mistress treated the strange servant with the utmost cruelty, even when he was down with fever. When he began to recover, he was nearly starved to death, and in his own "Narrative" of this part of his life he tells how his hunger compelled him to go out at night and prowl about for food; and at the risk of being flogged if discovered, he used to pull up roots in the plantation, and eat them raw on the spot. Sometimes the poor slaves in their chains pitied him, and secretly gave him some of their scanty food.

On the return of the master his lot was still more wretched, owing to the falsehoods told about him by the black woman who had been his persecutor, and was now his reviler. The details of his sufferings, and his ultimate rescue and escape, form a stirring chapter of the narrative afterwards published. This is too painful a period to dwell upon, but certainly it was a modern illustration of the prodigal in deepest misery in a far country.

It was by a happy accident, as it is called, but by a providential event, as was afterwards gratefully acknowledged, that the rescue from Africa was at that time effected. A strange ship unexpectedly hove in sight. It turned out to be one belonging to Mr. Manesty of Liverpool, the same who had already taken interest in the son of his friend Newton of London, and who had offered to sail him to Jamaica. The father did not know where his son was. He supposed he was in the West Indies, and had given instructions to the captain of Mr. Manesty's trading ship, to bring the lad home if he met with him. Little was it expected that he should be found on the coast of Africa.

A new succession of perils and adventures occurred during the voyage of this vessel. In January 1748, they started to return to England, but not by the direct

route now taken. There was a long navigation of thousands of miles, partly for purposes of trade, but also for getting the advantage of the trade winds. In two months we find the ship off Newfoundland. Here they amused themselves at the cod fisheries, but being delayed by the ship needing repairs, the stores were exhausted, and they had to fish for their maintenance.

It was early in March when they left the Banks. The ship was leaky, and the passage across the Atlantic stormy. Near the end of the month they sighted the Irish coast, but were then driven by a gale to the Hebrides, narrowly escaping there from total wreck. Not till April 8th did they find safe anchorage in Lough Swilly, in Ulster.

Newton had some wonderful personal adventures and deliverances during the voyage. Once he was awakened by a violent sea breaking over the ship. Hastening on deck, the captain ordered him to fetch a knife. When he went below for it, another man went up in his stead, and was immediately washed overboard.

While the ship was refitting, Newton went to Londonderry, where he met with much hospitable kindness, and where his health was recruited. He wrote to his father, who had despaired of ever seeing him again, supposing the ship to have been lost, no tidings having been received for so long a time. The letter arrived a few days before he left England, to take the appointment of Governor of York Fort, then under the Hudson's Bay Company. Before he sailed he paid a visit to Kent, and gave consent to his son's marriage with Mary Catlett. At the end of May 1748, Newton arrived at Liverpool, about the same time that his father was sailing from the Nore. From Mr. Manesty he received a warm welcome. His treatment of the young man, now and always, was most generous. After hearing all his story, the good merchant offered him the command of one of his ships, but Newton wisely declined, thinking

it better to make another voyage first, "to learn to obey," as he said, "and to acquire a further insight into business before venturing to undertake such a charge."

In August he sailed from Liverpool in one of Mr. Manesty's African ships, having been gladdened in the meanwhile by a letter from Mary Catlett, in response to his offer of being engaged to her if his prospects improved. In the voyage he had new adventures and some remarkable deliverances. Just before leaving the Guinea coast he was employed in bringing supplies of wood and water for the ship. He had made several trips, and the boat was starting for the last time, when the captain called to him to come on board, and sent another man in his place. This seemed strange, for he had always gone till now. The boat, old and unfit for use, sank that night, and the man who took his place was drowned. The captain was asked why he called Newton back, and his reply was that he had no reason except that it came suddenly into his mind to do so. After going to Antigua, and thence to Charleston in South Carolina, the ship made the home voyage, arriving at Liverpool December 6, 1749.

#### IV.

##### MARRIAGE AND SETTLEMENT AT LIVERPOOL.

As soon as the ship's affairs were settled, he went to London, and thence to Kent. He was married to Miss Catlett at Chatham, February 12, 1750. It might be deemed a precipitate and imprudent step, for he had saved very little of his pay, and his only hope of being able to support his wife, was Mr. Manesty's promise of the command of a ship to Africa in the ensuing season. The appointment came while he was yet enjoying his honeymoon in Kent, and before many months the separation from his young wife had to take place.

He sailed from Liverpool in August of that year, as Commander of the *Duke of Argyll*, a fine and well-appointed ship,

with a crew of thirty seamen. In Africa he met with many who had known him in his days of deepest adversity, and who were surprised at his altered circumstances, as well as conduct. Among other incidents, we are told that he sent a long-boat, with a smart crew, to fetch his old black tyrant, the slave mistress at the Plantains, to pay a visit to the captain of their ship. Her amazement on finding it was John Newton, was extreme, and the more when he showed her great kindness, and loaded her with presents. "I told the men that she had formerly done me much good, though she did not know it. She seemed to feel it like heaping coals on her head." And so, under a salute from the ship, she returned to her own place. From some of the rough and reckless captains and traders he had to stand taunts and railery, when they found he would not join them in excess of riot and wickedness. Leaving the African coast, the ship went to Antigua with its cargo of slaves and produce. The whole voyage lasted fifteen months.

Another voyage was made from Liverpool in July 1752, to Sierra Leone, and thence with slaves, as before, to the West Indies. A third voyage, after remaining only six weeks in England, commenced in the middle of October 1754. This proved to be his last experience of seafaring life. He was preparing for a fourth voyage, in command of a fine ship, which Mr. Manesty had purchased expressly for him, when he was seized with a paralytic stroke. He speedily recovered; but the seizure had been so sudden and unaccountable, that it was not thought prudent to risk exposure in a tropical climate. He gave up the command only two days before the ship was to sail. After he heard of his father's death, soon after his marriage, his affection for his wife was deeper than ever, and each separation had been the harder to bear. He was sitting with her at tea, perfectly happy, and apparently in perfect health, when struck down with the sudden seizure. The



prospect would have been gloomy, but for his "friend in need," Mr. Manesty, who had influence to procure for him an appointment as tide-waiter at Liverpool, and he had no more to go to sea. Before obtaining this post, he spent some time in the South of England, for the recovery of his own health, as well as that of his wife, which was much broken by the sudden illness of her husband. All was well arranged before long, and the month of January 1756, saw the happy couple settled in a comfortable home, and the husband busy in congenial work in the port of Liverpool.

## V.

## EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

It has seemed advisable to give, without interruption, the narrative of John Newton's seafaring career. If the details of these early years occupy what seems an undue proportion in the story of a long life, it is partly because they are in themselves of unusual interest, but more especially because they affected the character and course of his religious life, of the rise and progress of which we have now to give a brief account.

To his mother's pious training in his childhood, and the apparent loss of that good influence, reference has been already made. Evil as his ways were in his youth and early manhood, his was not a case of passive and hopeless abandonment, or unchecked descent from bad to worse. While not concealing or excusing his avowed infidelity, and shameless life, he himself tells how it was only for a short period that he lived wholly without God, and in open sin. He tells how, during his first voyages, old impressions of religion would sometimes revive. He tells how, at one period, he continued to read his Bible, and, with many resolutions and much fasting, he strove to establish a righteousness of his own. For two years together he thus strove. But his heart was not in the work, and when temptations came, he was helpless to resist evil companions and evil ways.

An infidel book, and the conversation of an infidel shipmate, brought him to avowed scepticism, and he threw off the restraints of the Divine Word. Even then, when apparently dead in trespasses and sins, his conscience was not seared, and his thoughts were troubled. To find relief he plunged into deeper excesses of evil, and at times seemed almost an abandoned profligate. Then there were seasons of reflection and of remorse. The remembrance of his sainted mother, and thoughts of the pure girl to whom he was attached, helped to strengthen his better feelings. The remarkable escapes and deliverances, in times of sickness and danger, compelled him to recognise the hand of God in providence; of the higher power of Divine grace he was yet unconscious. But the beginning of a new life was near. During the last voyage before his marriage, when he had narrow escapes from shipwreck, the decisive change began to show itself. "About this time," he says, in reviewing the events of his early life, "about this time I began to know that there is a God who hears and answers prayer. I was no longer an infidel. I heartily renounced my former profaneness. I had taken up with some right notions, and was touched with a sense of God's undeserved mercy. I was sorry for the past, and proposed an immediate reformation. I was quite freed from the habit of swearing, which seemed to have been deeply rooted in me as a second nature. Thus to all appearance I was a new man." But he goes on to say: "Though I cannot doubt that this change, so far as it prevailed, was wrought by the Spirit and power of God, yet I was still greatly deficient in many respects. My views of the evil of sin, the spirituality and extent of the law, and the true character of the Christian life, were still very defective."

The methods of Divine grace in the salvation of sinners are various. There are cases when the exact time and place of conversion can be described. But in other instances it is not possible to say

when the quickening of the soul begins, or what are the processes of the new birth. The experience of Newton is instructive on this point. There can be no doubt that the previous checks of conscience and convictions of sin were also to be ascribed to restraining grace, and were wrought by the Spirit of God, who worketh when and how He wills. The Gospel, or glad tidings of salvation through faith in the Saviour, he did not at once receive, as it is the privilege of many to do who "believe and live." At Charleston he had heard Gospel preachers, probably some of the early Methodists, but he says he did not understand, and he did not seek explanation. This, he says, threw him more on the study of the Bible, with meditation and prayer, and he found that truly unto the upright light ariseth out of darkness. Of his sincerity, and his decision to be on the Lord's side, there could be now no doubt.

This state of mind was more marked in the voyages after his marriage. During one of these he commenced a diary, which he continued till far advanced in life. This valuable record, after being long unknown, came into the hands of the late Rev. Josiah Bull, who has made ample use of its materials in his *Life of Newton*, to which we are indebted for many of the statements in this brief memoir. He also commenced a regular correspondence with Mrs. Newton, and in his *Letters to a Wife*, which have been published, the progress of his religious life is to be seen. For a considerable time he had continued to make his way, with such help as he could obtain from books taken with him from England, among which were Dr. Doddridge's *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, and Bishop Burnet's *Life of Sir Matthew Hale*. At length he met with one to whom, for the first time, he could open his whole mind, and who proved to him a counsellor and guide, as welcome as was Evangelist to Christian in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Here is his own account of Captain Clunie, whose friendship was one of the memorable events in his history. "On my

arrival at St. Kitts this voyage (1754) I found a captain of a ship from London whose conversation was greatly helpful to me—a man of experience in the things of God, and of a lively, communicative turn. We discovered each other by some casual expressions in mixed company, and soon became, so far as business would permit, inseparable. He not only improved my understanding but inflamed my heart. He encouraged me to open my mouth in social prayer. He taught me the advantage of Christian converse. He put me upon an attempt to make my profession more public, and to venture to speak for God. From him, or rather from the Lord, by his means, I received an increase of knowledge, my conceptions became more clear and evangelical, and I was delivered from a fear which had long troubled me, the fear of relapsing into my former apostacy. But now I began to understand the security of the covenant of grace, and to expect to be preserved, not by my power and holiness, but by the mighty power and promise of God, through faith in an unchangeable Saviour.

"He likewise gave me a general view of the state of religion, with the errors and controversies of the times, things to which I had been entirely a stranger, and finally directed me where to apply in London for further instruction. With these newly-acquired advantages I left him, and my passage homewards gave me leisure to digest what I had received. I had much comfort and freedom during those seven weeks, and my sun was seldom clouded."

It may seem strange that these two worthy sea-captains had no scruple and felt no inconsistency in being engaged in the slave trade. It was one of the "controversies" which had not come to the front in those times. Long after this, George Whitefield and other leaders of the religious revival, bought or accepted gifts of slaves, for working in connection with the Orphan House, in Georgia. It is within the memory of men now living, that not only slave-

holding, but slave-dealing was regarded as consistent with religious profession and the strictest orthodoxy. Although a few may have had compunctions and made protests, the general opinion in the Church of Christ was not adverse to what all right-minded and true-hearted Christians now condemn. This fact may be an encouragement to those who denounce other usages as injurious to the souls and bodies of their fellow-men, and which hinder the success of Christian work both at home and in the mission field.

## VI.

### LIFE AT LIVERPOOL.

In the latter part of 1755, Mr. Newton undertook his duties as tide-surveyor at Liverpool. At first he was "boarding-surveyor," having to board ships on their arrival in the Mersey, being out with his boat night and day according to the tides. Afterwards he had less arduous work, having merely to visit and clear ships in the docks. In this duty he had less work, and had more time upon his hands. He took active part in the affairs of a Baptist church, but without joining its membership, which could not be except upon "full terms," namely baptism by immersion, of which he did not see the necessity. At St. Thomas's Church he first heard Mr. Whitefield, who in the evening preached in St. Thomas's Square to an audience of about four thousand people. He had much conversation with the great evangelist, and some correspondence subsequently. In one of his letters he mentions that the population of Liverpool at that time was forty thousand people, "who in matters of religion hardly knew their right hand from their left." There was no lack of ordinances, but "a flow of outward prosperity had blinded all ranks, orders, and degrees, so that profaneness and insensibility seemed to divide all between them." He wrote also to Mr. Wesley, urging him to send preachers. Having to spend much time at the watch-office on duty, he busied himself there, as well

as at home, in study, commencing the reading of the Scriptures in Hebrew and Greek, making use of *Poole's Annotations* and similar books in his biblical pursuits. He was always a diligent student, even in his voyages providing himself with books of an instructive and useful kind. About this time there occurred one of the providential deliverances, of which there were so many in his early life. He had not long left the watch-house one morning, when a gale of wind threw down the chimney-stack, and on his return he found the chair at which he usually sat, broken to pieces.

After a year spent in this routine of duty and study, he seems first to have entertained thoughts of entering the ministry. His informal addresses and prayers at private meetings had been very favourably received, and he was urged by friends to devote himself more fully to the Lord's service as a minister. This was a matter requiring consideration, and in company with Mrs. Newton and a young friend, he undertook a journey into Yorkshire, where he had heard of remarkable revivals, both within and outside of the Established Church. Among other places visited was Harworth, where he received a truly Christian welcome from Mr. Grimshaw. "Had it been the will of God," he says, "methought I could have renounced the world to have lived in these mountains, with such a minister, and such a people." With Mr. Scott, an Independent minister at Heckmondwike, he also enjoyed spiritual communion. Mr. Scott was a man of learning, as well as an earnest preacher. He devoted himself to the training of pious young men, and before his death, in 1783, he was the means of introducing more than sixty ministers into the Christian Church. It was from his labours that the institution afterwards known as Rotherham College arose. Another good man whose converse he enjoyed, was Mr. Crook, a parish minister at Leeds, by whom he was strongly urged to apply for ordination.

first, but at last came to the bishop's court, and was gravely and severely rebuked. The knight so far forgot himself as to give the bishop a blow on the cheek before all the people, and loaded him with abuse. Hooper was unmoved. He reported the whole case, as in duty bound, to the Privy Council, with the result that Sir Anthony was severely punished for his contumacy, fined £500, and handed over to the bishop to do public penance.

His two cathedrals of Gloucester and Worcester gave him a great deal of work in clearing them of the relics of Popish superstition, while the cathedral dignitaries were a constant drag upon the chariot wheels of Reformation. "Ah, Mr. Secretary," he writes to Cecil, "if there were but good men in our cathedral churches, God should then have much more honour than He hath now, the King's Majesty more obedience, and the poor people more knowledge. But the realm wanteth light in the very churches where of right it ought most to be."

Archbishop Cranmer years before had found it much the same, and made a like complaint. "This class of prebendaries," says he, "spend their time in much idleness and their substance in superfluous belly-cheer, and I think it not a convenient degree to be maintained or established, for commonly a prebendary is neither a learner nor a teacher, but a good viander. Then by the same name, they look to be chief and to bear all the whole rule and pre-eminence in the college where they be resident. Wherefore I could wish both their name and their superfluous condition to be exiled from the King's Grace's foundations."

Such were some of Bishop Hooper's trials and difficulties. How he carried himself under them and executed his office is best described in the words of old Foxe, who knew and loved him well.

"So careful was Master Hooper in his cure, that he left neither pains untaken nor ways unsought, how to train up the

flock of Christ in the true word of salvation, continually labouring in the same. . . . No father in his household, no gardener in his garden, nor husbandman in his vineyard, was more or better occupied than he in his diocese amongst his flock, going about his towns and villages in teaching and preaching to his people there.

"What time he had to spare from preaching he bestowed either in hearing public causes, or else in private study, prayer, and visiting of schools. With his continual doctrine, he adjoined due and discreet correction, not so much severe to any as to them which for abundance of riches and wealthy state thought they might do what they listed. And doubtless he spared no kind of people but was indifferent to all men as well rich as poor, to the great shame of no small number of men now-a-days. Whereof many we do see so addicted to the pleasing of great and rich men, that in the meantime they have no regard to the weaker sort of poor people, whom Christ hath bought as dearly as the other.

"But to return to Master Hooper, all whose life was such that to the Church and all churchmen it might be a light and example; to the rest a perpetual lesson and sermon. Finally, how virtuous and good a bishop he was, ye may conceive and know evidently by this; that even as he was hated of none but of them which were evil, so yet the worst of them all could not reprove his life in any one jot.

"I have now declared his usage and behaviour *abroad*, in the public affairs of the Church; and certainly there appeared in him *at home* no less example of a worthy prelate's life. For though he bestowed and converted the most part of his care upon the public flock and congregation of Christ, for the which also he spent his blood; yet nevertheless there lacked no provision in him, for to bring up his own children in learning and good manners, insomuch that ye could not discern whether he deserved more praise for his fatherly usage at

which was rather a rare thing in rural England in those times. The great revival of the eighteenth century, led by Wesley and Whitefield, had as yet only made impression in certain parts, but the preaching of Mr. Browne had prepared the people of Olney for a Gospel ministry. The services in the parish church were well attended, and cottage meetings were speedily established in surrounding hamlets. Meetings were also held in a room in what was known as "the Great House," a mansion which was the property of the Earl of Dartmouth. At first the place was only used for addresses to the children of the congregation, but gradually attendance at an evening meeting, for prayer and exhortation, became a regular part of the vicar's duty. It was for the services at this prayer-meeting that Newton prepared most of the well-known "Olney Hymns," and in this work he was fortunate in having the poet William Cowper as his coadjutor. Cowper had then recently, along with Mrs. Unwin, come to reside at Olney, and greatly helped the minister in his pastoral work.

The living was a poor one, Mr. Newton's income being little more than sixty pounds a year, but a generous friend, John Thornton, allowed him statedly two hundred a year, with a charge to draw upon him for whatever more he might require. This enabled Newton and Cowper to give help to many of the struggling poor during their visits to the homes of the people. Of the munificence of Mr. Thornton, Cowper speaks in many of his letters, and has immortalized the good philanthropist's name in his poems.

At the vicarage there were almost always visitors, for Mr. Thornton had said, "Be hospitable, and keep an open house for such as are worthy of entertainment." Many remarkable visitors were thus seen at Olney, dissenters as well as churchmen. On one occasion, an Indian chief, one of Whitefield's converts in North America, who had been ordained to the ministry among his own tribe, the Mohicans, preached in Olney

Church to a crowded audience, and told many cheering things about the Lord's work in the New World.

In the year 1764 Mr. Newton had made the acquaintance of the Rev. William Bull of Newport Pagnell, with whom he maintained a warm friendship for many years, and in whose genial companionship Cowper also took great delight, as he has recorded in his letters as well as in his poems. With Mr. Bull Newton had much correspondence, and a volume of his letters has been published separately. In the custody of the Bull family many of Newton's papers were preserved, and it was from the manuscript diary thus obtained that Mr. Bull's grandson, the Rev. Josiah Bull, derived much of the information given by him in his *Life of Newton*, the latest and best biography of the good Vicar of Olney.

The intercourse with the poet Cowper is the most memorable feature of his life at Olney. There are people even now, who, through ignorance or malice, say that Newton's austere views of religion were the cause of Cowper's insanity. Every one who knows anything of the gentle poet's history, is aware how utterly groundless is this statement. Cowper's malady was constitutional, and first manifested itself in his early days, when, as yet, he had never given to religion a serious thought. After his recovery, he found in the Unwin family at Huntingdon true and congenial friends. When he went, along with the widowed Mrs. Unwin, to live at Olney, he there spent some of the happiest and most useful years of his life. In an article in the *Quarterly Review*, January 1860, the real relations of Cowper and Newton are described in a clear and impartial way. A few sentences from this masterly article are worth quoting here. "Cowper had read his Bible to so much purpose, that he needed no instruction in doctrine; what he wanted was a companion of kindred sentiments, and equal understanding, with whom to interchange ideas. The entire world, perhaps, could not have supplied a person

more fitted for the purpose than Mr. Newton. There was hardly a mood of mind connected with religion with which he was not familiar from his own experience. The warmth of affection which attempered his masculine nature rendered him a counsellor as gentle as he was discriminating. His conversation was singularly racy, and abounded in apt and lively illustrations. The utmost intimacy at once ensued between two such congenial spirits, equal in love, in piety, in worth; and if the one was possessed of the finer genius, the other had the advantage of a more vigorous character, and a greater capacity for the affairs of life."

We are told that Newton reckoned this friendship among his "principal blessings." It was a blessing which his parishioners shared. Cowper eagerly offered himself as a "lay helper" to his friend. He acted as any curate, of the best type, would have done, visiting the poor and the afflicted, and assisting the minister in his prayer-meetings and week-day services. That he enjoyed a course of peace, short intervals excepted, from the time of his coming to Olney to the re-appearance of his mental disorder, we know from the testimony of Mr. Newton, who "passed these six years in daily admiring and aiming to imitate him."

One memorable and lasting result of this friendship was the alliance in the composition of the well-known "Olney Hymns," to which we shall presently refer.

Another name associated with Newton and Olney, is that of the Rev. Thomas Scott, then curate in a neighbouring parish. Mr. Scott's views on various points were cloudy and unsettled, and in his perplexity he sought the advice of Newton. This was gladly given to the earnest and sincere inquirer, who, by the force of truth, as he himself has recorded, was led to clear and hearty reception of evangelical religion. In his preaching and in his writings, the spiritual change was more and more apparent, and through his well-known *Commentary on the Bible*,

his influence for good has been felt down to our own day. Other interesting incidents of Newton's ministry at Olney, apart from the faithful and zealous discharge of his duties to his own parishioners, might be mentioned, but we must pass on to narrate his experiences in a wider field of labour.

### VIII.

#### RECTOR OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.

In the autumn of 1779, Mr. Newton's friend, John Thornton, offered him the living of St. Mary Woolnoth, vacant by the death of Dr. Plumtree. Believing that this larger sphere of usefulness was providentially opened, and satisfied that the interests of his people at Olney would not suffer by his removal, he entered on his new duties early in the following year. In the new church the audiences were different, but the preaching was the same. "I preach my own sentiments, plainly but peaceably, and directly oppose no one," he said in a letter to a friend, after being some time in London. "Accordingly, Churchmen and Dissenters, Calvinists and Arminians, Methodists and Moravians, now and then, I believe, Papists and Quakers, sit quietly to hear me." Many came from outside his parish to attend his ministry, for the evangelical preachers in those days were few and far between. It was not only in the pulpit that he preached the Gospel. He held regular services at several houses in or about London, one of the places being at Mrs. Wilberforce's residence, where he also gave a series of lectures on the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The morning and evening daily exercises at his own home, first at Charles Square, Hoxton, and afterwards in Coleman Street, were a notable feature in his ministerial work. Many attended, invited and uninvited. His house was also constantly open to visitors, who came to consult him about their spiritual concerns. At breakfast he was always ready to receive guests, and many an interesting meeting at this season is

mentioned in biographies of these times. On several occasions the routine of his pulpit services was broken by series of discourses upon special subjects. One of these, which attracted much attention, was the series of sermons on the passages which formed the subject of Handel's greatest oratorio, the performances of which were given amidst much popular enthusiasm. There were fifty discourses in all, afterwards published under the title of "The Messiah."

While bearing his testimony against what he deemed the irreverence of using such themes for purposes of public entertainment, he took occasion to preach with great earnestness and clearness the doctrine of salvation through Christ. Other sermons on public occasions attracted unusual notice; but during most of the twenty-eight years of his London incumbency his labour was devoted to diligent and zealous discharge of ordinary ministerial and pastoral work. He took no public part in political affairs, and he was careful to avoid controversy either on doctrinal or ecclesiastical questions. Sometimes he was accused by Calvinists as being an Arminian, and sometimes by Arminians as being a Calvinist, "which," he says, "makes me think that I am on good scriptural ground." Courteous and tolerant towards all who differed upon minor points, he was held in honour and loved by all. By the wish of the Rev. Charles Wesley, expressed before his death, Mr. Newton was one of the eight ministers who were to bear the pall, which he did at the burial in Marylebone Church, in April 1788, although it was a walking funeral, and in cold snowy weather.

## IX.

### PUBLISHED WORKS AND LETTERS.

Of the good done by his published sermons and other works, many gratifying testimonies were received. An American correspondent informed him that thousands of readers had obtained comfort and instruction from them—an edition

having been printed in New York. From India also letters of grateful acknowledgment came, and many were the messages which the post conveyed, from all parts of England and Scotland, of the benefit received from his writings as well as his preaching.

He was also a most ready and voluminous letter writer. He was applied to by innumerable correspondents, most of whom sought advice or instruction, and he devoted much of his time to the voluntary task of replying, often at considerable length, to their questions, or striving to solve their difficulties. Many of these letters have from time to time been printed, besides correspondence on more general topics. In the early volumes of *The Sunday at Home* will be found not a few of these long-treasured letters. During his life, or soon after his death, various volumes of letters were published, of which the best known are the *Letters to a Wife*, *Letters to Captain Clunie*, and a collection of letters on many important topics of Christian life and experience, under the title of *Cardiphonia*, or the heart's utterances on sacred subjects. It was Cowper who suggested this happy title for the two volumes of letters addressed originally to many correspondents and on a great variety of subjects. Mr. Bull in his biography gives a list of the friends to whom the letters were written, the names being omitted in the published work. Among the names are Lord Dartmouth, Mr. Scott, Dr. Ryland, Mrs. Wiberforce, the Rev. Mr. Powley, (Mrs. Unwin's son-in-law), Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnell, Dr. Ford of Melton Mowbray, Mr. Catlett (Mrs. Newton's brother), Sally Johnson, his faithful servant, and about twenty others in all positions and circumstances of life. The letters to Cowper appear in the poet's *Life and Correspondence*.

## X.

### AS HYMN WRITER.

In his hymns and sacred poems Newton has left a precious legacy to the Christian

that followeth the peril—either victory in this world of your enemies, or else a surrender of this life to inherit the everlasting kingdom. Beware of beholding too much the felicity or misery of this world, for the consideration and too earnest love or fear of either of them draweth from God.” . . .

“Imprisonment is painful, but yet liberty, upon evil conditions, is more painful. The prisons stink; but yet not so much as sweet houses where the fear and true honour of God lack. I must be alone and solitary: it is better so to be and have God with me, than to be in company with the wicked. Loss of goods is great: but loss of God’s grace and favour is greater. I am a poor simple creature, and cannot tell how to answer before such a great sort of noble, learned and wise men: it is better to make answer before the pomp and pride of wicked men than to stand naked in the sight of all heaven and earth before the just God at the latter day. I shall die then by the hands of the cruel man: he is blessed that loseth this life full of mortal miseries and findeth the life full of eternal joys. It is a pain and grief to depart from goods and friends; but yet not so much as to depart from grace and heaven itself. Wherefore there is neither felicity nor adversity of this world, that can appear to be great, if it be weighed with the joys or pains in the world to come.” In conclusion he asked them to write to his wife and children.

When this letter was written, the end was drawing very near. At last it came. Hooper and Rogers, Prebendary of St. Paul’s, were brought up together out of their prison, January 24th, 1555, to St. Mary Overy’s Church, Southwark, and were there required by Gardiner, Bonner, Tonstal, and three other prelates to make their submission to the Pope, as head of the Catholic Church. They attempted to argue, but were told that when Parliament had determined a thing, private men were not to call it in question, and they were allowed twenty-four hours to make up their

minds. As they were leaving the church, Hooper was heard to say, “Come, brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand and begin to fry these faggots?” “Yea, sir,” said Master Rogers, “by God’s grace.” “Doubt not,” said Master Hooper, “that God will give strength.”

They were remanded to prison, and the next morning the “Queen’s mercy” was offered them if they would recant. They refused, and were sentenced to die, and were committed to Newgate to await the Queen’s pleasure.

On Monday, February 4th, 1555, both prisoners were taken to Newgate chapel and formally degraded from their ministerial office by Bishop Bonner, and handed over to the mercies of the secular power. They supposed that they were to suffer together, and Rogers had assured Hooper “that there was never little fellow better would stick to a man than he would stick to him;” but it was otherwise ordered. Rogers was led out to Smithfield at once to be burnt alone, the first to suffer of the noble army of Protestant Martyrs. Hooper was kept in his cell till the evening, and was then told, to his great joy, that he was to be sent to Gloucester, to be publicly burned in his own cathedral city, which had been infected with his pernicious doctrines.

Early then in the dark February morning of the next day, he began his last journey to Gloucester on horseback, attended by six guards. He leaped cheerfully on his horse, without any help, having a hood upon his head, under his hat, that he should not be known. “And so he took his journey joyfully: and always by the way the guard learned of him where he was accustomed to bait or lodge, and ever carried him to another inn.”

At Gloucester he was lodged not in the Northgate prison, as the sheriffs wished, but in Robert Ingram’s house, opposite St. Nicholas’ Church, through the earnest intercession of his guard, who reported “how quietly, mildly, and patiently he had behaved himself in the



way, and that any child might keep him well enough." That night "he did eat his meat quietly, and slept his first sleep soundly." After this sleep he continued all the night in prayer until the morning; and then, as a day was allowed him for preparation, he desired that he might go into the next chamber, that there being solitary he might pray and talk with God. So that all that day, saving a little at meals, or when visitors came to him, he bestowed in prayer.

One of these visitors was Sir Anthony Kingston, whom he had once offended by publicly rebuking his sins. He entered unannounced and found him at his prayers, and as soon as he saw Master Hooper, he burst forth in tears. Hooper at the first blush knew him not, but when he said, "My lord, do you not know me—an old friend of yours, Anthony Kingston?" at once recognised him. Then Kingston said, "I am sorry to see you in this case, for as I understand, you be come hither to die. Oh, consider! Life is sweet, and death is bitter. Therefore, seeing life may be had, desire to live, for life hereafter may do good." Hooper answered, "I thank you for your counsel, but it is not so friendly as I could have wished. True it is, Master Kingston, that death is bitter, and life is sweet; but consider that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet. Therefore have I settled myself, through the strength of God's Holy Spirit, patiently to pass through this fire prepared for me, desiring you and others to commend me to God's mercy in your prayers." "Well, my lord," said Kingston, "then there is no remedy, and I will take my leave; and I thank God that ever I knew you, for God did appoint you to call me, being a lost child. I was both an adulterer and a fornicator, but God, by your ministry, hath brought me to the detesting and forsaking of the same." They parted, the tears on both their faces.

In the evening came the Mayor and aldermen, with the sheriffs, to shake

hands with him. To them he spoke cheerfully enough. "It was a sign of their good will," he said, "to take a condemned man and prisoner by the hand, and a proof that they had not forgotten the things he used to teach them as their bishop and pastor. "He begged the sheriffs that there might be a quick fire, to make an end shortly, and for himself, he would be as obedient as they could wish. "If you think I do amiss in anything," said he, "hold up your fingers, and I am done; for I am not come hither as one enforced or compelled to die (for it is well known I might have had my life with worldly gain), but as one willing to offer and give my life for the faith rather than consent to the wicked Papistical religion of the Bishop of Rome, and I trust by God's grace to-morrow to die a faithful servant of God, and a true obedient subject to the Queen." He retired to rest that night very early, saying that he had many things to remember. He slept one sleep soundly, and bestowed the rest of the night in prayer. After he had risen in the morning, he desired that no man should be suffered to come into the chamber, that he might be solitary till the hour of execution.

About nine o'clock of the Saturday morning, February 9th, 1555, Hooper was bid prepare to be led forth, as the time was at hand, and he came down from his chamber, accompanied by the two sheriffs. The day was gloomy, wet and windy. The place of the execution was an open space outside the college precincts, near a large elm-tree, under which he had been wont to preach, opposite to the cathedral. Several thousands of people were collected to see him suffer; some had climbed the tree and were seated among the leafless branches, in the storm and rain. A company of priests were in a room over the college gate. "Alas!" said Hooper, "why be these people assembled and come together? Peradventure they think to hear something of me now, as in times past; but speech is prohibited

me." He had suffered much in prison from sciatica, and was lame, but he limped cheerfully along with his staff in his hand, and smiled at such as he knew among the people.

Arrived at the stake, he kneeled him down to pray; but ere he was entered into his prayer, a box was brought and placed on a stool before his eyes, which he was told contained his pardon if he would recant. But Hooper cried out, "If you love my soul, away with it! If you love my soul, away with it!" The box being taken away, Lord Chandos said, "Despatch him then, seeing there is no remedy." Yet he was suffered to pray a while longer, and certain of them who were standing nigh, heard how he confessed his faith; acknowledged his sinfulness; asserted his innocence, and in these words implored the Divine help to bear his cross: "Well seest Thou, my Lord and God, what terrible pains and cruel torments be prepared for Thy creature; such, Lord, as without Thy strength, none is able to bear or patiently to pass. But all things that are impossible with man, are possible with Thee. Therefore strengthen me of Thy goodness, that in the fire I break not the rules of patience, or else assuage the terror of the pains, as shall seem most to Thy glory."

Prayer being done, he prepared himself to the fire, stripping off his garments to his shirt, and was bound round the waist with a hoop of iron to the stake. A pound of gunpowder was tied between his legs, and as much more under either arm. When the faggots and reeds were brought, he received two bundles of them in his own hands, embraced them, kissed them, and put under either arm one of them, and showed with his hand how the rest should be disposed, and pointed to the place where any did lack.

The man that was appointed to make the fire, here approached and begged his forgiveness for it. "Therein," said

Master Hooper, "thou dost nothing offend me. God forgive thee thy sins, and do thine office, I pray thee."

Thus being ready, he looked upon the people, of whom he might well be seen (for he was both tall and stood upon a high stool), and behold, round about him and in every corner there was nothing to be seen but weeping and sorrowful faces. Then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he prayed to himself. The fire was then brought, but the wood was green. The dry rushes only kindled, and burning for a few moments were blown away by the wind, so that he was not more than touched by the fire.

Within a space after, a few dry faggots were brought, and a new fire kindled with the faggots (for there were no more reeds), and this burned at his nether parts, but had small power above, because of the wind, saving that it did burn his hair, and scorch his skin a little. In the time of which fire he prayed, saying mildly: "O Jesus, the Son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul." After the second fire was spent, he did wipe both his eyes, and beholding the people, he said with an indifferent loud voice, "For God's love, good people, let me have more fire."

A third fire was kindled within a while after, which was more extreme than the other two; and then the bladders of gunpowder exploded, but did him small good: they were so ill-placed, and the wind had such power. In the which fire he prayed with somewhat a loud voice, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" These were his last words.

"Thus was he three-quarters of an hour or more in the fire, and quietly and patiently died; and he now reigneth. I doubt not, as a blessed martyr in the joys of heaven prepared for the faithful in Christ before the foundations of the world, for whose constancy all Christians are bound to praise God."

CHARLES MARSON, M.A.

# ULRICH ZWINGLI.



# ULRICH ZWINGLI,

## THE SWISS REFORMER.



### I.

#### BIRTH AND EARLY TRAINING.

ULRICH or Huldreich Zwingli was a son of the hills, as Luther was a child of the forests. The place of his birth and earliest upbringing was a small village, Wildhaus by name, away up in the Toggenburg, in the canton of St. Gallen. He was born on New Year's Day, 1484, and was only a few months younger than his great Saxon teacher and co-adjutor. Both father and mother were well connected. The father was *amman*, or magistrate of the village. The mother was a certain Margaret Meili or Meilin, who had influential friends. A relation on her side, John Meilin, was abbot of Fischingen in Thurgau, and took a special interest in the boy, loving him and caring for him as his own son. An uncle on the father's side, who is known as Bartholomew, was dean of Wesen, and proved himself no less helpful. Ulrich had all the advantages and disadvantages of being reared in a large family. There were eight sons and a daughter in the house; Ulrich was the third of the sons. The Toggenburgers were a people of a manly and independent spirit, who thought for themselves, and had already learned to speak their minds freely on the abuses of the Church. In the bosom of a peasant household of the better order, the boy had an excellent training for a life of simplicity, content, and courage. His opening mind was fed with stories of the hardships and the valour of the people to whom he belonged, and with the legends of the hills and valleys which he trode with pride. He was soon seen to be a child of quick parts, and it was resolved to educate him for the Church. With this object in view

he had to leave his dear native uplands and was taken by his uncle, the dean, across the hills to Wesen, on the Lake of Wallenstadt, where he entered the elementary school. A little later, in 1494, he was transferred to Basle, then famous as an educational centre. Here he was put under the care of Gregory Bünzli, a teacher of note, and head of the Theodore School. At the end of three years' space Bünzli declared himself unable to furnish all that the rapidly-expanding faculties of his pupil required. The result was that Ulrich was passed on to Bern, in order to enjoy the instructions of the famous *Lupulus*, or Henry Wölflin, a man of uncommon acquirements. The young scholar eagerly prosecuted his studies in history, literature and other branches of learning, for which Bern then offered rare opportunities. There, too, he obtained his first introduction to the Latin Classics, in which *Lupulus* probably had no match in the Switzerland of those days.

### II.

#### VIENNA AND EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

A danger, however, unexpectedly presented itself in Bern. The Dominicans, who were in the ascendant in the city, had observed the lad's uncommon ability, especially his singular musical talent. They set their hearts on securing him for the service of their order. But the project pleased neither father nor uncle, and to save him from such entanglements they removed him from Bern. He was sent direct to Vienna, the University of which capital stood then, as it stands now, in the front rank of academic institutions. We do not know much about his life there; but what we do see is enough to show us that his transference

to the great city was a step of immense advantage to him. He entered the University in the year 1499. Beyond acquiring a distrust of the scholastic philosophy which ruled in church and school, and getting some knowledge of other subjects which he was destined by-and-by to combat as worthless or pernicious, he does not seem to have gained much from the studies which formed the accepted curriculum of a university then. But he made the acquaintance of a number of men with whom he was to have much to do, although in very different ways, in after years. Among these were the two Suabians, Faber and Eck, and several Swiss fellow-countrymen, of whom the most remarkable were Heinrich Loriti of Mollis, better known by his Latin name Glareanus, and Joachim Vadian of St. Gallen. These latter have a place of their own in the story of Ulrich's life. They were both poets, and therefore congenial friends for Zwingli, whose own poetical gift was of no mean order. Those early friendships were of great consequence to him. Vadian, in particular, was a man eminently worth having as an associate and adviser. His accomplishments were such that the chair of Greek and Latin in the University, the doctor's degree in medicine, and the laureate's crown were all adjudged him by merit. Nor was he less noble in character than rich in mental gifts. All through their lives Vadian and Zwingli remained brothers and correspondents.

### III.

#### BASLE AND NEW FRIENDS.

After spending about two years in Vienna, he returned to his home among the hills. But after a brief stay he left for Basle, in quest of further knowledge. Obtaining the post of teacher in St. Martin's School there, he continued his studies in philosophy, music and the languages. Like Luther, he had a good voice, and found in music and song the greatest and purest of pleasures. His gift in these things was so extraor-

dinary, that he could play on almost any instrument. Lute, harp, violin, flute, fife, drum, cornet, dulcimer and others are mentioned as at his command. But what is of still greater interest is the fact that here, too, he began the study of theology. By another happy providence there arrived in Basle at this very time one who was perhaps the best possible teacher he could have got. This was Thomas Wyttenbach, a native of Biel, in the canton of Bern, Zwingli's senior by about a dozen years, and in many respects a man of worth. Before he knew anything of Luther, he had lifted his voice against the mass, indulgences, the celibacy of the priests, and other ecclesiastical abuses; and so true did he prove himself to these self-won convictions, that in the year 1524 he ventured on marriage, though the act cost him his benefice. It was of great moment for Zwingli that he had the opportunity of becoming this man's scholar, and just at this particular turning-point in his education. For it was Wyttenbach's object to bring theology back to Scripture as its true fount, and he had caught hold of the vital evangelical principle that Christ's death is the only and all-sufficient ground for the remission of sin. He spoke of that death as the "key that unlocks for the human heart the shrine of the forgiveness of sin." It is to this good man, as many witnesses agree in testifying, that Zwingli owed his first clear insight into the evangelical faith.

But Basle provided yet another friend who was destined to exercise a happy and permanent influence over Zwingli. This was Leo Juda of Rapperschwyl, a young man, only about two years older than Zwingli himself, of amiable and gracious disposition, with a mind singularly frank and open to truth, the possessor, too, of a glorious voice, and, like Ulrich, a great proficient in music, both vocal and instrumental. The two youths became fellow-students and fellow-graduates in Basle. They parted to proceed, the one to his native Alsace,

the other to Glarus. But no distance could separate two such kindred spirits. Through all their years, Leo and Zwingli were to each other as Melancthon and Luther.

#### IV.

##### HIS FIRST PASTORATE.

The next event in his career was one of capital importance, and it came about in a singular way. On obtaining his degree at Basle at the age of twenty-two, he was immediately appointed to a pastoral charge in Glarus. This was done by the free act of the people, with scant respect for ecclesiastical authorities and forms, and even before he had received clerical consecration. He was ordained, nevertheless, and preached his first sermon and performed his first mass in the year 1506. He gave himself with the utmost zeal to the duties of his office, and even attempted certain reforms. But he found time also to prosecute his studies. He addressed himself to the difficult task of learning Greek without a master. He read largely in the Classics. He became a diligent student of the Fathers, and acquired some knowledge of the writings of Waldo, Wiclif, Huss, and others more or less connected with the struggle for the purification of religion. He won high reputation as a scholar, and received through Cardinal Schinner, the Pope's legate, a pension of fifty gulden per annum—a gift bestowed probably with the view of attaching him to the Church.

Some of the writers whom he studied at this period influenced him deeply and permanently. This was the case with Lucian among the Classics, with Augustine among the Christian Fathers, and above all with Picus, the mystical thinker of Mirandula, and Erasmus, the chief of the Humanists. Theology also engaged his attention. But beyond all else he searched the Scriptures. It was now that he laid the foundations of a knowledge of the Bible which became altogether extraordinary. He read it with such intense devotion that he had

almost the entire New Testament committed to memory. His favourite portions appear to have been the writings of John and Paul. So anxious was he to master the Epistles of the latter, that he transcribed them with his own hand. The transcript, richly laden with his annotations, is to be seen in Zurich still. These annotations are of great interest, as showing that he had already made his way to right principles of exposition, and had come to see that Scripture is to be interpreted, not by human authority, but by itself, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

#### V.

##### IMPORTANCE OF HIS MINISTRY IN GLARUS.

This ministry in Glarus lasted some ten years. So far as regards the formation of his character and the growth of his mind, it was the most important period in his life. He continued in apparent agreement with the Romish Church all through these years. His preaching did not indicate any serious departure from the doctrine or the discipline of the Church; only it kept a manly, ethical tone. He was still the Humanist, not the Reformer. On the other hand, he was never the sceptic. Though the thought of breaking with the traditional faith had not forced itself upon him, and it seemed as if little had come of what he had received from Wyttenbach, an inward change was silently taking place. He had been brought into close contact with the moral evils and the miseries of the time; his ideas of life and truth had been expanding; above all, the new conviction of the alone sufficiency of Christ's mediatorial work bore in upon him more and more. This, he tells us, was largely due to a poem by Erasmus, which compelled him to put to himself the question, 'Why then seek help from the creature?' Unhappily, he had also yielded to temptation, and had been guilty of a breach of the law of purity, which brought home to him the sense of his moral weakness, and deeply humbled

him. He had learned also to distrust the whole theology of the day, and to go straight to Scripture as the fountain-head of truth. He had begun to pray to God for light by which to read His Word with greater profit, and had seen it to be the highest wisdom to let God speak to him directly out of that Word.

## VI.

## DEPARTURE FROM GLARUS.

Glarus had thus yielded important and varied elements in Zwingli's training for his life's work. These had to be supplemented, however, by others of a different kind. To furnish these the Providence that had directed his career hitherto, made it necessary for him to quit the scene of his ten years' ministry. The patriotic fire which nothing could ever damp within him flamed forth against one of the most clamant evils of the time, the mercenary service in which the Swiss troops engaged. "We know," says a Swiss Church historian of our own day, "that from the time when Louis tested the courage of the confederates at the battle of St. James-on-the-Birs (1444), the powerful kingdom of France had sought their friendship and alliance. From this very time, however, dates the period of the decay of Swiss independence. The sons of the free country henceforth sold their lives, sometimes to France, sometimes to the Popes, and sometimes to foreign rulers; until at last Francis I., who had become acquainted with their military proficiency in the Milanese wars, concluded in 1516 a perpetual peace with them." Zwingli discovered what this meant. He had had to accompany the troops on more than one occasion to the battle-field. He was present at Monza and Marignano. He observed how ruinously the system acted upon the national life. He saw the lax morals, the passionate lust of gold, the degradation of all pure, patriotic feeling, which it provoked. He attacked the fatal practice in his earliest publications, the *Labyrinth* and the *Fable of*

*the Ox and Certain Animals*. He thundered against it from the pulpit. But the French party was in the ascendant, and succeeded in raising against him an opposition of so bitter and painful a kind, that he was glad to leave Glarus when an honourable way of escape presented itself.

## VII.

## EINSIEDELN.

The opportunity came in the form of a call to a subordinate position in Einsiedeln, the famous shrine of St. Meinrad, the seat of the wonderful image of the Virgin, and one of the chief pilgrim-haunts for Germany and Alsace, as well as Switzerland. The traveller who now visits the town as it nestles about mid-way between the Lake of Zurich and the bewitching sister-lake of Lucerne, can imagine by what he sees of the superstitious traffic, the numerous lodging-houses and the lordly abbey, what Zwingli must have found there in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The gateway of the abbey had borne the impious inscription, "Here is full remission from the penalty and the guilt of all sins." But at this juncture the proud religious house was ruled by a man who had small faith in some of the things which had given it its most questionable fame, and Zwingli discovered friends in it whose companionship was a help to him. Here he was able to continue his studies in the Scriptures and in the Fathers. Here he gained freedom in expounding the Bible by the Bible in his public addresses. Here he was brought face to face with superstition in its grossest forms. Here, too, he became acquainted with the writings of men like Reuchlin and Hütten, in which the follies of the monks were mercilessly lashed. So it happened that in a variety of ways he was compelled to face more directly than ever before the question of his own relation to the Church and the traditional doctrine. Even at this point, indeed, he did not commit himself to any definitely

aggressive policy. Circumstances led him, however, to oppose Samson, the notorious indulgence-monger; which he did with boldness and success. There were things that indicated, too, that the Reforming instinct was growing strong within him. He addressed himself to the dignitaries of the Church, asking the redress of abuses and the emancipation of the fettered Word of God. He began at the same time to preach with new power and on new principles, shunning mere polemics and striving to communicate positive truth as the best corrective for long-established error. His method—a method to which henceforth he never ceased to adhere, except under constraint—was first to commend the new before removing the old. So in the seclusion of Einsiedeln the work of God in his own soul deepened notably. He became a new man by Divine grace, and the inward change was made plain to others when he declined the annual gift of the Pope. This was in the year 1517, the year which also witnessed the posting of those memorable theses against penance, superabundant merit, and kindred Popish doctrines, in which, as the historian Von Ranke expresses it, Luther's "thoughts fly out from his mind like sparks from the iron under the stroke of the hammer." It needed now only some external occasion to bring this inward change to its crisis, and to translate the Reforming impulse into public profession and action. The occasion was not long delayed, and it came again by a change of scene.

### VIII.

#### CALL TO ZURICH.

He was not left long in the quietude of Einsiedeln without invitations to minister elsewhere. His departure from Glarus had been deeply regretted by the best of his flock there. The pastoral charge had even been kept open for a couple of years in hope of his return. He had also set aside a call to Winterthur in 1517. But now another opening appeared for him in providence, which

he felt he could not pass by. A vacancy occurred in the great church of Zurich, and Zwingli was elected. He arrived in the city in 1518. The post which he was to occupy was in some respects a poor one, and his appointment was not carried without serious opposition. But, on the other hand, Zurich was the foremost city of the Federation. It was a place apparently of not more than 7000 souls, but it was the most influential, and probably also the most populous, of all Swiss towns. It was the very centre from which, when the hour for the Reformation in Switzerland struck, the new influence could be transmitted with effect to other parts of the country. Zwingli gauged the situation, and his first acts there were significant. He began by announcing his intention to depart from the traditional habit of preaching only from texts prescribed by the Church. He would declare the truth of Christ as he found it for himself in Matthew's Gospel in its continuity; and he would expound that Gospel, not according to the prescriptions with which human authority had hedged it about, nor according to the sense put upon it by ecclesiastical declarations, but in its own light—the light to be had by comparing Scripture with Scripture. This meant that he had ceased to look for the reformation of the Church from within itself. Even now he did not dream of a Reformation on the grand scale, with himself as the chief actor in it. He held back for a time, partly by reason of circumstances, and partly, no doubt, because the new views were not entirely clear to his own soul. But Luther's writings had come in his way, and they moved him deeply. He stood forth more and more as a preacher who presented Christ Himself to souls, and the effect of his preaching was extraordinary. It carried himself farther in evangelical conviction, and it profoundly stirred the people. They crowded to listen; they cried that they had found a Moses to lead them out of Egypt; and when Samson approached with his indul-



Lady Puleston's encouraging testimony to him afterwards; but as he *would* return to Oxford in the spring of 1654 according to agreement, she followed him thither on 3rd June with her five sons, placing the two eldest under his charge at Christ Church. While spending the long vacation with friends in London, he receives a letter from Judge Puleston himself, beseeching him in the name of the Worthenbury parishioners to come and settle permanently as their minister. Recognising in such an appeal the call of Providence, Philip Henry feels bound to comply, although the worldly prospects were not great. What he surrendered in leaving Oxford we may gather from a letter of Lady Puleston to her "much honoured cousin," the Vice-Chancellor Dr. Owen: "Mr. Henry is here. What my husband intends concerning him is not yet settled, but I hope shortly it will be. Meanwhile I am loathe he should leave a certainty in college for an uncertainty here; and do therefore desire you to continue his place there a while longer, that seeing the Lord hath made him willing to lay out himself in the work of the Gospel, so far remote from his friends, in this poor dark corner of the land, he may not in anything be prejudiced for our sakes." What provision was made for him we shall afterwards see. He remained an inmate of Emral Hall about three years, carrying on his pastoral work with all fidelity, but without ordination the while, from the irregularity of the times and the want of a proper or legally arranged settlement.

## VI.

### PHILIP HENRY'S ORDINATION.

"July 6, 1657. I made addresses to the Presbytery in Shropshire for ordination. September 16. A day never to be forgotten. Was ordained minister, being solemnly set apart thereto by imposition of hands. . . . I did this day receive as much honour and work as

ever I shall be able to do with. Lord Jesus give me strength."

This ordination of his was ever a delicate matter with Philip Henry; and as it came to play a critical part in the most momentous juncture of his after life, it may be needful to look at his Church position and principles.

Two words, the *Discipline* and the *Prophecyings*, had long been familiar favourites with "the more resolved Puritans," struggling for a foothold *within* the Church of England. From the Discipline grew those parochial agencies of theirs which had respect to purity of church-fellowship. From the Prophecyings grew the *classis* or Classical Presbytery, which had respect to autonomy or self-government in the Church. Both these parts of Presbyterian polity sprang up together and found embodiment in that DIRECTORY or BOOK OF DISCIPLINE of the earlier Church Puritans which was re-issued by authority under the Long Parliament. This was the scheme of Church reform adopted and advocated by the Presbyterian Church Puritans on the fall of Laud.

On 13th February, 1642, Charles I. had passed the Bishops' Exclusion Bill, which abolished the spiritual peerage and removed the bishops from the House of Lords. This was the King's last constitutional act. The dissolution of prelacy in the Church was simply by ordinance of the two Houses, 10th September, 1642, after the war had begun. It was to come into force on 5th November, 1643; and in July the Westminster Assembly of Divines was summoned to aid Parliament in remodelling the Church. The crowning event of 1643 for Philip Henry was the scene in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, when on 15th September the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn to, and signed both by House of Commons and Assembly: a similar solemnity occurring with the remaining Lords some weeks later. This Solemn League and Covenant, though growing out of, must not be confounded with the Scottish National Covenant of

resolved to take for its motto Zwingli's declaration that "nothing should be preached save what is contained in the Word of God." Great things were accomplished within this memorable year in many parts of Switzerland by various hands. But Zwingli became more and more the central figure, so that when Luther was mysteriously lost to view after quitting Worms, it was to the noble Swiss preacher that many eyes were turned, in other lands as well as his own, as the Champion of the Reformation.

## X.

### DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES.

Thickening perils nevertheless threatened the rising cause. Zwingli himself was made the object of deadly attack; his moral character was assailed; intrigues of various kinds were contrived against him. The Diet, too, took steps to repress the revolution by the civil arm. Zwingli himself was disconcerted for a moment, and thought of retiring again to Einsiedeln. But it was only for a moment. He saw that a decisive blow had at last to be struck lest all should be lost, and in order to bring matters to an issue he asked the Council to appoint a public Disputation. The request was granted. Invitations were issued to all in the pastoral office, and liberty of speech was guaranteed. It was also provided that the questions in debate should be settled by Scripture proof alone, and the clergy were instructed to act in accordance with the decision. Zwingli now issued his famous *Theses*, sixty-seven in number, in which he expressed in clear and nervous terms the main points for which the Reformers contended. Beginning with a vigorous assertion of the authority of the Word of God as an authority which required no support or prior authentication from the Church, he set forth Christ as the one Way, alike for priest and for layman, to God and His salvation. He proclaimed Christ's work as all-sufficient, and superseding

all ecclesiastical ordinances and instrumentalities, in the matter of merit with God. He declared faith to be the one condition, on man's side, of justification.

## XI.

### THE REFORMATION PROCLAIMED

On the day appointed for the Disputation, the 29th January, 1523, an assembly of 600 met in Zurich. Humble men from the rural parts, as well as townsfolk, doctors, pastors and the educated classes, were eager to attend. Zwingli occupied a seat by himself in the centre of the hall, before a table on which lay the Scriptures in different tongues. An attempt was made by Faber, the Vicar-general, to arrest proceedings by urging an appeal to a General Council and to the great Universities of Paris, Louvain, and Cologne. But Zwingli replied that the Christian people had the Spirit of God, and that those present could determine whether the Word was with him or with his opponents. The Council declared in favour of Zwingli. It affirmed that nothing had been established against him out of Scripture. It decreed that he should have liberty to preach as he had been preaching, until he came to another persuasion. The Reformation was proclaimed.

## XII.

### FIRST MEASURES OF REFORM.

In taking this decisive step Zurich had acted almost single-handed. Of all the cantons only Schaffhausen had given any open help. Elsewhere party spirit had become more reckless and embittered. The Diet resolved to seize Zwingli, if he set foot on ground under its jurisdiction. But the Reformer went on his way, issuing publication after publication in the interest of the Christian people, and carrying out in a wise and moderate manner the practical work of reform in Zurich itself. On the 17th June the Council pronounced the Dominican nuns

free to return to their homes, and to recover the possessions which they had brought with them to the convent. The great *Stift* was reconstituted, the canons themselves taking the first steps. The rich resources of this ancient foundation were devoted to uses more in harmony with the spirit of the time. Part was reserved for the support of the clergy, part given to various charities, and part devoted to the erection of a theological school for the training of ministers. By this last act, it has been justly said, Zwingli laid the beginnings of all the subsequent academic fame of Zurich. Then followed a number of clerical marriages. Among these was Zwingli's own. Some two years before he had contracted a private marriage with a widow of the name of Anna Reinhard. On the 2nd April, 1524, this union was publicly solemnized.

### XIII.

#### THE SECOND DISPUTATION.

The interest of Zwingli's career centres now in a series of public Disputations, which followed in the train of this first and most crucial debate of 1523. The Reformation had been carried through with singular facility, and the movement continued free for a time from perverted and fanatical elements. Things began to change, however, when the question of rites and ceremonies had to be dealt with. The chief difficulty was with the Mass. Zwingli had already exposed its unscriptural character in his eighteenth Thesis, and had given at the same time the first outline of his own doctrine of the Lord's Supper. But there were certain heady followers of the Reformation who were now no longer to be restrained. These men clamoured for instant and absolute measures against the Mass, the lamps, the holy water, and the other paraphernalia of the old worship. The result was the appointment of another Disputation, to which the Council invited the Bishops of Constance, Chur,

and Basle, the Abbot of St. Gallen, the University of Basle, and the Federal dignitaries. Few of these attended, but an assembly of about 900 persons, of whom from a third to a half were priests, met under the presidency of Vadian and two others. Zwingli commenced by setting forth the Reformation idea of the Church, distinguishing between the visible and the invisible, and showing that the evangelical doctrine implied that the Christian people, in assembly convened, had the right to decide disputed questions. Then Leo Juda opened the case against the use of images. A good defence of the ancient practice was made by the other side. But Zwingli argued that if images were left at all, they were certain to be more or less venerated, and the Council resolved that their use in worship was contrary to Scripture. The question of the Mass was next debated. Zwingli's statement was so pronounced and convincing that the difficulties which were dreaded vanished, and an unexpected consent of opinion was obtained against the Romish use and the Romish theory. This second Disputation touched Rome at the very centre of the sacerdotal power, and uttered no uncertain sound on her most characteristic dogmas. No attempt was made, however, to give hurried effect to the resolutions. The way which Zwingli preferred was to begin by instructing the people out of the Word of God, believing that if that were once well done, there would be neither difficulty nor risk in removing abuses. A Special Commission was nominated to consider how best to deal with the ancient usages, and Zwingli issued in that connection one of the most important of his treatises. This was his *Brief Christian Introduction*, in which he expounded in noble terms the Christian truth as to repentance, sin, justification, sanctification, the abrogation and the obligation of the law, and other questions. We see what his teaching was on the subject of the sacrifice of Christ, and the believer's relation to

tenances, for sixty years, should he not accept other preferment. Philip Henry entered on possession in February 1659, eight months before the Judge's death. Had he been eager for preferment, he had two opportunities this very year; being offered, and "much solicited to accept," the vicarage of Wrexham in March, and a large living near London shortly after. He declined both proposals, for many reasons. One thing that bound him to the spot was the mutual attachment which had sprung up between himself and a young lady of pious disposition in the neighbourhood, Katharine Matthews, only child and heiress of Mr. Daniel Matthews, a gentleman of property, who had been Under-sheriff of Flintshire, and who represented some of the old families in the district. Mr. Matthews was opposed to the match for a time, his daughter having what he thought more eligible offers, and he had himself little liking for Philip Henry's religious notions. Mr. Henry, he admitted, was a scholar and gentleman of no ordinary type, but "we do not know where he comes from." "Perhaps so," replied Miss Matthews; "but we know where he is going, and I should like to go with him." The lady carried her point. Philip Henry and she were married, 26th April, 1660, at White-well chapel, her father giving her away, and surrendering for marriage portion the title deeds of Broad Oak farm he had himself obtained with his own wife, Eleanor Benyon, as heiress of a family that had held it for generations. On Mr. Matthews's death in 1667, his other properties came likewise to his daughter's children, so that Philip Henry and his household were amply provided for. His richest inheritance, however, was found in Katharine Matthews herself. "My dear wife every way my helper, blessed be God," is his grateful and constant acknowledgment. Five of their six children were spared to grow up, and what a home theirs was we shall afterwards see, when Broad Oak offered an asylum in the coming sad days. For

Philip Henry is now on the eve of great changes. Trying times, not, indeed, un-mixed with mercy, are at hand, times of a suffering, and what for him was even worse to bear, times of a silenced ministry. Of this he had foretastes in the strange treatment he began to experience at the hands of the young Pulestons, now returning home again with very different views and habits from any they had imbibed when under his own influence. Within a year Judge Puleston had followed his wife to the tomb, 5th September, 1659; and when Philip Henry preached the funeral sermon, he felt, as his son remarks, that the last tie which bound him to the family at Emral Hall was snapped, and buried in the grave. Unhappily we have no diaries of Philip Henry for 1658-60, but the vicissitudes of his brethren found their reflection in his own life and experiences. His character and principles were about to be sternly tested in connection with the events that followed the restoration of Charles II. and the ecclesiastical measures that ensued. How he stood the ordeal and came out of it may be anticipated from his own beautifully figurative and pathetic prayer: "When the flail of affliction, O Lord, is upon me, let me not be as the chaff that flies in the face, but as the corn that lies at Thy feet." How exquisite the image! How exquisitely he himself exemplified it!

## IX.

### GREAT CHANGES.

On Cromwell's death a military chaos seemed impending. The country was falling a prey to soldier-adventurers. At this juncture Sir George Booth, of the family of Dunham Massey, headed the Cheshire *rising* in Philip Henry's neighbourhood, which, with its cry for "A free Parliament," did so much to determine the course of events in favour of the Restoration. *Lord own them, if they only own Thee*, was the expression of Philip Henry's hopes and wishes on the

Here is an example of his *prayers* :—

“O merciful God, heavenly Father! Since Thy Word is a light to our feet and a lamp to our path, we pray Thee that Thou wouldest, through Christ, who is the true Light of the whole world, open and illuminate our minds, clearly and purely to understand Thy truth, that so we may in no respect offend Thy High Majesty; through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.”

Pending the deliberations of the Special Commission it was forbidden to carry images in procession, and those who had given images to the churches were allowed to remove them quietly. Even when it was finally arranged that the churches should be purged of such things, instructions were issued that it should be gone about in an orderly way, with shut doors, and in presence of official witnesses, both lay and clerical. The Mass itself was officially changed into a simple, commemorative ordinance, and on a notable day in the year 1525 the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time. The cup was given to the laity, the altar was removed, a simple table covered with a white cloth was introduced, and the bread was presented on wooden plates. The convents were dealt with, and the liberated funds were expended on the founding of poor-houses, refuges for the sick and for strangers, schools, and various philanthropic institutions. In the various changes which were made in the order of public worship, Zwingli's object was to secure a central place for the preaching of the Word, and for this he was content to give up both the choral music and the organ. He devoted much of his attention to the new theological school, and made the exposition of Scripture the pivot of all its work. He introduced at the same time a new Church order, in many respects unlike the old Romish system. He erected a court, termed the *Still-Stand*, which much resembled a Presbytery, and completed the ecclesiastical system by instituting a Synod—a body consisting

of all the pastors, together with delegates from the congregations and representatives of the magistracy.

#### XIV.

##### CONFLICTS WITH THE SECTARIES AND THE ROMISH PARTY.

The last period of Zwingli's career was now approaching. It was to prove a period of many agitations and sorrows. By the year 1525 the Reformation had been practically carried through in Zurich, and up to that point the movement had been attended with comparative freedom from alien or extravagant elements. An unwelcome change now set in. Disorder, bitter contention, and at times even lamentable mistake, characterized its later years. A like unwelcome transformation seemed gradually to overtake the Reformer himself. The tact, the self-restraint, the far-seeing wisdom which had so signally distinguished him at first, forsook him, and were succeeded by less happy qualities. The extraordinary power which had accompanied his earlier contentings continued, however, to mark even his most doubtful methods of action. He had to confront three conflicts, which were of extreme violence. These were his struggles with the Sectaries, the Romish party, and his brother in arms Martin Luther.

The first of these contentions, that with the Sectaries, brought him into collision with men with whom he had been closely connected. There had been bodings of this kind of trouble in the demand which had been made by Manz and Grebel during the second Disputation, who had stood out for a perfectly pure church, according to their own ideas of purity. These extremists had been restrained for the time. But they had nursed a bitterness in their hearts which led them by-and-by to think of Zwingli as the main obstacle in their way. They sought an alliance with Münster, the centre of the lamentable excesses which ran so savage a course and ended so miserably in Germany. Crowds wandered

about the country, proclaiming woe upon the Church, and threatening the foundations of order, decency and peace. Zwingli tried to stem the movement by popular expositions, conferences with the fanatical leaders, and appeals to reason. Another Disputation was held. But all in vain. Excesses came to be indulged in which the authorities were not slow to seize as an occasion for stern measures. The worst offenders were punished by flogging, and in a few cases by drowning. Under this cruel policy and the combined opposition of a number of the cantons, the rising lost its force.

While these disorders were engaging his attention, Zwingli had also to cope with the determination of the Popish party to crush himself and the movement which he headed. The Federal States had refrained for a time from direct interference. But when the Reformers laid their hands upon the Mass, the States which held by the old landmarks felt that the hour for action had come. Their strength was great, and soon the outbreak of civil war seemed inevitable. The danger was averted for a time by the disastrous issue of the battle of Pavia in 1525, which cost the lives of multitudes of the Swiss troops of Francis I., and filled the valleys of the Helvetic Fatherland with weeping. The usual remedy of a public Disputation was attempted, and Baden was appointed the place of meeting. The Council of Zurich, recognising the risk he would incur, instructed Zwingli not to journey to Baden. Ecolampadius, however, took his place in the conference, while Zwingli himself toiled so strenuously, by correspondence and otherwise, for the guidance of the Council, that for six weeks he was almost a stranger to sleep. Ecolampadius, "the long yellow man," made a great impression, even upon his adversaries, by his modesty, his devout spirit, and the rare intellectual force with which he led the Protestant argument. But the Popish party was in a great majority, and Eck was there, who had long wished to take off the edge of his defeat at Luther's

hand, and "repair the notch," as it has been said, "which had been made in his sword in the tournament at Leipsic." The majority decreed that the circulation of Zwingli's writings should be forbidden, and that the great excommunication should be pronounced against himself. Zurich stood nobly by him, but seven of the Federal districts refused to renew the Federal connection with it or its abettors. The breach was at last made openly and decisively in the Swiss Fatherland, and war seemed certain. The immediate danger was again averted by a necessity which arose for meeting a new levy raised by Francis. But the five Forest cantons, along with Freiburg and the Valais, broke off finally, and concerted measures for the formation of an independent league.

## XV.

### THE CONFLICT WITH LUTHER.

The most painful and disappointing contention, however, into which Zwingli was drawn, was that with Luther. When the meaning of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper began to be keenly discussed in Germany, Zwingli published certain views of that ordinance which he had been affirming for some time. This led to a conflict of opinion between Luther and him, which had the most unhappy results. Luther insisted that the words, "This is My body," which our Saviour used in instituting the Supper, could only mean that in some way the bread *was* the Lord's body. He was far from holding with the Romish theologians that there was any change of the substance of the consecrated bread and wine into that of the flesh and blood of the Lord, nor did he venture to explain how the Lord's body could be in the bread. But he held that *somehow* the Lord was corporeally present in the Sacrament. Zwingli, on the other hand, interpreted the ordinance mainly as a commemorative rite, and took the terms of the institution to mean "this signifies My body." Luther proclaimed

his views with his customary vehemence, and attacked the more moderate theory with extraordinary passion. Zwingli for a time was able to restrain himself. But as the controversy deepened and Luther's invective became more personal and more extravagant, he was gradually led to throw aside the milder weapons of reasoning, remonstrance and irony, and to meet rage with rage. The Landgrave, Philip of Hesse, had arranged a Conference at Marburg for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation. But his well-meant attempts at a healing of the breach, seconded though they were by his own cordial attitude to both Luther and Zwingli, his generous hospitality, and his prudent arrangement of the Conference, were of no avail. Luther would only point to the word *is* ("This *is* My body"), which he had written on the table, and demanded absolute surrender. It is not too much to say that, while there were errors of temper on both sides, the advantage was with Zwingli throughout this hapless controversy. It was conspicuously so in the last sad scene, when with tears in his eyes he declared that there were none with whom he more longed to be at peace than the men of Wittenberg, and Luther, with the words, "You have another spirit," refused the hand that was offered him.

## XVI.

### TOKENS OF THE END.

Meantime the Protestant cause had been growing. The pride and violence of the Forest cantons drove Bern over to the new faith. This was the most important accession yet made. It was followed at intervals by others of considerable weight, by the cities of Strassburg, Constance, Meiningen, Lindau, by Basle early in 1529, then by St. Gallen, Schaffhausen, and part of Appenzell. Zwingli seemed now to stand at the very height of his success. But it was also his own *Archeteles*, the *beginning of the end* with him. From the time when Bern was gained, he became a different man,

less patient, less self-controlled, less disposed to seek his victories by the weapons of the Spirit, more inclined to lean upon political combinations and martial force. It must be admitted that he had some temptation to fall back upon a policy of this kind. For the Forest cantons had banded themselves in a separate league, and had entered into an alliance with the Austrian Archduke. It appeared as if there were nothing left but for the Protestant cantons and cities to unite in a counter league. This made war a certainty, and Zwingli was not blind to the fact. His hope was by a strong and sudden blow to shatter the power of the Popish party and destroy the Austrian alliance. When matters were on the very edge of the crisis, a Zurich pastor was seized on the open highway, borne off to Schwytz, and burnt there. Zwingli felt that the hour for battle had struck, and marched out with 4000 men to Cappel, on the border, between Zurich and Zug. But at the very moment when the fight should have commenced, a peace was suddenly arranged. The men of Zurich secured their own terms, freedom of preaching and all else. But Zwingli saw that the agreement was delusive, and predicted that the unwise refusal to strike when the opportunity had come would bring evil upon Zurich and the Protestant cause. And if he was right in taking up the sword at all, he was certainly right in urging a prompt and decisive blow. Disappointed in this, his busy brain conceived the bold idea of effecting a great coalition of powers, Catholic and Protestant, against the Spanish-Austrian house, which should place Philip of Hesse on the Emperor's seat. But the scheme alienated Bern and broke in his hands. In Zurich itself the vexatious ordinances which he introduced for the strict regulation of all kinds of business, the observance of the Sabbath, the games and amusements of the people, and many things else, sadly lowered his popularity. Outside his own city he became involved

did sing Psalm 90, and I observed some of them join in singing it with us. Lord, let me know what Thou wouldst have me do, especially in Thine own worship." His earnest desires for the communion of saints finds beautiful expression thus: "Notwithstanding sad divisions about the church, all saints so far as they are saints are one: one in their aims, one in their askings; one in amity and friendship, one in their interest, and one in their inheritance . . . The things on which they are agreed are more, and more considerable, than the things on which they differ. They are all of one mind concerning sin, that it is the worst thing in the world; concerning Christ, that He is all in all; concerning God's favour, that it is better than life; and concerning the Word of God, that it is very precious." This made him a loving, large-hearted, clear-minded and sympathetic Christian man.

## XII.

### FAMILY LIFE.

Philip Henry is the domestic or family saint of the seventeenth century. The home life at Broad Oak is his special glory. With nothing mystical or monkish about his quietude and retirement, he threw a halo of sanctity round all the domestic relations, and made his dwelling a proverb for everything true and pure, honourable, lovely, and of good report. What streams of gracious influence have come forth from that well-ordered and hallowed abode! Nowhere did Philip Henry shine more brightly than as prophet, priest, and king in his own house. And seldom has a scene of purer domestic order and happiness been witnessed than at Broad Oak. Morning and evening worship was so practised as to be not a mere duty, but a delight to all who engaged in it. He laboured to make the exercise instructive and helpful to young and old. In his view, it was to be "like a hem to all other business that should keep it from ravelling." Alluding to

the words chalked upon infected houses during the awful plague in London, he would say, "If the worship of God be not within a house, you may write on its door 'Lord have mercy on us,' for a plague, a curse, is there." He deemed it desirable to have the morning worship early before other work of the day, and the evening worship early, also, before children or servants began to get drowsy. Nor would he wait unduly for any absentee, but would at once begin, remarking, "Better one away than all sleepy." He commonly opened with a short prayer, invoking the Divine presence and blessing; then after singing from a psalm, he would read and expound a passage, taking Scripture in regular order; then he would briefly catechise the young people and conclude with prayer, in which he would not unfrequently mention each person by name at the throne of grace. With all this, the family devotions were so managed as not to be tedious; and the presence of strangers was never allowed to interfere with its regular discharge. Besides this, he was earnest and careful about his own private devotions. Morning and evening he and his wife prayed together according to the suggestive words of the apostle Peter: "Living together as heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered." Under February 17th, 1663, we read: "Morning prayer with my wife, omitted for some weeks, this day revived. Lord, never let me alone in sin." He would often say to his family and friends, "Make sure of your secret duty. Apostacy generally begins at the closet door." One evening a week the children and servants were examined in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and on Saturday night there was a rehearsal of the week's readings. The Lord's day he called the queen and pearl of days. He loved in the morning to salute his family with words of sacred joy, while, at the evening exercise, he was careful to have repetition of the sermon, with suitable prayers and exhortation. "Forced absence from



soul. To the end he looked upon the ministerial office with fear rather than pride, and though it became to him more and more a service of gladness, he never ceased to mingle trembling with his joy. He had a great care for his people, and a profound sense of what was due from him to each of them. The fearless and self-denying spirit in which he addressed himself to pastoral duty was nobly exhibited on various occasions of distress and danger. He had a magnificent gift of preaching; but he prepared himself for the use of his gift with an anxious and assiduous diligence which he never felt free to intermit. He searched the Scriptures with a zeal which made him master of their entire contents. He studied them with the patient and humble resolve to get at the thoughts of God in them by pains and prayer. The supreme object which he proposed to himself in all literary and scholarly acquirements was knowledge of the Word of God as the sword of the Spirit. When he began the study of the Greek Grammar, this was his declaration: "Nothing but God shall prevent me from acquiring Greek, not for fame, but for the sake of the Holy Scriptures." He had a natural eloquence, less rich and varied and overwhelming than Luther's, but yet of a high and commanding order. His words were simple and went straight to the mind of the humblest hearer. There was a fire of personal conviction in them that touched feeling, kindled persuasion, and made new creatures of the listening masses. A talent for terse and pungent imagery added to their power. "See," said he, when the Pope's envoys came with their demands for troops in defence of the territories of the Church, "See, how appropriate are their red hats and cloaks! If you shake them, out fall ducats; if you wring them, out flows the blood of your sons, brothers, and friends." Fearlessness and transparent reality were conspicuous elements in his preaching. There was no public abuse or private vice, no wrong in church, or state, or individual, that he hesitated to rebuke in

Christ's name and in the plainest terms. As he spoke with the Word of God in his hand from the pulpit, in the street, or on the battle-field, he made each man listen as if the words were meant for himself alone. "He made each man feel," says one who had experience of it, "as if some one were pulling him by the hair."

## XIX.

### THE AUTHOR AND THEOLOGIAN.

Zwingli was first and foremost a man of action. He was professedly neither a man of letters nor a divine. "It is the part of the Christian man not to talk magnificently of dogmas, but with God always to be a doer of things arduous and great." This saying of his own embodied the principle of his life. His real greatness is seen not in what he wrote, but in what he did, and in the intense personal influence which he exerted. Yet he is both a writer and a theologian of mark. His works for the most part were the products not of leisure and reflection, but of the call to meet the importunate demands of the hour. They abound, nevertheless, in noble thoughts expressed in direct, nervous, and often aphoristic terms. His theology, too, has an unmistakable character of its own. It is as distinct and pronounced as that of Luther and Calvin on the cardinal doctrines of the Reformed faith. The mediation of Christ, His High Priesthood, immediate access to God through Him—these are its most familiar notes. "In the day of trouble, put your whole trust in God, in Him who created the heavens and the earth; in the hour of death, call upon Jesus Christ alone, who bought you with His blood, and is the only Mediator between God and man." Christ is "the only Guide and Captain of salvation; he who seeks or points out any other door is a thief and a robber." "Christ is the only and eternal High Priest; from this it follows that those who have given themselves out for high priests are rejecting the glory and authority of Christ." This

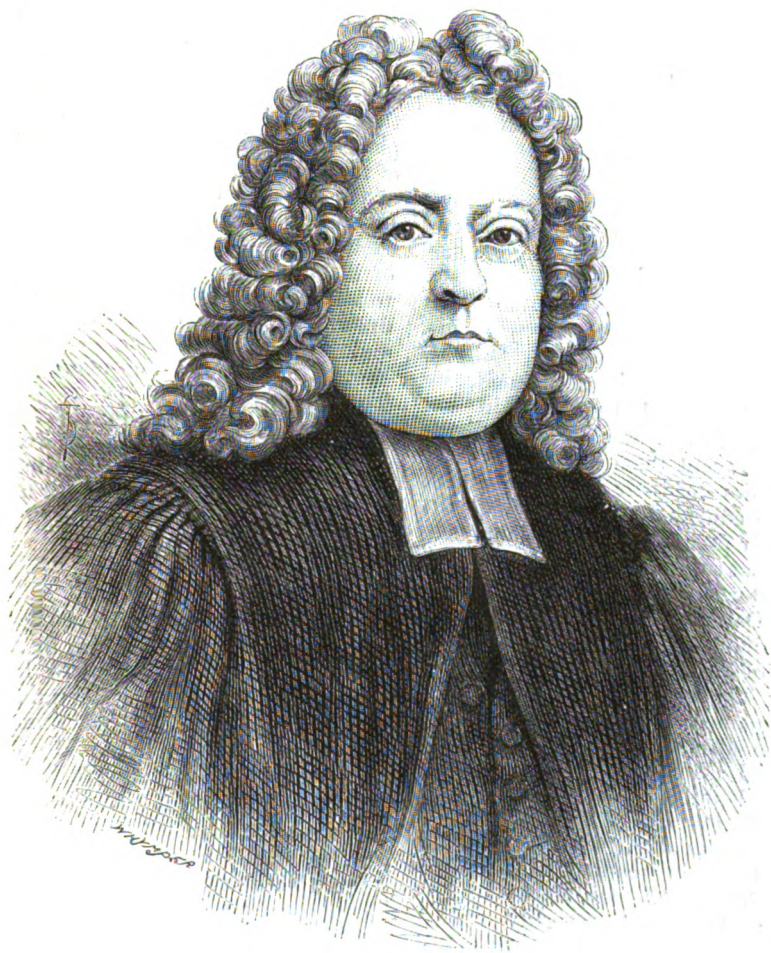
is his constant teaching. His theology, at the same time, had certain elements which were derived perhaps from his Humanist inclinations and classical studies. In its ideas of the future world it had a place of hope for the sages and heroes of antiquity. In its interpretation of the Eucharist, too, it struck into an independent path. To Zwingli the Lord's Supper was a commemorative ordinance, and a means of communing with Christ and our fellow-Christians. The Lutheran view was unintelligible to him, and Scripture, as he read it, taught nothing like a bodily presence. There is reason to conclude that in course of time he made a nearer approach to the Calvinistic theory, which affirms a real, spiritual presence of the Lord in the Supper. But his teaching on this subject is one of the chief points which gave to his system the value of an independent type of Reformation doctrine. Otherwise his theology is ruled by a few great thoughts, and is of an eminently practical interest. There were three things for which he reserved a central place in his teaching, and which were made the pivots of his entire religious thinking. These were the doctrine of God, the doctrine of election, and the idea of faith. He was a profound, though not a theoretical, predestinarian. He was a predestinarian because he had an overmastering sense of the greatness of God, His sovereignty, His majesty, His will as the force which determines all things. God was to him the one Power, the one Cause, the one Efficiency in the universe.

He himself, and his whole life, his acts, his thoughts, his experiences, were what they were simply because God reigned, and willed, and ordained. So the very heart of his theology was the conception of faith—faith in the largest possible sense, as absolute, conscious, glad dependence on God; not on a distant God, however, but on the God who is known in Jesus Christ, who saves by His grace, by whose efficiency the lot of each man is ordered and shaped, and to whose election the salvation of each is due.

On the question of Church and State he held that the Church is the whole body of believing people, and he taught with decision that the seat of ecclesiastical power is the congregation. But he made the Christian people coextensive with the civil community. The people expressed themselves through the magistracy, and to the civil magistrate belonged, in his view, the jurisdiction formerly claimed by the hierarchy. So the civil magistrate, supposed to be Christian and under law to his Lord, was invested with the duty of acting for the Church, and applying force, if need arose, to the settlement of ecclesiastical questions and the furtherance of the interests of the evangelical faith. Whatever judgment may be pronounced on these and other points of his theology, it remains his honour that in the brief space of some thirteen years he planted the Protestant faith deep in his country, and stamped the work of renewal with the indelible impress of his own powerful and original personality.

S. D. F. SALMOND, M.A., D.D.

# MATTHEW HENRY.



# MATTHEW HENRY.

---

## I.

### BIRTH AND FAMILY.

MATTHEW HENRY, the worthy son of a no less worthy father, was born at Broad Oak in the township of Iscoed, Flintshire, October 18, 1662. He was the second child of his parents; but as his elder brother John, a most promising boy, was cut off in his sixth year, Matthew Henry grew up like an only son among sisters. The four girls, Sarah, Katharine, Eleanor and Anne, who in due time graced the Broad Oak home, were his early and happy companions. Only a very little younger than himself, he and they being all born within six years, 1662-8, there was no such disparity as to prevent them being play- and school-fellows in their pleasant abode. They were educated together under the care of their parents, with occasional help from resident tutors. Young men intending to enter the ministry were drawn to Broad Oak in a double capacity. "I to help him," as Philip Henry says of the first of these, "and he to help the children: the Lord be our speed." Of another, named Turner, an Oxford student, who afterwards conformed to the Established Church, became a vicar in Sussex and published a folio *History of Remarkable Providences*, which was well thumbed in its day, we are told "he entered Katy in reading English and *Sarah in Hebrew!*" He seems to have grounded Matthew thoroughly well in elementary subjects, and was gratefully remembered. "Mr. Turner entered me a little into the principles of grammar, and my father has carried me on in it." The sweet and tender ties between brother and sisters thus genially formed in childhood were only strengthened with the growth of time, and continued unbroken save by death. Their lives were closely

and curiously bound up with one another from first to last. All the five of them were married within two years of each other. They all settled within easy distance of the parental roof, and in homes that reflected in every case, as it is pleasant to think, the gracious influences of their early training. Nor was it one of the least felicities of Matthew Henry's lot that the three youngest became with their husbands members and ornaments of his church in Chester, the eldest also, to whom he seems to have felt specially drawn, being wife of the God-fearing and prosperous farmer of Wrenbury Wood, in an adjoining neighbourhood. To the credit of all be it told that never in the life-long intercourse of this attached family circle was there known an instance of alienation or suspicion, neither an unkindly feeling nor a divided interest.

## II.

### EARLY INCIDENTS.

Filial as well as fraternal piety shone with conspicuous brightness in Matthew Henry. Deep at the root of his being lay reverence for his parents. From each of them he derived some distinguishing characteristics. He inherited from his reverend father a judicial and studious cast of mind, with a certain natural gravity, not however incompatible with *bonhomie* and good-humour. From his beloved mother came that calm equanimity and cheerful patience, with that vivacious energy of manner and mild persistence in duty which he displayed through life. Being by no means of a hardy physical nature, and in later life of a heavy and plethoric habit of body, Matthew Henry was the object of much solicitude in his early years. "Son Matthew not well" is a frequent entry in his father's diary. He had his

own share of the accidents and ailments of childhood, and his life was more than once in danger from fever, ague or measles. As he grew to boyhood, however, his constitution acquired vigour, and his education went forward apace. He early displayed a passion for books and learning. So earnest became his application that his careful mother had often from regard to his health to drive him from the study into the open air. At the age of three he could read portions of Scripture intelligently, and at seven was making progress in various branches of education. In 1671, when only nine years old, writing what seems to be a first letter to his father, who was on a visit to London, he can tell that, "every day since you went, I have done my lesson, a side of Latin or Latin verses, *with two verses in the Greek Testament*;" a fair accomplishment surely for a boy of nine. Then he adds, by way of comment about a certain illness, and in a style which illustrates how much the boy in this case was father of the man: "By this providence we may see how sin is the worst of evils, for sickness came by sin. Christ is the chief good, therefore we should love *Him*: sin is the worst of evils, therefore we should hate *it*." This is alike a result of the early training, and a curious anticipation of the frequent "*Note here*" that is to be a marked feature in the future *exposition*. Matthew Henry was a child of many prayers, and of the most constant and careful Christian nurture in the well-ordered and genial home. His parents, by their consistent and attractive example, as well as by firm yet gentle discipline, made piety to their children not a mere duty but a delight. With Matthew it grew into a simple habit and second nature. He acquired a first spiritual experience and consciousness at the age of ten. A manuscript written by him in 1675, when thirteen years old, preserves the record of it: "I think it was three years ago I began to feel concerned, hearing a sermon by my father on Psalm li. 17. *The sacrifices of God*

*are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.* This I think it was that melted me: afterwards I began to enquire after Christ." It is interesting to notice the providence which made the year 1672 peculiarly memorable to him. Father and son had just escaped serious danger from fever, and were both in an unusually tender and susceptible religious condition. Now this was the year when Charles II. was pleased to issue preaching licenses to certain classes of nonconformists. They were of two kinds, for *persons* and for *places*. Philip Henry's friends, knowing how weary he was of inaction and how willing to be of service, procured one for himself and another for Broad Oak as a licensed place. Fitting up the "meeting" room was a great event for the young people as well as an epoch for the neighbourhood. No one took more interest in this than young Matthew Henry, and "because his heart was tender toward the Lord his God," few profited more from these "days of the Son of Man." Once especially, we are told, after listening to a sermon on the grain of mustard seed as illustrative of true grace in its germination and growth, he opened his mind to his father and unburdened his young desires and anxieties in the course of a walk they took together. The conversation has not been preserved, but he confided afterwards to a sister his earnest hope that the quickening principle was now implanted, which though small for the present, would he thought by God's blessing grow in time to something.

### III.

#### STUDIES AT HOME.

Up to his eighteenth year, Matthew Henry enjoyed the full benefit of his father's immediate supervision and personal help in all his studies. He was not insensible to the advantages thus possessed, nor did he fail to value and profit by them. Philip Henry, with his vigorous intellect and thorough scholarship, was in every way pre-eminently

qualified to quicken and direct his son's growing intelligence, setting before him a high standard, and imbuing him with his own taste for clear thinking and pointed accuracy of expression. We picture them at work together in that snug study, with its well-appointed library, the lad poring over his lessons, and preparing translations or versions for his father's eye, while the kindly grave divine himself is seated at his writing-table, transcribing into the big folio commonplace book before him some choice extract from a favourite author, or compacting his own sermonic thoughts with those memorable and expressive phrases that are afterwards to do such service when shot as winged arrows from the bow. But whatever subjects they prosecute together, be they Greek and Latin classics, Hebrew, philosophy, history, or other branches, it is easy to see that they are studied more or less with an eye to *Scripture learning*: and are connected with that admirable kind of exercise to which Philip Henry has accustomed and trained his children, the habit of jotting down with care the recollection of sermons they have heard or books they have read. Thus Matthew Henry develops both in mind and in character under the moulding influence of a father whom he reveres, and in whom he delights. Rendered older than his years by such close and constant companionship, we notice that he is allowed—what was a great stretch of privilege in those days—to remain in the room and even join in the conversation when some trusty friends of the family happen to call. It may be Roland Hunt, the Squire of Boreatton, or Mr. Luke Lloyd of the Bryn, or some other county yeoman; but more probably it is some “ejected minister” like the “quaint and lively” Richard Steel, who took part in Philip Henry's ordination in 1657, and is destined to take part in Matthew Henry's too, in London thirty years afterwards, in 1687; or it may be the able and learned Francis Tallents, ejected from Shrewsbury, whose funeral sermon young Matthew will

preach, and whose elaborate copper plates of “Universal History and Chronology” were regarded as a marvel in their day; or it may be the good old sufferer William Cook from Chester, or the vigorous James Owen of Oswestry, or modest John Meldrum of Newport, of whom Mr. Henry says in the funeral sermon, “The relics of so much learning, piety, and humility, I have not seen this great while laid in a grave.”

#### IV.

##### SENT TO LONDON.

But the time came when it was necessary to take further steps for completing young Matthew Henry's education. However much he profited by his home studies, the need of enlarging their scope, and of his mingling with others of kindred aim and spirit, was increasingly felt. Philip Henry, as a University man, had strong sympathy with large and generous culture; but it was a serious and difficult question, as matters then stood, whether to enter his son at Oxford, send him over to Holland or elsewhere abroad, or retain him still with himself. However much his own preference might once on a time have disposed him to the first course, it was now, alas! rendered impossible, the way to the national seats of learning being barred by those recent statutes, oaths, and tests which had been directed against exactly such cases and families as his. The idea also of Matthew going abroad for study was on many grounds hard to entertain. But at this moment the door into a third course seemed providentially to open. A remarkable man in his way, though his name may not look the most promising, was the Rev. Thomas Doolittle, or Doolittle, M.A., formerly of Pembroke College, and afterwards Rector of the parish of St. Alphege in London. Belonging to Kidderminster, and owing much of his spiritual zeal and vigour to Richard Baxter, this worthy minister is known as the courageous founder of the very *first* meeting-house in London

after the Act of Uniformity, and also as the *last* survivor of all his London fellow-ejected brethren, living on as he did till 1707. Quietly ignoring the severely persecuting statutes, he had first opened a worship-room at Bunhill Fields, and then actually proceeded to build the large and stately meeting-house which stood in Monkwell Street, Cripplegate. He was the first also to venture on opening an academy at Islington for training young divines, so as to perpetuate a Presbyterian ministry outside the pale of the National Church. Such an attempt could hardly be expected to go on long in the face of the violent spirit then unhappily prevailing; but till the authorities should crush it, Philip Henry resolved to support the effort. He set out therefore for London in July 1680, with Matthew and his "Cousin Bosier," who had been to Oxford, but who shortly after died in the midst of great promise.

The journey on horseback from Broad Oak to London occupied five days. Writing a long account of it to his sisters, with his first impressions of the Great City, Matthew says: "Yesterday we went to Mr. Doolittle's meeting house, his church I may call it, for many a church will not hold nearly so many people. There are several galleries: it is all pewed, and has a brave pulpit a great height above the people." Here his father preached in the afternoon and repeatedly elsewhere during his visit. How long Matthew remained, and what special studies he pursued under Mr. Doolittle, we are not particularly informed. It could not have been many months, for the authorities speedily interfered, in the rough fashion of those troublous times, and violently broke up the institution.

## V.

## STUDENT OF LAW AT GRAY'S INN.

Amid the scattering that followed Matthew Henry went back to Broad Oak, and it is not till April 1685, when he was in his twenty-third year, we find him in

London again, entering himself this time a law student at Gray's Inn, Holborn. Not that he had by any means abandoned the purpose of devoting himself, through good or bad report, to a Gospel ministry like his father's, however much decried or proscribed it might be. But he had to be very cautious just then how he expressed himself in his home communications; the lynx-eyed and jealous authorities not disdaining to pry even furtively into the post-bags! "Your last letter escaped opening," says his father; "but 'tis our unhappiness to be without cause suspected persons, and exposed accordingly." Deeming the law an honourable and for himself perhaps a possible profession, or at least a means of protection, should the open adoption of a nonconforming ministry be absolutely prohibited, he prosecuted legal studies meantime for their valuable mental discipline, while, as his letters show, he pursued in private his theological course. Among other means of self-improvement he acquired fair facility in French from a learned foreign teacher. "We shall be very ambitious to be your scholars in French," writes one of his sisters, who adds with playful *naïveté*, "though I think they say *one tongue* is enough for a woman." A brief letter from his beloved mother, admirably illustrates their community of spirit. "Dear child, it is much my comfort and rejoicing to hear so often from you, and though I have little to send you but love and my blessing (your father being absent) I write a line or two to mind you to keep close with God as I hope you do in solemn, secret, daily prayer . . . not forgetting what you have been taught and the covenant engagements you lie under, renewed again and again, to walk circumspectly in your whole conversation, watching against youthful lusts and evil company, sins and snares from the world and the devil. This is from your affectionate mother." One of the memories of this period was his visit to good old Richard Baxter, who after many persecutions had, in the May of that year

1685, been arraigned in the memorable trial at Guildhall before the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who, in contempt of all law and reason, had sentenced him to pay five hundred pounds, lie in prison till paid, and be bound to "good behaviour" for seven years! Writing home to his father, Matthew Henry says: "Honoured sir, on Saturday last with good Mr. Lawrence I went into Southwark to Mr. Baxter. We found him in pretty comfortable circumstances, a prisoner in a private house beside the prison. . . He is in as good health as one can expect, and methinks looks better and speaks heartier than when I saw him last. The token you sent he would by no means accept. . . from one *outed* like himself. . . I was very glad he so much approved of my present circumstances. He said he knew not why young men might not thus improve, quite as well as by travelling abroad. He gave us some good counsel. . . He sends you his respects."

## VI.

### ORDINATION AND SETTLEMENT.

It was in the midsummer of 1686, when at home for a holiday, after fourteen months' work at Gray's Inn, that Matthew Henry began to preach. Invited over to Nantwich by his dear and life-long friend, Mr. George Illidge, he conducted service for him several evenings—secretly, of course, because of the law, yet to considerable congregations—with conspicuous promise and marked effect on the hearers. He had occasion to do the same when on a visit to friends in Chester, and so strongly favourable an impression did he produce as to his pre-eminent ministerial qualifications, that a movement was set on foot that never rested till Matthew Henry agreed to settle there. Meantime, without absolutely committing himself to the good friends in Chester, yet with their proposal in view, and with his own resolutions toward the ministry greatly strengthened, both on account of his own encouraging

experience recently, and the rumours that began to prevail of the Government granting increased indulgence to non-conformists, he returned for some months to complete his term at Gray's Inn. It was immediately after, in January 1686-7, that King James II. proposed to carry out to the fullest extent his dispensing power by selling licenses to all classes of nonconformists and exempting them from molestation for religion. Few Protestants applied (the popish design of the monarch being well understood), but, being on the alert, many of the nonconformists began quietly to assemble together for worship, and in other ways sought to avail themselves of the opportunity. Matthew Henry was urgently pressed to settle in the metropolis, but he yielded rather to the importunate calls from Chester; and resolving to seek ordination ere leaving London, he signalized his exit from Gray's Inn by consenting to preach a farewell sermon to his associates in that honourable society. Taking for his text 2 Thessalonians ii. 1, he discoursed with much fervour on the blessed hope of "*our gathering together unto the Lord Jesus*," as the grand comfort under all the *separations* of life. And now that he had such an important matter as his ordination in view, he set himself to prepare for it with all diligence, and at the same time drew up a very serious and searching paper for self-examination as to his own condition before God, and as to his motives and aims in so great a work.

"I think I can say with confidence that I do not design to take up the ministry as a trade to live by. . . no, I *hope* I aim at nothing but souls, and if I gain those, though at the loss of all mere worldly comforts, I shall reckon myself to have made a good bargain.

"I think also I can say with as much assurance that my design is not to get myself a name amongst men or to be talked of in the world. No, that is a poor business.

"I can appeal to God that I have no



design in the least to maintain a party or to keep up any schismatical faction. My heart rises against the thoughts of it. I hate dividing principles and practices, and whatever others are, I am for peace and healing. *If my life-blood would be a sufficient balsam, I would gladly part with the last drop of it for the closing up of the bleeding wounds of differences among true Christians.*"

The paper, after earnest prayers and godly resolutions, closes with the solemn avowal, "Whatever opposition I may meet with in my work, by God's grace I will not be terrified therewith. If God call me to suffer, as I expect and count on, I will bear cheerfully the reproach of Christ, and choose afflictions with the people of God."

By birth and training, as well as by conviction, Matthew Henry was a Presbyterian Puritan. His father's church views and principles commanded his sympathy and approval. But being like his father, a singularly Catholic-spirited evangelical Christian, with nothing whatever in him of the ecclesiastical bigot or partizan, when some friends urged that he might find it advisable to be ordained in the Episcopal way, especially if a bishop could be had who might not rigorously insist on the more objectionable of the prescribed oaths and forms, he carefully reconsidered the whole question of ordination as set forth in Scripture and practised in the early Church. The paper has been preserved in which he drew out and sought impartially to balance the strong points of argument and reasoning on both sides of this matter. But finding himself by the process confirmed and strengthened in his original judgment, he applied without delay to some of the best known Presbyterian divines in London, and by them, after all due probation and examination, he was solemnly but secretly ordained by laying on of hands, with prayer and fasting, 9th of May, 1687. Some years later, when the Toleration Act was passed, he received a full certificate of his ordination, but those who did ordain

him had to be very cautious meanwhile because of the law, and would only declare their assurance of his being a truly ordained minister of the Gospel. Furnished with this attestation, Matthew Henry proceeded to Chester, and on the 2nd of June, which was the usual Thursday lecture, he began his career of sacred usefulness by preaching from 1 Cor. ii. 2: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." His friend and neighbour, the Rev. William Tong (who wrote the *Life* of him usually prefixed to the *Commentary*), was present on the occasion, a witness of the people's joy and thankfulness. "It may be truly said," he observes, "that they received him as an angel of God."

## VII.

### IN CHESTER.

Thus, at the age of twenty-five, Matthew Henry was settled in Chester, where other twenty-five out of the remaining twenty-seven years of his comparatively brief life were to be passed in earnest anxious ministerial service. As he did not remove to London till two years before he died, his name and labours must always remain associated with Chester. A public obelisk has been erected there in his honour. And to show the esteem in which his memory is now held, it is pleasant to think of all parties in the general community uniting to raise it; an honourable tribute that pleasantly affects the stranger as he wanders through the interesting place. No visitor can fail to remember the quaint and foreign look of the old city, its venerable monuments, its streets radiating at right angles from the Cross to the four gateways, its ancient walls, the only ones remaining entire in an English town through a compass of two miles, and above all, those unique specimens of mediæval architecture, the curious "Rows," about which so much learning and research have been expended. Among the outstanding historic

features of Chester are its varied religious memories and associations. From the days of such early Puritan leaders as Christopher Goodman and William Whittingham, who were both born here, and who became colleagues of Knox in the Church of the Exiles in Geneva, it had never been lacking in such a succession. When called, therefore, to preside over a handful of oppressed though attached people, Matthew Henry was not unconscious of a noble ancestry behind him; and so with a quiet fortitude and prayerful zeal, he set himself to carry forward the work of pious predecessors. The times were changeable and fraught with difficulty and danger, but the attempt was not unhelpful. The penal statutes were not being enforced at the time, while the following year, 1688-9, with its "glorious revolution," brought further and more settled relief. Up to this time the little company had secretly met in one of their own dwellings; but their numbers and zeal so increased in prospect of having Mr. Henry for their minister, that one of their number, Mr. Henthorne, a prosperous sugar-baker, offered a portion of his large premises for their use. This happened to be part of an old Friary, on which the people set to work one Monday morning, and had it all ready for service next Lord's day. Here they worshipped upwards of twelve years, the first half exactly of Mr. Henry's ministry among them when they entered their new meeting-house in 1700. Besides a number of substantial tradesmen, he found warm supporters in some of the professional and merchant classes, and had the countenance also of a few rather prominent citizens, who, though in communion with the Church of England, attended some of his services, and were attached personal friends. What, however, chiefly conduced to the comfort of his settlement was his marriage immediately after, in August of that same year, 1687, with Katharine, only daughter of Samuel Hardware, Esq., of Bromborough, Cheshire. This was a peculiarly happy union, though ren-

dered all too brief by her early death in eighteen months—14th of February, 1689—from small-pox, after the birth of a daughter, who was mercifully spared to the bereaved husband.

## VIII.

### PREACHER AND PASTOR.

With the Revolution of 1688-9 came the Toleration Act of William and Mary. In the eyes, however, of the Prince of Orange, with his more liberal ecclesiastical views, the proposals made in this measure were too meagre a concession to religious liberty. A "Comprehension Bill," entitled, "An Act for uniting their Majesties' Protestant subjects," was simultaneously introduced, therefore, into the House of Lords. This was of the nature of a strong and sweeping reform in the Church of England, with the design of gathering again the Presbyterians and other nonconformists into the national communion. The fate of such a measure was eagerly watched by Matthew Henry and many of his co-religionists, who were understood to be favourably disposed. The amendments in the Canons, Statutes, and Prayer Book proposed to Parliament by the great Commission amounted to nearly six hundred: among the most important, being the disuse of the Apocrypha in public worship, the change of "priest" to "minister," and "Sunday" to "Lord's Day," and the omission of all objectionable expressions. Presbyterian ordinations were to be held valid, and the use of the surplice, the sign of the cross in Baptism, and kneeling at Communion were to be left optional. For good or evil, however, the scheme failed, and this last attempt at "Comprehension" proved abortive. Availing himself, like his brethren, of the Toleration Act, which protected all who would declare their adhesion to the *doctrinal* as distinct from the disciplinary or ritual portion of the Thirty-nine Articles, Matthew Henry set himself with redoubled hope and energy, under the

altered but promising condition of things, to fulfil his Gospel ministry. And nobly did he acquit himself in public and private, in pulpit and pastorate. Every Lord's day morning, after secret and family devotions, he joined his congregation in public worship at nine o'clock. The service opened with the hundredth Psalm, then followed a brief but fervent invocation: then a portion from Old Testament Scripture was solemnly read and expounded in its order. After a second singing he prayed again at greater length; then followed the sermon of about an hour, with a closing prayer, singing and benediction. The service lasted upwards of two hours, while that in the afternoon was exactly similar, except that he then expounded from the New Testament Scriptures. How he excelled in the ministry of the Word of God and in prayer need not be said. The collection of Psalms and Scriptural hymns he issued for general use shows the high importance he attached to "the service of song in the house of the Lord." His mind, like his father's, was remarkably methodical. His sermons ran in series; but he saved them from monotony by the interesting grouping of his texts and subjects. If a course of doctrinal divinity occupied one of the Sabbath services for fourteen years, he varied the matter by occasional excursions into other fields, while at the second service he pursued quite a different line of practical and experimental preaching. "Penitent reflections and pious resolutions" was, for example, a theme he pursued for months together from the general text, "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies." This led him to such antithetic passages as these:—

I. "I have sinned" (Psalm xli. 4): "I will do so no more" (Job xxxiv. 32); or,

II. "I have done foolishly" (2 Sam. ii. 10): "I will behave myself wisely" (Psalm ci. 2).

Or again it might be that after taking a broad practical summons such as "Put off the old man with his deeds and put

on the new man," he would pursue it into detailed exhortations under subordinate texts, in this wise:—

Put off pride (Jer. xiii. 15) and put on humility (1 Pet. v. 5).

Put off contention (Gen. xiii. 8) and put on peaceableness (Jas. iii. 17).

Put off hypocrisy (Luke xii. 1) and put on sincerity (Josh. xxiv. 14).

And finally, Put off self (Matt. xvi. 24) and put on the Lord Jesus (Rom. xiii. 14).

His preaching was intensely evangelical, as well as spiritual and practical. "I am most in my element when preaching Christ." He says in another place he was "best pleased when on that sweet subject," for "the more I think and speak of Christ, the more reason do I see to love, adore, and follow Him."

He was fond of Scripture expressions and allusions with which to illustrate his sermons and render them edifying. Thus, in cautioning against the danger of carnal security, he exclaims: "By it we are in danger of being shorn of our strength, as Samson when he laid his head on Delilah's lap. By it we are in danger of having tares sown in our hearts, as they were in the corn-field while men slept. We are in danger of being robbed by it of both our defence and our comfort, as Saul was of his spear and water-cruze when he slept. We are in danger of being nailed to the earth by it, as Sisera was when he slept in Jael's tent. We are in danger of being given up to sleep, as the disciples in the garden, when bidden to 'sleep on now!' It is a dismal thing to be let alone in carnal security."

During his Chester ministry he went five times through the Psalms in devotional exposition, specially delighting in them for his weekly "lecture" each Thursday evening, which had, however, for its longest series, *The Questions of Scripture*, lasting—as these did, with intervals—for twenty years. In October 1692 he began with Gen. iii. 9: "Adam, where art thou?" and did not close till May 1712, with Rev. xviii. 18: "What city is like unto this Great City?"

The ordinances of Baptism and the

Lord's Supper were attended to by him with great solemnity, his own soul on such occasions being all aglow with gracious delight and fervour. He observed also with his people regular quarterly fasts, besides keeping those days of humiliation or thanksgiving appointed by public authority, then so common, and the occasions of which he sought always religiously to improve. Some of the best of his published efforts were connected with these special seasons.

He took great interest in the young, having peculiar aptitude and delight in dealing with this portion of his flock. Besides often preaching to them, he devoted an hour every Saturday to public training of them by means of the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism and his own two little manuals, the Scripture Catechism for seniors, and the more simple one he prepared for children. Many dated their first religious convictions and impressions from these exercises. The dispensation of ordinances being exclusively entrusted to him, the whole responsibility of admitting to Church privileges and membership rested in his hands, together with all the exercise of discipline. This added greatly to the weight of his authority, and not less to the weight of his care. The use of so high a pastoral function was prosecuted ever by him with the most watchful and prayerful concern. Besides the oversight of the sick, and habitual visitation of the people in their homes, he kept up two kinds of conferences; one more stated and solemn, for young people and catechumens; and the other of a more social kind, for pious intercourse and the cultivation of Christian fellowship. By such means not only did his congregation increase in numbers and influence from time to time till the number of communicants amounted to three hundred and fifty, but the interests of real and vital godliness greatly advanced, and the work of the Lord prospered in his hands. His great aim was to do the work of a true shepherd of souls according to the New Testament.

## IX.

### PRIVATE AND FAMILY LIFE.

For eighteen months after the death of his first wife, Matthew Henry continued to reside in the same house with her parents. When about to retire, however, to their little country estate, they not only advised a second marriage, but recommended him to another of their relatives; and in July 1690, to the great satisfaction of all concerned, he was united to Mary, daughter of Robert Warburton, Esq., of the Grange, Cheshire, a godly Puritan of honourable descent, and of a family whose house had been a sanctuary for silenced and ejected ministers. Domestic felicity again crowned his lot, and the next six years were probably the happiest of his life, when "the candle of the Lord shone on him" with almost uninterrupted comfort.

But brightest sunshine casts darkest shadow. Trials came to him, as they do in frequent experience, "not in single guise, but in battalions." The last four years of the century, 1696-1700, though fullest of life's pains, were perhaps also to him fullest of profit, however bitter the discipline. He had begun to keep a diary, like his father. Under 1 July, 1696, we read: "Death comes nearer and oftener. In January it came into our *classis*, removing the good minister of Knutsford: in February into the Friary here, and took away our neighbour: in March into my own house, carrying off my cousin: in April into our family circle by the death of my venerable father-in-law, Warburton, when my own dear father himself wrote: 'The fathers, where are they? One now gone, the other going.' At the end of May I said with thankfulness, here is a month I have not buried a friend, but"—referring to his honoured father's sudden decease—"June has brought it worst and nearest of all." Then he adds pathetically that Broad Oak had become to him *Allan Baccuth* now, the *Oak of Weeping*. Next year, 1697, his three married sisters in

Chester, Katharine, Eleanor, and Anne, who had become respectively Mrs. John Tylston, Mrs. Samuel Radford, and Mrs. John Hulton, were seized with fever: the first barely recovered, but the two younger died within three weeks of each other. They were worthy and pious women, deeply lamented. Brief but instructive memoirs of them by their brother are usually appended to the *Life and Diaries* of their eldest sister, Mrs. Sarah Savage, of Wrenbury Wood, who long outlived all the rest. His *Journal* proceeds: "18 Oct. 1697. By the good hand of my God upon me, have finished my thirty-fifth year, half the age of man. Now in full zenith, but my sun may 'go down at noon.' Affected this morning, when alone, in thinking—*What I was born, a rational yet helpless and sinful creature: where I was born, in the Church of God, a land of light, a home of prayer: and wherefore I was born, to glorify God my Maker, and prepare to get to heaven.*" Or again: "1 Jan. 1698. I begin this year with a solemn renewed dedication of my whole self to God in Christ as my God. Oh! to make this the axis and centre of every year's revolution!" On suddenly losing one of his children in 1698, he observes: "It is a smarting rod, but in the hand of my heavenly Father. Little children thus taken are like the *Milky Way*, individuals scarce distinguishable, but all together *beautifying heaven.*" The year 1699, with other bereavements, painfully deprived him of two of his beloved and respected brothers-in-law, both in the prime of their days: Dr. Tylston, whose death he felt "an unspeakable loss; so fine a scholar, so pious a Christian, and so true a friend I despair again to meet in this world;" and Mr. Radford, of no less sterling worth, whose orphan children Mrs. and Mr. Henry received into their family and treated them like their own. A son and five daughters, by his second marriage, outlived Matthew Henry. The son Philip took the name of Warburton on inheriting the Grange Estate.

## X.

## AS A PUBLIC MAN.

The ecclesiastical life of England witnessed a new and striking phenomenon in the early "meeting-houses." Hundreds of these sprang up all over the country during the generation following the Revolution settlement. They marked the rise of the "Dissenting Interest" under protection of law, and indicated a totally fresh departure in the nation's religious policy. One of the earliest and most substantial was that built for Matthew Henry in 1700, at a cost of £600 or more, during the thirteenth year of his ministry in Chester. His opening sermon on "Separation without rebellion," from a most characteristic text—Josh. xxii. 22–3—sufficiently indicated the thankful yet deprecatory spirit of the occasion. To avoid offence, it was not published at the time, and only saw the light in 1726, long after his death, with a commendatory preface by Dr. Watts. In 1707 a gallery had to be added to accommodate the remaining members of a small and struggling body of fellow-Presbyterians, towards whom and whose ministers Matthew Henry had always displayed rare magnanimity and brotherly kindness. But the increasing cares of his own church and household by no means absorbed his time and capabilities; and as his reputation grew, many and varied were the demands made for his services, which were in constant request. Nor did he hesitate about spending and being spent in his Master's cause for the general good. One of his early beneficent efforts was the earnest Christian work among the wretched prisoners and criminals in Chester gaol, which he persisted in for twenty years, and only desisted when the curate of St. Mary's unworthily incited the governor to interfere.

There were then no philanthropic religious societies. When the one "for the reformation of manners" was started, he threw himself into it with his whole soul, preaching often and ably on its

behalf, and continuing his efforts long after his fellow-workers had grown lukewarm in the cause. By his zealous evangelistic ministrations the towns and villages around Chester mightily profited, as he preached in some of them once a month, and in others still more frequently. He extended these home-missionary excursions far and wide, carrying the Gospel into many a dark corner like life from the dead. His annual visits to certain places in Lancashire, Staffordshire, and adjacent parts were extremely serviceable to many struggling congregations, which survive to this day, and cherish the memory and retain the sweet savour of these self-denying and indefatigable apostolic labours. The effects of his reviving and quickening ministry may be gathered from that repertory of facts and observations, the *Notitia Cestriensis* of Gastrell, who became Bishop of Chester in the year of Matthew Henry's death. When the Union between Presbyterian and Independent ministers of London was constituted in 1691 on the nine heads of agreement, a similar one in Cheshire found in Matthew Henry a warm and zealous supporter. It met twice a year for consultation and mutual encouragement, the minutes from 1691 till its dissolution in 1745 being still extant. He served it some time as secretary, and sought to make it in every way as efficient as possible. Ordaining young men to the ministry, often six or eight at one time, was a prominent though by no means its exclusive function. More and more had he to take a leading part in such a service, the ordination of Dr. Benyon at Broad Oak to succeed his father being apparently the first in which he did so. Another he thus notifies: "June 17, 1770. Went to Macclesfield to join with my brethren the ministers of Cheshire and Lancashire in an ordination. Formerly have declined that work, but now see it is a service that must be rendered. Am satisfied of the validity of such an ordination by the laying-on of the hands of the Presbytery: and though we want a national establish-

ment, yet that cannot be essential. I went with a true desire to honour God and promote the interests of Christ's Kingdom."

## XI.

### HIS EARLIER AND MINOR WRITINGS.

Although Matthew Henry's great achievement is of course THE EXPOSITION or Bible Commentary, with which his name has become most familiarly associated, his was in many other ways a diligent and prolific pen. He modestly began the work of authorship by an anonymous little treatise in 1690 on *The real nature of schism*, in which he seeks to show that it is a *spirit* of uncharitable distance or bitterness of feeling among those who call each other Christians, and consequently there may be schism raging within the same communion, and there may be separation of communion and yet be no schism. Next came, though at an interval of eight years, that delightful book, the *Life and Memoirs* of his father, Philip Henry, which Dr. Chalmers declares "one of the most precious religious biographies in our language." Nothing he issued has ever commanded so large a circulation, even in his own religiously unimpressible age, and nothing has better deserved it. If we reckon his various sermons, preached and printed in connection with public or special circumstances, his minor publications amount to thirty-eight at least, and some of them, like the *Directions for Daily Communion with God*, are considerable treatises. His *Communicant's Companion* and his *Method of Prayer* are admirable manuals for their respective subjects, and have been a boon to many; while the very last little book he wrote, on the *Pleasantness of a Religious Life*, has been often republished and proved a sweet persuasive to the life it so graciously recommends. His aim in all he wrote was not merely to be useful, but directly to promote the cultivation of evangelical piety. Fond, like his father, of pithy and aphoristic forms of expression, he delighted in

words and sayings that by cleaving to the memory might stick fast in heart and conscience; and if quaintness, ingenuity or antithesis would render them more barbed or pointed, so much the better. "The Gospel will never *save* you, if it be not allowed to *rule* you." "Those that will not be *warned* by God's judgments, may expect to be *wounded* by them." "True repentance is never too late, but late repentance is seldom true." "God has a book as well as a bottle for our tears, and he notices whether we weep for our sorrows only or for our sins." "True repentance is both *from* sin and *for* sin." "We are to consider the *end* of sin that we may avoid its *beginnings*." "God's bounty leaves room always for man's duty." "To be angry at nothing but sin is the way not to sin in anger." "To render evil for evil is brutish, and evil for good is devilish; to render good for good is human, but good for evil is Christian." "The ministry is the *best calling*, but the worst trade in the world." Matthew Henry is full of such pleasantly profitable things, and they come so easily and unforced from him; like natural processes they "drop as the rain and distil as the dew." At times he could glow with impassioned warmth and fervour, and could rise into a most heart-searching and awakening style. "Think not we are too earnest in urging you to leave your sins by accepting of Christ. It is no time to dally and trifle when precious souls are at stake, and their eternal condition so nearly concerned. The blood of your souls would lie at our door if we should not give you warning. What shall I say to startle you? That which I am sure is weighty enough, though neither new nor surprising. Shall I tell you that the God with whom we have to do is a holy, righteous, all-seeing God? For sinners to mistake this is to make them feel secure. Oh, let me direct you. Seek unto Jesus. Let a sense of your need and danger drive you to Him with all speed. Take heed of laying aside convictions. *It is bad freezing again after a thaw.* Let not

this call be lost. What effect it may have I know not, but I have delivered my soul."

## XII.

## THE COMMENTARY.

Long before Matthew Henry began to write his COMMENTARY for the press, he had been preparing for it, and no less, in God's providence, been himself becoming singularly prepared. "If any desire to know how so mean and obscure a person as I came to venture on so great a work, I can give no other account of it but this. It has long been my practice what little time I had to spare to spend it in drawing up expositions on some parts of Scripture. Every man that studies hath some beloved subject which is his delight above any other, and this is mine. It is that learning which it was my happiness from a child to be trained up in by my ever honoured father." Or as another puts it, "Like the Spartan babe whose cradle was his father's shield, it is scarcely a figure to say that the Bible was the pillow of his infant head. What has been remarked of an enthusiast in *Egyptian* antiquities, that he had grown quite *pyramidal*, may be applied to the Presbyterian minister at Chester, that he had grown entirely *biblical*." For years he had been revolving the matter, and in 1700 had made a tentative effort; but the following notice in his Journal shows the true commencement. "November 12, 1704. This night, after many thoughts of heart and many prayers, I began my Notes on the Old Testament. Not likely I shall live to finish it. . . . I go about it with fear and trembling, lest I exercise myself in things too high for me. The Lord help me to set about it in great humility." This entire sympathy with what he was about, this power of entering into the spirit of Sacred Scripture, and his own evident relish for the things of God, is what stands to him in the room of genius, and lends its charm to his exposition. As one says, "Fitness and fondness for the work, yet with 'fear

and trembling' and 'many prayers'; yes, these are the secrets of its success." His diary reveals with what earnest and devout breathings, with what industrious care, and with what union of intense thankfulness and real sincerity of purpose, he carried on the work. "O that I may find Christ in the Old Testament and be led into the mystery of godliness." "Have obtained help of God to go on with much comfort: find pleasure in my studies for which I praise my God." "Ashamed of my own defects. The Lord grant they may not be a prejudice to my design."

With unflagging zeal and increasing zest he kept at the work till life's close. Consecrating every available moment to the congenial task, he was usually in his study by four or five o'clock in the morning, and often in the night watches when kept from sleep through illness in the family, he would sit down "to do a little at the Exposition." By September 1706, his notes on the Pentateuch were ready for the press. His mother was spared to see this first volume published; but hardly expecting at her advanced age to get through it all, she began with Deuteronomy, and passed to her rest a few months later, May 25, 1707. Every second year found another small folio ready for issue. The fourth volume completed the Old Testament, and, prompt to time, the fifth, embracing the Gospels and Acts, was finished April 17, 1714. This, however, was his last. Two months afterwards he was dead, and as his Latin epitaph beautifully suggests, "The mysteries contained in the Apostolic Epistles and Book of Revelation he went to gaze into more closely in heaven." With the help of his preparations and jottings some ministerial brethren finished the work. Their names and respective parts are given in most editions. "They took up," says one, "the fallen pen and completed a sixth volume, but they did not continue *Matthew Henry*." The same writer adds, "It would be easy to name commentators more critical, more philoso-

phical, or more severely erudite, but none more successful in making the Bible understood." Whatever may be said of its merits or demerits, there is no gainsaying the fact that for continuous hold on the religious public, for the number and variety of its editions to suit all ranks and classes, and for greatness of circulation, it out-distances all competitors as a popular Bible exposition. Injustice is sometimes done by not regarding the author's aim. "It is the top of my ambition to assist the truly serious in *searching* Scripture." He meant it to be read with learned and more critical works, such as Poole's *Synopsis*, and be to them a kind of spiritual supplement. "The Word of God is to be a *light*, not only to our eyes, but to our feet, and a *lamp to our path*. We are concerned not only to *perceive* its meaning, but to *receive* its impressions, so as to improve them to some good practical purpose. We must ask not merely, what is this? but what is this *to us*? Enquiry of this sort I aim to answer. When by critical explication of the text, the stone has been rolled away from the well's mouth, still, to many who would drink, 'the well is deep, and they have nothing wherewith to draw.' Some such may find a bucket here, or water drawn to their hands. Pleased shall I be with this office of the Gibeonites, to draw for the people out of these wells of salvation." To unsympathetic and unspiritual minds it may be "tedious" and "dreary," but to the Christ-seeking and Christ-loving, of whatever denomination or attainment, its esteem will be usually very different. It would be easy to present a long array of eulogistic references, and multiply indefinitely the favourable testimonies. Doddridge says, "Mr. Henry is perhaps the only Commentator so large that deserves to be entirely and attentively read through. The remarkable passages should be marked." The venerable Romaine, in his own folio edition of 1761, declares "there is no comment on the Bible, ancient or modern, in all respects



equal to this." Did not George Whitefield often peruse it on his bended knees? Men like Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers extolled its merits, and in their ripest years found nurture and refreshment from its daily reading. Above all the books of its class it has furnished help to the pulpit, and ministered sap to the roots of piety in the Anglo-Saxon race. For what has been well called its "sanctified common-sense," for sympathetic as distinct from exegetical insight, for fine catholicity of temper and unfailing urbanity, for sincerity of tone and warmth of piety, for expressing and preserving the real savour of the Word in a well-sustained flow of vigorous and racy English, it has long held deservedly, and seems destined still to hold, a foremost place, being at this moment more popular than ever, not only at home, but throughout America and in the Colonies.

### XIII.

#### REMOVAL TO HACKNEY.

The ministerial services of Matthew Henry were greatly coveted by congregations in London. He received numerous calls to settle there. So early as 1699 the church at Hackney, on the death of their learned and eloquent pastor, Dr. William Bates, urged him, without avail, to become successor to that distinguished man; and soon after he also declined a flattering invitation to be lecturer at Salter's Hall, in room of another gifted divine. When the early volumes of the *Commentary* made his name yet better known, these invitations multiplied. In the year 1708 he was presided by both the church at the Old Jewry and that at Silver Street, which was vacant by the death of John Howe's successor, to become their minister. But both of these, though backed up by earnest solicitations from influential London ministerial brethren, he saw fit to decline. The church at Hackney having, however, once more lost its minister by death, turned again to Matthew Henry in 1710

with increased importunity. After well-nigh a year of pressure on their part, and much painful anxiety and hesitation on his own, during which he kindly visited them and showed his reasons for remaining in Chester, he at length was persuaded to visit them again. "In May 1711 I went to them and stayed till the end of July. I never had been away so much as *one* first Lord's day of any month till now since coming to Chester twenty-four years ago." The London ministers insisted that on public grounds he should remove to Hackney, and after further struggle he consented to come, though not till the following spring. He has set down with great care the considerations that moved him, however reluctant, to this decision. Among them were, the crying need of London at the time, with the clamorous and constant appeals to him on all sides; the lawfulness and sometimes the real expediency of a minister's removal, for, being married to his work and not to his people, his judgment must rule it over his strongest affections. He had not been without his discouragements recently in Chester, however loving and attached the congregation had been. In fact, he was suffering under that tremendously reactionary tide of political and ecclesiastical frenzy, with its illiberal measures against the "Dissenting Interest," that culminated in the "Schism Bill," and under whose influence the Toleration Act itself was scarcely safe. The nation was again touching one of its lowest moral depths, and an age of spiritual torpor was quickly setting in. On May 18, 1712, Matthew Henry began his labours at Hackney, adhering closely to the lines he had all along followed. The Hackney congregation was not large; only a hundred communicants. Worst of all, the spiritual life was beating low, and religious dulness prevailed around ere spreading to the provinces. Matthew Henry found plenty to do in struggling against the tide, but he did it with a will, and in the spirit and power of his Master. Now in his fiftieth year, and in the full maturity of

his powers, he lent the benefit of his experience and services without stint to his needy brethren about him. Called to preach almost every day in the week, and twice, often thrice, on the Lord's day, he found it uphill work with many discouragements, but he toiled bravely. Here is an experience after a "Tuesday-night lecture" for a friend: "8 March, 1713. As I came home, was robbed by four men. The thieves took from me ten or eleven shillings. Have reason to be thankful. I who have travelled so much was never robbed before."

#### XIV.

##### THE END.

His death came suddenly. When he left Chester in 1712, he promised to pay an annual visit to his former flock. He did so the very next summer, 1713, and set out a second time in May 1714. He had been weary and unwell, but the weather was fine, and his errand was a gracious and pleasant one. During his stay he was abundant in labours, preaching also at Wrexham, Knutsford, and other favourite places. The last two Sabbaths in Chester, which were the last two he spent on earth, were fitly employed. On one of them he preached on the text, "There remaineth a rest to the people of God;" and on the other, June 20, on "Let us therefore fear lest, a promise being left of

entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." This *sabbatism*, on which he loved to expatiate so sweetly, was very near at hand to him. On Monday, June 21, he set out for London, engaging to preach at Nantwich that very night. It was there he preached his *first* sermon; it was there he preached his *last*. His horse had stumbled, but, declaring he felt no injury from the fall, he went through with the service. Immediately after, however, he felt heavy and sleepy. On being awaked, he knew his extreme danger, and turning to his dear friend George Illidge beside him, he said: "You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine: A life spent in the service of God, and communion with Him, is the most pleasant any one can live in this world." He was soon seized with apoplexy, and at eight on Tuesday morning, June 22, he fell asleep. His eldest sister's diary has these entries:

"Wednesday, 23 June. I went to the place to take leave of the dear earthen vessel, in which was lodged such treasure. Nothing of death to be seen on his face—rather something of a smile. Friday, 25 June. We gathered up the mantle of this dear Elijah. Took the remains to Chester. We laid him in Trinity Church, beside his first wife, accompanied by a vast crowd desiring to pay their tribute to his blessed memory."

ALEX. H. DRYSDALE, M.A.

# PATRICK HAMILTON.



*Copied by permission from a portrait in the possession of the University of Glasgow.*

# PATRICK HAMILTON,

THE SCOTTISH MARTYR OF 1528.

## I.

### HIS FAMILY.

PATRICK HAMILTON, though not the first in Scotland to witness and to suffer for the saving truths of the Gospel, was the first who died for them after the beginning of the work of Luther. He was born at Kingscavel, or Kincavel, near Linlithgow, about the year 1504. "Perhaps few people nowadays," says a recent writer, "care for any closer acquaintance with the ancient town of Linlithgow than can be made during a few minutes' halt at the somewhat dreary railway station, where the traveller looks out of the carriage windows on high old houses, narrow dirty streets, and further away, the ruins of a great castle and church, and the shimmer of water through the trees behind them. And yet, during that short stay, one can scarcely fail to turn to pictures of the past, when Linlithgow was the Windsor of Scotland, its palace the fairest of all those 'built for the royal dwelling,' the scene of much of the proud, wild, and changeful life that was lived at the Court of the Stuarts. Those gray walls once rang with the sounds of revelry by which James IV. sought to drown the voices that warned him of his own approaching doom and Scotland's sorrow; within their shelter was born the queen whose beauty, whose misfortunes, and, alas! whose crimes have gained her world-wide fame. There too, long after, the followers of Bonnie Prince Charlie made one of their last rallying-points, ere the glory of Linlithgow finally perished with the hopes of the Stuart line, and the Jacobite army, marching sadly northward, left the beautiful palace a blackened ruin."

If the traveller should make a more

leisurely visit, and proceed eastwards about a mile, he would come on one of those modern villages where rows of very plain cottages, each the precise counterpart of the rest, thrown together without regard to taste or beauty, indicate an underground treasure in the form of coal, or iron, or oil, which some joint-stock company are struggling to make available for the use of man. The Kingscavel of 1888 is as unlike the Kingscavel of 1504, as the chivalrous knight who owned it at the earlier period was unlike the oil company that own it to-day. In those distant days it was the property of Sir Patrick Hamilton, who had received it from James IV., it having been, as its name denotes, part of the King's lands. Sir Patrick Hamilton was an illegitimate son of the first Lord Hamilton, whose wife was the daughter of James II.: in 1512-13 he obtained a letter of legitimization under the Great Seal. His wife, the mother of the martyr, was Catherine Stuart, daughter of the Duke of Albany and granddaughter of King James II. The marriage of her father and mother had been annulled, on the ground of propinquity, so that she was deprived of the rank and possessions she might otherwise have enjoyed, but not shut out from the society and friendship of her relations. On her mother's side she was connected with the noble family of Sinclairs of Orkney and Roslin. With regard to her life and character we have little direct information, but her son ever cherished for her the warmest affection, and when wrapt in the flames at St. Andrews, he remembered her as his Lord had remembered His mother, and commended her to the care of his friends and family.

Sir Patrick Hamilton, father of the martyr, was one of the most renowned knights of his time, and his exploits

have been handed down to posterity by several historians. Notwithstanding the bar sinister attaching to his pedigree, he was in great favour with his sovereign, and obtained from him both honours and estates. In the festivities connected with the marriage of James IV. to Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, he bore a leading part. Being a wise man, he was often employed on important embassies, and his sword was frequently drawn, and always on the side of justice and honour. The house of Kingscavel, now no more, must have been associated at all hands with the lustre of chivalry and the renown of arms, and his family would grow up in full sympathy with the brave and noble spirit for which their father was so distinguished. Truth and righteousness would shine out in their eyes as worthy of all risks and sacrifices, and loss of lands, or even of liberty and life, would seem nothing in comparison with loss of honour. Thus by the natural influences around him, God was preparing his son, the subject of this memoir, for the sacrifices that would be called for from him in a noble cause. Sir Patrick Hamilton lost his life in 1520, in a skirmish on the streets of Edinburgh, which was commonly known as "Cleanse the Causeway." The contest was between the Douglasses and the Hamiltons, who had long been fierce foes to each other. It is said that Sir Patrick, in his desire to avoid bloodshed, had gone to the Earl of Arran, the head of the Hamiltons, counselling peace, but was provoked by the Earl's son, Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, who taunted him with cowardice as the motive of his counsel. The high spirit of Sir Patrick could not endure the taunt; he rushed into the strife with such impetuosity that being far in advance of his companions he was quickly slain, along with many who followed him. Sir Patrick's eldest son was James Hamilton, Sheriff of Linlithgowshire and Governor of Blackness Castle. In 1534 he was summoned on a charge of heresy, but escaped to England. He was permitted to return

in 1540, and was the means of proving his cousin, Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, already referred to, guilty of treason, for which he was brought to immediate execution. The second son of the family was Patrick, the martyr.

## II.

### HIS EDUCATION.

We have no information as to the schools where Patrick Hamilton obtained his early education. We can more readily think of the informal training which his character would undergo in a circle of relatives, so distinguished as those among whom he lived. "It is no wonder," says Professor Lorimer,<sup>1</sup> "that we should be told by our historian that the first Reformer of Scotland was distinguished for his high breeding and courtesy, for a strong sense of honour, which made him scorn, at the bidding of fear, to desert the post of danger or duty, for a noble impatience and indignation of falsehood and hypocrisy, and for an intense love to all humane and liberal studies. . . . With the best blood of Scotland in his veins, and with the most heroic men of the kingdom to form the mind and manners of his early age, it was only natural that he should grow up to be what he afterwards became, when the endowments of divine grace had been added to the gifts of nature and the accomplishments of education, not only the most zealous, but the most courteous of evangelists. A confessor of the truth, as mild and modest and gentle in his bearing and manners as he was firm and impregnable in his spirit and principles, a martyr as learned and cultured as he was fervent and self-devoted, a master of all the new learning of the age, as well as instinct with all its revived religious zeal and ardour."

The year 1517, when Luther nailed his theses to the church of Wittenberg, was remarkable for two events in the

<sup>1</sup> *Precursors of Knox, or Memoirs of Patrick Hamilton*. By the Rev. Peter Lorimer. Edinburgh, 1857.

life of young Hamilton. The influence of his family obtained for him from the Regent the office of titular Abbot of the Abbey of Ferne in Ross-shire. He was only about thirteen, but the office was a mere sinecure, and it gave him a title to the revenues of the abbey, and furnished him with ample means for that course of study abroad on which he now entered. This was the other event that signalized the year 1517. It is rather, however, as an inference from the fact of his having taken his Master's degree at the University of Paris in 1520, than from positive information, that we conclude that 1517 was the year of his beginning his studies there. There was a close connection in those days between Scotland and France, and many a distinguished Scotchman had studied at Paris. As yet the course of study in Paris was much the same as Hamilton would have pursued had he entered as a student at St. Andrews or at Glasgow. But Erasmus had introduced a new tone into the university, the old scholastic system had become discredited, and a spirit of independent research had sprung up. Hamilton evidently participated in this spirit, for Knox says of him, "He was well learned in philosophy; he abhorred sophistry, and would that the text of Aristotle should be better understood, and more used in the schools than it was; for sophistry had corrupted all in divinity as in humanity." Erasmus was not in Paris in Hamilton's time, but the fine liberal spirit which he had introduced among scholars captivated the ardent young Scotsman, and disposed him to throw off the fetters of scholasticism. This was another step in the course of providential training by which Hamilton was prepared for his noble part in life.

But another name besides that of Erasmus came to be much heard of in Paris. In 1519, Budæus tells us that many copies were brought there of the debate at Leipsic between Luther and Eck, some of which were placed at the disposal of those of the university who

were deputed to examine the book, or to any others who were disposed to report their opinion thereon to the University. Next year Frederic of Saxony wrote to the Faculty of Theology for their opinion on Luther's views. The Sorbonne took a year to deliberate on the matter, but finally decreed (in 1521) that Luther was a heretic, and that his books should be publicly burnt. But only a few months after their judgment was published, Philip Melancthon's splendid "Defence of Martin Luther against the Furibund Decree of the Parisian Theologasters" burst like a shell upon Paris. This bold and brilliant pamphlet, pouring scorn on the doctors of the Sorbonne, not excepting the famous Scotsman, Mair, spread like wild-fire. The University, after a time of dumb astonishment, at last bestirred itself, prosecuted the booksellers that had sold the "Defence," and committed all the copies of it that could be got to the flames.

It was amid such scenes that young Hamilton, now a youth of about sixteen or eighteen, was studying at Paris, and likewise at Louvaine, to which he betook himself after taking his degree. Erasmus was living at Louvaine in 1521, and Hamilton may have gone thither in order to be introduced to him.

In 1523 we find Hamilton at St. Andrews, incorporated as a member of the University on the same day with his countryman John Major, whom Melancthon had attacked so keenly, and whom Archbishop Beaton had brought to St. Andrews. But Major had shown no disposition towards the sentiments of Luther, nor could young Hamilton have derived from him either instruction or encouragement in the ways of the Reformers. To St. Andrews he brought, as George Buchanan testified long afterwards, singular learning and remarkable talents. His friend and countryman, the distinguished Alesius or Alane, tells us that he composed what the musicians call a mass, arranged in parts for nine voices, in honour of the angels, and procured it to be sung in the cathedral of

St. Andrews, he himself acting as precentor of the choir. The fact is a testimony to his musical skill and enterprise, and also to his willingness at that time to adhere to the ritual of the Church, whatever changes he may have desired to see in her creed. Though we may believe that during all the time he was at St. Andrews, Hamilton was revolving the Lutheran doctrines, with a favourable disposition towards them, it was not till 1526 that he openly avowed his belief in them. In that year, in public disputations and preachings he openly advocated the Lutheran views. Under the very shadow of the archiepiscopal palace he avowed beliefs which both the Church and State of Scotland had denounced and interdicted. Such a proceeding could not escape the notice of the Church. The young Reformer was at once pounced upon and summoned by the archbishop to give an account of himself. What that meant he knew full well. Either he must renounce preaching what he believed to be the truth, or he must die. Hamilton was certainly not prepared for the first alternative, and as yet hardly for the second. He deemed it better to leave Scotland for a time and seek further light. Leaving the archbishop's summons unanswered, he left Scotland early in 1527, and betook himself to Germany, in search of further knowledge of the truth.

### III.

#### AT WITTEMBERG AND MARBURG.

It was natural for Hamilton in his search for more light and certainty to direct his steps to Wittemberg, where three eminent Reformers then resided—Luther, Melanchthon and Lambert. When he arrived (as Lorimer has well said), "he found the monasteries deserted, and Luther living happily with his newly-married wife, Catharina von Bora, a converted nun. He saw the churches of the city purged of the old superstitions. He heard the Gospel hymns of Luther sung in loud and fervent

chorus by crowded congregations. He saw the excellent pastor, Bugenhagen or Pomeranus, standing in the pulpit of the ancient parish church and preaching the word of life to the zealous burghers. He listened with admiration to the eloquence of Luther poured forth upon a select congregation of courtiers, state functionaries, and academics, from the pulpit of the church of the Elector's castle, the church of All Saints. In both churches he saw the Sacrament of the Lord's body and blood administered to communicants in both kinds. Luther's New Testament was in every house and in every hand in Wittemberg. The little city was crowded to inconvenience with the multitude of students who flocked from all parts of Europe to sit at the feet of Luther and Melanchthon."

But even from Wittemberg, Hamilton was drawn by another attraction. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, had taken the bold step of founding at Marburg a Protestant University. This proceeding was a remarkable proof of the power now attained by the Reformation movement. Among the professors at Marburg was Francis Lambert, a singularly earnest Christian. "As a teacher of theology, he occupied himself much more with the kernel of Christianity than with the shell." What he considered of most importance to the students of divinity was, insight into the spirit and life of the Gospel. The relations of Hamilton and Lambert became very intimate. Lambert said of him, in the dedication of his *Commentary on the Apocalypse* to the Landgrave:—"His learning was of no common kind for his years, and his judgment in divine truth was eminently clear and solid. His object in visiting the university was to confirm himself more abundantly in the truth; and I can truly say that I have seldom met with any one who conversed on the Word of God with greater spirituality and earnestness of feeling."

At Marburg, Hamilton met with some of his own countrymen, whose names are still as fragrant as his own. William

Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, was there, along with his young friend and helper, John Frith. Tyndale was under pursuit by Cardinal Wolsey, and the good landgrave was a kind friend and protector. All the three were destined to be martyrs in the same cause. Their meeting in a foreign town, and communing together there on the truths they loved so well, was a remarkable circumstance, and may be looked on as another link in the chain of events by which Hamilton was prepared for what he had so soon to undergo.

While residing at Marburg, and enjoying the delight of so much congenial company, Hamilton drew up the only treatise that has come to us, commonly known by the name of "Patrick's Places." At first this was a series of theses put forth by him as positions to which he challenged opposition, and which he defended with great learning. It was by Lambert's advice that they were published as a book. They were written in Latin, but a translation of them in English by Frith was afterwards published, and the book was deemed of so great importance both by Knox and Foxe, that the one inserted the theses in full in his *History of the Reformation*; and the other in his *Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs*. They were the first doctrinal exposition of the Reformed faith published in Scotland.

After fulfilling his first term at the University of Marburg, it was Hamilton's conviction that he must now return to Scotland. He had left his country for further light, and now that he had got it, he resolved to return. His heart still yearned for his dear friends and relations in his native land, and he longed to impart the glorious tidings to them. In this determination to return to Scotland, where Beaton would fasten his lynx eyes on him the moment he appeared, and lose no opportunity of convicting him of heresy, and having him put to death, Hamilton must have made up his mind on the dilemma which had previously perplexed him; and, as he was less

disposed than ever to recant his heresies, must have trained himself to be prepared for the other alternative—to die in the name of Jesus and in the cause of the Reformation. He returned to Scotland in 1527.

#### IV.

##### "PATRICK'S PLACES."

The "Places" give no uncertain sound. There is a tone of decision about them which indicates a man who, after much care, had entered into the clear light of day. In the form of expression there is a pith and quaintness which makes them very telling. Sometimes we are startled with the appearance of a paradox, but the author comes well out of it. "No works make us unrighteous: works make us neither good nor evil." What, is the author an Antinomian? By no means. "Good works make not a good man, nor evil works an evil man; but a good man maketh good works, and an evil man evil works." It is just a way of putting our Lord's doctrine, that the heart is the man, and that works are the mere outcome of the vital principle within. Consequently, it is nothing to get men to do good works unless you have furnished them with good hearts.

Nothing was more necessary in those times than to show clearly the difference between the law and the gospel. This is Hamilton's first point, and he sums up in these clear and impressive terms:

##### "The Law saith :

Pay thy debt.  
Thou art a sinner desperate,  
And thou shalt die.

##### The Gospel saith :

Christ hath paid it,  
Thy sins are forgiven thee.  
Be of good comfort, thou shalt be saved.

##### The Law saith :

Make amends for thy sin,  
The Father of heaven is wroth with thee.  
Where is thy righteousness, goodness and satisfaction?  
Thou art bound and obligate unto me, to the devil, and to hell.



went to Chittagong to receive the Sacrament—further from his residence than York from London. There were instances, in those days of darkness and irreligion, of men calling themselves Christians, and military men of high standing, becoming Mahometans, erecting mosques, or in other cases, so far as they could, joining the Hindus and worshipping idols. The connection between the Government and idolatry was intimate. A recent writer in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, September 1887, gives a graphic account of how, as of old the Doge in the Bucentaur wedded the Adriatic, the East India Company annually married the Goddess of Madras, even in 1838, after Bishop Wilson arrived in India. The threat by Bishop Blomfield of circulating the description broadcast through England brought about a perpetual divorce from idolatry. Much good, however, had been effected by faithful chaplains, such as Buchanan, Brown, Henry Martyn, Corrie, Fisher, Dealtry and others, so that when Daniel Wilson arrived, there were scattered throughout India, in cantonments and civil stations, godly men faithful servants of their Heavenly Master; while in the presidency towns men of perfervid zeal, like Duff and Dr. John Wilson, were earnestly and mightily promoting Christian education. Still there was ample need for exertion on the part of all Christ's servants in Satan's strongholds.

## VI.

### THE EARLIER EPISCOPATE.

When Daniel Wilson reached India many questions demanded his attention. Communication with England took up much time; so chaplains and missionaries were much left to themselves. In cases of difficulty the former had to contend as best they could with commanding officers, often impatient and careless of ecclesiastical scruples. Henry Martyn's letters abound with instances of this description. Chaplains too were far from being always judicious or right-

minded. There was much that needed to be set in order. It was well that the new bishop had a strong prejudice in favour of law and order. He quickly made it manifest that this was the case. When at Oxford in authority he had been a strict disciplinarian, enforcing university regulations upon others, and observing them scrupulously himself. He was almost the last man who wore bands, and so earned the sobriquet of "Bands Wilson." When an old pupil called upon him, he said, "I am very glad to see you, sir; but Mr.—, where are your bands?" These peculiarities did not forsake him in his new position; he was somewhat of a martinet, as soldiers would have it. In Lord William Bentinck, who was then Governor-General, he found an earnest Christian gentleman, ready to sympathise with him in every good work, but free from all denominational peculiarities, and by no means disposed to surrender the control of the chaplains into Episcopal hands. The agitation about the relations of the chaplains to the Government caused the Bishop more anxiety than anything else. There were indeed serious difficulties which did not find a complete settlement for many years afterwards. It is pleasant, however, to pass on to more congenial topics. After two years engaged in setting things in order at head-quarters, the Bishop proceeded on his first Visitation. It occupied in all its extent three years. The Visitation opened with a charge delivered by the Bishop in what was then the cathedral. Twenty-one clergy answered to their names. At that time, including the clergy of all descriptions belonging to the Church of England, there were nearly one hundred and twenty, excluding missionaries, in all India. There are now by the blessing of the Lord on the Society more than one hundred and thirty native clergy in the service of the Church Missionary Society alone, exclusive of European missionaries.

In reality sixty years ago a Visitation in India did not correspond to our English

true, as Frith tells us, that he had entered into the priesthood. Frith says that he did this on the principle of being all things to all men, in the hope that he would obtain access to the pulpits of the country, and be able more widely to spread the truth. It is only recently that the fact of his marriage has become known. Some years ago, the late David Laing, one of the most learned of Scottish antiquarians, had come upon a document where mention is made of one Isobel Hamilton, "daughter of Patrick Hamilton, umquhill Abbot of Ferne." It seemed as if, after all, the youth of Hamilton had been defiled by a grievous stain. But still more recently Professor Lorimer discovered a notice of Hamilton by the famous Alesius or Alane, in which it is stated that "about this time he married a lady of noble rank." She must have been of noble nature as well, allying her life and fortunes to those of a man who had already fallen under the suspicion of powerful enemies, and by his fearless proclamation of his views was making himself still more an object of suspicion and hatred. There is much probability in the conjecture that, whoever the lady was, she must have been one of his converts before she became his wife.

The explanation of the whole transaction may probably be this. Hamilton had been at Marburg, and had heard from Luther his reasons for marrying. He had appreciated the value of the bold protest against the unlawful vow of celibacy, which had led to so much misery and wickedness in the Church of Rome. He had entered into Luther's views of the sanctity of family life, and the spiritual and moral benefit that would result, if the homes of the clergy should become patterns of those domestic graces which were fitted to spread such blessings through society. In Scotland, such a testimony was not less needed than in Germany. Nowhere had the clergy sunk to a lower level of sensuality and sinful indulgence. The bishops set the example, and were quite shameless in

their wickedness. The poems of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount are full of allusions to the favour shown by the bishops for "Madam Sensuality," and to the domestic corruption which, in imitation of their example, the lower orders of the people lived in. If it be asked, from another point of view, how could Hamilton have taken this step in a time of so great danger to himself, and as it turned out, on the very eve of his martyrdom? it may be answered, that he did not apprehend the seriousness of the case. No one had yet been put to death for Lutheran opinions in Scotland, and it was not likely that the Church would begin with him. His family connections were so high, the house of Hamilton was so powerful, his relation to the King was so close, that the idea of putting him to death could hardly be entertained. If Hamilton reasoned in this way, he showed that he miscalculated at once the power, the audacity, and the subtlety of the Church. His death was already in contemplation, although perhaps the archbishop (James Beaton) did not wish it; but the more violent churchmen argued that if they should be able to make an example of such a man, if they could show that neither birth nor blood nor royal favour could screen a heretic from the heretic's death, nothing more would be heard of Lutheranism in Scotland, and churchmen would be left in peace to enjoy the good things which providence had heaped upon them.

Hamilton was invited to St. Andrews by the archbishop, on pretext of a friendly conference on the points which he had taken up. But he himself knew that his errand was of a more serious kind. He went to bear a testimony which he knew might have to be sealed with his blood. When he came to St. Andrews, he was allowed, if not in the pulpits, at least in the schools, to state his views freely. He laid down some of the propositions contained in his "Places," and challenged discussion. He was allowed to converse with those

attended at the heathen feasts; they bore the heathen marks upon their foreheads; they prohibited the marriage of widows; they would allow no marriage but in their own caste; and in no less than fifty ways they were assimilated with the heathen." It was elicited by inquiry "that in some places it was customary not only to administer the sacred elements to the soodras before the pariahs were permitted to approach, but that the concluding prayers were required to be read, and the soodras dismissed, before the pariahs communicated." In some places, also, a separate cup was tolerated, the soodras using one, the missionaries and the pariahs the other. Bishop Heber had intended to take up the question, but was prevented by death; and now it was before Bishop Wilson, who was greeted on his arrival at Madras with the intelligence that in the previous year no less than one hundred and sixty-eight Christians had apostatized to heathenism, only through the retention of caste.

It could not have fallen into better hands. All the most admirable parts of Bishop Wilson's character had free scope in dealing with it. He had throughout life been prompt, fearless, resolute, and energetic. But he was by no means deficient in a spirit of Christian love and meekness, which tempered his natural qualities, and qualified him to exercise consideration for infirmities, so enabling him to form righteous judgments. It is singular to relate that in this matter of discipline in the native Church, Europeans of high rank and in high command interfered actively in support of caste. Even the Governor-General at one time seemed strongly inclined to interpose. When the ostentatious pertinacity with which native Christians had been ignored by all the authorities of the British Government is borne in mind, probably few events in history have been more singular and paradoxical than this interference of Englishmen of exalted rank on behalf of those who viewed them themselves as pariahs, with whom intercourse was defilement. The course

adopted by the Bishop was clear and decided. He declared that "those who retained their caste were not properly and truly members of Christ's body. They halted between two opinions." In the strongest manner he confirmed the removal of those who refused to renounce the distinctions of caste. He held the removal of such offenders to be like the separation of a diseased limb—indispensable to the safety of the body. At the same time he urged that those who had been overtaken in the fault should be restored in the spirit of meekness in case any of them began to relent; but there must be no compromise. To the Government he wrote, as he was most justly entitled to do, that the matter was one for spiritual cognizance alone, and fell under ecclesiastical authority; that the Missions in the south were wholly independent of the Government; that the complaints were groundless; the punishments for turbulence just; and that the missionaries were acting under his direction in attempting to mitigate evils of long continuance by striking at the root of them. Eventually, after long delay, Government admitted that the matter was not within its cognizance. Almost at personal risk the Bishop met the malcontents in Trichinopoly and Tanjore. His Christian manliness was not without good effect. He did not eradicate caste: the evil was scotched, not killed; but the Christian Church owes him a debt of gratitude for the noble stand which he took on this memorable occasion.

After his anxious sojourn at Madras, the Bishop returned for a brief season to Calcutta before prosecuting his Visitation further. On resuming it the Bishop made his way to Travancore. He there preached in the Syrian churches, two thousand persons on one occasion being present, the Metran presiding: Goa was then visited, where the Inquisition had recently been abolished, and the entire building, dungeons and all, destroyed five years previously to the Bishop's visit. Bombay was afterwards reached, where,

8. That God is the cause of sin in this sense that He withdraweth his grace from man, and grace withdrawn, he cannot but sin.

9. That it is a devilish doctrine that by penance remission of sin is purchased.

10. That auricular confession is not necessary to salvation.

11. That there is no purgatory.

12. That the holy patriarchs were in heaven before Christ's passion.

13. That the Pope is Antichrist, and that every priest hath as much power as the Pope.

Being questioned respecting these articles, he maintained the first seven to be undoubtedly true, while the rest might be disputable, yet such as he could not condemn, unless he saw better reasons against them. The whole of the articles were then referred to a council of theologians, comprising heads of colleges and monasteries, with some others. Within a few days the council presented their report, finding all the articles heretical. Thereupon the primate appointed judgment to be delivered at a great meeting of clergy to be held within the cathedral on the last day of February, 1527-28. Hamilton was still allowed to be free.

But when the primate heard that his brother, Sir James Hamilton of Kingscavel, was mustering an army with a view to his rescue, and that another Lutheran friend, Duncan, laird of Airdrie, was arming his tenants with a similar view, orders were given for the apprehension of the accused, and he was lodged safely in the castle. The laird of Airdrie does not appear to have been able to do anything; and as for Sir James Hamilton's force, it is said to have been delayed while crossing to Fife by a storm in the Firth of Forth, so that they were too late to interfere.

On the last day of February, 1528, an immense body of people assembled in the cathedral. A large train of bishops, abbots, and other ecclesiastics accompanied the primate, as he proceeded to the church and took his place on the chief

seat. Among these was his nephew, David Beaton, who was then abbot of Arbroath, his successor in the primacy, better known as Cardinal Beaton, who eighteen years later, took the same part as his uncle took now in the condemnation and murder of the good and noble George Wishart. Hamilton was conducted to the church by a guard of horsemen, and was placed in a pulpit, that his answers to the accusations might be heard by the whole assembly. His friend Alesius thus describes the scene. "I was myself an eye-witness of the tragedy, and heard him answering for his life to the charges of heresy that were laid against him. These were read aloud by a Dominican friar; and he was so far from disowning the doctrines that were laid against him as heresies, that he defended and established them by clear testimonies of Scripture, and refuted the reasonings of his accuser. He took care also to guard his doctrine against the calumny, that the faith of which he spoke might be no better than the faith of devils and hypocrites, and not that reliance of the heart which draws along with it repentance, hope and charity."

The Dominican friar was Alexander Campbell, who had appeared so candid an inquirer and so sympathetic a listener in Hamilton's lodging. This man was entrusted with the prosecution, but after trying the business for a while, he could not bring home the charge. Hamilton's answers were too successful for Campbell's reasonings. Hereupon the judges instructed him to proceed on a different tack; he was to call him "heretic," and trust more to coarse epithets than logical arguments. "Heretic,"<sup>1</sup> he began, turning to the Reformer. Hamilton meekly interfered—he might call him heretic, but in his soul and conscience he knew that he was no heretic. "Heretic," faltered out Campbell, "thou saidst it was liesome (lawful) to all men to read the Word of God, and especially the New Testament." Hamilton answered, "I wot

<sup>1</sup> The narrative of the trial is from *Lindsay's (of Pitcottie) History of Scotland*.

hardly ever come across one who could manage to avoid giving way to irritation. The Duke attributed much of this to the climate. Hepatitis and prickly heat are severe trials even to the most serene Christianity. Neither the Bishop nor those whom he came across were exempt from human infirmities. These differences have been passed over because they were transient in duration, and as often as not were the result of earnest zeal for what was deemed to be right. But the portrait of character would be incomplete without allusion to them. There is a touching letter written by the Bishop to his old friend Dean Pearson, in which he says: "The charge of assumption which you tell me is commonly advanced, I am not surprised at. You know my faults on the side of excessive energy and over-strong expressions. I suppose these have given occasion for the charge. Watch for me and over me. Admonish, suggest, aid. It is impossible to be in the glare as I am without peril to the soul. Plain truths kindly put by dear friends like you are among the most valuable and consoling supports to a poor sinful creature."

It was about this time that the publication of the "Tracts for the Times" took place. In the important controversy resulting, Bishop Wilson took an active and leading part. His opposition to the system propounded in them was firm, consistent and unwavering. He smelt the battle afar off, and roused himself to the struggle. In the charge which precluded his second Visitation he delivered his soul. None who were privileged to hear it may so long as life lasts forget the powerful warnings he delivered; they thrilled the inmost souls of the hearers. There is one very fine passage describing the attitude of Rome on her seven hills watching the course and development of the writers engaged; "Now writing down the Reformation and the Church of England, and writing up Papacy and the Church of Rome." "She understands them," he said, "if they do

not understand themselves. There she sits on her seven-hilled seat, watching her opportunities, herself unchanged and unchangeable, since Trent has matured and finished off and consigned to indelible tablets all her corruptions—there she sits, smiling and rejoicing at the advance made to her by her most formidable opponent, the Reformed Church of England—dissimulating, denying, explaining away, equivocating, concealing her most obnoxious tenets, retiring for a moment if an explosion threatens, then returning to the assault when calm is restored. There she sits, entering into no controversy herself, except when she meets an accomplished English apologist; but watching events. There she sits, pushing her conquests with her superstitious illusions, her splendid vestments, her fragrant censers, her sculpture, her addresses to the fancy and imagination, especially of the weaker sex, aided by her Jesuits, trained to unreserved subjection, with a refined experience of mankind, and a logic in whose labyrinths the most practised reasoners may be perplexed. There she sits, sending her emissaries into all quarters, and into India in every part, and exacting from her blind and numerous followers overflowing funds for her missionary enterprises, collecting all her strength (and her policy greater than her strength) to assault Protestant England in our various territories, and whom, if she gains, she thinks her supremacy and power secure." Further on, quoting Hallam on the days of Charles I., he added: "A characteristic tenet of this party was that episcopal government was indispensable to a Christian church. Hence they treated the Presbyterians with insolence abroad, and severity at home." These burning words, delivered with no ordinary dramatic power, made an indelible impression on all who listened to them. It may be noted in passing that the Bishop's uncompromising fidelity arrested almost entirely for years the introduction of novelties in doctrine and

he takes his right hand and hastens to the place of punishment; and when he sees the stake to which he is to be fastened, he uncovers his head, and looking up to heaven, he offers prayer; his clothes he gave to the servants, and a copy of the gospels which he carried with him, to an intimate friend. Thrice was the pile kindled, and as often extinguished, while he asked, 'Have you no faggots and gunpowder?' Being asked by the Dominican whether he would now recant, he answered, 'If you are teaching the truth, put your finger into this fire which is consuming my whole body.' Afterwards he prays that God would open the eyes of the people that they might understand the truth, and then he commends his mother to his friends. The iron chain by which he was fastened to the stake having broken in two, he was asked by some one to give a sign if he still felt that the doctrine for which he was suffering was true, he raised his three fingers, the other two having been burned, and held them motionless until he expired."

Other historians give some additional particulars. When he was offered his life by the authorities on condition that he would recant what he had said in the abbey kirk, and burn his faggot, he answered, "As to my confession, I will not deny it for fear of your fire; for my confession and belief is in Christ Jesus, therefore I will not deny it, and I will rather be content that my body burn in this fire, for confession of my faith in Christ, than my soul should burn in the fire of hell, for denying the same. But as to the sentence of judgment pronounced against me here this day, by the bishops and doctors, I here, in presence of you all, appeal contrary to the said sentences given against me, and take me to the mercy of God; and summon you, Sir Friar, before the tribunal seat of God and Christ Jesus His Son, that ye there appear within the space of forty days to answer before that Judge for your wrongous accusation contrary to your conscience." On this he left off his speaking,

and entered on contemplation and prayer to Almighty God to be merciful to the people who persecuted him; for there were many of them blinded in ignorance, that knew not what they did. He also besought Christ Jesus to be mediator for him unto the Father; and that He would strengthen him with His Holy Spirit that he might stedfastly abide the cruel pains and flames of fire prepared for him by that cruel people; and that the pains of that torment might not be the occasion to cause him swerve or shrink from any part of his faith in Christ Jesus, but to strengthen and augment him in his spirit and knowledge in the promise of God, and to receive his soul in His hands for Christ Jesus' sake; and in His name he made this oblation and offering, that is to say, his body in the fire, and his soul in the hands of Almighty God; and so made an end of his speaking. Then they laid to the fire to him; but it would nowise burn and kindle a long time. Then a baxter (baker) called Myrtoun, ran and brought his arms full of straw, and cast it in to kindle the fire; but there came such a blast of wind from the east, forth of the sea, and raised the flame of fire so vehemently that it blew upon the friar that accused him, dang (threw) him to the earth and burnt all the forepart of his cowl; and put him to such a fury that he came never to his right spirits again, but wandered about, the space of forty days, and then departed.<sup>1</sup>

The last audible words of the martyr were, "How long, O Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this realm? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

It was nearly six hours before his body was quite consumed. We are not told how long it was ere consciousness left him, but evidently his cruel sufferings lasted a long long time. Yet all that fearful time of endurance, Alesius tells us that the martyr "never gave one sign of impatience or anger, and never called to Heaven for vengeance on his persecutors."

<sup>1</sup> *Lindsay's (of Pittcottie) History of Scotland.*

cutors; so great was his faith, so strong his confidence in God."

His bearing at the stake was in beautiful harmony with his whole teaching and life. Religion as he had ever taught was not a matter of forms, or ceremonies, or painful duties; it was a divine life; it was a participation in the grace of God, it was a transformation of the soul after the image of Christ, it was the beginning of heaven in the soul. That vital union to Christ from which all flowed, did not merely secure the forgiveness of sin, it brought also the sanctification of the whole nature; it made believers sharers of Christ's spirit; and as the spirit of Christ, always gentle and beautiful, was more gentle and beautiful than ever on the cross, so the spirit of Hamilton, conforming to the image of his Lord, bright though it had been during all his Christian life, rose to a higher and serener beauty amid the fiercer, lingering agonies of the stake. The comely body that was so tortured and destroyed was only twenty-three.

It is hardly possible to conceive the feelings with which his judges would look on while their awful sentence was in the course of execution. One does not like to think of hearts so hard that a scene like that of Hamilton's death could give them pleasure. It was an age when human life was little valued and human suffering little pitied. Ecclesiastical potentates, whether inquisitors or not, have shown a wonderful capacity of coolness while the most terrible sufferings were inflicted on those who dared to question their authority, or bring their office and its emoluments into peril. The thought of the agonized and burning Hamilton as a fellow-creature would be smothered by the thought of the wicked heretic, who had dared to rebuke their wickedness, to reprove their pride, and to imperil their Church. Steeling their hearts to his sufferings, they would remark to one another that it was a good thing his pestilential career was ended so early, and Holy Church delivered from

all the mischief which he might have lived to inflict.

Such we know were the feelings with which the news of the tragedy was hailed by the University of Louvaine, notwithstanding that Hamilton had been a student there.

The professors wrote a letter of congratulation to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, thanking him with all their hearts for the worthy deed, by which that true faith which had been tainted with heresy, not only remained unhurt, but was also more confirmed; and they not only expressed delight in the deed, but in the manner of its accomplishment.

It was pleasant to them to think that all estates had concurred in it, clergy, nobility and the vulgar alike, and that nothing had been done in tumultuous haste, but every step taken in due legal form. They exhorted them to be diligent to expel ravening wolves from the sheepfold of Christ, while the opportunity remained. Let them have spies and inquisitors everywhere, to intercept bad books, which wicked merchants were so ready to introduce. It might not be amiss, too, if they were a little more diligent in their duties, and especially in preaching.

The truth is, there was no preaching whatever in Scotland in those days; the bishops themselves were but dumb dogs that could not bark. The professors omitted one piece of advice which would have been very seasonable,—that the clergy should reform their lives. That, however, would have marred the courtesy of the letter, and impaired the soothing and happy impression they desired to make. Had they referred to a passage in Revelation xi. 10, they would have found an interesting illustration of their proceeding.

"And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth."

## VIII.

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYR, THE SEED  
OF THE CHURCH.

But it was not all so pleasant as the Louvaine doctors supposed. The death of Hamilton was a great crime, but it was a still greater blunder.

The poor creature that accused him contrary to his own conscience, Friar Campbell, went mad. We learn this from George Buchanan, the greatest Scottish scholar of his day, who became an ardent friend of the Reformation. An evil conscience, the terrible spectacle in front of the old college, and the solemn summons of the dying martyr, were too much for him, and after wandering, restless and miserable, for a few weeks, he died. "If we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

It does not appear that any favourable impression was made on Beaton. Spottiswoode records that soon after, a Dominican friar of the name of Seaton, who was preaching boldly against the corruptions of the church and the idleness of the bishops and in favour of a Scriptural reformation of manners, was called before the archbishop, and by his plain and bold speaking irritated him so much that to save his life he had to escape from the country.

Alane or Alesius was the more convinced, the longer he reflected, of the truth of Hamilton's views. His disapproval of his murder was too intense to be concealed. Called to preach before a provincial synod of the clergy in 1529, he avoided, as he thought, all controversial matter, and urged the need of reformation in the lives of the clergy. The Prior of St. Andrews was indignant at his plain speaking, and threw him into a horrible dungeon, where he languished for months, but from which, by

the aid of friends, he made his escape. Alane fled from the country, and never returned to Scotland. He was at least once in England, associated with the leaders of the Reformation, but most of his time was spent abroad. He was a special friend of Melancthon's, who used to call him Scotus, without any other name. He was distinguished for his learning, his courage, his controversial ability and the general moderation of his views. His last years were spent at Leipsic, where he was held in great honour and was twice rector of the University.

Alesius was not the only canon of St. Andrews that was favourably impressed by the views of Hamilton. Many of his brethren shared his feeling, and several of them came out ultimately on the side of the Reformation. It has been remarked that it was the Augustinian monasteries (of which the Priory of St. Andrews was one,) that showed most sympathy with the Reformed cause. The Dominicans, the country gentry, and many of the middle classes were likewise among those who were much impressed by Hamilton's views and bearing.

The influence of the Augustinian order had so important a bearing on the Reformation, not only in Scotland, but in other countries, that it will be well to quote some remarks upon it from Principal Lorimer's *Patrick Hamilton*. "Luther himself, it is well known, was an Augustinian. Staupitz, the first man from whom Luther learned the rudiments of Evangelical truth, was vicar-general of the order in Saxony and Thuringia. It was the same in Flanders, in France, and in Spain. The Augustinians of Antwerp were the first Lutherans of the Low Countries, and gave up to the cause of the Reformation in the great square of Brussels its first two martyrs, Henry Voes, and John Esch. John Castellane, one of the earliest and most eminent of the French Protestants, was a religious man of the Friars Eremites, of the order of St. Austin. Dr. Cazalla, the celebrated



Spanish Lutheran, who perished at Valladolid in the *auto-da-fe* of 1599, and who is described as a standard-bearer of the Gospellers, was an Augustinian friar. It was the same also in England. Dr. Robert Barnes, one of the first Englishmen who ventured to tell Wolsey the truth, and who afterwards suffered martyrdom at Smithfield, was prior of the Augustinian monastery of Cambridge, where he gave shelter to the preaching of Latimer and Bilney, when these Reformers were driven from the University pulpit of St. Mary's. It proved the same in Scotland too. It was the Scottish Augustinians who first gave disciples to the Reformation, and who first suffered in its cause. Patrick Hamilton was himself the abbot of an Augustinian house; and Alexander Alane, his first and most eminent convert, was a canon-regular of the Augustinian Priory of St. Andrews."

This explains the cause of the spread of Hamilton's views among the Augustinians. If a more definite explanation be required, it may be found in the character of the Rule of the order. It was more spiritual, more scriptural, more apostolic, than the rules of the other orders. "While all others," says a canon of the Augustinian abbey of Cambuskenneth, "were occupied with mere bodily observances, with fastings, vigils, and mortifications, the Rule of our most holy parent is taken up entirely with the spiritual duties of love to God and man, unity of heart, concord in doing good, offices of devotion, and such like; and certainly as much as the soul is more noble than the body, so much is a spiritual law more excellent than a carnal one, and spiritual exercises to be preferred to mere corporeal discipline."

The impression made on the Priory of St. Andrews by Hamilton's death was quite the opposite of what the head of the church had expected. Fifteen years later the impression was deepened by the martyrdom of Wishart. And in a shorter time, St. Andrews became the

head-quarters of the Scottish Reformation.

Among Hamilton's own order, the influence of his martyrdom appears to have been marked and extensive. It is certain that the views which he advocated spread extensively among the higher classes in Scotland. There was no public preacher of them till George Wishart appeared, whose brief career was terminated, like Hamilton's, by his being burned at St. Andrews, in 1546. But between the two martyrdoms the cause of the Reformation had spread so widely that it is said that in 1542, on the death of James V., a list was found in his possession of three hundred gentlemen, suspected of Lutheranism, against whom it was supposed that he meant to institute proceedings. Notwithstanding the fascination of chivalry thrown round the character of this young king, as for instance in the "Lady of the Lake," it is certain that he was one of the most profligate princes that ever sat on a throne. The Romish clergy, as Pit-scottie has shown, not only winked at his atrocious licentiousness, but promised him absolution for it, on condition of his upholding the Church. It was by a singular providence that, broken in spirit by the defeat of his army at Solway,—a defeat due solely to his own obstinate folly,—he died at the age of thirty-one, leaving the kingdom to the unfortunate "lass" who came into the world just as he was passing out of it. If there was no public preaching of the Gospel in Scotland during this period, and if, notwithstanding, it made such progress among the upper classes, this fact must have been due in no slight degree to the impression produced, and the inquiries awakened by the martyrdom of Hamilton.

Among the middle classes the truth likewise spread. Many burgesses in various towns were fined and otherwise punished on account of their Lutheran views. In 1543, an Act of Parliament was passed declaring that it should be "lawful to every man to use the benefit of

the translation which then they had of the Bible and New Testament, together with the benefit of other treatises containing wholesome doctrine, until such time as the prelates and kirkmen should give and set forth to them a translation more correct." It is not to be supposed that the clergy would be in favour of the passing of such an Act; its existence is a striking proof of the strong current running against them throughout the community.

The learned class, too, contributed its share of supporters. We have already instanced George Buchanan. He had made himself so offensive to the Church, that, like Alesius, he was apprehended and committed to a St. Andrews dungeon. Happily he made his escape; but he was obliged to remain abroad for many years. His pungent and inimitable satires against the Franciscans and other orders contributed not a little to the success of the Reformation. If Buchanan was popular and effective among the learned, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount was not less so among the masses. In his patrimonial home, a few miles from St. Andrews, he had heard with profound emotion of the proceedings against Hamilton, if indeed he had not witnessed them. No popular poet ever lashed with more freedom the vices of the clergy. The satires of Sir David Lindsay contributed in a remarkable degree to kindle that peculiar spirit of opposition to Popery which animated Scotland at the Reformation and for many subsequent years. Instead of the spouse of the Lord, she

came to be regarded as the Scarlet Lady of Babylon, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.

Many of the descendants of those Lollards, who in the previous century had witnessed and suffered in substantially the same cause, began to inquire into Hamilton's views, and found them almost identical with those which had been dear to their fathers. In Ayrshire, where the Lollards had been numerous, the Reformation was very warmly espoused, and in other parts of the country where they had likewise flourished, many adherents of the new cause appeared.

Thus wonderful was the influence of Patrick Hamilton. It was only the skill and boldness of David Beaton, who succeeded his uncle as Archbishop of St. Andrews, and was raised to the cardinalate, that kept the rising cause in check. There were yet many more martyrs to be cast into the flames before the Reformation should triumph. Fifteen years after, as we have already said, one of the best and noblest men of Scotland, George Wishart, perished in the very place where Hamilton had died. His death, like Hamilton's, proved a powerful help to the cause of the Reformation; and when John Knox appeared, snatching the banner as it were from Wishart's hands, the country was ripe for a momentous change. In a very few years it passed completely from under the yoke of Rome, and became conspicuous, even among the Reformed countries of Europe, for its zealous and hearty support of the Reformation.

W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

# JOHN BUNYAN.



# HENRY COOKE OF BELFAST.

---

## I.

### HIS HOME AND ANCESTRY.

On Sunday, 11th May, 1788, a child was born in a lonely dwelling among the Derry mountains who was destined to become famous in the north of Ireland and far beyond it. The house was the farmstead of Grillagh, situated about a mile from the little town of Maghera, in the valley through which the Moyola dashes from the hills towards Lough Neagh. His father, John Cooke, a plain, unsophisticated farmer, was of English extraction; his mother, a woman of no little individuality and force of character, was of Scotch descent, being sprung from the good old stock of the Howies of Lochgoin; and so it came to pass that young Henry, being of Irish birth, had at his entrance into life a connection with all three divisions of the United Kingdom.

Henry Cooke had in his veins the blood of heroes and sufferers for the cause of God and their country. In after years he once electrified an immense public meeting by the relation of the following anecdote.

In the Williamite wars of 1688, when fire and sword devastated so much of Ulster, all the children in a certain family in the county Down were murdered by the rebels, except one. "Driven from his home, with thousands of starving Protestants, the father carried this child in his arms to Derry, and was happily one of those admitted into the city for its defence. When he mounted guard at night he had no nurse for his little one, so he carried it with him to the wall and laid it between the embrasures where the cannon frowned defiance on James and slavery. Providence protected the boy in the midst of famine and death, and when in after years he was ques-

tioned how he fared at night for shelter, 'Well enough,' was the reply; 'I had the shelter of my father's gun.' Yes, God protected that motherless and homeless boy, and he who now addresses you is that boy's humble descendant."

His mother used to tell of another stirring time in which one of his ancestors figured. "In 1641 the Protestant inhabitants of a whole district at Killyleagh were put to death in a few hours by the Romanists. A solitary female escaped the observation of the savage exterminators, and she was drawn from her place of concealment by hearing the bitter cries of a little boy. He had been sent on a message from his house, and while on the road the massacre took place. On his return he saw the members of his family lying stretched on the ground. He fancied they were all asleep, and tried to wake them. He became terrified by the fearful silence of death, and his cries of alarm and distress brought forth from her hiding-place the only female who had escaped the dreadful butchery. From that little boy Mrs. Cooke was descended. Stories like these beguiled the tedium of many a long winter night in the Grillagh farmhouse, and not a few of them imprinted themselves indelibly on the mind of the youngest son and had their own effect on his character and life till the end of his days.

## II.

### HIS SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL-MASTERS.

Henry Cooke's parents did the best they could for his training. His mother especially seems to have bestowed great pains on it. "I received," he himself tells us, "my first instruction in theology at my mother's side. The Shorter Catechism was her text-book; the Con-

fession of Faith was her Christian Institutes; the Bible was her final and sole standard of appeal. . . . She taught me that man is naturally corrupt; that Divine grace alone can quicken and renew; that the Spirit of God reigning in the heart and mind, is the only source of right principles and pure practical morality. . . . She charged me to look, to examine, to compare and to judge for myself. I did look, I did examine, I did compare, and I found it impossible to resist the combined force of maternal teaching and personal experience."

In due time the child was sent to his first school. A very humble seminary it was, with a most uncouth pedagogue presiding over it. But it was no worse than the ordinary Irish schools of the period, and much better than some of them. Arthur Young, who made his well-known "Tour in Ireland" in 1776, shortly before the period we speak of, tells us that "hedge-schools, as they are called (they might as well be termed ditch ones, for I have seen many a ditch full of scholars), are everywhere to be met with." Henry Cooke's first school was a thatched and whitewashed cottage, with sticks of black oak, taken from a neighbouring bog, for seats, a fire of peat, to which each pupil contributed a daily turf, burning in the centre of the floor, and a hole in the roof above for the only chimney. The master, Joseph Pollock, or Poak, as he was familiarly called, was a tall, lanky Scotchman, whose attire was picturesque if not elegant, consisting as it did of a tow wig, rusty black coat, knee-breeches of leather, grey woollen stockings, and ponderous brogues. A huge pair of horn spectacles bestraddled an equally huge nose, and lent an air of awful sternness to the countenance of the dominie, which was further emphasized by the formidable hazel rod which he invariably carried. Some of the school books were as uncouth as the school-master. *Manson's Spelling-book*, famous in its day, and a really excellent little manual, was in daily use. But so were *The Irish Rogues and Rapparees*,

*The Life of Bold Captain Freney*, and *The Adventures of Redmond O'Hanlon*—works not particularly well adapted, one would think, to exercise the best influence over the youthful mind. But, notwithstanding the primitive character of his educational apparatus, Poak did some really good work in his school, and Henry Cooke was one of his best scholars. "I tell you, sir," said the master one day to a visitor at his academy, "that lad, if spared, will one day rival, if not excel myself."<sup>1</sup> The force of panegyric could surely no further go.

Quite as potent in its educative influence as his schools and school-masters was the wild character of the time in which the lad's lot was cast. When he was ten years old the terrible rebellion of 1798 swept over Ireland like a tornado, and the Grilagh neighbourhood was one of its hottest centres. John Cooke was staunchly loyal, and he and his family suffered accordingly. "For weeks together during the summer of '98," Dr. Cooke tells us, "I never slept in my father's house. To have done so would have been almost certain death. All loyal families were marked and watched by bands of assassins. When the nights were fine, we went to the middle of a cornfield or behind a hedge. When wet or cold, we crept into some cow-shed or under a rock. One night we had ventured to go to bed; but we were suddenly roused, and hurried out half-clothed. On reaching the door, we saw five houses in flames in different directions. It was dark, cold, and stormy. We took refuge in a distant barn, and lay till morning behind a range of pikes that stood against the wall. . . . I was taught in a hard school—the school of care and suffering. Unceasing watchfulness made me prematurely old. . . . Impressions were then left on my mind which I have never forgotten, and which I never wish to forget."

Whether owing to his mother's advice

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Times of Dr. Cooke*, by J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D., son-in-law of Dr. Cooke, President of Queen's College, Belfast.

or his own inclination, or both, he early turned his thoughts to the Christian ministry, and in 1802, at an age when boys nowadays would be only beginning to prepare for college, he made his way to Glasgow and matriculated. The journey from Grillagh to Glasgow was no easy matter in those days, especially for a lad of fourteen. Sixty weary miles he had to trudge on foot from his father's house to the little port of Donaghadee, carrying all his own luggage, a scanty enough stock in all probability, but still a sufficient burden for such a small boy; from Donaghadee a small sailing vessel carried the mails of His Majesty King George III. across the channel to Port Patrick, with more or less regularity, as wind and weather permitted, and on board this craft Henry reached the Scottish shore. Another long walk then lay before the young aspirant for knowledge ere the welcome sight of the towers and spires of Glasgow told him that his journey was near an end.

Among his class-mates at the university were two youths whose names and lives were destined to be closely linked in different ways with his in after years. Robert Stewart, subsequently minister of Broughshane, Cooke's *fidus Achates* on many a hard-fought field, and Henry Montgomery, his brilliant antagonist in the Arian controversy. He does not seem to have owed much to those years which he spent in the venerable university buildings on the banks of the Mole-dinar, which have now disappeared before the march of modern progress.

In 1808 his course was completed, and he applied to be licensed as a preacher eligible for election to the pastorate of a congregation, to the Presbytery of Ballymena, appearing before the court in a costume which would probably in our days bar for the time a candidate's further progress—a blue coat adorned with brass buttons, drab vest, white cord breeches and top-boots. But men had not in those times the same ideas of ministerial costume as now prevail. It was by no means rare to see reverend fathers of

the church appear in the pulpit in the scarlet coat of the Volunteer. No fault therefore was found with Henry Cooke's attire. He received his license, and thus before he had attained his majority, formally entered the profession of which he was to be so great an ornament. Who could have thought of what that raw, oddly-dressed lad was to become, as he appeared that day before his Presbytery? One thing, at all events, was clear about him—there was no uncertainty in his mind, even at this early stage in his career, regarding that great doctrine with the defence of which he was afterwards to be so prominently identified. His "trial sermon" before the Presbytery was based on the text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"<sup>1</sup> In the course of it he said: "Had an angel or an inferior minister of God been the person commissioned to publish the news of our salvation, to give the offers of the Gospel which Jesus gave, then there might have been some excuse for neglect. But the person commissioned is no angel, no inferior agent. He is the same to whom the Lord says, 'Let all the angels of God worship Him.' Behold, then, what a glorious Personage holds forth to you the offer of salvation! He thought it no robbery to be counted equal with the Father. Him you may trust, for in Him there is no possibility of deception. Him you may trust, for He is able to save to the uttermost. He is King of kings and Lord of lords."<sup>2</sup>

### III.

#### THE FIRST TEN YEARS' MINISTRY.

On November 10th, 1808, Cooke received a call from the little congregation of Duncane, situated at the northern extremity of Lough Leagh, and was duly ordained there as assistant and successor to the Rev. Robert Scott. It was certainly no fat living. The young minister's entire income amounted to £25 per annum, Irish currency, the senior minister retaining the endowment

<sup>1</sup> Hebrews ii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Porter, *at supra*.

according to the laws of the Church. The scanty stipend, however, might have been borne, for Cooke had never much of an eye to money. But the strong evangelical doctrines which he preached, and the earnestness with which from the very first he urged them on his people, were not congenial to that cold, lifeless age, and aroused resentment rather than appreciation in Duneane. In Ulster, as elsewhere, at the beginning of this century, a barren morality was the best that was preached from many pulpits, and Arian or semi-Arian principles were lamentably prevalent. Cooke's preaching accordingly stirred up the opposition of the senior minister and of the people. His position became uncomfortable, and not being yet ready to enter on a contest for the truth, he gave up his charge and became a private tutor at Kells, near Ballymena. His talents, however, were of too valuable a type to be allowed to be shelved in this way for very long. Before he had been three months in Kells, a call came to him from the neighbouring congregation of Donegore. He accepted it, and was installed as minister there on January 22nd, 1811. Here he began thoroughly to study those great theological questions which were every day assuming larger importance in the north of Ireland. There is yet extant a MS. entitled "Christianity tried in the Court of Reason," which he drew up at this period for his own satisfaction, and which indicates the nature of his inquiries and studies. Another paper in his handwriting, which dates from about the same time, is a summary of the Scripture proofs of the Trinity carefully collated and classified by himself under twenty-seven heads. Evidently he was furnishing his armoury for the battle which he felt could not be long delayed. In the pulpit, too, the great question of the day had a prominent place. One of his first sermons in Donegore was on the text, "And the Lord said unto him, Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark

upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof."<sup>1</sup> In discussing it, he spoke of the sad national infidelity that was abroad. "Time was," he said, "when infidelity, ashamed, dreading, as it were, to meet the public eye, skulked into corners, and said in her heart, 'There is no God.' She kept the secret to herself. She dared not avow it openly. But that time is gone. Shame and fear have forsaken her. She lifts her voice in the streets; she calls in the high places; she proclaims rebellion against heaven's King; she thinks it possible to dethrone the Omnipotent. Only a few years ago religion fell in France before the infidel phalanx, led by a Volney and a Voltaire. In our own country, a Hobbes, a Hume, and a Paine, with a host of others, organized a crusade against the Cross. Under their leadership infidelity has marched through Britain. She has invaded the sacred precincts of our own Church. Ministers, at her bidding, now boldly disavow alike the nature and the work of the Divine Saviour. Forgetting Him, they forget also Him that sent Him. What base ingratitude have we been guilty of! How have we forgotten God's sparing mercies! How wonderfully has He preserved us as a nation, notwithstanding grievous sins! We are monuments of His love. Whilst the horrors of war have affrighted other nations, whilst its destructive hand has ravaged their cities and desolated their plains, whilst their fields have been deluged with blood and covered with mountains of slain, we have only heard the dread sound roll ominously in the distance—it has not come near our shores. White-robed peace has continued to scatter her olives over our country. Justice lifts aloft her impartial balance. Plenty sheds abundance around. Commerce spreads abroad her wings and is fanned by the breeze of prosperity. Toleration bids every man worship God as conscience dictates, while the smile of Freedom brightens every British home."

<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel ix. 4.

The quiet folks of Donegore had never heard preaching like this. It roused them from the Sabbath slumbers into which the dry, cold essays which they had been accustomed to hear from their pulpit, had lulled them. The whole community woke up into new life. The people flocked to the church to hear the burning eloquence of their new minister, and were moved by it as no man had ever moved them before. As Mr. Cooke went about among them during the week, plying the busy ministrations of the pastor alike in the mansion of the rich and the humble cottage of the tiller of the soil, his manifest zeal for his Master, combined with his wonderful kindness of heart and warmth of geniality, endeared him to them and rendered their minds more receptive of his message. It will be long before the traditions of his ministry cease to linger beside the burns and among the woods of Donegore.

During his pastorate, he took a very unusual step. Conscious that his academic training had not been what it should have been, he asked the leave of his presbytery to return to college, that he might again prosecute his studies, and explore several regions of knowledge, into which his ever-active mind desired an insight. The permission was obtained—his indulgent congregation loved him too well to throw any obstacle in his way, great as was the trial to them of losing his services for the time; and accordingly back to college he went. During the winters of 1815-16, and 1816-17, he entered Glasgow University once more, his old *alma mater*, while in that of 1817-18 he was an alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin. Among the subjects which he studied during these years was medicine, of which he obtained a large and accurate knowledge, walking hospitals, and plying his scalpel in dissecting-rooms with all the diligence of an embryo doctor.

Writing in 1817, to Mrs. Cooke (for by this time he had entered the estate of matrimony, having married Miss

Ellen Mann, of Toome), he says: "This letter written, I sit down to pore over a skull and count its bones and joints, till midnight. Could you see me through the keyhole, you would take me for an old monk, contemplating mortality. It grins horribly, yet 'to this complexion must my lady come, should she paint an inch thick.'"

Many a time in after years the medical knowledge which he acquired at this time was put to good use.

#### IV.

##### THE ARIAN CONTROVERSY BEGINS.

The time was now drawing near for the commencement of that great work with which more than any other Henry Cooke's name must always be associated—the driving of Arianism out of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Providence had prepared the man, and now the hour was at hand. For years this deadly heresy had been allowed to spread among the people almost unchecked. Its blighting influences were secretly mourned over by not a few faithful hearts; but there was no man bold enough to grapple with it until Cooke appeared. On September 8th, 1818, (greatly to the grief of his fond hearers at Donegore,) he had become minister of the important congregation of Killyleagh, on the shores of Strangford Lough, and here, in the spring of 1821, what may be called the first blow in the Arian controversy was struck. It was in this wise. A Unitarian emissary, named the Rev. John Smethurst, had been brought over from England to itinerate in the north of Ireland. Well would it have been for himself and his cause had he kept out of Killyleagh. But in an evil hour for both, he was induced to include it in his tour. He held a meeting. Cooke, no doubt to the surprise of the Arian advocate, attended, accompanied by Captain Sydney Hamilton Rowan, son of the lord of the manor and one of the godliest and most useful laymen to whom the Irish Presbyterian Church has ever given



birth. Smethurst propounded his "New Light" views, as they were popularly called, with all the earnestness and skill of a practised orator, and made a deep impression on his audience. When he had done, Cooke rose. In his own strenuous, dignified way, he boldly branded the doctrines which had just been proclaimed as "false and pernicious," and he invited all present, the English orator included, to come to his church the following Sunday, when he pledged himself "fairly to review and fully to refute" every one of them. Next Sunday, in response to his invitation, a tremendous crowd thronged Killyleagh Presbyterian church, not only to the doors but far beyond them. True to his promise, Cooke took up the Arian arguments and tore them literally to tatters, closing his sermon with an impassioned peroration, in which he charged his hearers, as they valued their hopes of Heaven, to give no countenance to the blighting, soul-destroying, Christ dishonouring heresy which had invaded the place. He was not satisfied with this. He announced his intention of following Smethurst from town to town and from village to village of Ulster, wherever he should go, and refuting his unscriptural doctrines on the spot as soon as they should be uttered. He kept his word; and from place to place the Arian propagandist was pursued, until it was plainly seen that he was only injuring the cause he had been brought over to advocate, and he fled back to England, a sadder and it is to be hoped a wiser man.

For a time Cooke seemed to stand quite alone in his struggle with Arianism. Ministers, as anxious as he was to see the Church freed from its influence, were nervous about grappling with it in his bold, uncompromising way. In 1822, at the annual meeting of the Synod of Ulster in Newry, he urged his brethren to vigorous action against it, but his appeal was coldly received. To add to his embarrassment, the very elements seemed in league against him that day.

As he spoke, a great thunderstorm came on, which shook the church where the Synod was met to its very foundations, and almost drowned his voice, while the lightning played vividly around him. But he was undaunted. "I seem," he said, "this day to stand alone. Yet I am not alone. Men may draw back in fear, but God and truth are with me." And he sat down dispirited, but not discomfited, silenced for the time, but determined to renew the contest at the first opportunity. That night he had a strange dream. "A battle was raging, and he was in the thickest of the fight. He was alone and borne down by numbers. Shadowy forms pressed upon him. His blows, however skilfully aimed and vigorously dealt, fell harmless. Smethurst, Bruce and Henry Montgomery were close upon him, while in the background, cold and scornful, were the dim forms of orthodox brethren. The scene changed. The dreamer was in a spacious hall, filled by an excited crowd. He stood upon a platform. The eyes of the assembly were fixed upon him. Suddenly the devil appeared by his side and challenged him to a discussion on the leading dogmas of Arianism. Henry Cooke never refused a challenge, and the discussion commenced. Argument after argument was advanced on both sides, and truth always triumphed. At length the devil, weary of logic, tried to overwhelm his opponent by assertion. 'I have more experience than you,' he exclaimed; 'I have seen what you never saw; I have heard what you could never hear; I have been in Heaven, where you never were, and I now affirm on indisputable authority—the authority of my own personal knowledge—that Jesus Christ is not God.' 'And I affirm,' said Cooke in reply, 'on the infallible testimony of God's own Word, that when the devil speaketh a lie, which this is, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar and the father of it.' These words were uttered with such strength of voice and vehemence of action, that not only did the dreamer awake, but Mrs. Cooke

my temptations attending me, and that of divers kinds; as sometimes I should be assaulted with great discouragement therein, fearing that I should not be able to speak a word at all to edification; nay, that I should not be able to speak sense unto the people; at which times I should have such a strange faintness and strengthlessness seize upon my body, that my legs have scarce been able to carry me to the place of exercise.

"Sometimes again when I have been preaching, I have been violently assaulted with thoughts of blasphemy, and strongly tempted to speak the words with my mouth before the congregation. I have also, at some times, even when I have begun to speak the word with much clearness, evidence, and liberty of speech, yet been, before the ending of that opportunity, so blinded, and so estranged from the things I have been speaking, and have been also so straitened in my speech, as to utterance before the people, that I have been as if I had not known or remembered what I have been about, or as if my head had been in a bag all the time of my exercise.

"Again, when sometimes I have been about to preach upon some smart and searching portion of the Word, I have found the tempter suggest, 'What! will you preach this? This condemns yourself; of this your own soul is guilty; wherefore preach not of this at all; or if you do, yet so mince it as to make way for your own escape; lest, instead of awakening others, you lay that guilt upon your own soul, that you will never get from under.'"

But these and other trials he was enabled to surmount: and if ever he found himself in Doubting Castle, the "Key called Promise" eventually opened all the locks of the prison, and once again he was free.

In the year 1659 he married his second wife, Elizabeth, the Christiana of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, who became a true mother to his children; and to her husband, as we shall see, a brave-hearted heroic helper in time of need.

## V.

## PERSECUTION.

In the year 1660 Charles II. was recalled by the English people and placed upon the throne. Old laws were at once put in force against the Non-conformists, and Bunyan was the first to suffer. A statute of the 35th year of Elizabeth required all persons to attend at their parish churches on pain of imprisonment. If at the end of three months they still refused, they were to be banished the realm; and if they should at any time return without royal permission, they were to be executed as felons. Of this Act Bunyan's enemies now took advantage. The Baptist congregation, as we have seen, had been deprived of its place of meeting and was now without a pastor. Bunyan faced the situation, and determined to continue to hold assemblies and to preach so long as he should have opportunity. As he afterwards said, "The law hath provided two ways of obeying; the one to do that which I in my conscience do believe that I am bound to do actively, and the other, when I cannot obey actively, I am willing to lie down and suffer what they shall do unto me." His resolution was soon put to the proof. Being asked to address a meeting on the 12th of November at Samsell, a village near Harlington, about thirteen miles south of Bedford,<sup>1</sup> he was warned beforehand that a warrant was out for his arrest. The friend at whose house the service was to be held, "questioned," says

<sup>1</sup> The place, says Dr. Brown, can be absolutely identified. The farm has been in the tenancy of the present occupier's family for 150 years, and in his father's lifetime the house was still standing. "Like all the old houses in the immediate neighbourhood that were in lonely situations, it was defended by a moat, the drawbridge of which could be lifted at night. The line of the foundations can still be traced, and the moat round them; and near by also still stands, though pollard and stunted now, the elm-tree then growing on the edge of the moat, and close to the house, when Bunyan was there."—*John Bunyan*, p. 137, where an engraving of the spot is given.

ing his tone with the art of the skilful orator and contrasting the bitter conflicts of earth with the peace of the upper sanctuary in language so full of music and beauty that all who heard melted into admiration. As they listened, the orthodox side trembled both for their leader and their cause. Dr. Cooke, when he rose to reply, said: "Moderator, I rise under difficulty, I had almost said fear. Never has this Synod, never has any assembly, witnessed such a display of forensic eloquence: what its effects upon others must have been I can well conceive, for even I, who was suffering under its stroke, could not refrain from giving it the tribute of my admiration; and as the dagger was driven home to my heart, I felt that it was wielded by the hand of a master." But the fears of the Trinitarians were soon dissipated. As he replied in detail to Montgomery's charges, those who had a little before admired the Arian leader, began to pity him. Position after position behind which he had intrenched himself, apparently impregnable, was demolished; and when Cooke sat down, amid an excitement such as had never been known in the Synod, it was felt that the controversy was virtually over. Montgomery's speech was the last effort of a sinking cause. It was a splendid effort, but it was a failure. The Arians themselves saw this, and saw too that the hour when they must leave the Synod was at last come. They had no choice but between this step and extinction. The terms of separation were soon arranged. Seventeen ministers withdrew, taking to themselves the name "Remonstrants," and so the Irish Presbyterian Church was finally delivered from this heresy. It is instructive to notice that from that hour she entered on an era of unwonted prosperity, growing in numbers, in usefulness, in influence, in wealth, until what in 1829 was a small sect has become a large Church, overspreading the whole land.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Inquirer*, a Unitarian organ, says: "Their Church has more than doubled in number,

Other controversies, at a later period, called forth his powers and furnished occasions for splendid displays of eloquence: the Voluntary controversy, the Education controversy, and the question of Repeal. We can do no more in this tract than mention them.

## VI.

### DR. COOKE'S SPEECHES.

Our readers may be anxious to have an example of Dr. Cooke's speaking in those debates. It is not easy to do him justice by such a specimen any more than by a single brick to give an idea of the house from which it is taken. His speeches were so compacted together, so pat to the occasion, and withal owed so much of their force to their delivery, that no idea of them can be formed from any excerpt. Nevertheless, we give a passage or two from one of them. At the meeting of Synod in Cookstown in 1828, he thus exposed one of Montgomery's fallacies. "The second proposition announced by our lecturer was this: 'I will be accountable to no man in matters of religion, as no man can be accountable for me.' This, Moderator, is another of those simple yet splendid fallacies by which inconsiderate minds are led captive. It is a bit of common glass, finely cut, and set as a jewel, deriving its play of colours from a little foil ingeniously placed beneath it. Take it asunder, and the colours, beauty, and the value are gone, and a bit of glass, worth not one farthing, is all that remains of your precious gem. I shall separate, then, this gem from its setting, that its true value may be ascertained. 'No man can be accountable for me.' This is the reason, the gem of the argument. Now if by 'accountable'

influence and power since the Remonstrants were cast out. Unity, zeal and success seem to mark all their ecclesiastical enterprises. They have virtually possessed the entire province, with many ramifications beyond, and their popular energies give no indication of abating." Surely a most significant testimony! *Inquirer*, 20th March, 1875.

1661, seemed to afford an opportunity for the release of Bunyan with that of thousands of other prisoners. It was held necessary, however, that all who had been convicted should sue for pardon; and as this would have implied the promise to offend no more, Bunyan could not take any step in this direction. He maintained, moreover, that the sentence of quarter sessions had been irregular and illegal, and claimed a formal trial.

At the August assizes, accordingly, he presented a petition that his case might be heard by the judges of the realm. One of these judges was Sir Matthew Hale, the other was Judge Twisden. The petition was committed by Bunyan to his brave wife Elizabeth, who had previously visited London on the same errand, and had succeeded in interesting some noblemen and members of Parliament in her husband's case. Mrs. Bunyan was at first kindly received by Hale; but afterwards, throwing her petition into the judges' coach, was harshly repulsed by Twisden. Undauntedly, however, this true Christiana, introduced by the high sheriff, made her way into court and repeated her appeal. One of the county justices, Sir Henry Chester, urged in opposition that Bunyan had been duly convicted at the quarter sessions. In vain did she argue with her woman's wit against the legality of the conviction. There was nothing for it, said Hale, kindly enough, but either to sue for the King's pardon, or to apply for a writ of error. So the matter dropped. The simple words of Elizabeth Bunyan may well under the circumstances be placed side by side with the noblest utterances of heroic womanhood. "Will not your husband leave preaching?" it was asked in the course of the interview; "if he will do so, then send for him." "My lord," said she, "he dares not leave preaching as long as he can speak." "Only this," she said afterwards, "I remember, that though I was somewhat timorous at my first entrance into the chamber, yet before I went out I could not but break forth into tears, not because they were so hard-hearted

against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

Between these assizes and the next, which were held in the spring of 1662, the imprisonment of Bunyan was not very rigid. By permission of the jailer he was able to go out into the country places and hold occasional services. He even attended church meetings in Bedford in September and October 1661: and once travelled to London "to see Christians" in that city. It was almost as if he were out on bail, still expecting that his case would be heard by the judges. But in this hope he was again disappointed. After his case had actually been entered in the calendar, it was, through some sinister influence, withdrawn; the jailer being, at the same time, sharply taken to task for the measure of liberty allowed his prisoner. Bunyan was now rigorously confined; "so that," he says, "I must not look out at the door."

The stoutest heart might have quailed at the prospect now before the brave prisoner. His case unheard, his business going to wreck, his wife and blind daughter, and three little ones besides, left dependent on friends or on the world's cold mercies, his chosen work forbidden him, and his appeal to justice persistently ignored:—what could be more desolate? True, he might have ended it all by a promise "to speak no more nor to teach in the name of Jesus." But rather than this, he would lose all: rather than this, he would die! At first he did sometimes anticipate the gallows with which he had been threatened by Justice Keeling. And, in the prospect of that fate, it is characteristic that his great fear was lest he should seem to tremble before he leaped off the ladder, and so bring discredit on his profession. But there was little time for lonely broodings. For one thing, he must earn a livelihood; he learned to "tag laces," and made many hundred gross, "to fill up," says an acquaintance, "the vacancies

of his time," as well as to meet other and more substantial needs. "In a museum of the saints," it has been said, "a lace-tag by Bunyan would be very interesting!" The "vacancies of his time" were still better "filled" by writing those books in which his genius now first found full scope, and which have made those long prison months and years an immortal remembrance! "*As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a Den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept, I dreamed a Dream.*"

It was long believed, and has been maintained by long tradition, that the place of Bunyan's imprisonment was the old town jail on Bedford Bridge. This has been plainly and incontrovertibly shown to be a mistake.<sup>1</sup> That jail was a mere lock-up: it could hold but six or eight prisoners at most; and Bunyan is known to have preached at one time to sixty fellow-prisoners, dissenters like himself. Then as one imprisoned for offences committed in the county district, he would as a matter of course be confined in the county jail. This stood on what is now the market-place, at the corner of High Street and Silver Street. The building was taken down in 1801, and "the only trace of it left on the spot is the rough stone wall on the north side of the market-place, which was the wall of the small courtyard used by the prisoners."

In this prison Bunyan remained, from his committal in 1660 to 1672, twelve years; from the thirty-second to the forty-fourth year of his life. The period was divided by a brief interval of freedom in 1666, when he was released "through the intercession of some in trust and power that took pity upon his suffering"; but he was speedily rearrested for holding a religious service, and remained a prisoner until Charles's specious Declaration of Indulgence set him free.

<sup>1</sup> See especially the arguments of Bunyan's latest and best biographer, Dr. John Brown: *John Bunyan*, ch. viii. p. 160 sq.

## VII.

### PRISON WRITINGS.

A friend of Bunyan, Charles Doe, "nonconformist and comb-maker, by London Bridge," has given a catalogue of the great Dreamer's works, with the dates of their publication. Eight of these books belong to the first period of his imprisonment. Three are in verse: the *Four Last Things*, *Ebal and Gerizim*, and *Prison Meditations*. Although possessing many a quaint turn and some few startling felicities, these compositions cannot be called poetry; the chief characteristic of the homely rhymes is a rough directness and common-sense, with earnest devout feeling. By the practice of versification, Bunyan doubtless acquired ease of style, with that command of language which so conspicuously appears in his greater works. He also wrote short devotional treatises: *Profitable Meditations*, *A Discourse on Prayer*, *On the Resurrection*, and *The Holy City*, which last strikingly applies the apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem to the spiritual Church of Christ on earth. The opulence of illustration displayed in this little book gives the first real glimpse that Bunyan's early works afford into the fertility of his imagination. There is scarcely a paragraph which does not sparkle with happy interpretations of the Bible imagery—not always critically justifiable, it must be confessed, but wonderful as a whole for their suggestiveness and beauty.

To these smaller works must be added the *Grace Abounding*, the date of which was 1666. The unequalled power and pathos of this autobiography were at once confessed, and six editions of the book were published in the author's lifetime.

In the second half of his twelve years' imprisonment his pen seems to have been comparatively inactive. At any rate, from the date of his re-arrest in 1666 until that of his release in 1672

only two works of his appeared, both in the latter year. One deserves notice, not only for its own sake, but as a specimen of the then current style of religious controversy. It is entitled, *A Defence of Justification by Faith in Jesus Christ*, in reply to a rationalistic work by Dr. Fowler, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, on "the Design of Christianity." In his preface Bunyan enumerates forty of Mr. Fowler's alleged errors, set in order in a list: then without stint or reserve of language he attacks and denounces them all. "Your book, sir, is begun in ignorance, managed with error, and ended in blasphemy." Bunyan calls his own book an "unpleasant scribble"; yet he never wrote more vigorously or with more consummate skill in the quotation and arrangement of Scripture texts. This mastery of the Word of God is also shown in the latest tractates belonging to this prison period: *A Confession of my Faith*, and *A Reason of my Practice in Worship*; the former being a summary of the principles of Puritan theology, fortified at every point by the citation of passages from Scripture, the latter setting forth Bunyan's views as to Church fellowship, under two heads: "(1) With whom I dare not hold communion; (2) with whom I dare." Under the latter division there is a defence of free Christian Communion, which perhaps exhausts all that is to be said on that side of the question.

During the latter part of his imprisonment there was considerable relaxation in the sternness of Bunyan's treatment. He was permitted again at intervals to leave the jail, and to mingle with his brethren. We find his name at frequent intervals among the attendants at the church-meetings in Bedford; <sup>1</sup> and before his formal liberation he had been chosen pastor of the little community. His election to that office bears date January 21st, 1672; he received a licence to preach, under the Indulgence, on the 9th of May; and his pardon under the

<sup>1</sup> See Extracts from the church-book, in Brown, pp. 204-213.

Great Seal bears date the 13th of September.

As the prison doors closed behind him, he could not but have been conscious that he had learned much, and had been greatly prepared for future work during his long period of seclusion. We can ourselves trace the growth of his intellectual and spiritual nature, in the contrast between the crudeness of his early essays, and the fulness and glow, both in thought and expression, of his later writings. He had read closely and deeply; and although his books were few, they were in themselves a library. The ENGLISH BIBLE of 1611, diligently and intensely studied, gave him not only a system of doctrine but an intellectual training. Its psalmists and prophets fired his imagination, and its incomparable diction formed his style. The one other book, we are told, that was his prison companion, was Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church*. Bunyan had leisure to read it then; and those who have leisure to read it now will easily conceive how large an amount of historical knowledge, as well as of stimulus to heroic endurance, the Bedford confessor would gain from that great and discursive book. Other works of literature could not have been wholly unknown to him. There are traces in his writings of acquaintance with Shakespeare, Spenser, Herbert. But his was the genius that would assimilate all material, still winning its choicest stores from observation and self-communion. When he came forth from prison in the prime of life, to assume the responsibility of a pastor, and to continue the use of his pen, it was with a mind well furnished, and a mastery of language, partly natural, partly acquired, that placed him at once in the highest rank of teachers.

A barn belonging to one of the congregation was licensed and fitted up as a place of worship, and Bunyan entered upon what he ever regarded as the great work of his life,—the ministry of the glorious Gospel of the Grace of God.

draw tears in private from the listener. My heart is full of it. 'The Lord keep me 'steadfast and immovable,' that I may abound 'in the work of the Lord.'"

## IX.

### HIS EVANGELISTIC WORK.

A deep and most ardent missionary spirit possessed Dr. Cooke from a very early period in his ecclesiastical life. We have seen that from the first he held by and boldly proclaimed the true Gospel at a time and in places where such preaching was the reverse of popular. But he was not content with preaching merely in the north of Ireland. He was among the first in the Irish Presbyterian Church to herald the advent of that missionary spirit which now so markedly possesses it. When at Trinity College, Dublin, in the winter of 1817-18, he employed all his leisure time in missionary work. We hear of him in such Roman Catholic centres as Stratford-on-Slaney and Carlow, preaching, establishing congregations, and promoting the circulation of the Bible. The thanks of the Synod were on several occasions voted to him for earnest and unselfish labours of this kind, and for journeys which he undertook to Scotland to advocate the cause of Irish evangelisation. We have the authority of Dr. Morgan for saying that he was the originator of the Home Mission. Over the whole of Ireland, north and south, he was "in journeyings often," for wherever a new Presbyterian church was to be built, or an old one enlarged, a debt to be liquidated or a school-house founded, Dr. Cooke was for years almost invariably the only preacher that was thought of for the occasion. The labour involved in such work was immense, but it was never grudged. Here is an extract from a letter written in 1856 to one of his sons-in-law, which speaks for itself: "On the 12th of May I set out for the South-West on a preaching excursion, carrying this very paper, in the full determination of writing to you before the 17th, our post

day by Southampton. On that day I reached Athlone. Preached twice on the 13th. On the 14th, . . . I preached in the evening in Ballinasloe. Started early next day for Ennis, partly by rail, partly by coach, and after a weary day reached the city, the head-quarters of Jesuitism open and avowed by engravings on stone in front of their chapel. Here I opened a new church with some prospects of usefulness. Next day set out by long-car for Limerick, which I reached in time to enable me to visit Garryowen and the 'Stone of the Violated Treaty.' I preached twice on Sunday. Wilson is doing a good work in Limerick. . . . On Monday I had a seven hours' sail on the Shannon, and saw many of its ancient glories and modern beauties. Reached Moate in the evening, in time to preach. Next day I went to Sully, and attended a service; the day after, Moyvore, and preached. Returned to Sully, and preached next day. Thence travelled to Cavan and rested there, next morning to Drumkeen, Monaghan, and preached there, and so home, by the aid of a horse that brought me to the railway at the rate of ten miles an hour. On reaching home, found letters from friends in the Free Church Assembly, urging me to visit them, as I had been appointed, but by reason of my Western journey had not been able to join our deputation. I wrote that I should go, and set out the moment I had finished unavoidable duties at home. I need not say how kindly I was received. To this visit I gave eight days, and so came home again, but only to set out on the 9th June to Tyrone and Fermanagh, to preach in three distinct congregations—Tempo, Dromore and Newtown Parry. Two days were given to travel *via* Derry, as there was not continuous rail on the nearer line. . . . From the 12th ultimo till now, I have hardly enjoyed an hour of rest from preaching and travelling." Truly he was abundant in his labours. Tours of this kind were of no uncommon occurrence in his life.

## X.

## THE APOSTLE OF PEACE.

Dr. Cooke never wearied in contending for Protestant union and Protestant peace. On this subject he held very fixed and very deep convictions. He himself was most steadfastly attached to the principles and polity of his own Church, and was ever ready to break a lance in her defence. It is related that once, dining with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace, he sat next to the old Duke of Wellington, and when the subject of church government somehow cropped up in the course of conversation, very sturdily, though, of course, with the utmost courtesy, maintained the Scripturalness of Presbyterianism in such a way as to elicit the admiration of the whole company. So it was with him always. Some men are ashamed of their Church, if on any occasion it happens to be in a minority. He was invariably proud of his. But, as he said himself on a certain public occasion, "A Presbyterian by birth, education and conviction, my intercourse with my fellow-Protestants of other denominations long ago convinced me that pure and undefiled religion was not limited to forms of church government, but that the power of Gospel truth was common to them all; and in public and in private life I uniformly stated my conviction that, while the Gospel is legitimately compared to a lamp, it matters much less what is the shape of the lamp than what is the amount and purity of the light which it furnishes; and if I have been assailed on account of this concession, still I stand by it and am not ashamed to avow it in the face of all the Evangelical churches." On another occasion he put this conviction in this still more emphatic form: "The priesthood and laity of Rome, the Socinian and the Infidel, form a threefold cord which is not easily broken; but, while this cord has been twisted together and labelled with destruction, Protestants have been uncom-

bined, in loose and separate threads, ready to be snapped asunder by the efforts of the weakest hand. This state of things must continue no longer. The advice of the dying father to his sons must be weighed and applied. He was afraid that after his death they would fall out by the way; so he took a quiver of arrows, and delivering them one by one to his heirs, he required them to break them in pieces. And the work was done. He took another quiver, and, calling for a cord, he bound the arrows together, delivered them to his youngest son and bade him break them, and the feeble boy attempted it in vain. They passed in succession round the family, and the eldest and the strongest tugged and toiled to break them, but could not succeed. 'Thus,' said he, 'my sons, disunited you will be destroyed, but combined in affection you need fear no enemy.' Protestants, you are the quivers. Remain asunder—look upon each other with suspicion—repel one another with sectarian antipathies—let the one look on with apathy or satisfaction, while the other is laid prostrate—do this, and then, I tell you, you will be broken in succession till nothing but splinters and fragments remain to tell of your existence. . . . United, though the powers of earth and the powers of darkness frown with equal hate upon your compacted ranks, they will never make a breach in your array, but will flit around you as fierce yet as innocuous as the chasseurs of Napoleon galloped round the iron-girt squares of Wellington on the memorable field of Waterloo."

From the time of the Arian struggle he was the acknowledged leader of the Synod of Ulster, and when in 1840 the General Assembly was formed by the union of that body with the Seceders, he still retained undisputed his position of pre-eminence. Three times he was raised to the Moderator's chair of his Church, the highest honour in the gift of his brethren. Other recognitions of his services were showered upon him in profusion by Church and State, by clergy



and laity, and by universities at home and abroad. He was presented with the freedom of the city of Dublin. The University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of LL.D. From Government he received the lucrative office of agent for *Regium Donum*, and when the northern Queen's College was opened he was appointed one of its deans of residence. In 1847, when the Assembly's College, Belfast, was established, he was unanimously elected its President and Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, offices which he held until his death, and in which he at once endeared himself to the students, and did signal service to the Church. It is worthy of notice, as showing the great love which his congregation cherished for him, that on the occasion of his election to this professorship they petitioned the Church courts not to dissolve the pastoral tie between them and their minister. The petition having been transmitted to the General Assembly, although its law against pluralities is very strict, he was appointed "constant supplier" of the May-street pulpit, until his people should obtain a successor; and they took such good care not to obtain a successor, that he remained very literally their constant supplier, the only difference between him and other Presbyterian ministers of the town being that from the time of his entering on the duties of his professorial chair he surrendered all the congregational emoluments.

## XI.

### HIS CLOSING YEARS.

So year after year sped on, each if possible busier than that which went before, a splendid constitution enabling "the old man eloquent," as he began to be called, to go through an amount of work which would soon have killed ordinary mortals. As he grew in years, he grew also in the love and veneration, not only of the Church, but of the entire community. The asperities of controversy were softened or forgotten. Age

mellowed the warrior's spirit. He grew less of the mere party leader and more of the *decus et tutamen* of all. In earlier days he had been the Achilles of the Church, now he became her Nestor. He changed, indeed, no opinion, altered no principle, abandoned no position which he had deliberately taken up; as he said at a public meeting the year before his death, "The snows of eighty winters are upon my head and the progress of years has diminished my strength. The only change that has not come over me is a change in my views. My heart is unchanged." A new generation rose round him in the General Assembly, as round some gnarled old oak whose branches have tossed in many a storm there springs a young growth of saplings. But it was not a generation which "knew not Joseph." All revered him—all were proud of him—and, as age began visibly to tell upon him, all wondered how the Church would be able to get on when he should be at the helm no more. For it came by-and-by to be evident that the end could not be far off. Successive family bereavements, which he felt very keenly, seemed to hasten it. As he walked along the streets of Belfast his step was noticed to be growing shorter and feebler. His stately form still maintained the old erect, majestic bearing, but its frailty grew more and more apparent to all. The voice which used to ring out over the largest assemblies, clear and sonorous as a deep-toned bell, grew weak and tremulous, until men wept as they saw how the once mighty orator could not make himself heard further than the first few benches in the council of his Church. In 1867 he felt obliged to give up the charge of his congregation. In the May of that year he dispensed the Communion to them for the last time, charging them all with a solemnity which made the scene one never to be forgotten, to meet him in Heaven. During the following winter he was unable to discharge his college duties. Next summer the death of his wife, the faithful companion of his joys

and sorrows for five-and-fifty years, quite unmanned him. He was taken to Harrogate, in the hope that change of air and scene would revive him; but the hope proved vain. With difficulty he was brought home—worse, and it was now evident that his race was run. But the end came gradually and very beautifully. The Bible was read to him at frequent intervals, and he enjoyed it greatly. Especially did he delight in such Psalms as the 51st, the 71st, and the 103rd, and in such chapters as John xvii., Romans v. and viii., and Hebrews xi. and xii. He knew he was dying. "I die," he said, "in the full assurance of understanding, in the full assurance of faith, in the full assurance of hope." So the strength of the old veteran ebbed away, and at length, on Sunday evening, Dec. 13th, 1868, the stream of his life, which had first seen the light on a Sunday more than fourscore years before among the Derry mountains, came to a close, and Henry Cooke was with his God. He was honoured with a public funeral, all ranks, classes and creeds uniting to pay the last respects to his memory in a manner which clearly demonstrated the wonderful reverence in which he had been held. That winter day saw a scene such as had never been witnessed in Belfast. Beside the hearse walked the pall-bearers, among whom were the Moderator of the General Assembly, the Primate of Ireland, the Mayor of Belfast, and the Bishop of Down and Connor. The President of Queen's College, followed by its professors and students, the President of the Methodist College, similarly accompanied, the President of Magee College, Derry, with its professors, the Faculty of the Assembly's College, Belfast, were there. The clergy of the

then Established Church, of the Presbyterian Church, and of other denominations attended in great numbers. The Town Council of Belfast and the other public bodies of the town walked in the procession. But perhaps more significant than this official recognition of the general sense of loss which was felt, was the vast throng of the populace who walked in the procession, or crowded the side paths and windows and roofs along the route, with such a look of sorrow in every face as told how deep and genuine was the lamentation for the great man who was gone. Francis Davis, the poet, caught well the spirit of the occasion when he wrote thus of that day:

"Tread, tread, slow with the dead—  
Was he a king who hath fallen to-day?  
Was he a prince whose spirit hath fled?  
Who is't that thus they are bearing away—  
Where the white moon lampeth the lonely bed  
And the earthworm rules the kingdom of clay?  
A prince in all holier senses of sway,  
Yea, verily, yea!  
And never, methinks, did the crowds evince  
For a sceptred king or a jewelled prince  
A deeper or holier reverence  
Than these display,  
For the chief whose rest  
Is so little oppressed  
With the gloom of their long array—  
The long, long, sad array,  
That with low, slow tread  
To the place of the dead  
The great man beareth away."

The remains were interred in Malone Cemetery, which lies within a short distance of Belfast, and many a pilgrim visits the hallowed spot where they rest. A splendid bronze statue was raised by public subscription shortly after his death. It stands in one of the most prominent thoroughfares of the town which so long numbered Henry Cooke among its most honoured citizens.

THOMAS HAMILTON, D.D.

# JOHN NEWTON OF OLNEY.



## JOHN NEWTON OF OLNEY.

---

IN the very heart of the city of London, at the entrance of Lombard Street, close to the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and the Bank of England, stands the church of St. Mary Woolnoth. Of the many thousands to whom its gates and square towers are familiar, there are comparatively few aware of the special object which gives the chief interest to the place. True, it is the parish church of the Lord Mayor, and on certain occasions of official ceremony it receives crowded congregations. The organ is a remarkably fine one, and the history of the church has some notable incidents. But its greatest attraction, to many a Christian pilgrim, is a plain mural tablet to the memory of a former rector, who was buried in the vault beneath. The inscription was written by himself, leaving only the date of his death to be added. The epitaph begins thus:—"John Newton, Clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy." The record then tells that he ministered nearly sixteen years as curate and vicar of Olney, in Bucks, and twenty-eight years as rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, in the city of London. He died in his eighty-third year, on the 21st of December, 1807, and was buried on the last day of that year, a great concourse of ministers and people being present.

This "clerk" has left no great name in history as a man of learning, or genius, or eloquence, yet he will ever hold a high place in Christian biography. His writings, if not brilliant, had the better merit of being useful. He was an earnest preacher, a faithful pastor, and a

wise counsellor and teacher. He was no common man who was the intimate friend of William Wilberforce and of Hannah More, of the Grants and the Thorntons, of Lord Dartmouth and Ambrose Serle, and the best of the laity, as well as the clergy of all denominations in that day. A more enduring fame is his, in having been for many years the companion and the comforter of the poet Cowper, and the joint author with him of the classical and still popular book of "Olney Hymns."

The course of his ministry, whether in the country or in London, was uneventful, so far as outward incidents of any remarkable kind are concerned. But the early career of this "Clerk in Holy Orders," to which reference is made in his epitaph in St. Mary Woolnoth, was marked by a succession of adventures and a variety of experiences such as few have encountered. The genius of Defoe himself could not have invented a more wonderful story, and it gives another illustration of the common saying, that oftentimes "truth is stranger than fiction."

### I.

#### PARENTAGE AND EARLY YEARS.

John Newton was born in London, in July 1725. His father, a seafaring man, was for many years master of a ship in the Mediterranean and Spanish trade. He was a man of some position and substance, his career ending as Governor of York Fort in Hudson's Bay, where he died in 1750. He was a stern, severe father, in manner at least, which his son attributed to his having been educated at a Jesuit college in Spain. How he came there, or his origin and ancestry, biography does not record. That the severity was mainly in manner and outward ways, appears from another remark

"Well, Rowley, and what would *you* like to be?" He looked archly towards his father, who was sitting in an arm-chair, and said, "I should like to be a baronet, and sit in a great chair;" an answer which amused all who heard it, and which proved a strangely wrong forecast of his future life.

He was sent to Eton, as soon as he was of sufficient age, his earlier lessons having been given by his mother and his elder sister, Jane Hill. To this home training, he used afterwards to say, he owed his first serious thoughts and distinct knowledge of religious truth, especially while learning Dr. Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." The seeds at least were planted in his mind, which in later years were quickened and matured. It was when at school that he was led, through the earnest and affectionate letters of his brother Richard, to give himself heartily to Christ, his Saviour and Lord.

Richard Hill was a good many years Rowland's senior, and had passed through a very remarkable religious experience, of which he has left a narrative. When as young as eight or nine, he had strong religious impressions, which seemed to be lost after he went to school, first in Shropshire and afterwards at Westminster. Yet he had occasional times of alarm at the thought of death and judgment, and strivings of conscience even in his most careless seasons. This unsettled state of mind remained during the four years he was at Magdalen College, Oxford, after which he travelled abroad for two years. He tells how at that time his life was passed in alternate fits of thoughtless gaiety and of penitent remorse. In this state of mind he returned to England in the summer of 1757. In the autumn of that year he was overwhelmed with mental trouble, even to the length of believing that he had lost the hope of grace, and could find no place for repentance. But the Holy Spirit, against whom he feared he had committed the unpardonable sin, was at this very time in mercy carrying

on the work of conviction. Nor was this conviction of sin superficial, as too often it is. The sorer the soul's sickness, the more is the need felt of the Divine physician. In his distress Richard went to consult a clergyman near Hawkstone, but he was not one skilled in ministering to a mind thus afflicted. Mr. Fletcher, afterwards of Madeley, was at that time tutor in a family in Shropshire, and to him, having heard of his piety, the youth made known his case in a letter, without giving his name. In urgent appeal, he besought Mr. Fletcher to give him an interview that night, at an inn in Shrewsbury. Though he had some miles to walk, the good evangelist came. By his conversation and prayers he brought the beginning of hope and peace to the anxious inquirer, and in after intercourse he helped towards his establishment in faith, and his enjoyment of spiritual comfort.

Returning to Oxford in 1758, Richard Hill grew in knowledge and in grace, not without much hard conflict and variety of experience, but with the result that he went back to Hawkstone a decided Christian, assured of his own salvation, and anxious to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel to others. He began to hold cottage meetings, where he prayed and addressed the villagers, notwithstanding the fear of such "enthusiasm" coming to the knowledge of his father, whose disapproval of such proceedings he knew would be strong.

It was natural that Richard's anxiety should extend to the welfare of his brothers Rowland and Robert at Eton. To them he wrote from London, in 1762, a long and affectionate letter, a copy of which is printed in the *Life of Rowland Hill* by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, his relative and literary executor. The correspondence was kept up while the brothers remained at Eton. In one of the letters he refers to Rowland probably entering the ministry, and he gives advice as to the direction of his thoughts and studies towards that most important office. With this letter he sent the works of

Archbishop Leighton, the perusal of which, and of other books, greatly strengthened his faith and his pious resolutions. To his Eton school-fellows he was earnest in his appeals, and although in most cases met with ridicule, or repelled by coldness, he had the satisfaction of meeting with warm response from a few. For mutual encouragement they formed themselves into a club or society. In after years Rowland, as the leader of this band, had the gratification of learning that his efforts had been made the means of the conversion of several of his school-fellows, the first fruits of the rich harvest of success in his ministrations through his long life.

His own religious character was greatly strengthened during his holiday seasons at Hawkstone, through the example and conversation of his brother Richard, and his devoted sister Jane. After returning to school, this sister wrote to him, in June 1764, that their father had resolved to send him to Cambridge, where he was to qualify himself for entering the ministry. There were at that time several livings in Norfolk, all of considerable value, in the gift of the Hill family, with the restriction that they could be presented only to fellows of St. John's College.

## II.

### AT CAMBRIDGE.

The father's purpose in sending Rowland to Cambridge was formed merely for family convenience, and accordingly Rowland entered as a pensioner of the College, in order to obtain a fellowship. Subsequent events led to a change in his views, and he became fellow-commoner, a class of undergraduates not eligible to Johnian fellowships, on account of their supposed rank and wealth. He had already formed the resolution of studying hard, not from ambition of academic distinction, but with desire of turning all acquirements to the service of Christ. His sister, in corresponding with him,

urged diligence, with the same high purpose, observing that "human learning is a most desirable jewel in order to set off the lustre of those in a consecrated heart." His tutor, Pearce of St. John's, was a liberal as well as learned man, and greatly assisted him in acquiring knowledge on subjects besides the studies necessary for taking his degree. He found his pupil to be fond of various branches of science, such as hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy, the taste for which he retained throughout his life. His tutor was very little older than himself, and they formed a close friendship. Pearce had been third wrangler and second medallist in his year, 1767. He was afterwards successively Public Orator, Master of Jesus College, Master of the Temple, and Dean of Ely. He had occasional communication with his former pupil when in all these positions, and while Master of the Temple he often permitted him to preach in the Temple Church, before the order of the Bishop of London for his exclusion from the pulpits in his diocese. We mention this here, only from its connection with the early Cambridge friendship.

In January 1769, Hill proceeded to his degree of B.A., where his name appeared in the list of honours, which in those times was rather an unusual thing for a fellow-commoner. Nor did his diligence in study hinder his excelling in the athletic sports then most in favour. He was a bold and graceful rider, and to old age he retained his love of horses. In skating and swimming he excelled, and it is recorded that he once swam from Cambridge to Granchester, —no slight feat against the stream. He would have been universally popular, and indeed, was admired as well as loved by all who had any regard for moral and religious character; but unhappily at that time, at Cambridge as well as Oxford, the number of those who had such feeling was few, and the hatred of everything connected with spiritual or vital Christianity was almost universal. As Rowland Hill had from the

dealer on one of the Plantain islands. Here he passed a time of terrible hardship and wretchedness. The slave dealer was absent for a time, during which his black mistress treated the strange servant with the utmost cruelty, even when he was down with fever. When he began to recover, he was nearly starved to death, and in his own "Narrative" of this part of his life he tells how his hunger compelled him to go out at night and prowl about for food; and at the risk of being flogged if discovered, he used to pull up roots in the plantation, and eat them raw on the spot. Sometimes the poor slaves in their chains pitied him, and secretly gave him some of their scanty food.

On the return of the master his lot was still more wretched, owing to the falsehoods told about him by the black woman who had been his persecutor, and was now his reviler. The details of his sufferings, and his ultimate rescue and escape, form a stirring chapter of the narrative afterwards published. This is too painful a period to dwell upon, but certainly it was a modern illustration of the prodigal in deepest misery in a far country.

It was by a happy accident, as it is called, but by a providential event, as was afterwards gratefully acknowledged, that the rescue from Africa was at that time effected. A strange ship unexpectedly hove in sight. It turned out to be one belonging to Mr. Manesty of Liverpool, the same who had already taken interest in the son of his friend Newton of London, and who had offered to sail him to Jamaica. The father did not know where his son was. He supposed he was in the West Indies, and had given instructions to the captain of Mr. Manesty's trading ship, to bring the lad home if he met with him. Little was it expected that he should be found on the coast of Africa.

A new succession of perils and adventures occurred during the voyage of this vessel. In January 1748, they started to return to England, but not by the direct

route now taken. There was a long navigation of thousands of miles, partly for purposes of trade, but also for getting the advantage of the trade winds. In two months we find the ship off Newfoundland. Here they amused themselves at the cod fisheries, but being delayed by the ship needing repairs, the stores were exhausted, and they had to fish for their maintenance.

It was early in March when they left the Banks. The ship was leaky, and the passage across the Atlantic stormy. Near the end of the month they sighted the Irish coast, but were then driven by a gale to the Hebrides, narrowly escaping there from total wreck. Not till April 8th did they find safe anchorage in Lough Swilly, in Ulster.

Newton had some wonderful personal adventures and deliverances during the voyage. Once he was awakened by a violent sea breaking over the ship. Hastening on deck, the captain ordered him to fetch a knife. When he went below for it, another man went up in his stead, and was immediately washed overboard.

While the ship was refitting, Newton went to Londonderry, where he met with much hospitable kindness, and where his health was recruited. He wrote to his father, who had despaired of ever seeing him again, supposing the ship to have been lost, no tidings having been received for so long a time. The letter arrived a few days before he left England, to take the appointment of Governor of York Fort, then under the Hudson's Bay Company. Before he sailed he paid a visit to Kent, and gave consent to his son's marriage with Mary Catlett. At the end of May 1748, Newton arrived at Liverpool, about the same time that his father was sailing from the Nore. From Mr. Manesty he received a warm welcome. His treatment of the young man, now and always, was most generous. After hearing all his story, the good merchant offered him the command of one of his ships, but Newton wisely declined, thinking

it better to make another voyage first, "to learn to obey," as he said, "and to acquire a further insight into business before venturing to undertake such a charge."

In August he sailed from Liverpool in one of Mr. Manesty's African ships, having been gladdened in the meanwhile by a letter from Mary Catlett, in response to his offer of being engaged to her if his prospects improved. In the voyage he had new adventures and some remarkable deliverances. Just before leaving the Guinea coast he was employed in bringing supplies of wood and water for the ship. He had made several trips, and the boat was starting for the last time, when the captain called to him to come on board, and sent another man in his place. This seemed strange, for he had always gone till now. The boat, old and unfit for use, sank that night, and the man who took his place was drowned. The captain was asked why he called Newton back, and his reply was that he had no reason except that it came suddenly into his mind to do so. After going to Antigua, and thence to Charleston in South Carolina, the ship made the home voyage, arriving at Liverpool December 6, 1749.

#### IV.

##### MARRIAGE AND SETTLEMENT AT LIVERPOOL.

As soon as the ship's affairs were settled, he went to London, and thence to Kent. He was married to Miss Catlett at Chatham, February 12, 1750. It might be deemed a precipitate and imprudent step, for he had saved very little of his pay, and his only hope of being able to support his wife, was Mr. Manesty's promise of the command of a ship to Africa in the ensuing season. The appointment came while he was yet enjoying his honeymoon in Kent, and before many months the separation from his young wife had to take place.

He sailed from Liverpool in August of that year, as Commander of the *Duke of Argyll*, a fine and well-appointed ship,

with a crew of thirty seamen. In Africa he met with many who had known him in his days of deepest adversity, and who were surprised at his altered circumstances, as well as conduct. Among other incidents, we are told that he sent a long-boat, with a smart crew, to fetch his old black tyrant, the slave mistress at the Plantains, to pay a visit to the captain of their ship. Her amazement on finding it was John Newton, was extreme, and the more when he showed her great kindness, and loaded her with presents. "I told the men that she had formerly done me much good, though she did not know it. She seemed to feel it like heaping coals on her head." And so, under a salute from the ship, she returned to her own place. From some of the rough and reckless captains and traders he had to stand taunts and railery, when they found he would not join them in excess of riot and wickedness. Leaving the African coast, the ship went to Antigua with its cargo of slaves and produce. The whole voyage lasted fifteen months.

Another voyage was made from Liverpool in July 1752, to Sierra Leone, and thence with slaves, as before, to the West Indies. A third voyage, after remaining only six weeks in England, commenced in the middle of October 1754. This proved to be his last experience of seafaring life. He was preparing for a fourth voyage, in command of a fine ship, which Mr. Manesty had purchased expressly for him, when he was seized with a paralytic stroke. He speedily recovered; but the seizure had been so sudden and unaccountable, that it was not thought prudent to risk exposure in a tropical climate. He gave up the command only two days before the ship was to sail. After he heard of his father's death, soon after his marriage, his affection for his wife was deeper than ever, and each separation had been the harder to bear. He was sitting with her at tea, perfectly happy, and apparently in perfect health, when struck down with the sudden seizure. The



prospect would have been gloomy, but for his "friend in need," Mr. Manesty, who had influence to procure for him an appointment as tide-waiter at Liverpool, and he had no more to go to sea. Before obtaining this post, he spent some time in the South of England, for the recovery of his own health, as well as that of his wife, which was much broken by the sudden illness of her husband. All was well arranged before long, and the month of January 1756, saw the happy couple settled in a comfortable home, and the husband busy in congenial work in the port of Liverpool.

## V.

## EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

It has seemed advisable to give, without interruption, the narrative of John Newton's seafaring career. If the details of these early years occupy what seems an undue proportion in the story of a long life, it is partly because they are in themselves of unusual interest, but more especially because they affected the character and course of his religious life, of the rise and progress of which we have now to give a brief account.

To his mother's pious training in his childhood, and the apparent loss of that good influence, reference has been already made. Evil as his ways were in his youth and early manhood, his was not a case of passive and hopeless abandonment, or unchecked descent from bad to worse. While not concealing or excusing his avowed infidelity, and shameless life, he himself tells how it was only for a short period that he lived wholly without God, and in open sin. He tells how, during his first voyages, old impressions of religion would sometimes revive. He tells how, at one period, he continued to read his Bible, and, with many resolutions and much fasting, he strove to establish a righteousness of his own. For two years together he thus strove. But his heart was not in the work, and when temptations came, he was helpless to resist evil companions and evil ways.

An infidel book, and the conversation of an infidel shipmate, brought him to avowed scepticism, and he threw off the restraints of the Divine Word. Even then, when apparently dead in trespasses and sins, his conscience was not seared, and his thoughts were troubled. To find relief he plunged into deeper excesses of evil, and at times seemed almost an abandoned profligate. Then there were seasons of reflection and of remorse. The remembrance of his sainted mother, and thoughts of the pure girl to whom he was attached, helped to strengthen his better feelings. The remarkable escapes and deliverances, in times of sickness and danger, compelled him to recognise the hand of God in providence; of the higher power of Divine grace he was yet unconscious. But the beginning of a new life was near. During the last voyage before his marriage, when he had narrow escapes from shipwreck, the decisive change began to show itself. "About this time," he says, in reviewing the events of his early life, "about this time I began to know that there is a God who hears and answers prayer. I was no longer an infidel. I heartily renounced my former profaneness. I had taken up with some right notions, and was touched with a sense of God's undeserved mercy. I was sorry for the past, and proposed an immediate reformation. I was quite freed from the habit of swearing, which seemed to have been deeply rooted in me as a second nature. Thus to all appearance I was a new man." But he goes on to say: "Though I cannot doubt that this change, so far as it prevailed, was wrought by the Spirit and power of God, yet I was still greatly deficient in many respects. My views of the evil of sin, the spirituality and extent of the law, and the true character of the Christian life, were still very defective."

The methods of Divine grace in the salvation of sinners are various. There are cases when the exact time and place of conversion can be described. But in other instances it is not possible to say

when the quickening of the soul begins, or what are the processes of the new birth. The experience of Newton is instructive on this point. There can be no doubt that the previous checks of conscience and convictions of sin were also to be ascribed to restraining grace, and were wrought by the Spirit of God, who worketh when and how He wills. The Gospel, or glad tidings of salvation through faith in the Saviour, he did not at once receive, as it is the privilege of many to do who "believe and live." At Charleston he had heard Gospel preachers, probably some of the early Methodists, but he says he did not understand, and he did not seek explanation. This, he says, threw him more on the study of the Bible, with meditation and prayer, and he found that truly unto the upright light ariseth out of darkness. Of his sincerity, and his decision to be on the Lord's side, there could be now no doubt.

This state of mind was more marked in the voyages after his marriage. During one of these he commenced a diary, which he continued till far advanced in life. This valuable record, after being long unknown, came into the hands of the late Rev. Josiah Bull, who has made ample use of its materials in his *Life of Newton*, to which we are indebted for many of the statements in this brief memoir. He also commenced a regular correspondence with Mrs. Newton, and in his *Letters to a Wife*, which have been published, the progress of his religious life is to be seen. For a considerable time he had continued to make his way, with such help as he could obtain from books taken with him from England, among which were Dr. Doddridge's *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, and Bishop Burnet's *Life of Sir Matthew Hale*. At length he met with one to whom, for the first time, he could open his whole mind, and who proved to him a counsellor and guide, as welcome as was Evangelist to Christian in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Here is his own account of Captain Clunie, whose friendship was one of the memorable events in his history. "On my

arrival at St. Kitts this voyage (1754) I found a captain of a ship from London whose conversation was greatly helpful to me—a man of experience in the things of God, and of a lively, communicative turn. We discovered each other by some casual expressions in mixed company, and soon became, so far as business would permit, inseparable. He not only improved my understanding but inflamed my heart. He encouraged me to open my mouth in social prayer. He taught me the advantage of Christian converse. He put me upon an attempt to make my profession more public, and to venture to speak for God. From him, or rather from the Lord, by his means, I received an increase of knowledge, my conceptions became more clear and evangelical, and I was delivered from a fear which had long troubled me, the fear of relapsing into my former apostacy. But now I began to understand the security of the covenant of grace, and to expect to be preserved, not by my power and holiness, but by the mighty power and promise of God, through faith in an unchangeable Saviour.

"He likewise gave me a general view of the state of religion, with the errors and controversies of the times, things to which I had been entirely a stranger, and finally directed me where to apply in London for further instruction. With these newly-acquired advantages I left him, and my passage homewards gave me leisure to digest what I had received. I had much comfort and freedom during those seven weeks, and my sun was seldom clouded."

It may seem strange that these two worthy sea-captains had no scruple and felt no inconsistency in being engaged in the slave trade. It was one of the "controversies" which had not come to the front in those times. Long after this, George Whitefield and other leaders of the religious revival, bought or accepted gifts of slaves, for working in connection with the Orphan House, in Georgia. It is within the memory of men now living, that not only slave-

holding, but slave-dealing was regarded as consistent with religious profession and the strictest orthodoxy. Although a few may have had compunctions and made protests, the general opinion in the Church of Christ was not adverse to what all right-minded and true-hearted Christians now condemn. This fact may be an encouragement to those who denounce other usages as injurious to the souls and bodies of their fellow-men, and which hinder the success of Christian work both at home and in the mission field.

## VI.

## LIFE AT LIVERPOOL.

In the latter part of 1755, Mr. Newton undertook his duties as tide-surveyor at Liverpool. At first he was "boarding-surveyor," having to board ships on their arrival in the Mersey, being out with his boat night and day according to the tides. Afterwards he had less arduous work, having merely to visit and clear ships in the docks. In this duty he had less work, and had more time upon his hands. He took active part in the affairs of a Baptist church, but without joining its membership, which could not be except upon "full terms," namely baptism by immersion, of which he did not see the necessity. At St. Thomas's Church he first heard Mr. Whitefield, who in the evening preached in St. Thomas's Square to an audience of about four thousand people. He had much conversation with the great evangelist, and some correspondence subsequently. In one of his letters he mentions that the population of Liverpool at that time was forty thousand people, "who in matters of religion hardly knew their right hand from their left." There was no lack of ordinances, but "a flow of outward prosperity had blinded all ranks, orders, and degrees, so that profaneness and insensibility seemed to divide all between them." He wrote also to Mr. Wesley, urging him to send preachers. Having to spend much time at the watch-office on duty, he busied himself there, as well

as at home, in study, commencing the reading of the Scriptures in Hebrew and Greek, making use of *Poole's Annotations* and 'similar books in his biblical pursuits. He was always a diligent student, even in his voyages providing himself with books of an instructive and useful kind. About this time there occurred one of the providential deliverances, of which there were so many in his early life. He had not long left the watch-house one morning, when a gale of wind threw down the chimney-stack, and on his return he found the chair at which he usually sat, broken to pieces.

After a year spent in this routine of duty and study, he seems first to have entertained thoughts of entering the ministry. His informal addresses and prayers at private meetings had been very favourably received, and he was urged by friends to devote himself more fully to the Lord's service as a minister. This was a matter requiring consideration, and in company with Mrs. Newton and a young friend, he undertook a journey into Yorkshire, where he had heard of remarkable revivals, both within and outside of the Established Church. Among other places visited was Haworth, where he received a truly Christian welcome from Mr. Grimshaw. "Had it been the will of God," he says, "methought I could have renounced the world to have lived in these mountains, with such a minister, and such a people." With Mr. Scott, an Independent minister at Heckmondwike, he also enjoyed spiritual communion. Mr. Scott was a man of learning, as well as an earnest preacher. He devoted himself to the training of pious young men, and before his death, in 1783, he was the means of introducing more than sixty ministers into the Christian Church. It was from his labours that the institution afterwards known as Rotherham College arose. Another good man whose converse he enjoyed, was Mr. Crook, a parish minister at Leeds, by whom he was strongly urged to apply for ordination.

this it continued to be throughout the fifty years that Mr. Hill was its minister. Good old Mr. Venn came regularly to preach at Surrey Chapel; and so did Mr. Scott, the commentator. The pulpits of several of the London churches were open to him, and not a few of the clergy, who did not sympathise with his spiritual religion, were glad to use his popularity for charity sermons, with certainty of a large offertory. This ceased when the Bishop of London of that time forbade him the use of any pulpit under his jurisdiction.

It was not by preaching only that his chapel became a power of Christian usefulness and beneficence. Attached to the chapel were no less than thirteen Sunday-schools, containing above three thousand children; and from the teachers and pupils in these schools, not only much spiritual good was spread in London, but earnest and efficient missionaries went out to heathen lands. The contributions of the Surrey Chapel congregation to the cause of Missions were very large, and the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society within its walls was one of the most important events in the Christian annals of the metropolis. The collection at the Missionary sermon sometimes amounted to hundreds of pounds. Visiting societies, almshouses, and many institutions for promoting the glory of God, and the welfare of man, had their origin, and owed their influence to the Christian love and zeal of the members of Surrey Chapel.

The chapel was vested in trustees, and it was a great comfort to the minister that his brother Richard, who was one of the trustees, could give his active services in support of the institutions connected with the chapel during part of each year. He was now M.P. for Shropshire, being first elected in 1776, and representing his native county in successive parliaments till 1806, when he resigned. He died in 1808.

The music at Surrey Chapel was ever a notable feature in the services. The

vast assemblies united with heart and voice in singing the psalms and hymns, accompanied rather than led by the powerful and skilfully handled organ. For many years the organist was Mr. Jacob, a performer of first-rate talent, well known in the musical profession. Mr. Hill first heard Jacob at one of the Handel commemorations in Westminster Abbey, and offered him the appointment at Surrey Chapel, where he remained, although often tempted by more lucrative engagements elsewhere. Mr. Jacob had charge of the annual sacred concert in the chapel, then one of the events of the London season. The admission was by five-shilling tickets, for the benefit of the Surrey almshouses. The greatest artists of the time assisted on these occasions, as Crotch and Wesley at the organ, Salomon the violinist, and Lindley on the violoncello. A few persons disliked these performances being given in a sacred, although not a consecrated building, but Mr. Hill considered that the sacred character of the music, and the charitable object in view, justified his allowing these concerts on a week night. On Sunday he was so strict as to the admission of mere musical display, that he would not allow the performance of any voluntary on the organ, as is the custom in most churches.

## VI.

### HIS PREACHING.

It is as a preacher that Rowland Hill will have his fame and his place in history. To preach Christ was the aim and end of his public ministry. The first great element in his preaching was its intense earnestness. An incident at Wotton well illustrates this fervour of spirit. He had been carried away by the impetuous earnestness of his appeals. Then pausing and raising himself to his full stature, he exclaimed: "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast; but I am not. Mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of

which was rather a rare thing in rural England in those times. The great revival of the eighteenth century, led by Wesley and Whitefield, had as yet only made impression in certain parts, but the preaching of Mr. Browne had prepared the people of Olney for a Gospel ministry. The services in the parish church were well attended, and cottage meetings were speedily established in surrounding hamlets. Meetings were also held in a room in what was known as "the Great House," a mansion which was the property of the Earl of Dartmouth. At first the place was only used for addresses to the children of the congregation, but gradually attendance at an evening meeting, for prayer and exhortation, became a regular part of the vicar's duty. It was for the services at this prayer-meeting that Newton prepared most of the well-known "Olney Hymns," and in this work he was fortunate in having the poet William Cowper as his coadjutor. Cowper had then recently, along with Mrs. Unwin, come to reside at Olney, and greatly helped the minister in his pastoral work.

The living was a poor one, Mr. Newton's income being little more than sixty pounds a year, but a generous friend, John Thornton, allowed him statedly two hundred a year, with a charge to draw upon him for whatever more he might require. This enabled Newton and Cowper to give help to many of the struggling poor during their visits to the homes of the people. Of the munificence of Mr. Thornton, Cowper speaks in many of his letters, and has immortalized the good philanthropist's name in his poems.

At the vicarage there were almost always visitors, for Mr. Thornton had said, "Be hospitable, and keep an open house for such as are worthy of entertainment." Many remarkable visitors were thus seen at Olney, dissenters as well as churchmen. On one occasion, an Indian chief, one of Whitefield's converts in North America, who had been ordained to the ministry among his own tribe, the Mohicans, preached in Olney

Church to a crowded audience, and told many cheering things about the Lord's work in the New World.

In the year 1764 Mr. Newton had made the acquaintance of the Rev. William Bull of Newport Pagnell, with whom he maintained a warm friendship for many years, and in whose genial companionship Cowper also took great delight, as he has recorded in his letters as well as in his poems. With Mr. Bull Newton had much correspondence, and a volume of his letters has been published separately. In the custody of the Bull family many of Newton's papers were preserved, and it was from the manuscript diary thus obtained that Mr. Bull's grandson, the Rev. Josiah Bull, derived much of the information given by him in his *Life of Newton*, the latest and best biography of the good Vicar of Olney.

The intercourse with the poet Cowper is the most memorable feature of his life at Olney. There are people even now, who, through ignorance or malice, say that Newton's austere views of religion were the cause of Cowper's insanity. Every one who knows anything of the gentle poet's history, is aware how utterly groundless is this statement. Cowper's malady was constitutional, and first manifested itself in his early days, when, as yet, he had never given to religion a serious thought. After his recovery, he found in the Unwin family at Huntingdon true and congenial friends. When he went, along with the widowed Mrs. Unwin, to live at Olney, he there spent some of the happiest and most useful years of his life. In an article in the *Quarterly Review*, January 1860, the real relations of Cowper and Newton are described in a clear and impartial way. A few sentences from this masterly article are worth quoting here. "Cowper had read his Bible to so much purpose, that he needed no instruction in doctrine; what he wanted was a companion of kindred sentiments, and equal understanding, with whom to interchange ideas. The entire world, perhaps, could not have supplied a person

more fitted for the purpose than Mr. Newton. There was hardly a mood of mind connected with religion with which he was not familiar from his own experience. The warmth of affection which attempered his masculine nature rendered him a counsellor as gentle as he was discriminating. His conversation was singularly racy, and abounded in apt and lively illustrations. The utmost intimacy at once ensued between two such congenial spirits, equal in love, in piety, in worth; and if the one was possessed of the finer genius, the other had the advantage of a more vigorous character, and a greater capacity for the affairs of life."

We are told that Newton reckoned this friendship among his "principal blessings." It was a blessing which his parishioners shared. Cowper eagerly offered himself as a "lay helper" to his friend. He acted as any curate, of the best type, would have done, visiting the poor and the afflicted, and assisting the minister in his prayer-meetings and week-day services. That he enjoyed a course of peace, short intervals excepted, from the time of his coming to Olney to the re-appearance of his mental disorder, we know from the testimony of Mr. Newton, who "passed these six years in daily admiring and aiming to imitate him."

One memorable and lasting result of this friendship was the alliance in the composition of the well-known "Olney Hymns," to which we shall presently refer.

Another name associated with Newton and Olney, is that of the Rev. Thomas Scott, then curate in a neighbouring parish. Mr. Scott's views on various points were cloudy and unsettled, and in his perplexity he sought the advice of Newton. This was gladly given to the earnest and sincere inquirer, who, by the force of truth, as he himself has recorded, was led to clear and hearty reception of evangelical religion. In his preaching and in his writings, the spiritual change was more and more apparent, and through his well-known *Commentary on the Bible*,

his influence for good has been felt down to our own day. Other interesting incidents of Newton's ministry at Olney, apart from the faithful and zealous discharge of his duties to his own parishioners, might be mentioned, but we must pass on to narrate his experiences in a wider field of labour.

## VIII.

### RECTOR OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.

In the autumn of 1779, Mr. Newton's friend, John Thornton, offered him the living of St. Mary Woolnoth, vacant by the death of Dr. Plumtree. Believing that this larger sphere of usefulness was providentially opened, and satisfied that the interests of his people at Olney would not suffer by his removal, he entered on his new duties early in the following year. In the new church the audiences were different, but the preaching was the same. "I preach my own sentiments, plainly but peaceably, and directly oppose no one," he said in a letter to a friend, after being some time in London. "Accordingly, Churchmen and Dissenters, Calvinists and Arminians, Methodists and Moravians, now and then, I believe, Papists and Quakers, sit quietly to hear me." Many came from outside his parish to attend his ministry, for the evangelical preachers in those days were few and far between. It was not only in the pulpit that he preached the Gospel. He held regular services at several houses in or about London, one of the places being at Mrs. Wilberforce's residence, where he also gave a series of lectures on the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The morning and evening daily exercises at his own home, first at Charles Square, Hoxton, and afterwards in Coleman Street, were a notable feature in his ministerial work. Many attended, invited and uninvited. His house was also constantly open to visitors, who came to consult him about their spiritual concerns. At breakfast he was always ready to receive guests, and many an interesting meeting at this season is

mentioned in biographies of these times. On several occasions the routine of his pulpit services was broken by series of discourses upon special subjects. One of these, which attracted much attention, was the series of sermons on the passages which formed the subject of Handel's greatest oratorio, the performances of which were given amidst much popular enthusiasm. There were fifty discourses in all, afterwards published under the title of "The Messiah."

While bearing his testimony against what he deemed the irreverence of using such themes for purposes of public entertainment, he took occasion to preach with great earnestness and clearness the doctrine of salvation through Christ. Other sermons on public occasions attracted unusual notice; but during most of the twenty-eight years of his London incumbency his labour was devoted to diligent and zealous discharge of ordinary ministerial and pastoral work. He took no public part in political affairs, and he was careful to avoid controversy either on doctrinal or ecclesiastical questions. Sometimes he was accused by Calvinists as being an Arminian, and sometimes by Arminians as being a Calvinist, "which," he says, "makes me think that I am on good scriptural ground." Courteous and tolerant towards all who differed upon minor points, he was held in honour and loved by all. By the wish of the Rev. Charles Wesley, expressed before his death, Mr. Newton was one of the eight ministers who were to bear the pall, which he did at the burial in Marylebone Church, in April 1788, although it was a walking funeral, and in cold snowy weather.

## IX.

### PUBLISHED WORKS AND LETTERS.

Of the good done by his published sermons and other works, many gratifying testimonies were received. An American correspondent informed him that thousands of readers had obtained comfort and instruction from them—an edition

having been printed in New York. From India also letters of grateful acknowledgment came, and many were the messages which the post conveyed, from all parts of England and Scotland, of the benefit received from his writings as well as his preaching.

He was also a most ready and voluminous letter writer. He was applied to by innumerable correspondents, most of whom sought advice or instruction, and he devoted much of his time to the voluntary task of replying, often at considerable length, to their questions, or striving to solve their difficulties. Many of these letters have from time to time been printed, besides correspondence on more general topics. In the early volumes of *The Sunday at Home* will be found not a few of these long-treasured letters. During his life, or soon after his death, various volumes of letters were published, of which the best known are the *Letters to a Wife*, *Letters to Captain Clunie*, and a collection of letters on many important topics of Christian life and experience, under the title of *Cardiphonia*, or the heart's utterances on sacred subjects. It was Cowper who suggested this happy title for the two volumes of letters addressed originally to many correspondents and on a great variety of subjects. Mr. Bull in his biography gives a list of the friends to whom the letters were written, the names being omitted in the published work. Among the names are Lord Dartmouth, Mr. Scott, Dr. Ryland, Mrs. Wilberforce, the Rev. Mr. Powley, (Mrs. Unwin's son-in-law), Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnell, Dr. Ford of Melton Mowbray, Mr. Catlett (Mrs. Newton's brother), Sally Johnson, his faithful servant, and about twenty others in all positions and circumstances of life. The letters to Cowper appear in the poet's *Life and Correspondence*.

## X.

### AS HYMN WRITER.

In his hymns and sacred poems Newton has left a precious legacy to the Christian

ings for victory and peace, no celebrations were more hearty, and few illuminations more conspicuous than those at Surrey chapel and parsonage. When the freedom of the city of London, and swords of honour were presented to Lord Hill and Lord Beresford, he appeared at Guildhall, where no guest was received with more respect and enthusiasm than the good old uncle of the chief hero of the day.

One great service to his country and to humanity deserves special notice. When Dr. Jenner brought forward his discovery of vaccination as a preventive to small-pox, the proposal was very slowly accepted by the medical profession, and very doubtfully received by the people. Mr. Hill, who was a personal friend of Dr. Jenner, at once and zealously became the advocate of the new practice. He not merely spoke of it wherever he went, even in the pulpit, but he vaccinated with his own hand many thousands of people of all conditions and ages. After the week-day services at Surrey Chapel, he was often for hours thus engaged in the vestry or schoolroom. Dr. Jenner gratefully acknowledged the help his friend had given to make vaccination widely known, and to bring it into general use. He used to attend Mr. Hill's preaching whenever his journeys took him to Cheltenham or Gloucester, or other places within reach. Once after the service at Wotton, when Dr. Jenner was present, Mr. Hill introduced him to a nobleman, with the remark that his friend had saved more lives than any man in his time. "Ah!" said Dr. Jenner, "I wish I could say, who has saved souls as you have done." Next to preaching no service was enjoyed more by Mr. Hill than being thus Dr. Jenner's "medical missionary."

## IX.

### ANECDOTES.

The anecdotes told about Rowland Hill are innumerable. Many stories associated with his name are sheer inven-

tions, and bear falsehood on the face of them. Such, for example, is the anecdote as to his making a sneering remark about his wife's head-dress from the pulpit. It was one of the stories current even during his lifetime, and when it came to his ears he was justly indignant, saying, "It is an abominable untruth, derogatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman." But there are many which are characteristic and well authenticated. Of this kind is one recorded by the Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, showing Mr. Hill's tact in dealing with a seafaring audience, at a time when sailors were less accustomed than now to hear Gospel addresses. It had been announced that he was to preach, and a large crowd had assembled. A great body of sailors were resolved to molest him, and interrupt the service. Rowland went to the place on horseback, attended by his groom. Seeing that they were ready for mischief, and would use missiles as well as noise to prevent the meeting, he rode up at once to the ringleaders, and said: "My lads, I have no right over you: if you don't like to hear me, I have no authority to force your attention; but I've travelled a good many miles in the hope of doing some good or getting some. Now, I have a proposal to make to you. I always did admire British sailors. You have, no doubt, seen a good deal of service, and been in many a storm and shipwreck. I'm fond of hearing the adventures of seamen. Now some of you shall stand out and tell us what you have seen or suffered, and I'll hear you; and after that you shall hear me. That's fair!"

Some laughed, but the most were struck with admiration of the hearty and frank appeal. "Come, Jack," said one, "you pitch us a stave! Give the gentleman a lecture, as he asks," said another. So they went on, Mr. Hill entering into the humour of the scene, and laughing with them at the backwardness of the men to come forward. Presently he said, "Will none of you



"Raise your downcast eyes, and see  
 What throngs His throne surround!  
 These, though sinners once like thee,  
 Have full salvation found!  
 Yield not thee to unbelief,  
 While He says 'There yet is room;'  
 Though of sinners thou art chief,  
 Since Jesus calls thee, come."

The loving and earnest spirit of a true evangelist is shown in these lines, which have given hope and comfort to many a broken and contrite heart.

Of the three hundred and forty-eight hymns which form the Olney collection, Cowper wrote only sixty-eight, almost all of them remarkable for poetic beauty or for experimental religion.

In the latter quality Newton's are equally rich, and the inferiority of the poetry in not a few of the hymns is compensated by the deep piety and tender spirit of the good pastor.

Very touching are the words in the preface to the book as it first appeared, when, in referring to the joint authorship, he says, "A desire of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere Christians, though the principal was not the only motive to this undertaking. It was likewise intended as a monument, to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship."

## VI.

### DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF HIS CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

By nature he had great warmth of heart as well as energy of mind, and these qualities, when sanctified, and directed to the service of Christ, made him active and earnest in the Master's work. But the most marked characteristics were due to his singular personal history. He had an abiding sense of self-abasement and deep humility, on account of his former wickedness of life, and his presumptuous rejection of the Gospel. Wheresin abounded grace more abounded, was his constant feeling. God had freely forgiven, he knew; but he never could forgive himself, and with his humility was mingled perpetual admiration of the mercy and grace of God towards such a

sinner as he had been. To use his own words: "Thy grace may have recovered some from an equal degree of apostasy, infidelity, and profligacy, but few of them can have been redeemed from such a state of misery and depression as I was in upon the coast of Africa, when Thy unsought mercy wrought for my deliverance. But, that such a wretch should not only be spared and pardoned, but reserved to the honour of preaching Thy Gospel, which he had blasphemed and renounced, and favoured with acceptance and usefulness, both from the pulpit and the press; so that my poor name is known in most parts of the world, where there are any that know Thee—this is wonderful indeed! The more Thou hast exalted me, the more ought I to abase myself."

Along with this deep humility there was conspicuous in him complete resignation to the will of God. This was especially seen in times of trial and affliction. "Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" This was a favourite text with him, in seasons of trial or sorrow.

Not less remarkable was his abiding sense of the presence and the providence of God in every event of his life. "When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth," he once said, it seems the same whether I turn down Lothbury or go through the Old Jewry" (he lived then in Coleman Street), "but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport; but had he cut it down an hour later I had not been here. A man made a smoke on the sea-shore at the time a ship passed, which was thereby brought to, and brought me to England." It was this entire and constant reliance on Providence that made him calm in all events, both public and private, so that nothing seemed to surprise him or throw him into confusion, but his mind was kept in perfect peace.

Another notable feature in Newton's character was his sympathy and tender-

asking if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute to the collection? Such pulpit notes and queries seem to have been more frequent formerly than now, and Mr. Hill did not altogether forbid the practice. On this occasion he read the question, and gave a very decided answer in the negative. He then added, with his usual shrewdness and sly humour, "But, my friends, I would advise you who are not insolvent, not to pass the plate this evening, as people would be sure to say, There goes a bankrupt!"

## X.

## OLD AGE AND CLOSING DAYS.

Although feeble, and subject to occasional ailments in his later years, the good old preacher continued to labour as long as strength and voice permitted him. His mental faculties to the last were unimpaired, and on several occasions the old energy and fire appeared. In 1831 an effort was made to alter the constitution of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and a scene of tumultuous disorder was witnessed at the Anniversary meeting at Exeter Hall. His appearance upon the platform was hailed with delight by the people, and his few words of earnest appeal and cogent reasoning calmed the assembly and restored peace for a time. The main question was the imposition of a doctrinal test on the members of the Society. This he strenuously resisted, saying it was preposterous to refuse to let any persons distribute the only antidote to their own errors. He went home greatly depressed by the outbreak of unruly passion which he had seen. It was the last of his appearances in public, except in the pulpit. When in his eighty-eighth year he assisted his friend George Clayton at Walworth, who says, "He preached excellently for an hour, and he remained in the vestry to rest, till every one save the pew-openers, his servant and myself had left

the place. I offered my arm, which he declined, and then followed him as he passed down the aisle of the chapel. The lights were nearly extinguished, the silence was profound; nothing, indeed, was heard but the slow majestic tread of his own footsteps, when, in an undertone, he thus soliloquized:

"And when I'm to die, 'Receive me,' I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

"But this I do find, we two are so joined,  
That He'll not be in heaven and leave me behind."

These lines, which he was often heard to utter in his latter days, have been supposed by some to be from one of his own compositions, but they belong to a hymn by the Rev. John Gambold, an Oxfordshire clergyman, afterwards a bishop among the Moravian Brethren.

It was in the spirit of this favourite hymn that the good old man waited his own summons, which came on the evening of the 11th of April, 1833. His spirit, in perfect peace, passed into the presence of his Lord and Saviour. There was great sorrow at Surrey Chapel when he was buried on the 19th. Lord Hill led the procession from the house as chief mourner. The service was read by Dr. Collyer, and at its close the vast congregation rose, and to the sound of the organ, sang the verse:

"When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, and died for me."

It was with a thrill of solemn grief that the word went through London, and wherever it came—Rowland Hill is dead! He was known to all, and loved by all, and all classes united then, and unite now, to do honour to his name and memory. May that memory be kept fresh, and the influence of his life and work be never lost in the Church of Christ.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D.

# THOMAS CHARLES OF BALA.



# ULRICH ·ZWINGLI,

THE SWISS REFORMER.



## I.

### BIRTH AND EARLY TRAINING.

ULRICH or Huldreich Zwingli was a son of the hills, as Luther was a child of the forests. The place of his birth and earliest upbringing was a small village, Wildhaus by name, away up in the Toggenburg, in the canton of St. Gallen. He was born on New Year's Day, 1484, and was only a few months younger than his great Saxon teacher and co-adjutor. Both father and mother were well connected. The father was *amman*, or magistrate of the village. The mother was a certain Margaret Meili or Meilin, who had influential friends. A relation on her side, John Meilin, was abbot of Fischingen in Thurgau, and took a special interest in the boy, loving him and caring for him as his own son. An uncle on the father's side, who is known as Bartholomew, was dean of Wesen, and proved himself no less helpful. Ulrich had all the advantages and disadvantages of being reared in a large family. There were eight sons and a daughter in the house; Ulrich was the third of the sons. The Toggenburgers were a people of a manly and independent spirit, who thought for themselves, and had already learned to speak their minds freely on the abuses of the Church. In the bosom of a peasant household of the better order, the boy had an excellent training for a life of simplicity, content, and courage. His opening mind was fed with stories of the hardships and the valour of the people to whom he belonged, and with the legends of the hills and valleys which he trode with pride. He was soon seen to be a child of quick parts, and it was resolved to educate him for the Church. With this object in view

he had to leave his dear native uplands and was taken by his uncle, the dean, across the hills to Wesen, on the Lake of Wallenstadt, where he entered the elementary school. A little later, in 1494, he was transferred to Basle, then famous as an educational centre. Here he was put under the care of Gregory Bünzli, a teacher of note, and head of the Theodore School. At the end of three years' space Bünzli declared himself unable to furnish all that the rapidly-expanding faculties of his pupil required. The result was that Ulrich was passed on to Bern, in order to enjoy the instructions of the famous *Lupulus*, or Henry Wölflin, a man of uncommon acquirements. The young scholar eagerly prosecuted his studies in history, literature and other branches of learning, for which Bern then offered rare opportunities. There, too, he obtained his first introduction to the Latin Classics, in which *Lupulus* probably had no match in the Switzerland of those days.

## II.

### VIENNA AND EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

A danger, however, unexpectedly presented itself in Bern. The Dominicans, who were in the ascendant in the city, had observed the lad's uncommon ability, especially his singular musical talent. They set their hearts on securing him for the service of their order. But the project pleased neither father nor uncle, and to save him from such entanglements they removed him from Bern. He was sent direct to Vienna, the University of which capital stood then, as it stands now, in the front rank of academic institutions. We do not know much about his life there; but what we do see is enough to show us that his transference

to the great city was a step of immense advantage to him. He entered the University in the year 1499. Beyond acquiring a distrust of the scholastic philosophy which ruled in church and school, and getting some knowledge of other subjects which he was destined by-and-by to combat as worthless or pernicious, he does not seem to have gained much from the studies which formed the accepted curriculum of a university then. But he made the acquaintance of a number of men with whom he was to have much to do, although in very different ways, in after years. Among these were the two Swabians, Faber and Eck, and several Swiss fellow-countrymen, of whom the most remarkable were Heinrich Loriti of Mollis, better known by his Latin name Glareanus, and Joachim Vadian of St. Gallen. These latter have a place of their own in the story of Ulrich's life. They were both poets, and therefore congenial friends for Zwingli, whose own poetical gift was of no mean order. Those early friendships were of great consequence to him. Vadian, in particular, was a man eminently worth having as an associate and adviser. His accomplishments were such that the chair of Greek and Latin in the University, the doctor's degree in medicine, and the laureate's crown were all adjudged him by merit. Nor was he less noble in character than rich in mental gifts. All through their lives Vadian and Zwingli remained brothers and correspondents.

### III.

#### BASLE AND NEW FRIENDS.

After spending about two years in Vienna, he returned to his home among the hills. But after a brief stay he left for Basle, in quest of further knowledge. Obtaining the post of teacher in St. Martin's School there, he continued his studies in philosophy, music and the languages. Like Luther, he had a good voice, and found in music and song the greatest and purest of pleasures. His gift in these things was so extraor-

dinary, that he could play on almost any instrument. Lute, harp, violin, flute, fife, drum, cornet, dulcimer and others are mentioned as at his command. But what is of still greater interest is the fact that here, too, he began the study of theology. By another happy providence there arrived in Basle at this very time one who was perhaps the best possible teacher he could have got. This was Thomas Wyttenbach, a native of Biel, in the canton of Bern, Zwingli's senior by about a dozen years, and in many respects a man of worth. Before he knew anything of Luther, he had lifted his voice against the mass, indulgences, the celibacy of the priests, and other ecclesiastical abuses; and so true did he prove himself to these self-won convictions, that in the year 1524 he ventured on marriage, though the act cost him his benefice. It was of great moment for Zwingli that he had the opportunity of becoming this man's scholar, and just at this particular turning-point in his education. For it was Wyttenbach's object to bring theology back to Scripture as its true fount, and he had caught hold of the vital evangelical principle that Christ's death is the only and all-sufficient ground for the remission of sin. He spoke of that death as the "key that unlocks for the human heart the shrine of the forgiveness of sin." It is to this good man, as many witnesses agree in testifying, that Zwingli owed his first clear insight into the evangelical faith.

But Basle provided yet another friend who was destined to exercise a happy and permanent influence over Zwingli. This was Leo Juda of Rapperschwy, a young man, only about two years older than Zwingli himself, of amiable and gracious disposition, with a mind singularly frank and open to truth, the possessor, too, of a glorious voice, and, like Ulrich, a great proficient in music, both vocal and instrumental. The two youths became fellow-students and fellow-graduates in Basle. They parted to proceed, the one to his native Alsace,

seems crooked, though in reality it is straight, as the staff seems bent when immersed in the waters. Oh! the waters of affliction have passed over my soul, and the billows of death surround me! it is the waters of affliction—the afflictions of this life, that obscure to us the ways of Providence; but hereafter what is dark shall be enlightened, and what is crooked made straight.”<sup>1</sup>

#### IV.

##### THOMAS CHARLES AT OXFORD.

In some providential way, contrary to his parents' expectations and his own, he was enabled to enter the university, and he matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford, on May 31st, 1775. The manner in which the Lord opened a way for him to go thither he does not explain, but it gave him great satisfaction. He was alive to the temptations of university life, but he felt confident that the God who had so wonderfully led him would yet keep him in that city. Here he met with many young men whose society proved a great blessing to him, and commenced many a life-long friendship. In two years, however, after entering the university, he met with a great trial. His supplies from Wales suddenly failed him, and at a time when he was twenty pounds in debt to the College. He at once resolved to explain his position to his creditors and return home to Wales. But when in this great strait a door of hope was again suddenly opened before him.

“One morning,” he relates, “as I was writing to my friends in Wales, informing them of my difficulty, and my consequent resolution, an intimate friend called on me, to whom I immediately explained my situation and the resolution I had formed of leaving Oxford. He answered that he did not doubt but that by some means or other I should be assisted; and desired me to make myself perfectly easy about the matter. A few days after a gentleman sent for me to dine with him.

<sup>1</sup> Johns on the *Causes of Dissent in Wales*, p. 43.

I went; and before we parted, to my surprise, he produced the £20 I wanted; and at the same time told me that I should not want during my stay at Oxford. I rejoiced much and was very thankful. The gentleman was as good as his word. This introduced me to a new connection, and considerably enlarged the sphere of my acquaintance.” Dr. Edwards of Bala, after referring to this timely assistance, well remarks, “that it shows how very important it is for those who can, to render such help to worthy young men.” And what a joy in after years it must have been to this gentleman to watch the bright career of the student he then helped.

On the 14th of June, 1778, he was ordained deacon at Oxford. Before this, however, he had accepted the curacy of Queen Camel, Somersetshire. But as his rector did not want his assistance before Michaelmas, he accepted an invitation from his friend Mr. Lloyd of Bala to go and spend a month with him. This visit was a turning-point in his life. It was then he met the young lady who was afterwards to become his wife, and who helped to bring back one of Wales' noblest children to devote himself to the ministry of the Word among his own fellow-countrymen. He stayed at Bala with Mr. Lloyd for about five weeks, and afterwards visited Llangeitho and heard Rowlands preach twice to his own congregation.

On August 13, he came to his old home at Pantdwrn on a visit; and on the following Sunday he preached what was probably his first sermon at Llanfihangel church. It must have been an interesting occasion; he was surrounded by his old neighbours and friends, filled with approbation and gladness by witnessing one from among themselves in the pulpit, whom they had learned to love when a young lad in their midst. His old friend Rhys Hugh was there, proud of his pupil, now his teacher, at whose feet he willingly sat; his parents were present, and the faces around him filled the young clergyman with sweet

him. He had learned also to distrust the whole theology of the day, and to go straight to Scripture as the fountain-head of truth. He had begun to pray to God for light by which to read His Word with greater profit, and had seen it to be the highest wisdom to let God speak to him directly out of that Word.

## VI.

## DEPARTURE FROM GLARUS.

Glarus had thus yielded important and varied elements in Zwingli's training for his life's work. These had to be supplemented, however, by others of a different kind. To furnish these the Providence that had directed his career hitherto, made it necessary for him to quit the scene of his ten years' ministry. The patriotic fire which nothing could ever damp within him flamed forth against one of the most clamant evils of the time, the mercenary service in which the Swiss troops engaged. "We know," says a Swiss Church historian of our own day, "that from the time when Louis tested the courage of the confederates at the battle of St. James-on-the-Birs (1444), the powerful kingdom of France had sought their friendship and alliance. From this very time, however, dates the period of the decay of Swiss independence. The sons of the free country henceforth sold their lives, sometimes to France, sometimes to the Popes, and sometimes to foreign rulers; until at last Francis I., who had become acquainted with their military proficiency in the Milanese wars, concluded in 1516 a perpetual peace with them." Zwingli discovered what this meant. He had had to accompany the troops on more than one occasion to the battle-field. He was present at Monza and Marignano. He observed how ruinously the system acted upon the national life. He saw the lax morals, the passionate lust of gold, the degradation of all pure, patriotic feeling, which it provoked. He attacked the fatal practice in his earliest publications, the *Labyrinth* and the *Fable of*

*the Ox and Certain Animals*. He thundered against it from the pulpit. But the French party was in the ascendant, and succeeded in raising against him an opposition of so bitter and painful a kind, that he was glad to leave Glarus when an honourable way of escape presented itself.

## VII.

## EINSIEDELN.

The opportunity came in the form of a call to a subordinate position in Einsiedeln, the famous shrine of St. Meinrad, the seat of the wonderful image of the Virgin, and one of the chief pilgrim-haunts for Germany and Alsace, as well as Switzerland. The traveller who now visits the town as it nestles about mid-way between the Lake of Zurich and the bewitching sister-lake of Lucerne, can imagine by what he sees of the superstitious traffic, the numerous lodging-houses and the lordly abbey, what Zwingli must have found there in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The gateway of the abbey had borne the impious inscription, "Here is full remission from the penalty and the guilt of all sins." But at this juncture the proud religious house was ruled by a man who had small faith in some of the things which had given it its most questionable fame, and Zwingli discovered friends in it whose companionship was a help to him. Here he was able to continue his studies in the Scriptures and in the Fathers. Here he gained freedom in expounding the Bible by the Bible in his public addresses. Here he was brought face to face with superstition in its grossest forms. Here, too, he became acquainted with the writings of men like Reuchlin and Hütten, in which the follies of the monks were mercilessly lashed. So it happened that in a variety of ways he was compelled to face more directly than ever before the question of his own relation to the Church and the traditional doctrine. Even at this point, indeed, he did not commit himself to any definitely

aggressive policy. Circumstances led him, however, to oppose Samson, the notorious indulgence-monger; which he did with boldness and success. There were things that indicated, too, that the Reforming instinct was growing strong within him. He addressed himself to the dignitaries of the Church, asking the redress of abuses and the emancipation of the fettered Word of God. He began at the same time to preach with new power and on new principles, shunning mere polemics and striving to communicate positive truth as the best corrective for long-established error. His method—a method to which henceforth he never ceased to adhere, except under constraint—was first to commend the new before removing the old. So in the seclusion of Einsiedeln the work of God in his own soul deepened notably. He became a new man by Divine grace, and the inward change was made plain to others when he declined the annual gift of the Pope. This was in the year 1517, the year which also witnessed the posting of those memorable theses against penance, superabundant merit, and kindred Popish doctrines, in which, as the historian Von Ranke expresses it, Luther's "thoughts fly out from his mind like sparks from the iron under the stroke of the hammer." It needed now only some external occasion to bring this inward change to its crisis, and to translate the Reforming impulse into public profession and action. The occasion was not long delayed, and it came again by a change of scene.

### VIII.

#### CALL TO ZURICH.

He was not left long in the quietude of Einsiedeln without invitations to minister elsewhere. His departure from Glarus had been deeply regretted by the best of his flock there. The pastoral charge had even been kept open for a couple of years in hope of his return. He had also set aside a call to Winterthur in 1517. But now another opening appeared for him in providence, which

he felt he could not pass by. A vacancy occurred in the great church of Zurich, and Zwingli was elected. He arrived in the city in 1518. The post which he was to occupy was in some respects a poor one, and his appointment was not carried without serious opposition. But, on the other hand, Zurich was the foremost city of the Federation. It was a place apparently of not more than 7000 souls, but it was the most influential, and probably also the most populous, of all Swiss towns. It was the very centre from which, when the hour for the Reformation in Switzerland struck, the new influence could be transmitted with effect to other parts of the country. Zwingli gauged the situation, and his first acts there were significant. He began by announcing his intention to depart from the traditional habit of preaching only from texts prescribed by the Church. He would declare the truth of Christ as he found it for himself in Matthew's Gospel in its continuity; and he would expound that Gospel, not according to the prescriptions with which human authority had hedged it about, nor according to the sense put upon it by ecclesiastical declarations, but in its own light—the light to be had by comparing Scripture with Scripture. This meant that he had ceased to look for the reformation of the Church from within itself. Even now he did not dream of a Reformation on the grand scale, with himself as the chief actor in it. He held back for a time, partly by reason of circumstances, and partly, no doubt, because the new views were not entirely clear to his own soul. But Luther's writings had come in his way, and they moved him deeply. He stood forth more and more as a preacher who presented Christ Himself to souls, and the effect of his preaching was extraordinary. It carried himself farther in evangelical conviction, and it profoundly stirred the people. They crowded to listen; they cried that they had found a Moses to lead them out of Egypt; and when Samson approached with his indul-



evening services, and the offer was accepted. In the early part of the year 1785, Mr. Charles, following as he truly believed the intimation of Providence, joined the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. In writing to a friend in the year 1810, Mr. Charles reviews the step he had taken in these words:—"As you are already in the Church, I rather think you ought to continue in it, if not forced out of it. When I began to itinerate, it was because they would not employ me in the Church here in this country. I got so far by degrees into the work that I could not conscientiously recede and leave it. The leadings of Providence towards me are no rule for others."

## VI.

### THOMAS CHARLES' CIRCULATING SCHOOLS.

Now that he had openly joined the Calvinistic Methodists in the year 1785, he commenced his itinerant preaching in every direction throughout North Wales. And wherever he went he tested the knowledge of the people he met in religious things, in the kindest way, until his name became known in every nook and corner of the land. Meeting on one occasion an old man on a distant mountain, Mr. Charles remarked: "You are an old man, and very near another world." "Yes, and I hope I am going to heaven," was the answer. "Do you know the road there—do you know the Word of God?" "Pray are you Mr. Charles?" asked the old man. His habit of speaking about religious subjects to all he met led to his being identified.

The splendid enthusiasm with which he carried forward to success his Circulating and Sabbath schools throughout the land afterwards, had its origin in the hold taken on his heart thus early by the miserable condition of his fellow-countrymen. He had found that there was scarcely a neighbourhood in which one out of twenty of the population could read the Word of God.

Judge Johns gives the following

translation of an account of the state of religion in Wales about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was taken from the mouth of a very old Welsh Methodist, and published in 1799, in the *Trysorfa*, edited by the Rev. Thomas Charles. "In those days," says the narrator, "the land was dark indeed! Hardly any of the lower ranks could read at all. The morals of the country were very corrupt, and in this respect there was no difference between gentle and simple, layman and clergyman. Gluttony, drunkenness, and licentiousness prevailed through the whole country. Nor were the operations of the Church at all calculated to repress these evils. From the pulpit the name of the Redeemer was hardly ever heard; nor was much mention made of the natural sinfulness of man, nor of the influence of the Spirit. On Sunday mornings, the poor were more constant in their attendance at church than the gentry; but the Sunday evenings were spent by all in idle amusements. Every Sabbath, there was what was called 'a chwareu-gamp,' a sort of sport in which all the young men of the neighbourhood had a trial of strength, and the people assembled from the surrounding country to see their feats. On Saturday nights, particularly in the summer, the young men and maidens held what they called 'singing eves' (*nosweithiau canu*); that is, they met together and diverted themselves by singing in turns to the harp till the dawn of the Sabbath. In this town they used to employ the Sundays in dancing and singing to the harp, and in playing tennis against the Town-hall. In every corner of the town some sport or other, till the light of the Sabbath day had faded away. In the summer 'Interludes' (a kind of rustic drama) were performed, gentlemen and peasants sharing the diversion together. A set of vagabonds called the 'boblgerdded' (walking people) used to traverse the country, begging with impunity, to the disgrace of the law of the land."

Mr. Johns adds: "At first sight nothing would appear more improbable

than that Methodism should find proselytes among a people so gay and thoughtless as the Welsh of that period, or that the joyous groups which assembled at Bala on a Sunday evening, should become, as was shortly afterwards the case, a leading congregation of modern Puritans. But the religion of the Welsh and their fondness for national music arose from the same cause—an earnest and imaginative frame of mind. A disposition to melancholy, disguised by external gaiety of manner, is characteristic of all Celtic nations.”

“As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow,  
Though the stream runs in darkness and coldness below.”

We have now enabled our readers to see the dark picture of the state of the country that led Mr. Charles to start his “circulating schools.” The Rev. Griffith Jones, rector of Llanddowror, was the first to promote these schools, for the diffusion of education among the poor. The main feature of his plan was the instruction of the people by means of itinerant schoolmasters. And in twenty-four years 150,212 persons had been taught to read the Welsh Bible, comprising all ages from six years to above seventy. After the death of this good man, these schools gradually declined, and at the death of his friend Madam Bevan, in 1779, it is said that they were given up altogether.

Mr. Charles, having spent his early years in the neighbourhood of Llanddowror, knew well of their good influence, and so started his “Welsh circulating schools” in North Wales in 1785. In acknowledging a subscription in aid of these schools, he gives the following account of the work:—

“*Bala, August 5th, 1798.*—About thirteen years ago, while travelling through different parts of the country, I found very large districts between the mountains of North Wales sunk into total ignorance of divine things; few, if any, could read at all, and they had

no Bibles in their houses. I anxiously began to think how it was possible to remedy so great an evil. No practical plan occurred to my mind, but that of employing a teacher or teachers, as my finances would allow, to teach all freely that would attend, to read their Bible in their native language, and to instruct them in the first principles of Christianity. By the assistance of a few generous friends, to whom I communicated my thoughts, the plan was set on foot, and succeeded far beyond my expectations. The calls for teachers became numerous. The change in the principles and morals of the people where the school had been was evident. All the income from the chapel I serve, I devote wholly to their support; being supported myself by the industry of my wife. I pay every teacher £12 per annum. They continue half a year or three-quarters in a place, and then they are removed to another. Three-quarters of a year are found fully sufficient to teach our children to read their Bibles well in the Welsh language. I visit the schools myself, and catechise them publicly. I have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the country most amazingly changed. The wilderness blossoms as the rose, and the thirsty land is become springs of water.” Before establishing a school in any locality, Mr. Charles would first visit the place, and show the inhabitants the importance of having their children taught, so as to be able to read the Word of God. He would then show the parents how it would tell upon the character of their children, the happiness of their homes, and their eternal welfare.

When we know that he was only able to pay from £12 to £15 a year to his teachers, it is most strange how he was able to get hold of such excellent men for this service. Many of these teachers have left a blessed memory in the different neighbourhoods where they so faithfully laboured. They were necessarily men of humble circumstances, doing their duty well in humble spheres,

free to return to their homes, and to recover the possessions which they had brought with them to the convent. The great *Stift* was reconstituted, the canons themselves taking the first steps. The rich resources of this ancient foundation were devoted to uses more in harmony with the spirit of the time. Part was reserved for the support of the clergy, part given to various charities, and part devoted to the erection of a theological school for the training of ministers. By this last act, it has been justly said, Zwingli laid the beginnings of all the subsequent academic fame of Zurich. Then followed a number of clerical marriages. Among these was Zwingli's own. Some two years before he had contracted a private marriage with a widow of the name of Anna Reinhard. On the 2nd April, 1524, this union was publicly solemnized.

### XIII.

#### THE SECOND DISPUTATION.

The interest of Zwingli's career centres now in a series of public Disputations, which followed in the train of this first and most crucial debate of 1523. The Reformation had been carried through with singular facility, and the movement continued free for a time from perverted and fanatical elements. Things began to change, however, when the question of rites and ceremonies had to be dealt with. The chief difficulty was with the Mass. Zwingli had already exposed its unscriptural character in his eighteenth Thesis, and had given at the same time the first outline of his own doctrine of the Lord's Supper. But there were certain heady followers of the Reformation who were now no longer to be restrained. These men clamoured for instant and absolute measures against the Mass, the lamps, the holy water, and the other paraphernalia of the old worship. The result was the appointment of another Disputation, to which the Council invited the Bishops of Constance, Chur,

and Basle, the Abbot of St. Gallen, the University of Basle, and the Federal dignitaries. Few of these attended, but an assembly of about 900 persons, of whom from a third to a half were priests, met under the presidency of Vadian and two others. Zwingli commenced by setting forth the Reformation idea of the Church, distinguishing between the visible and the invisible, and showing that the evangelical doctrine implied that the Christian people, in assembly convened, had the right to decide disputed questions. Then Leo Juda opened the case against the use of images. A good defence of the ancient practice was made by the other side. But Zwingli argued that if images were left at all, they were certain to be more or less venerated, and the Council resolved that their use in worship was contrary to Scripture. The question of the Mass was next debated. Zwingli's statement was so pronounced and convincing that the difficulties which were dreaded vanished, and an unexpected consent of opinion was obtained against the Romish use and the Romish theory. This second Disputation touched Rome at the very centre of the sacerdotal power, and uttered no uncertain sound on her most characteristic dogmas. No attempt was made, however, to give hurried effect to the resolutions. The way which Zwingli preferred was to begin by instructing the people out of the Word of God, believing that if that were once well done, there would be neither difficulty nor risk in removing abuses. A Special Commission was nominated to consider how best to deal with the ancient usages, and Zwingli issued in that connection one of the most important of his treatises. This was his *Brief Christian Introduction*, in which he expounded in noble terms the Christian truth as to repentance, sin, justification, sanctification, the abrogation and the obligation of the law, and other questions. We see what his teaching was on the subject of the sacrifice of Christ, and the believer's relation to

assemble, accompanied by their teachers. Some of the schools have walked ten miles by eight o'clock in the morning. The children being scattered in their different habitations over the country, for they dwell not together in hamlets as in England, they all meet at an assigned place, and at the appointed hour pray and sing a verse of a hymn together, and then march cheerfully and orderly for the place of their destination.

"As no place of worship is spacious enough to contain the immense concourse of people which attend on these occasions, we have been obliged to erect stages out of doors in the fields; a large one for the children, of two or three schools at a time; another for the catechists, opposite to that of the children, at fifteen or eighteen yards distant; the space between is for the assembled congregation to hear. We begin the work early in the morning, and the whole day is spent in these examinations. Every examination lasts three or four hours, and is generally concluded by an address to the children of the congregation.

"We have had on these occasions from fifteen to twenty schools assembled together. Hitherto these associations have been most profitable. The previous preparation gives employment for two months to all the youths of both sexes, in which they engage with great eagerness and delight. The public examinations, we have every reason to conclude, are also very profitable to the hearers assembled. This is clear from their great attention, and the feelings produced by hearing the responses of the children. I have seen great meltings and tears among them."

A well-known minister recently described one of these associations, in the words of his mother, who was present as a child reciting a portion of Scripture. It was held on a fine Lord's day in mid-summer, in a romantic spot surrounded by the hills of Snowdonia. The children and adults had come from afar, and met others as they went along, and joined in singing the old songs of Zion, like the

tribes of old on their way to Jerusalem. And when they reached their destination early in the morning, Mr. Charles himself catechised them in such a loving way as to draw out their best, they rivalled one another in their knowledge of God's holy Word. Mr. Charles loved the people, and so loved his work; and sometimes his tenderness melted the whole vast congregation to tears. He was so delighted with their increase of knowledge of divine things, and showed such aptitude to teach by catechising, that they were glad to be there for three hours in the morning, and another three hours in the afternoon. The report of the blessed results of such gatherings has not yet been published, and the day of the Lord alone can reveal it.

The following extract from the work of Judge Johns will illustrate the influence of these gatherings. "The cause of the Methodists," he says, "was much advanced by their habits of meeting in large bodies for religious purposes. Nothing can be more imposing than such an assemblage in a mountainous region, as is well known to those who may have seen a 'sacramental occasion' in the Highlands of Scotland; to the feelings of the Welsh it was peculiarly suited, and the effect of such meetings may be judged of from the following anecdotes. Charles having heard that a rural festivity, called by the country people 'Wakes,' was about to take place in his neighbourhood, had a party of children drawn up before the inn, near the scene where the merrymaking was to be held, where he catechised them on Scripture precepts that seemed directed against such rejoicing."

At the close of the catechising, Mr. Charles addressed the revellers and the people present most kindly, and exhorted them "by all means to leave off their sinful practices, to relinquish the works of darkness, and to attend to the concerns of their never-dying souls; to learn the Word of God after the example of the children, and to try to seek superior pleasures and a

Here is an example of his *prayers*:—

“O merciful God, heavenly Father! Since Thy Word is a light to our feet and a lamp to our path, we pray Thee that Thou wouldest, through Christ, who is the true Light of the whole world, open and illuminate our minds, clearly and purely to understand Thy truth, that so we may in no respect offend Thy High Majesty; through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.”

Pending the deliberations of the Special Commission it was forbidden to carry images in procession, and those who had given images to the churches were allowed to remove them quietly. Even when it was finally arranged that the churches should be purged of such things, instructions were issued that it should be gone about in an orderly way, with shut doors, and in presence of official witnesses, both lay and clerical. The Mass itself was officially changed into a simple, commemorative ordinance, and on a notable day in the year 1525 the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time. The cup was given to the laity, the altar was removed, a simple table covered with a white cloth was introduced, and the bread was presented on wooden plates. The convents were dealt with, and the liberated funds were expended on the founding of poor-houses, refuges for the sick and for strangers, schools, and various philanthropic institutions. In the various changes which were made in the order of public worship, Zwingli's object was to secure a central place for the preaching of the Word, and for this he was content to give up both the choral music and the organ. He devoted much of his attention to the new theological school, and made the exposition of Scripture the pivot of all its work. He introduced at the same time a new Church order, in many respects unlike the old Romish system. He erected a court, termed the *Still-Stand*, which much resembled a Presbytery, and completed the ecclesiastical system by instituting a Synod—a body consisting

of all the pastors, together with delegates from the congregations and representatives of the magistracy.

#### XIV.

##### CONFLICTS WITH THE SECTARIES AND THE POPISH PARTY.

The last period of Zwingli's career was now approaching. It was to prove a period of many agitations and sorrows. By the year 1525 the Reformation had been practically carried through in Zurich, and up to that point the movement had been attended with comparative freedom from alien or extravagant elements. An unwelcome change now set in. Disorder, bitter contention, and at times even lamentable mistake, characterized its later years. A like unwelcome transformation seemed gradually to overtake the Reformer himself. The tact, the self-restraint, the far-seeing wisdom which had so signally distinguished him at first, forsook him, and were succeeded by less happy qualities. The extraordinary power which had accompanied his earlier contentings continued, however, to mark even his most doubtful methods of action. He had to confront three conflicts, which were of extreme violence. These were his struggles with the Sectaries, the Romish party, and his brother in arms Martin Luther.

The first of these contentions, that with the Sectaries, brought him into collision with men with whom he had been closely connected. There had been bodings of this kind of trouble in the demand which had been made by Manz and Grebel during the second Disputation, who had stood out for a perfectly pure church, according to their own ideas of purity. These extremists had been restrained for the time. But they had nursed a bitterness in their hearts which led them by-and-by to think of Zwingli as the main obstacle in their way. They sought an alliance with Münster, the centre of the lamentable excesses which ran so savage a course and ended so miserably in Germany. Crowds wandered

and likely to make excellent use of her treasure. He handed her a large Family Bible, on the condition that she was to pay a certain instalment for it each time she received her wages. This she faithfully did, year by year, until it was her own Bible. She was so proud of her treasure that she covered it with a bright scarlet cloth. It was ever afterwards known as the "Red Bible," and it remains in the family to this day. The son thus speaks of it: "My mother read it night and morning, read it in Wales and in England, and before she learned English, it was her little sanctuary when far from home. She read it to a young medical man, a prodigal on his death-bed, until his guilty conscience found peace. She read it hundreds of times at the family altar. She read it to her children, read it when correcting them, when consoling them, and when advising them. She read it while she lived, and even when she was dying. In this Red Bible my father learnt the way of salvation. Out of it her two children learnt the commandments and the ways of God. It was the king of books, and treated with great respect by all in the family. And whatever we are to our families, to the world, and to the church, we owe all to mother's Red Bible, and the generous kindness of Thomas Charles of Bala."

#### *The Great Revival of 1791.*

The case of Mary Jones, who walked fifty miles there and back to get a Bible, led Mr. Charles to resolve never to rest till he found the means of supplying the crying want of his country for the Word of God. Another cause, that must have brought home to Mr. Charles the urgent need of Bibles in Wales, was the revival, referred to in many of his letters, which was brought about in a great measure by the influence of the Welsh Sunday-schools. In a letter dated September 1791, he describes the work then going on in North Wales in the following terms:—"You inquire about the state of the churches in Wales. I

have nothing but what is favourable to communicate. We had lately a very comfortable association at Pwllheli; some thousands attended, more than ever was seen before. And here at Bala we have had a very great, powerful, and glorious outpouring of the Spirit on the people in general, especially on children and young people. Scores of the wildest and most inconsiderate of young people of both sexes have been awakened. Their convictions have been very clear and powerful; and in some instances so deep as to bring them to the brink of despair. Their consolations also have been equally strong. 'Ride on, ride on, Thou King of Glory,' is the fervent cry of my soul, day and night. I verily believe that the Lord means to give the kingdom of darkness a dreadful shaking; for He takes off its pillars." This movement added considerably to the craving for copies of Welsh Bibles, as previous revivals had done.

#### X.

##### THE ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

We have now shown how the want of Bibles became so urgent and general in Wales, as to make such a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Charles, that he could not rest without trying all means in his power to secure his object.

In December 1802 he went, as he generally did every year, to London. On the 7th of that month there was to be a meeting of the committee of the Tract Society, of which he was a member, and on the previous morning, as he afterwards related to a friend, the idea of having a society established in London, similar to the Tract Society, occurred to him: and he was so pleased with it that he instantly arose, and went out to consult some friends on the subject. The first he met was his friend Mr. Tarn. At the next meeting of the committee of the Tract Society Mr. Tarn introduced the subject of this conversation. Mr. Charles opened his plan to them at some length, and showed the great want of Wales with great feeling and earnestness. A

his views with his customary vehemence, and attacked the more moderate theory with extraordinary passion. Zwingli for a time was able to restrain himself. But as the controversy deepened and Luther's invective became more personal and more extravagant, he was gradually led to throw aside the milder weapons of reasoning, remonstrance and irony, and to meet rage with rage. The Landgrave, Philip of Hesse, had arranged a Conference at Marburg for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation. But his well-meant attempts at a healing of the breach, seconded though they were by his own cordial attitude to both Luther and Zwingli, his generous hospitality, and his prudent arrangement of the Conference, were of no avail. Luther would only point to the word *is* ("This *is* My body"), which he had written on the table, and demanded absolute surrender. It is not too much to say that, while there were errors of temper on both sides, the advantage was with Zwingli throughout this hapless controversy. It was conspicuously so in the last sad scene, when with tears in his eyes he declared that there were none with whom he more longed to be at peace than the men of Wittenberg, and Luther, with the words, "You have another spirit," refused the hand that was offered him.

## XVI.

### TOKENS OF THE END.

Meantime the Protestant cause had been growing. The pride and violence of the Forest cantons drove Bern over to the new faith. This was the most important accession yet made. It was followed at intervals by others of considerable weight, by the cities of Strassburg, Constance, Meiningen, Lindau, by Basle early in 1529, then by St. Gallen, Schaffhausen, and part of Appenzell. Zwingli seemed now to stand at the very height of his success. But it was also his own *Archeteles*, the *beginning of the end* with him. From the time when Bern was gained, he became a different man,

less patient, less self-controlled, less disposed to seek his victories by the weapons of the Spirit, more inclined to lean upon political combinations and martial force. It must be admitted that he had some temptation to fall back upon a policy of this kind. For the Forest cantons had banded themselves in a separate league, and had entered into an alliance with the Austrian Archduke. It appeared as if there were nothing left but for the Protestant cantons and cities to unite in a counter league. This made war a certainty, and Zwingli was not blind to the fact. His hope was by a strong and sudden blow to shatter the power of the Popish party and destroy the Austrian alliance. When matters were on the very edge of the crisis, a Zurich pastor was seized on the open highway, borne off to Schwytz, and burnt there. Zwingli felt that the hour for battle had struck, and marched out with 4000 men to Cappel, on the border, between Zurich and Zug. But at the very moment when the fight should have commenced, a peace was suddenly arranged. The men of Zurich secured their own terms, freedom of preaching and all else. But Zwingli saw that the agreement was delusive, and predicted that the unwise refusal to strike when the opportunity had come would bring evil upon Zurich and the Protestant cause. And if he was right in taking up the sword at all, he was certainly right in urging a prompt and decisive blow. Disappointed in this, his busy brain conceived the bold idea of effecting a great coalition of powers, Catholic and Protestant, against the Spanish-Austrian house, which should place Philip of Hesse on the Emperor's seat. But the scheme alienated Bern and broke in his hands. In Zurich itself the vexatious ordinances which he introduced for the strict regulation of all kinds of business, the observance of the Sabbath, the games and amusements of the people, and many things else, sadly lowered his popularity. Outside his own city he became involved

in plans which were so inconsiderate and so violent that they at once provoked fresh troubles. In the matter of the coalition he acted in marked contradiction to all his earlier pleadings for the keeping of the Swiss Fatherland separate from the complications of European politics. Defeated in the larger project, he turned to what seemed a more practicable enterprise—the construction of a great Protestant hegemony and the political transformation of Switzerland.

## XVII.

### THE END.

He was again in power in Zurich. The relations between him and the people had become so strained, indeed, that he proposed to leave the city. But he was induced to remain. Zurich had need of him, and he of Zurich. In the autumn of 1531 the last chance for the preservation of peace vanished, when the extreme step was taken of cutting off the Forest cantons from corn, wine, salt, steel and iron. It was the declaration of hostilities. Maddened by their exclusion from supplies, the Forest cantons suddenly took the field with 8000 men, and marched straight toward Zurich. The city was unprepared. Disorder, distrust and divided counsels prevailed within it. A force was hastily got together, but it was small and poorly furnished with weapons. Zwingli went with it again to the field of Cappel. But this time he went not only with prayer on his lips, but with the thought of death in his heart. When the fray began, he stood in the front rank, encouraging those about him. The odds were greatly against Zurich, and the issue was soon decided. Zwingli himself was an early victim to the forces of battle. Felled by a stone and smitten by a spear, he sank on his knee, exclaiming: "The body they may kill, the soul they cannot kill!" He was found lying with folded hands and with lips moving as in prayer. Some of the enemy recognising him, adjured him to confess and call upon the saints, and see a priest.

He refused by an inclination of the head, and was immediately thrust through, his slayer exclaiming, as he delivered the death-stroke, "Die, then, thou obstinate heretic!"

Thus perished in the thick of miserable battle between the children of the same fatherland one of the greatest of those leaders of men to whom modern Europe owes what is best in it. Even in death he was not secure from Popish rancour. His body was quartered and burnt. His heart, if we can trust the accounts which have reached us, was rescued from the fire, and came into the possession of his friend Myconius. His ashes, it is said, were mixed with those of swine. But even among his opponents there were some who judged him better, and to whom these savage indignities were hateful. "Whatever may have been thy creed, I know thee to have been a loyal confederate," cried the former head of the monastery of Cappel as he looked with tears upon the corpse; and his fellow-countrymen of later times have honoured him as one of the best and noblest of the sons of Switzerland. We cannot form the distinct picture of the man that is possible in the case of Luther. We know very little of his private life, although what we do see of it shows him to have been a lover of his home and a man of strong family affections. In his public career, too, memorable as that was, he presents a less romantic figure than Luther, and his mistakes were neither few nor small. But "simple greatness," it has been well said, remained the signature of the man through them all.

## XVIII.

### THE PREACHER AND PASTOR.

In nothing does the figure of Ulrich Zwingli stand out in grander proportions than in the discharge of ordinary ministerial duty. From the first he had an almost oppressive sense of the responsibilities of the Christian ministry. He had this even before the light of evangelical truth had fairly entered his own



soul. To the end he looked upon the ministerial office with fear rather than pride, and though it became to him more and more a service of gladness, he never ceased to mingle trembling with his joy. He had a great care for his people, and a profound sense of what was due from him to each of them. The fearless and self-denying spirit in which he addressed himself to pastoral duty was nobly exhibited on various occasions of distress and danger. He had a magnificent gift of preaching; but he prepared himself for the use of his gift with an anxious and assiduous diligence which he never felt free to intermit. He searched the Scriptures with a zeal which made him master of their entire contents. He studied them with the patient and humble resolve to get at the thoughts of God in them by pains and prayer. The supreme object which he proposed to himself in all literary and scholarly acquirements was knowledge of the Word of God as the sword of the Spirit. When he began the study of the Greek Grammar, this was his declaration: "Nothing but God shall prevent me from acquiring Greek, not for fame, but for the sake of the Holy Scriptures." He had a natural eloquence, less rich and varied and overwhelming than Luther's, but yet of a high and commanding order. His words were simple and went straight to the mind of the humblest hearer. There was a fire of personal conviction in them that touched feeling, kindled persuasion, and made new creatures of the listening masses. A talent for terse and pungent imagery added to their power. "See," said he, when the Pope's envoys came with their demands for troops in defence of the territories of the Church, "See, how appropriate are their red hats and cloaks! If you shake them, out fall ducats; if you wring them, out flows the blood of your sons, brothers, and friends." Fearlessness and transparent reality were conspicuous elements in his preaching. There was no public abuse or private vice, no wrong in church, or state, or individual, that he hesitated to rebuke in

Christ's name and in the plainest terms. As he spoke with the Word of God in his hand from the pulpit, in the street, or on the battle-field, he made each man listen as if the words were meant for himself alone. "He made each man feel," says one who had experience of it, "as if some one were pulling him by the hair."

## XIX.

### THE AUTHOR AND THEOLOGIAN.

Zwingli was first and foremost a man of action. He was professedly neither a man of letters nor a divine. "It is the part of the Christian man not to talk magnificently of dogmas, but with God always to be a doer of things arduous and great." This saying of his own embodied the principle of his life. His real greatness is seen not in what he wrote, but in what he did, and in the intense personal influence which he exerted. Yet he is both a writer and a theologian of mark. His works for the most part were the products not of leisure and reflection, but of the call to meet the importunate demands of the hour. They abound, nevertheless, in noble thoughts expressed in direct, nervous, and often aphoristic terms. His theology, too, has an unmistakable character of its own. It is as distinct and pronounced as that of Luther and Calvin on the cardinal doctrines of the Reformed faith. The mediation of Christ, His High Priesthood, immediate access to God through Him—these are its most familiar notes. "In the day of trouble, put your whole trust in God, in Him who created the heavens and the earth; in the hour of death, call upon Jesus Christ alone, who bought you with His blood, and is the only Mediator between God and man." Christ is "the only Guide and Captain of salvation; he who seeks or points out any other door is a thief and a robber." "Christ is the only and eternal High Priest; from this it follows that those who have given themselves out for high priests are rejecting the glory and authority of Christ." This

is his constant teaching. His theology, at the same time, had certain elements which were derived perhaps from his Humanist inclinations and classical studies. In its ideas of the future world it had a place of hope for the sages and heroes of antiquity. In its interpretation of the Eucharist, too, it struck into an independent path. To Zwingli the Lord's Supper was a commemorative ordinance, and a means of communing with Christ and our fellow-Christians. The Lutheran view was unintelligible to him, and Scripture, as he read it, taught nothing like a bodily presence. There is reason to conclude that in course of time he made a nearer approach to the Calvinistic theory, which affirms a real, spiritual presence of the Lord in the Supper. But his teaching on this subject is one of the chief points which gave to his system the value of an independent type of Reformation doctrine. Otherwise his theology is ruled by a few great thoughts, and is of an eminently practical interest. There were three things for which he reserved a central place in his teaching, and which were made the pivots of his entire religious thinking. These were the doctrine of God, the doctrine of election, and the idea of faith. He was a profound, though not a theoretical, predestinarian. He was a predestinarian because he had an overmastering sense of the greatness of God, His sovereignty, His majesty, His will as the force which determines all things. God was to him the one Power, the one Cause, the one Efficiency in the universe.

He himself, and his whole life, his acts, his thoughts, his experiences, were what they were simply because God reigned, and willed, and ordained. So the very heart of his theology was the conception of faith—faith in the largest possible sense, as absolute, conscious, glad dependence on God; not on a distant God, however, but on the God who is known in Jesus Christ, who saves by His grace, by whose efficiency the lot of each man is ordered and shaped, and to whose election the salvation of each is due.

On the question of Church and State he held that the Church is the whole body of believing people, and he taught with decision that the seat of ecclesiastical power is the congregation. But he made the Christian people coextensive with the civil community. The people expressed themselves through the magistracy, and to the civil magistrate belonged, in his view, the jurisdiction formerly claimed by the hierarchy. So the civil magistrate, supposed to be Christian and under law to his Lord, was invested with the duty of acting for the Church, and applying force, if need arose, to the settlement of ecclesiastical questions and the furtherance of the interests of the evangelical faith. Whatever judgment may be pronounced on these and other points of his theology, it remains his honour that in the brief space of some thirteen years he planted the Protestant faith deep in his country, and stamped the work of renewal with the indelible impress of his own powerful and original personality.

S. D. F. SALMOND, M.A., D.D.

# MATTHEW HENRY.



# MATTHEW HENRY.

## I.

### BIRTH AND FAMILY.

MATTHEW HENRY, the worthy son of a no less worthy father, was born at Broad Oak in the township of Iscoed, Flintshire, October 18, 1662. He was the second child of his parents; but as his elder brother John, a most promising boy, was cut off in his sixth year, Matthew Henry grew up like an only son among sisters. The four girls, Sarah, Katharine, Eleanor and Anne, who in due time graced the Broad Oak home, were his early and happy companions. Only a very little younger than himself, he and they being all born within six years, 1662-8, there was no such disparity as to prevent them being play- and school-fellows in their pleasant abode. They were educated together under the care of their parents, with occasional help from resident tutors. Young men intending to enter the ministry were drawn to Broad Oak in a double capacity. "I to help him," as Philip Henry says of the first of these, "and he to help the children: the Lord be our speed." Of another, named Turner, an Oxford student, who afterwards conformed to the Established Church, became a vicar in Sussex and published a folio *History of Remarkable Providences*, which was well thumbed in its day, we are told "he entered Katy in reading English and *Sarah in Hebrew!*" He seems to have grounded Matthew thoroughly well in elementary subjects, and was gratefully remembered. "Mr. Turner entered me a little into the principles of grammar, and my father has carried me on in it." The sweet and tender ties between brother and sisters thus genially formed in childhood were only strengthened with the growth of time, and continued unbroken save by death. Their lives were closely

and curiously bound up with one another from first to last. All the five of them were married within two years of each other. They all settled within easy distance of the parental roof, and in homes that reflected in every case, as it is pleasant to think, the gracious influences of their early training. Nor was it one of the least felicities of Matthew Henry's lot that the three youngest became with their husbands members and ornaments of his church in Chester, the eldest also, to whom he seems to have felt specially drawn, being wife of the God-fearing and prosperous farmer of Wrenbury Wood, in an adjoining neighbourhood. To the credit of all be it told that never in the life-long intercourse of this attached family circle was there known an instance of alienation or suspicion, neither an unkindly feeling nor a divided interest.

## II.

### EARLY INCIDENTS.

Filial as well as fraternal piety shone with conspicuous brightness in Matthew Henry. Deep at the root of his being lay reverence for his parents. From each of them he derived some distinguishing characteristics. He inherited from his reverend father a judicial and studious cast of mind, with a certain natural gravity, not however incompatible with *bonhomie* and good-humour. From his beloved mother came that calm equanimity and cheerful patience, with that vivacious energy of manner and mild persistence in duty which he displayed through life. Being by no means of a hardy physical nature, and in later life of a heavy and plethoric habit of body, Matthew Henry was the object of much solicitude in his early years. "Son Matthew not well" is a frequent entry in his father's diary. He had his

own share of the accidents and ailments of childhood, and his life was more than once in danger from fever, ague or measles. As he grew to boyhood, however, his constitution acquired vigour, and his education went forward apace. He early displayed a passion for books and learning. So earnest became his application that his careful mother had often from regard to his health to drive him from the study into the open air. At the age of three he could read portions of Scripture intelligently, and at seven was making progress in various branches of education. In 1671, when only nine years old, writing what seems to be a first letter to his father, who was on a visit to London, he can tell that, "every day since you went, I have done my lesson, a side of Latin or Latin verses, *with two verses in the Greek Testament*;" a fair accomplishment surely for a boy of nine. Then he adds, by way of comment about a certain illness, and in a style which illustrates how much the boy in this case was father of the man: "By this providence we may see how sin is the worst of evils, for sickness came by sin. Christ is the chief good, therefore we should love *Him*: sin is the worst of evils, therefore we should hate *it*." This is alike a result of the early training, and a curious anticipation of the frequent "*Note here*" that is to be a marked feature in the future *exposition*. Matthew Henry was a child of many prayers, and of the most constant and careful Christian nurture in the well-ordered and genial home. His parents, by their consistent and attractive example, as well as by firm yet gentle discipline, made piety to their children not a mere duty but a delight. With Matthew it grew into a simple habit and second nature. He acquired a first spiritual experience and consciousness at the age of ten. A manuscript written by him in 1675, when thirteen years old, preserves the record of it: "I think it was three years ago I began to feel concerned, hearing a sermon by my father on Psalm li. 17. *The sacrifices of God*

*are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.* This I think it was that melted me: afterwards I began to enquire after Christ." It is interesting to notice the providence which made the year 1672 peculiarly memorable to him. Father and son had just escaped serious danger from fever, and were both in an unusually tender and susceptible religious condition. Now this was the year when Charles II. was pleased to issue preaching licenses to certain classes of nonconformists. They were of two kinds, for *persons* and for *places*. Philip Henry's friends, knowing how weary he was of inaction and how willing to be of service, procured one for himself and another for Broad Oak as a licensed place. Fitting up the "meeting" room was a great event for the young people as well as an epoch for the neighbourhood. No one took more interest in this than young Matthew Henry, and "because his heart was tender toward the Lord his God," few profited more from these "days of the Son of Man." Once especially, we are told, after listening to a sermon on the grain of mustard seed as illustrative of true grace in its germination and growth, he opened his mind to his father and unburdened his young desires and anxieties in the course of a walk they took together. The conversation has not been preserved, but he confided afterwards to a sister his earnest hope that the quickening principle was now implanted, which though small for the present, would he thought by God's blessing grow in time to something.

### III.

#### STUDIES AT HOME.

Up to his eighteenth year, Matthew Henry enjoyed the full benefit of his father's immediate supervision and personal help in all his studies. He was not insensible to the advantages thus possessed, nor did he fail to value and profit by them. Philip Henry, with his vigorous intellect and thorough scholarship, was in every way pre-eminently

qualified to quicken and direct his son's growing intelligence, setting before him a high standard, and imbuing him with his own taste for clear thinking and pointed accuracy of expression. We picture them at work together in that snug study, with its well-appointed library, the lad poring over his lessons, and preparing translations or versions for his father's eye, while the kindly grave divine himself is seated at his writing-table, transcribing into the big folio commonplace book before him some choice extract from a favourite author, or compacting his own sermonic thoughts with those memorable and expressive phrases that are afterwards to do such service when shot as winged arrows from the bow. But whatever subjects they prosecute together, be they Greek and Latin classics, Hebrew, philosophy, history, or other branches, it is easy to see that they are studied more or less with an eye to *Scripture learning*: and are connected with that admirable kind of exercise to which Philip Henry has accustomed and trained his children, the habit of jotting down with care the recollection of sermons they have heard or books they have read. Thus Matthew Henry develops both in mind and in character under the moulding influence of a father whom he reveres, and in whom he delights. Rendered older than his years by such close and constant companionship, we notice that he is allowed—what was a great stretch of privilege in those days—to remain in the room and even join in the conversation when some trusty friends of the family happen to call. It may be Roland Hunt, the Squire of Boreatton, or Mr. Luke Lloyd of the Bryn, or some other county yeoman; but more probably it is some “ejected minister” like the “quaint and lively” Richard Steel, who took part in Philip Henry's ordination in 1657, and is destined to take part in Matthew Henry's too, in London thirty years afterwards, in 1687; or it may be the able and learned Francis Tallents, ejected from Shrewsbury, whose funeral sermon young Matthew will

preach, and whose elaborate copper plates of “Universal History and Chronology” were regarded as a marvel in their day; or it may be the good old sufferer William Cook from Chester, or the vigorous James Owen of Oswestry, or the modest John Meldrum of Newport, of whom Mr. Henry says in the funeral sermon, “The relics of so much learning, piety, and humility, I have not seen this great while laid in a grave.”

#### IV.

##### SENT TO LONDON.

But the time came when it was necessary to take further steps for completing young Matthew Henry's education. However much he profited by his home studies, the need of enlarging their scope, and of his mingling with others of kindred aim and spirit, was increasingly felt. Philip Henry, as a University man, had strong sympathy with large and generous culture; but it was a serious and difficult question, as matters then stood, whether to enter his son at Oxford, send him over to Holland or elsewhere abroad, or retain him still with himself. However much his own preference might once on a time have disposed him to the first course, it was now, alas! rendered impossible, the way to the national seats of learning being barred by those recent statutes, oaths, and tests which had been directed against exactly such cases and families as his. The idea also of Matthew going abroad for study was on many grounds hard to entertain. But at this moment the door into a third course seemed providentially to open. A remarkable man in his way, though his name may not look the most promising, was the Rev. Thomas Doolittle, or Doolittle, M.A., formerly of Pembroke College, and afterwards Rector of the parish of St. Alphage in London. Belonging to Kidderminster, and owing much of his spiritual zeal and vigour to Richard Baxter, this worthy minister is known as the courageous founder of the very *first* meeting-house in London.

after the Act of Uniformity, and also as the *last* survivor of all his London fellow-ejected brethren, living on as he did till 1707. Quietly ignoring the severely persecuting statutes, he had first opened a worship-room at Bunhill Fields, and then actually proceeded to build the large and stately meeting-house which stood in Monkwell Street, Cripplegate. He was the first also to venture on opening an academy at Islington for training young divines, so as to perpetuate a Presbyterian ministry outside the pale of the National Church. Such an attempt could hardly be expected to go on long in the face of the violent spirit then unhappily prevailing; but till the authorities should crush it, Philip Henry resolved to support the effort. He set out therefore for London in July 1680, with Matthew and his "Cousin Bosier," who had been to Oxford, but who shortly after died in the midst of great promise.

The journey on horseback from Broad Oak to London occupied five days. Writing a long account of it to his sisters, with his first impressions of the Great City, Matthew says: "Yesterday we went to Mr. Doolittle's meeting house, his church I may call it, for many a church will not hold nearly so many people. There are several galleries: it is all pewed, and has a brave pulpit a great height above the people." Here his father preached in the afternoon and repeatedly elsewhere during his visit. How long Matthew remained, and what special studies he pursued under Mr. Doolittle, we are not particularly informed. It could not have been many months, for the authorities speedily interfered, in the rough fashion of those troublous times, and violently broke up the institution.

#### V.

##### STUDENT OF LAW AT GRAY'S INN.

Amid the scattering that followed Matthew Henry went back to Broad Oak, and it is not till April 1685, when he was in his twenty-third year, we find him in

London again, entering himself this time a law student at Gray's Inn, Holborn. Not that he had by any means abandoned the purpose of devoting himself, through good or bad report, to a Gospel ministry like his father's, however much decried or proscribed it might be. But he had to be very cautious just then how he expressed himself in his home communications; the lynx-eyed and jealous authorities not disdaining to pry even furtively into the post-bags! "Your last letter escaped opening," says his father; "but 'tis our unhappiness to be without cause suspected persons, and exposed accordingly." Deeming the law an honourable and for himself perhaps a possible profession, or at least a means of protection, should the open adoption of a nonconforming ministry be absolutely prohibited, he prosecuted legal studies meantime for their valuable mental discipline, while, as his letters show, he pursued in private his theological course. Among other means of self-improvement he acquired fair facility in French from a learned foreign teacher. "We shall be very ambitious to be your scholars in French," writes one of his sisters, who adds with playful *naïveté*, "though I think they say *one tongue* is enough for a woman." A brief letter from his beloved mother, admirably illustrating their community of spirit. "Dear child, it is much my comfort and rejoicing to hear so often from you, and though I have little to send you but love and my blessing (your father being absent) I write a line or two to mind you to keep close with God as I hope you do in solemn, secret, daily prayer . . . not forgetting what you have been taught and the covenant engagements you lie under, renewed again and again, to walk circumspectly in your whole conversation, watching against youthful lusts and evil company, sins and snares from the world and the devil. This is from your affectionate mother." One of the memories of this period was his visit to good old Richard Baxter, who after many persecutions had, in the May of that year

1685, been arraigned in the memorable trial at Guildhall before the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who, in contempt of all law and reason, had sentenced him to pay five hundred pounds, lie in prison till paid, and be bound to "good behaviour" for seven years! Writing home to his father, Matthew Henry says: "Honoured sir, on Saturday last with good Mr. Lawrence I went into Southwark to Mr. Baxter. We found him in pretty comfortable circumstances, a prisoner in a private house beside the prison. . . He is in as good health as one can expect, and methinks looks better and speaks heartier than when I saw him last. The token you sent he would by no means accept. . . from one *outed* like himself. . . I was very glad he so much approved of my present circumstances. He said he knew not why young men might not thus improve, quite as well as by travelling abroad. He gave us some good counsel. . . He sends you his respects."

## VI.

### ORDINATION AND SETTLEMENT.

It was in the midsummer of 1686, when at home for a holiday, after fourteen months' work at Gray's Inn, that Matthew Henry began to preach. Invited over to Nantwich by his dear and life-long friend, Mr. George Illidge, he conducted service for him several evenings—secretly, of course, because of the law, yet to considerable congregations—with conspicuous promise and marked effect on the hearers. He had occasion to do the same when on a visit to friends in Chester, and so strongly favourable an impression did he produce as to his pre-eminent ministerial qualifications, that a movement was set on foot that never rested till Matthew Henry agreed to settle there. Meantime, without absolutely committing himself to the good friends in Chester, yet with their proposal in view, and with his own resolutions toward the ministry greatly strengthened, both on account of his own encouraging

experience recently, and the rumours that began to prevail of the Government granting increased indulgence to nonconformists, he returned for some months to complete his term at Gray's Inn. It was immediately after, in January 1686–7, that King James II. proposed to carry out to the fullest extent his dispensing power by selling licenses to all classes of nonconformists and exempting them from molestation for religion. Few Protestants applied (the popish design of the monarch being well understood), but, being on the alert, many of the nonconformists began quietly to assemble together for worship, and in other ways sought to avail themselves of the opportunity. Matthew Henry was urgently pressed to settle in the metropolis, but he yielded rather to the importunate calls from Chester; and resolving to seek ordination ere leaving London, he signalized his exit from Gray's Inn by consenting to preach a farewell sermon to his associates in that honourable society. Taking for his text 2 Thessalonians ii. 1, he discoursed with much fervour on the blessed hope of "*our gathering together unto the Lord Jesus*," as the grand comfort under all the *separations* of life. And now that he had such an important matter as his ordination in view, he set himself to prepare for it with all diligence, and at the same time drew up a very serious and searching paper for self-examination as to his own condition before God, and as to his motives and aims in so great a work.

"I think I can say with confidence that I do not design to take up the ministry as a trade to live by. . . no, I *hope* I aim at nothing but souls, and if I gain those, though at the loss of all mere worldly comforts, I shall reckon myself to have made a good bargain.

"I think also I can say with as much assurance that my design is not to get myself a name amongst men or to be talked of in the world. No, that is a poor business.

"I can appeal to God that I have no



design in the least to maintain a party or to keep up any schismatical faction. My heart rises against the thoughts of it. I hate dividing principles and practices, and whatever others are, I am for peace and healing. *If my life-blood would be a sufficient balsam, I would gladly part with the last drop of it for the closing up of the bleeding wounds of differences among true Christians.*"

The paper, after earnest prayers and godly resolutions, closes with the solemn avowal, "Whatever opposition I may meet with in my work, by God's grace I will not be terrified therewith. If God call me to suffer, as I expect and count on, I will bear cheerfully the reproach of Christ, and choose afflictions with the people of God."

By birth and training, as well as by conviction, Matthew Henry was a Presbyterian Puritan. His father's church views and principles commanded his sympathy and approval. But being like his father, a singularly Catholic-spirited evangelical Christian, with nothing whatever in him of the ecclesiastical bigot or partizan, when some friends urged that he might find it advisable to be ordained in the Episcopal way, especially if a bishop could be had who might not rigorously insist on the more objectionable of the prescribed oaths and forms, he carefully reconsidered the whole question of ordination as set forth in Scripture and practised in the early Church. The paper has been preserved in which he drew out and sought impartially to balance the strong points of argument and reasoning on both sides of this matter. But finding himself by the process confirmed and strengthened in his original judgment, he applied without delay to some of the best known Presbyterian divines in London, and by them, after all due probation and examination, he was solemnly but secretly ordained by laying on of hands, with prayer and fasting, 9th of May, 1687. Some years later, when the Toleration Act was passed, he received a full certificate of his ordination, but those who did ordain

him had to be very cautious meanwhile because of the law, and would only declare their assurance of his being a truly ordained minister of the Gospel. Furnished with this attestation, Matthew Henry proceeded to Chester, and on the 2nd of June, which was the usual Thursday lecture, he began his career of sacred usefulness by preaching from 1 Cor. ii. 2: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." His friend and neighbour, the Rev. William Tong (who wrote the *Life* of him usually prefixed to the *Commentary*), was present on the occasion, a witness of the people's joy and thankfulness. "It may be truly said," he observes, "that they received him as an angel of God."

## VII.

### IN CHESTER.

Thus, at the age of twenty-five, Matthew Henry was settled in Chester, where other twenty-five out of the remaining twenty-seven years of his comparatively brief life were to be passed in earnest anxious ministerial service. As he did not remove to London till two years before he died, his name and labours must always remain associated with Chester. A public obelisk has been erected there in his honour. And to show the esteem in which his memory is now held, it is pleasant to think of all parties in the general community uniting to raise it; an honourable tribute that pleasantly affects the stranger as he wanders through the interesting place. No visitor can fail to remember the quaint and foreign look of the old city, its venerable monuments, its streets radiating at right angles from the Cross to the four gateways, its ancient walls, the only ones remaining entire in an English town through a compass of two miles, and above all, those unique specimens of medieval architecture, the curious "Rows," about which so much learning and research have been expended. Among the outstanding historic

features of Chester are its varied religious memories and associations. From the days of such early Puritan leaders as Christopher Goodman and William Whittingham, who were both born here, and who became colleagues of Knox in the Church of the Exiles in Geneva, it had never been lacking in such a succession. When called, therefore, to preside over a handful of oppressed though attached people, Matthew Henry was not unconscious of a noble ancestry behind him; and so with a quiet fortitude and prayerful zeal, he set himself to carry forward the work of pious predecessors. The times were changeable and fraught with difficulty and danger, but the attempt was not unhopeful. The penal statutes were not being enforced at the time, while the following year, 1688-9, with its "glorious revolution," brought further and more settled relief. Up to this time the little company had secretly met in one of their own dwellings; but their numbers and zeal so increased in prospect of having Mr. Henry for their minister, that one of their number, Mr. Henthorne, a prosperous sugar-baker, offered a portion of his large premises for their use. This happened to be part of an old Friary, on which the people set to work one Monday morning, and had it all ready for service next Lord's day. Here they worshipped upwards of twelve years, the first half exactly of Mr. Henry's ministry among them when they entered their new meeting-house in 1700. Besides a number of substantial tradesmen, he found warm supporters in some of the professional and merchant classes, and had the countenance also of a few rather prominent citizens, who, though in communion with the Church of England, attended some of his services, and were attached personal friends. What, however, chiefly conduced to the comfort of his settlement was his marriage immediately after, in August of that same year, 1687, with Katharine, only daughter of Samuel Hardware, Esq., of Bromborough, Cheshire. This was a peculiarly happy union, though ren-

dered all too brief by her early death in eighteen months—14th of February, 1689—from small-pox, after the birth of a daughter, who was mercifully spared to the bereaved husband.

## VIII.

### PREACHER AND PASTOR.

With the Revolution of 1688-9 came the Toleration Act of William and Mary. In the eyes, however, of the Prince of Orange, with his more liberal ecclesiastical views, the proposals made in this measure were too meagre a concession to religious liberty. A "Comprehension Bill," entitled, "An Act for uniting their Majesties' Protestant subjects," was simultaneously introduced, therefore, into the House of Lords. This was of the nature of a strong and sweeping reform in the Church of England, with the design of gathering again the Presbyterians and other nonconformists into the national communion. The fate of such a measure was eagerly watched by Matthew Henry and many of his co-religionists, who were understood to be favourably disposed. The amendments in the Canons, Statutes, and Prayer Book proposed to Parliament by the great Commission amounted to nearly six hundred: among the most important, being the disuse of the Apocrypha in public worship, the change of "priest" to "minister," and "Sunday" to "Lord's Day," and the omission of all objectionable expressions. Presbyterian ordinances were to be held valid, and the use of the surplice, the sign of the cross in Baptism, and kneeling at Communion were to be left optional. For good or evil, however, the scheme failed, and this last attempt at "Comprehension" proved abortive. Availing himself, like his brethren, of the Toleration Act, which protected all who would declare their adhesion to the *doctrinal* as distinct from the disciplinary or ritual portion of the Thirty-nine Articles, Matthew Henry set himself with redoubled hope and energy, under the

altered but promising condition of things, to fulfil his Gospel ministry. And nobly did he acquit himself in public and private, in pulpit and pastorate. Every Lord's day morning, after secret and family devotions, he joined his congregation in public worship at nine o'clock. The service opened with the hundredth Psalm, then followed a brief but fervent invocation: then a portion from Old Testament Scripture was solemnly read and expounded in its order. After a second singing he prayed again at greater length; then followed the sermon of about an hour, with a closing prayer, singing and benediction. The service lasted upwards of two hours, while that in the afternoon was exactly similar, except that he then expounded from the New Testament Scriptures. How he excelled in the ministry of the Word of God and in prayer need not be said. The collection of Psalms and Scriptural hymns he issued for general use shows the high importance he attached to "the service of song in the house of the Lord." His mind, like his father's, was remarkably methodical. His sermons ran in series; but he saved them from monotony by the interesting grouping of his texts and subjects. If a course of doctrinal divinity occupied one of the Sabbath services for fourteen years, he varied the matter by occasional excursions into other fields, while at the second service he pursued quite a different line of practical and experimental preaching. "Penitent reflections and pious resolutions" was, for example, a theme he pursued for months together from the general text, "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies." This led him to such antithetic passages as these:—

- I. "I have sinned" (Psalm xli. 4): "I will do so no more" (Job xxxiv. 32); or,
- II. "I have done foolishly" (2 Sam. ii. 10): "I will behave myself wisely" (Psalm ci. 2).

Or again it might be that after taking a broad practical summons such as "Put off the old man with his deeds and put

on the new man," he would pursue it into detailed exhortations under subordinate texts, in this wise:—

Put off pride (Jer. xiii. 15) and put on humility (1 Pet. v. 5).

Put off contention (Gen. xiii. 8) and put on peaceableness (Jas. iii. 17).

Put off hypocrisy (Luke xii. 1) and put on sincerity (Josh. xxiv. 14).

And finally, Put off self (Matt. xvi. 24) and put on the Lord Jesus (Rom. xiii. 14).

His preaching was intensely evangelical, as well as spiritual and practical. "I am most in my element when preaching Christ." He says in another place he was "best pleased when on that sweet subject," for "the more I think and speak of Christ, the more reason do I see to love, adore, and follow Him."

He was fond of Scripture expressions and allusions with which to illustrate his sermons and render them edifying. Thus, in cautioning against the danger of carnal security, he exclaims: "By it we are in danger of being shorn of our strength, as Samson when he laid his head on Delilah's lap. By it we are in danger of having tares sown in our hearts, as they were in the corn-field while men slept. We are in danger of being robbed by it of both our defence and our comfort, as Saul was of his spear and water-curse when he slept. We are in danger of being nailed to the earth by it, as Sisera was when he slept in Jael's tent. We are in danger of being given up to sleep, as the disciples in the garden, when bidden to 'sleep on now!' It is a dismal thing to be let alone in carnal security."

During his Chester ministry he went five times through the Psalms in devotional exposition, specially delighting in them for his weekly "lecture" each Thursday evening, which had, however, for its longest series, *The Questions of Scripture*, lasting—as these did, with intervals—for twenty years. In October 1692 he began with Gen. iii. 9: "Adam, where art thou?" and did not close till May 1712, with Rev. xviii. 18: "What city is like unto this Great City?"

The ordinances of Baptism and the

Lord's Supper were attended to by him with great solemnity, his own soul on such occasions being all aglow with gracious delight and fervour. He observed also with his people regular quarterly fasts, besides keeping those days of humiliation or thanksgiving appointed by public authority, then so common, and the occasions of which he sought always religiously to improve. Some of the best of his published efforts were connected with these special seasons.

He took great interest in the young, having peculiar aptitude and delight in dealing with this portion of his flock. Besides often preaching to them, he devoted an hour every Saturday to public training of them by means of the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism and his own two little manuals, the Scripture Catechism for seniors, and the more simple one he prepared for children. Many dated their first religious convictions and impressions from these exercises. The dispensation of ordinances being exclusively entrusted to him, the whole responsibility of admitting to Church privileges and membership rested in his hands, together with all the exercise of discipline. This added greatly to the weight of his authority, and not less to the weight of his care. The use of so high a pastoral function was prosecuted ever by him with the most watchful and prayerful concern. Besides the oversight of the sick, and habitual visitation of the people in their homes, he kept up two kinds of conferences; one more stated and solemn, for young people and catechumens; and the other of a more social kind, for pious intercourse and the cultivation of Christian fellowship. By such means not only did his congregation increase in numbers and influence from time to time till the number of communicants amounted to three hundred and fifty, but the interests of real and vital godliness greatly advanced, and the work of the Lord prospered in his hands. His great aim was to do the work of a true shepherd of souls according to the New Testament.

## IX.

### PRIVATE AND FAMILY LIFE.

For eighteen months after the death of his first wife, Matthew Henry continued to reside in the same house with her parents. When about to retire, however, to their little country estate, they not only advised a second marriage, but recommended him to another of their relatives; and in July 1690, to the great satisfaction of all concerned, he was united to Mary, daughter of Robert Warburton, Esq., of the Grange, Cheshire, a godly Puritan of honourable descent, and of a family whose house had been a sanctuary for silenced and ejected ministers. Domestic felicity again crowned his lot, and the next six years were probably the happiest of his life, when "the candle of the Lord shone on him" with almost uninterrupted comfort.

But brightest sunshine casts darkest shadow. Trials came to him, as they do in frequent experience, "not in single guise, but in battalions." The last four years of the century, 1696-1700, though fullest of life's pains, were perhaps also to him fullest of profit, however bitter the discipline. He had begun to keep a diary, like his father. Under 1 July, 1696, we read: "Death comes nearer and oftener. In January it came into our *classis*, removing the good minister of Knutsford: in February into the Friary here, and took away our neighbour: in March into my own house, carrying off my cousin: in April into our family circle by the death of my venerable father-in-law, Warburton, when my own dear father himself wrote: 'The fathers, where are they? One now gone, the other going.' At the end of May I said with thankfulness, here is a month I have not buried a friend, but"—referring to his honoured father's sudden decease—"June has brought it worst and nearest of all." Then he adds pathetically that Broad Oak had become to him *Allen Baccuth* now, the *Oak of Weeping*. Next year, 1697, his three married sisters in

Chester, Katharine, Eleanor, and Anne, who had become respectively Mrs. John Tylston, Mrs. Samuel Radford, and Mrs. John Hulton, were seized with fever: the first barely recovered, but the two younger died within three weeks of each other. They were worthy and pious women, deeply lamented. Brief but instructive memoirs of them by their brother are usually appended to the *Life and Diaries* of their eldest sister, Mrs. Sarah Savage, of Wrenbury Wood, who long outlived all the rest. His *Journal* proceeds: "18 Oct. 1697. By the good hand of my God upon me, have finished my thirty-fifth year, half the age of man. Now in full zenith, but my sun may 'go down at noon.' Affected this morning, when alone, in thinking—*What* I was born, a rational yet helpless and sinful creature: *where* I was born, in the Church of God, a land of light, a home of prayer: and *wherefore* I was born, to glorify God my Maker, and prepare to get to heaven." Or again: "1 Jan. 1698. I begin this year with a solemn renewed dedication of my whole self to God in Christ as my God. Oh! to make this the axis and centre of every year's revolution!" On suddenly losing one of his children in 1698, he observes: "It is a smarting rod, but in the hand of my heavenly Father. Little children thus taken are like the *Milky Way*, individuals scarce distinguishable, but all together *beautifying heaven*." The year 1699, with other bereavements, painfully deprived him of two of his beloved and respected brothers-in-law, both in the prime of their days: Dr. Tylston, whose death he felt "an unspeakable loss; so fine a scholar, so pious a Christian, and so true a friend I despair again to meet in this world;" and Mr. Radford, of no less sterling worth, whose orphan children Mrs. and Mr. Henry received into their family and treated them like their own. A son and five daughters, by his second marriage, outlived Matthew Henry. The son Philip took the name of Warburton on inheriting the Grange Estate.

## X.

## AS A PUBLIC MAN.

The ecclesiastical life of England witnessed a new and striking phenomenon in the early "meeting-houses." Hundreds of these sprang up all over the country during the generation following the Revolution settlement. They marked the rise of the "Dissenting Interest" under protection of law, and indicated a totally fresh departure in the nation's religious policy. One of the earliest and most substantial was that built for Matthew Henry in 1700, at a cost of £600 or more, during the thirteenth year of his ministry in Chester. His opening sermon on "Separation without rebellion," from a most characteristic text—Josh. xxii. 22–3—sufficiently indicated the thankful yet deprecatory spirit of the occasion. To avoid offence, it was not published at the time, and only saw the light in 1726, long after his death, with a commendatory preface by Dr. Watts. In 1707 a gallery had to be added to accommodate the remaining members of a small and struggling body of fellow-Presbyterians, towards whom and whose ministers Matthew Henry had always displayed rare magnanimity and brotherly kindness. But the increasing cares of his own church and household by no means absorbed his time and capabilities; and as his reputation grew, many and varied were the demands made for his services, which were in constant request. Nor did he hesitate about spending and being spent in his Master's cause for the general good. One of his early beneficent efforts was the earnest Christian work among the wretched prisoners and criminals in Chester gaol, which he persisted in for twenty years, and only desisted when the curate of St. Mary's unworthily incited the governor to interfere.

There were then no philanthropic religious societies. When the one "for the reformation of manners" was started, he threw himself into it with his whole soul, preaching often and ably on its

behalf, and continuing his efforts long after his fellow-workers had grown lukewarm in the cause. By his zealous evangelistic ministrations the towns and villages around Chester mightily profited, as he preached in some of them once a month, and in others still more frequently. He extended these home-missionary excursions far and wide, carrying the Gospel into many a dark corner like life from the dead. His *annual* visits to certain places in Lancashire, Staffordshire, and adjacent parts were extremely serviceable to many struggling congregations, which survive to this day, and cherish the memory and retain the sweet savour of these self-denying and indefatigable apostolic labours. The effects of his reviving and quickening ministry may be gathered from that repertory of facts and observations, the *Notitia Cestriensis* of Gastrell, who became Bishop of Chester in the year of Matthew Henry's death. When the Union between Presbyterian and Independent ministers of London was constituted in 1691 on the nine heads of agreement, a similar one in Cheshire found in Matthew Henry a warm and zealous supporter. It met twice a year for consultation and mutual encouragement, the minutes from 1691 till its dissolution in 1745 being still extant. He served it some time as secretary, and sought to make it in every way as efficient as possible. Ordaining young men to the ministry, often six or eight at one time, was a prominent though by no means its exclusive function. More and more had he to take a leading part in such a service, the ordination of Dr. Benyon at Broad Oak to succeed his father being apparently the first in which he did so. Another he thus notified: "June 17, 1770. Went to Macclesfield to join with my brethren the ministers of Cheshire and Lancashire in an ordination. Formerly have declined that work, but now see it is a service that must be rendered. Am satisfied of the validity of such an ordination by the laying-on of the hands of the Presbytery: and though we want a national establish-

ment, yet that cannot be essential. I went with a true desire to honour God and promote the interests of Christ's Kingdom."

## XI.

### HIS EARLIER AND MINOR WRITINGS.

Although Matthew Henry's great achievement is of course THE EXPOSITION or Bible Commentary, with which his name has become most familiarly associated, his was in many other ways a diligent and prolific pen. He modestly began the work of authorship by an anonymous little treatise in 1690 on *The real nature of schism*, in which he seeks to show that it is a *spirit* of uncharitable distance or bitterness of feeling among those who *call* each other Christians, and consequently there may be schism raging within the same communion, and there may be separation of communion and yet be no schism. Next came, though at an interval of eight years, that delightful book, the *Life and Memoirs* of his father, Philip Henry, which Dr. Chalmers declares "one of the most precious religious biographies in our language." Nothing he issued has ever commanded so large a circulation, even in his own religiously unimpressible age, and nothing has better deserved it. If we reckon his various sermons, preached and printed in connection with public or special circumstances, his minor publications amount to thirty-eight at least, and some of them, like the *Directions for Daily Communion with God*, are considerable treatises. His *Communicant's Companion* and his *Method of Prayer* are admirable manuals for their respective subjects, and have been a boon to many; while the very *last* little book he wrote, on the *Pleasantness of a Religious Life*, has been often republished and proved a sweet persuasive to the life it so graciously recommends. His aim in all he wrote was not merely to be useful, but directly to promote the cultivation of evangelical piety. Fond, like his father, of pithy and aphoristic forms of expression, he delighted in

words and sayings that by cleaving to the memory might stick fast in heart and conscience; and if quaintness, ingenuity or antithesis would render them more barbed or pointed, so much the better. "The Gospel will never *save* you, if it be not allowed to *rule* you." "Those that will not be *warned* by God's judgments, may expect to be *wounded* by them." "True repentance is never too late, but late repentance is seldom true." "God has a book as well as a bottle for our tears, and he notices whether we weep for our sorrows only or for our sins." "True repentance is both *from* sin and *for* sin." "We are to consider the *end* of sin that we may avoid its *beginnings*." "God's bounty leaves room always for man's duty." "To be angry at nothing but sin is the way not to sin in anger." "To render evil for evil is brutish, and evil for good is devilish; to render good for good is human, but good for evil is Christian." "The ministry is the *best calling*, but the worst trade in the world." Matthew Henry is full of such pleasantly profitable things, and they come so easily and unforced from him; like natural processes they "drop as the rain and distil as the dew." At times he could glow with impassioned warmth and fervour, and could rise into a most heart-searching and awakening style. "Think not we are too earnest in urging you to leave your sins by accepting of Christ. It is no time to dally and trifle when precious souls are at stake, and their eternal condition so nearly concerned. The blood of your souls would lie at our door if we should not give you warning. What shall I say to startle you? That which I am sure is weighty enough, though neither new nor surprising. Shall I tell you that the God with whom we have to do is a holy, righteous, all-seeing God? For sinners to mistake this is to make them feel secure. Oh, let me direct you. Seek unto Jesus. Let a sense of your need and danger drive you to Him with all speed. Take heed of laying aside convictions. *It is bad freezing again after a thaw.* Let not

this call be lost. What effect it may have I know not, but I have delivered my soul."

## XII.

### THE COMMENTARY.

Long before Matthew Henry began to write his COMMENTARY for the press, he had been preparing for it, and no less, in God's providence, been himself becoming singularly prepared. "If any desire to know how so mean and obscure a person as I came to venture on so great a work, I can give no other account of it but this. It has long been my practice what little time I had to spare to spend it in drawing up expositions on some parts of Scripture. Every man that studies hath some beloved subject which is his delight above any other, and this is mine. It is that learning which it was my happiness from a child to be trained up in by my ever honoured father." Or as another puts it, "Like the Spartan babe whose cradle was his father's shield, it is scarcely a figure to say that the Bible was the pillow of his infant head. What has been remarked of an enthusiast in *Egyptian* antiquities, that he had grown quite *pyramidal*, may be applied to the Presbyterian minister at Chester, that he had grown entirely *biblical*." For years he had been revolving the matter, and in 1700 had made a tentative effort; but the following notice in his Journal shows the true commencement. "November 12, 1704. This night, after many thoughts of heart and many prayers, I began my Notes on the Old Testament. Not likely I shall live to finish it. . . . I go about it with fear and trembling, lest I exercise myself in things too high for me. The Lord help me to set about it in great humility." This entire sympathy with what he was about, this power of entering into the spirit of Sacred Scripture, and his own evident relish for the things of God, is what stands to him in the room of genius, and lends its charm to his exposition. As one says, "Fitness and fondness for the work, yet with 'fear

and trembling' and 'many prayers'; yes, these are the secrets of its success." His diary reveals with what earnest and devout breathings, with what industrious care, and with what union of intense thankfulness and real sincerity of purpose, he carried on the work. "O that I may find Christ in the Old Testament and be led into the mystery of godliness." "Have obtained help of God to go on with much comfort: find pleasure in my studies for which I praise my God." "Ashamed of my own defects. The Lord grant they may not be a prejudice to my design."

With unflagging zeal and increasing zest he kept at the work till life's close. Consecrating every available moment to the congenial task, he was usually in his study by four or five o'clock in the morning, and often in the night watches when kept from sleep through illness in the family, he would sit down "to do a little at the Exposition." By September 1706, his notes on the Pentateuch were ready for the press. His mother was spared to see this first volume published; but hardly expecting at her advanced age to get through it all, she began with Deuteronomy, and passed to her rest a few months later, May 25, 1707. Every second year found another small folio ready for issue. The fourth volume completed the Old Testament, and, prompt to time, the fifth, embracing the Gospels and Acts, was finished April 17, 1714. This, however, was his last. Two months afterwards he was dead, and as his Latin epitaph beautifully suggests, "The mysteries contained in the Apostolic Epistles and Book of Revelation he went to gaze into more closely in heaven." With the help of his preparations and jottings some ministerial brethren finished the work. Their names and respective parts are given in most editions. "They took up," says one, "the fallen pen and completed a sixth volume, but they did not continue *Matthew Henry*." The same writer adds, "It would be easy to name commentators more critical, more philoso-

phical, or more severely erudite, but none more successful in making the Bible understood." Whatever may be said of its merits or demerits, there is no gainsaying the fact that for continuous hold on the religious public, for the number and variety of its editions to suit all ranks and classes, and for greatness of circulation, it out-distances all competitors as a popular Bible exposition. Injustice is sometimes done by not regarding the author's aim. "It is the top of my ambition to assist the truly serious in *searching Scripture*." He meant it to be read with learned and more critical works, such as Poole's *Synopsis*, and be to them a kind of spiritual supplement. "The Word of God is to be a *light*, not only to our eyes, but to our feet, and a *lamp to our path*. We are concerned not only to perceive its meaning, but to receive its impressions, so as to improve them to some good practical purpose. We must ask not merely, what is this? but what is this to us? Enquiry of this sort I aim to answer. When by critical explication of the text, the stone has been rolled away from the well's mouth, still, to many who would drink, 'the well is deep, and they have nothing wherewith to draw.' Some such may find a bucket here, or water drawn to their hands. Pleased shall I be with this office of the Gibeonites, to draw for the people out of these wells of salvation." To unsympathetic and unspiritual minds it may be "tedious" and "dreary," but to the Christ-seeking and Christ-loving, of whatever denomination or attainment, its esteem will be usually very different. It would be easy to present a long array of eulogistic references, and multiply indefinitely the favourable testimonies. Doddridge says, "Mr. Henry is perhaps the only Commentator so large that deserves to be entirely and attentively read through. The remarkable passages should be marked." The venerable Romaine, in his own folio edition of 1761, declares "there is no comment on the Bible, ancient or modern, in all respects



equal to this." Did not George Whitefield often peruse it on his bended knees? Men like Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers extolled its merits, and in their ripest years found nurture and refreshment from its daily reading. Above all the books of its class it has furnished help to the pulpit, and ministered sap to the roots of piety in the Anglo-Saxon race. For what has been well called its "sanctified common-sense," for sympathetic as distinct from exegetical insight, for fine catholicity of temper and unfailing urbanity, for sincerity of tone and warmth of piety, for expressing and preserving the real savour of the Word in a well-sustained flow of vigorous and racy English, it has long held deservedly, and seems destined still to hold, a foremost place, being at this moment more popular than ever, not only at home, but throughout America and in the Colonies.

### XIII.

#### REMOVAL TO HACKNEY.

The ministerial services of Matthew Henry were greatly coveted by congregations in London. He received numerous calls to settle there. So early as 1699 the church at Hackney, on the death of their learned and eloquent pastor, Dr. William Bates, urged him, without avail, to become successor to that distinguished man; and soon after he also declined a flattering invitation to be lecturer at Salter's Hall, in room of another gifted divine. When the early volumes of the *Commentary* made his name yet better known, these invitations multiplied. In the year 1708 he was presided by both the church at the Old Jewry and that at Silver Street, which was vacant by the death of John Howe's successor, to become their minister. But both of these, though backed up by earnest solicitations from influential London ministerial brethren, he saw fit to decline. The church at Hackney having, however, once more lost its minister by death, turned again to Matthew Henry in 1710

with increased importunity. After well-nigh a year of pressure on their part, and much painful anxiety and hesitation on his own, during which he kindly visited them and showed his reasons for remaining in Chester, he at length was persuaded to visit them again. "In May 1711 I went to them and stayed till the end of July. I never had been away so much as *one* first Lord's day of any month till now since coming to Chester twenty-four years ago." The London ministers insisted that on public grounds he should remove to Hackney, and after further struggle he consented to come, though not till the following spring. He has set down with great care the considerations that moved him, however reluctant, to this decision. Among them were, the crying need of London at the time, with the clamorous and constant appeals to him on all sides; the lawfulness and sometimes the real expediency of a minister's removal, for, being married to his work and not to his people, his judgment must rule it over his strongest affections. He had not been without his discouragements recently in Chester, however loving and attached the congregation had been. In fact, he was suffering under that tremendously reactionary tide of political and ecclesiastical frenzy, with its illiberal measures against the "Dissenting Interest," that culminated in the "Schism Bill," and under whose influence the Toleration Act itself was scarcely safe. The nation was again touching one of its lowest moral depths, and an age of spiritual torpor was quickly setting in. On May 18, 1712, Matthew Henry began his labours at Hackney, adhering closely to the lines he had all along followed. The Hackney congregation was not large; only a hundred communicants. Worst of all, the spiritual life was beating low, and religious dulness prevailed around ere spreading to the provinces. Matthew Henry found plenty to do in struggling against the tide, but he did it with a will, and in the spirit and power of his Master. Now in his fiftieth year, and in the full maturity of

his powers, he lent the benefit of his experience and services without stint to his needy brethren about him. Called to preach almost every day in the week, and twice, often thrice, on the Lord's day, he found it uphill work with many discouragements, but he toiled bravely. Here is an experience after a "Tuesday-night lecture" for a friend: "8 March, 1713. As I came home, was robbed by four men. The thieves took from me ten or eleven shillings. Have reason to be thankful. I who have travelled so much was never robbed before."

#### XIV.

##### THE END.

His death came suddenly. When he left Chester in 1712, he promised to pay an annual visit to his former flock. He did so the very next summer, 1713, and set out a second time in May 1714. He had been weary and unwell, but the weather was fine, and his errand was a gracious and pleasant one. During his stay he was abundant in labours, preaching also at Wrexham, Knutsford, and other favourite places. The last two Sabbaths in Chester, which were the last two he spent on earth, were fitly employed. On one of them he preached on the text, "There remaineth a rest to the people of God;" and on the other, June 20, on "Let us therefore fear lest, a promise being left of

entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." This *sabbatism*, on which he loved to expatiate so sweetly, was very near at hand to him. On Monday, June 21, he set out for London, engaging to preach at Nantwich that very night. It was there he preached his *first* sermon; it was there he preached his *last*. His horse had stumbled, but, declaring he felt no injury from the fall, he went through with the service. Immediately after, however, he felt heavy and sleepy. On being awaked, he knew his extreme danger, and turning to his dear friend George Illidge beside him, he said: "You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine: A life spent in the service of God, and communion with Him, is the most pleasant any one can live in this world." He was soon seized with apoplexy, and at eight on Tuesday morning, June 22, he fell asleep. His eldest sister's diary has these entries:

"Wednesday, 23 June. I went to the place to take leave of the dear earthen vessel, in which was lodged such treasure. Nothing of death to be seen on his face—rather something of a smile. Friday, 25 June. We gathered up the mantle of this dear Elijah. Took the remains to Chester. We laid him in Trinity Church, beside his first wife, accompanied by a vast crowd desiring to pay their tribute to his blessed memory."

ALEX. H. DRYSDALE, M.A.

# PATRICK HAMILTON.



*Copied by permission from a portrait in the possession of the University of Glasgow.*

# PATRICK HAMILTON,

THE SCOTTISH MARTYR OF 1528.

## I.

### HIS FAMILY.

PATRICK HAMILTON, though not the first in Scotland to witness and to suffer for the saving truths of the Gospel, was the first who died for them after the beginning of the work of Luther. He was born at Kingscavel, or Kincavel, near Linlithgow, about the year 1504. "Perhaps few people nowadays," says a recent writer, "care for any closer acquaintance with the ancient town of Linlithgow than can be made during a few minutes' halt at the somewhat dreary railway station, where the traveller looks out of the carriage windows on high old houses, narrow dirty streets, and further away, the ruins of a great castle and church, and the shimmer of water through the trees behind them. And yet, during that short stay, one can scarcely fail to turn to pictures of the past, when Linlithgow was the Windsor of Scotland, its palace the fairest of all those 'built for the royal dwelling,' the scene of much of the proud, wild, and changeful life that was lived at the Court of the Stuarts. Those gray walls once rang with the sounds of revelry by which James IV. sought to drown the voices that warned him of his own approaching doom and Scotland's sorrow; within their shelter was born the queen whose beauty, whose misfortunes, and, alas! whose crimes have gained her world-wide fame. There too, long after, the followers of Bonnie Prince Charlie made one of their last rallying-points, ere the glory of Linlithgow finally perished with the hopes of the Stuart line, and the Jacobite army, marching sadly northward, left the beautiful palace a blackened ruin."

If the traveller should make a more

leisurely visit, and proceed eastwards about a mile, he would come on one of those modern villages where rows of very plain cottages, each the precise counterpart of the rest, thrown together without regard to taste or beauty, indicate an underground treasure in the form of coal, or iron, or oil, which some joint-stock company are struggling to make available for the use of man. The Kingscavel of 1888 is as unlike the Kingscavel of 1504, as the chivalrous knight who owned it at the earlier period was unlike the oil company that own it to-day. In those distant days it was the property of Sir Patrick Hamilton, who had received it from James IV., it having been, as its name denotes, part of the King's lands. Sir Patrick Hamilton was an illegitimate son of the first Lord Hamilton, whose wife was the daughter of James II.: in 1512-13 he obtained a letter of legitimation under the Great Seal. His wife, the mother of the martyr, was Catherine Stuart, daughter of the Duke of Albany and granddaughter of King James II. The marriage of her father and mother had been annulled, on the ground of propinquity, so that she was deprived of the rank and possessions she might otherwise have enjoyed, but not shut out from the society and friendship of her relations. On her mother's side she was connected with the noble family of Sinclairs of Orkney and Roslin. With regard to her life and character we have little direct information, but her son ever cherished for her the warmest affection, and when wrapt in the flames at St. Andrews, he remembered her as his Lord had remembered His mother, and commended her to the care of his friends and family.

Sir Patrick Hamilton, father of the martyr, was one of the most renowned knights of his time, and his exploits

have been handed down to posterity by several historians. Notwithstanding the bar sinister attaching to his pedigree, he was in great favour with his sovereign, and obtained from him both honours and estates. In the festivities connected with the marriage of James IV. to Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, he bore a leading part. Being a wise man, he was often employed on important embassies, and his sword was frequently drawn, and always on the side of justice and honour. The house of Kingscaval, now no more, must have been associated at all hands with the lustre of chivalry and the renown of arms, and his family would grow up in full sympathy with the brave and noble spirit for which their father was so distinguished. Truth and righteousness would shine out in their eyes as worthy of all risks and sacrifices, and loss of lands, or even of liberty and life, would seem nothing in comparison with loss of honour. Thus by the natural influences around him, God was preparing his son, the subject of this memoir, for the sacrifices that would be called for from him in a noble cause. Sir Patrick Hamilton lost his life in 1520, in a skirmish on the streets of Edinburgh, which was commonly known as "Cleanse the Causeway." The contest was between the Douglasses and the Hamiltons, who had long been fierce foes to each other. It is said that Sir Patrick, in his desire to avoid bloodshed, had gone to the Earl of Arran, the head of the Hamiltons, counselling peace, but was provoked by the Earl's son, Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, who taunted him with cowardice as the motive of his counsel. The high spirit of Sir Patrick could not endure the taunt; he rushed into the strife with such impetuosity that being far in advance of his companions he was quickly slain, along with many who followed him. Sir Patrick's eldest son was James Hamilton, Sheriff of Linlithgowshire and Governor of Blackness Castle. In 1534 he was summoned on a charge of heresy, but escaped to England. He was permitted to return

in 1540, and was the means of proving his cousin, Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, already referred to, guilty of treason, for which he was brought to immediate execution. The second son of the family was Patrick, the martyr.

## II.

### HIS EDUCATION.

We have no information as to the schools where Patrick Hamilton obtained his early education. We can more readily think of the informal training which his character would undergo in a circle of relatives, so distinguished as those among whom he lived. "It is no wonder," says Professor Lorimer,<sup>1</sup> "that we should be told by our historian that the first Reformer of Scotland was distinguished for his high breeding and courtesy, for a strong sense of honour, which made him scorn, at the bidding of fear, to desert the post of danger or duty, for a noble impatience and indignation of falsehood and hypocrisy, and for an intense love to all humane and liberal studies. . . . With the best blood of Scotland in his veins, and with the most heroic men of the kingdom to form the mind and manners of his early age, it was only natural that he should grow up to be what he afterwards became, when the endowments of divine grace had been added to the gifts of nature and the accomplishments of education, not only the most zealous, but the most courteous of evangelists. A confessor of the truth, as mild and modest and gentle in his bearing and manners as he was firm and impregnable in his spirit and principles, a martyr as learned and cultured as he was fervent and self-devoted, a master of all the new learning of the age, as well as instinct with all its revived religious zeal and ardour."

The year 1517, when Luther nailed his theses to the church of Wittemberg, was remarkable for two events in the

<sup>1</sup> *Precursors of Knox, or Memoirs of Patrick Hamilton.* By the Rev. Peter Lorimer. Edinburgh, 1857.

life of young Hamilton. The influence of his family obtained for him from the Regent the office of titular Abbot of the Abbey of Ferne in Ross-shire. He was only about thirteen, but the office was a mere sinecure, and it gave him a title to the revenues of the abbey, and furnished him with ample means for that course of study abroad on which he now entered. This was the other event that signalized the year 1517. It is rather, however, as an inference from the fact of his having taken his Master's degree at the University of Paris in 1520, than from positive information, that we conclude that 1517 was the year of his beginning his studies there. There was a close connection in those days between Scotland and France, and many a distinguished Scotchman had studied at Paris. As yet the course of study in Paris was much the same as Hamilton would have pursued had he entered as a student at St. Andrews or at Glasgow. But Erasmus had introduced a new tone into the university, the old scholastic system had become discredited, and a spirit of independent research had sprung up. Hamilton evidently participated in this spirit, for Knox says of him, "He was well learned in philosophy; he abhorred sophistry, and would that the text of Aristotle should be better understood, and more used in the schools than it was; for sophistry had corrupted all in divinity as in humanity." Erasmus was not in Paris in Hamilton's time, but the fine liberal spirit which he had introduced among scholars captivated the ardent young Scotsman, and disposed him to throw off the fetters of scholasticism. This was another step in the course of providential training by which Hamilton was prepared for his noble part in life.

But another name besides that of Erasmus came to be much heard of in Paris. In 1519, Budæus tells us that many copies were brought there of the debate at Leipsic between Luther and Eck, some of which were placed at the disposal of those of the university who

were deputed to examine the book, or to any others who were disposed to report their opinion thereon to the University. Next year Frederic of Saxony wrote to the Faculty of Theology for their opinion on Luther's views. The Sorbonne took a year to deliberate on the matter, but finally decreed (in 1521) that Luther was a heretic, and that his books should be publicly burnt. But only a few months after their judgment was published, Philip Melancthon's splendid "Defence of Martin Luther against the Furibund Decree of the Parisian Theologasters" burst like a shell upon Paris. This bold and brilliant pamphlet, pouring scorn on the doctors of the Sorbonne, not excepting the famous Scotsman, Mair, spread like wild-fire. The University, after a time of dumb astonishment, at last bestirred itself, prosecuted the booksellers that had sold the "Defence," and committed all the copies of it that could be got to the flames.

It was amid such scenes that young Hamilton, now a youth of about sixteen or eighteen, was studying at Paris, and likewise at Louvaine, to which he betook himself after taking his degree. Erasmus was living at Louvaine in 1521, and Hamilton may have gone thither in order to be introduced to him.

In 1523 we find Hamilton at St. Andrews, incorporated as a member of the University on the same day with his countryman John Major, whom Melancthon had attacked so keenly, and whom Archbishop Beaton had brought to St. Andrews. But Major had shown no disposition towards the sentiments of Luther, nor could young Hamilton have derived from him either instruction or encouragement in the ways of the Reformers. To St. Andrews he brought, as George Buchanan testified long afterwards, singular learning and remarkable talents. His friend and countryman, the distinguished Alesius or Alane, tells us that he composed what the musicians call a mass, arranged in parts for nine voices, in honour of the angels, and procured it to be sung in the cathedral of

St. Andrews, he himself acting as precentor of the choir. The fact is a testimony to his musical skill and enterprise, and also to his willingness at that time to adhere to the ritual of the Church, whatever changes he may have desired to see in her creed. Though we may believe that during all the time he was at St. Andrews, Hamilton was revolving the Lutheran doctrines, with a favourable disposition towards them, it was not till 1526 that he openly avowed his belief in them. In that year, in public disputations and preachings he openly advocated the Lutheran views. Under the very shadow of the archiepiscopal palace he avowed beliefs which both the Church and State of Scotland had denounced and interdicted. Such a proceeding could not escape the notice of the Church. The young Reformer was at once pounced upon and summoned by the archbishop to give an account of himself. What that meant he knew full well. Either he must renounce preaching what he believed to be the truth, or he must die. Hamilton was certainly not prepared for the first alternative, and as yet hardly for the second. He deemed it better to leave Scotland for a time and seek further light. Leaving the archbishop's summons unanswered, he left Scotland early in 1527, and betook himself to Germany, in search of further knowledge of the truth.

### III.

#### AT WITTEMBERG AND MARBURG.

It was natural for Hamilton in his search for more light and certainty to direct his steps to Wittemberg, where three eminent Reformers then resided—Luther, Melancthon and Lambert. When he arrived (as Lorimer has well said), “he found the monasteries deserted, and Luther living happily with his newly-married wife, Catharina von Bora, a converted nun. He saw the churches of the city purged of the old superstitions. He heard the Gospel hymns of Luther sung in loud and fervent

chorus by crowded congregations. He saw the excellent pastor, Bugenhagen or Pomeranus, standing in the pulpit of the ancient parish church and preaching the word of life to the zealous burghers. He listened with admiration to the eloquence of Luther poured forth upon a select congregation of courtiers, state functionaries, and academics, from the pulpit of the church of the Elector's castle, the church of All Saints. In both churches he saw the Sacrament of the Lord's body and blood administered to communicants in both kinds. Luther's New Testament was in every house and in every hand in Wittemberg. The little city was crowded to inconvenience with the multitude of students who flocked from all parts of Europe to sit at the feet of Luther and Melancthon.”

But even from Wittemberg, Hamilton was drawn by another attraction. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, had taken the bold step of founding at Marburg a Protestant University. This proceeding was a remarkable proof of the power now attained by the Reformation movement. Among the professors at Marburg was Francis Lambert, a singularly earnest Christian. “As a teacher of theology, he occupied himself much more with the kernel of Christianity than with the shell.” What he considered of most importance to the students of divinity was, insight into the spirit and life of the Gospel. The relations of Hamilton and Lambert became very intimate. Lambert said of him, in the dedication of his *Commentary on the Apocalypse* to the Landgrave:—“His learning was of no common kind for his years, and his judgment in divine truth was eminently clear and solid. His object in visiting the university was to confirm himself more abundantly in the truth; and I can truly say that I have seldom met with any one who conversed on the Word of God with greater spirituality and earnestness of feeling.”

At Marburg, Hamilton met with some of his own countrymen, whose names are still as fragrant as his own. William

Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, was there, along with his young friend and helper, John Frith. Tyndale was under pursuit by Cardinal Wolsey, and the good landgrave was a kind friend and protector. All the three were destined to be martyrs in the same cause. Their meeting in a foreign town, and communing together there on the truths they loved so well, was a remarkable circumstance, and may be looked on as another link in the chain of events by which Hamilton was prepared for what he had so soon to undergo.

While residing at Marburg, and enjoying the delight of so much congenial company, Hamilton drew up the only treatise that has come to us, commonly known by the name of "Patrick's Places." At first this was a series of theses put forth by him as positions to which he challenged opposition, and which he defended with great learning. It was by Lambert's advice that they were published as a book. They were written in Latin, but a translation of them in English by Frith was afterwards published, and the book was deemed of so great importance both by Knox and Foxe, that the one inserted the theses in full in his *History of the Reformation*; and the other in his *Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs*. They were the first doctrinal exposition of the Reformed faith published in Scotland.

After fulfilling his first term at the University of Marburg, it was Hamilton's conviction that he must now return to Scotland. He had left his country for further light, and now that he had got it, he resolved to return. His heart still yearned for his dear friends and relations in his native land, and he longed to impart the glorious tidings to them. In this determination to return to Scotland, where Beaton would fasten his lynx eyes on him the moment he appeared, and lose no opportunity of convicting him of heresy, and having him put to death, Hamilton must have made up his mind on the dilemma which had previously perplexed him; and, as he was less

disposed than ever to recant his heresies, must have trained himself to be prepared for the other alternative—to die in the name of Jesus and in the cause of the Reformation. He returned to Scotland in 1527.

#### IV.

##### "PATRICK'S PLACES."

The "Places" give no uncertain sound. There is a tone of decision about them which indicates a man who, after much care, had entered into the clear light of day. In the form of expression there is a pith and quaintness which makes them very telling. Sometimes we are startled with the appearance of a paradox, but the author comes well out of it. "No works make us unrighteous: works make us neither good nor evil." What, is the author an Antinomian? By no means. "Good works make not a good man, nor evil works an evil man; but a good man maketh good works, and an evil man evil works." It is just a way of putting our Lord's doctrine, that the heart is the man, and that works are the mere outcome of the vital principle within. Consequently, it is nothing to get men to do good works unless you have furnished them with good hearts.

Nothing was more necessary in those times than to show clearly the difference between the law and the gospel. This is Hamilton's first point, and he sums up in these clear and impressive terms:

"The Law saith:

Pay thy debt.  
Thou art a sinner desperate,  
And thou shalt die.

The Gospel saith:

Christ hath paid it,  
Thy sins are forgiven thee.  
Be of good comfort, thou shalt be saved.

The Law saith:

Make amends for thy sin,  
The Father of heaven is wroth with thee.  
Where is thy righteousness, goodness and satisfaction?  
Thou art bound and obligate unto me, to the devil, and to hell.



**The Gospel saith :**

Christ hath made it for thee,  
 Christ hath pacified him with His blood.  
 Christ is thy righteousness, thy goodness, thy  
 satisfaction,  
 Christ hath delivered thee from them all."

After a similarly quaint fashion he makes

**"A COMPARISON BETWEEN FAITH AND  
 UNBELIEF (INCREDULITY).**

Faith is the root of all good :—  
 Maketh God and man friends.  
 Bringeth God and man together.

Unbelief is the root of all evil :—  
 Maketh them deadly foes,  
 Bringeth them sunder.

All that proceeds from faith pleaseth God ;  
 All that proceeds from unbelief displeaseth God.

Faith only (alone) maketh a good man righteous.  
 Unbelief maketh him unjust and evil.

Faith only (alone) maketh a man  
 The member of Christ,  
 The inheritor of heaven,  
 The servant of God.

Faith sheweth God to be a sweet father.  
 Faith holdeth stiff (firm) by the word of God :  
 counteth God to be true.

Faith knoweth God : loveth God and his neighbour.

Faith only (alone) saveth ; extollet God and His works.

Unbelief maketh him  
 The member of the devil,  
 The inheritor of hell,  
 The servant of the devil.

Unbelief maketh God a terrible judge ; it causeth man to wander here and there ; maketh him false as a liar.

Unbelief knoweth Him not.

Unbelief loveth neither God nor neighbour ; only condemneth ; extollet flesh and her own deeds."

On the subject of salvation by grace, the "Places" are very clear :—"What is it to say, Christ died for thee? Is it not that thou shouldst have died perpetually, and that Christ, to deliver thee from death, died for thee and changed thy perpetual death in His own death? For thou madest the fault and He suffered the pain, and that for the love He had for thee even before thou wast born, when thou hadst done neither good nor evil. Now, since He hath paid thy debt,

thou diest not ; no, thou canst not, but shouldst have been damned, if His death were not. But since He was punished for thee, thou shalt not be punished. Finally, He hath delivered thee from thy condemnation, and desireth nought of thee but that thou shouldst acknowledge what He hath done for thee and bear it in mind ; and that thou wouldst help others for His sake, both in word and deed, even as He hath helped thee for nought, and without reward. O how ready would we be to help others, if we knew His goodness and gentleness towards us ! He is a good and a gentle Lord, and He doeth all things for nought. Let us, I beseech thee, follow His footsteps, whom all the world ought to praise and love."

In republishing "Patrick's Places," Foxe added notes of his own, for though Hamilton's work was very short, he held that "it comprehended matter sufficient to fill large volumes, declaring to us the true doctrine of the Law, of the Gospel, of Faith and of Works, with the nature and properties and also the difference of the same."

## V.

## HAMILTON'S PREACHING AND DISPUTATIONS.

When Hamilton returned from Wittenberg and Marburg, we may be sure he was not idle. Taking up his abode at Kingscavel, his beloved relatives and neighbours would be the first to hear him tell how it was that he had become a follower of Luther, and what were the views which as such he maintained. Knox says of him that after his conversion "he so grew in godly knowledge, joined with fervency and integrity of life, that he was in admiration with many. The zeal of God's glory did so eat him up, that the bright beam of the true light which by God's grace was planted in his heart began most abundantly to burst forth as well in public as in secret."

It was about this time, too, that he took a step that must have startled his friends—he married. The boldness of this step was all the greater, if it be

true, as Frith tells us, that he had entered into the priesthood. Frith says that he did this on the principle of being all things to all men, in the hope that he would obtain access to the pulpits of the country, and be able more widely to spread the truth. It is only recently that the fact of his marriage has become known. Some years ago, the late David Laing, one of the most learned of Scottish antiquarians, had come upon a document where mention is made of one Isobel Hamilton, "daughter of Patrick Hamilton, umquhill Abbot of Ferne." It seemed as if, after all, the youth of Hamilton had been defiled by a grievous stain. But still more recently Professor Lorimer discovered a notice of Hamilton by the famous Alesius or Alane, in which it is stated that "about this time he married a lady of noble rank." She must have been of noble nature as well, allying her life and fortunes to those of a man who had already fallen under the suspicion of powerful enemies, and by his fearless proclamation of his views was making himself still more an object of suspicion and hatred. There is much probability in the conjecture that, whoever the lady was, she must have been one of his converts before she became his wife.

The explanation of the whole transaction may probably be this. Hamilton had been at Marburg, and had heard from Luther his reasons for marrying. He had appreciated the value of the bold protest against the unlawful vow of celibacy, which had led to so much misery and wickedness in the Church of Rome. He had entered into Luther's views of the sanctity of family life, and the spiritual and moral benefit that would result, if the homes of the clergy should become patterns of those domestic graces which were fitted to spread such blessings through society. In Scotland, such a testimony was not less needed than in Germany. Nowhere had the clergy sunk to a lower level of sensuality and sinful indulgence. The bishops set the example, and were quite shameless in

their wickedness. The poems of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount are full of allusions to the favour shown by the bishops for "Madam Sensuality," and to the domestic corruption which, in imitation of their example, the lower orders of the people lived in. If it be asked, from another point of view, how could Hamilton have taken this step in a time of so great danger to himself, and as it turned out, on the very eve of his martyrdom? it may be answered, that he did not apprehend the seriousness of the case. No one had yet been put to death for Lutheran opinions in Scotland, and it was not likely that the Church would begin with him. His family connections were so high, the house of Hamilton was so powerful, his relation to the King was so close, that the idea of putting him to death could hardly be entertained. If Hamilton reasoned in this way, he showed that he miscalculated at once the power, the audacity, and the subtlety of the Church. His death was already in contemplation, although perhaps the archbishop (James Beaton) did not wish it; but the more violent churchmen argued that if they should be able to make an example of such a man, if they could show that neither birth nor blood nor royal favour could screen a heretic from the heretic's death, nothing more would be heard of Lutheranism in Scotland, and churchmen would be left in peace to enjoy the good things which providence had heaped upon them.

Hamilton was invited to St. Andrews by the archbishop, on pretext of a friendly conference on the points which he had taken up. But he himself knew that his errand was of a more serious kind. He went to bear a testimony which he knew might have to be sealed with his blood. When he came to St. Andrews, he was allowed, if not in the pulpits, at least in the schools, to state his views freely. He laid down some of the propositions contained in his "Places," and challenged discussion. He was allowed to converse with those

who wished to meet him, and in some cases with remarkable results. Among these was Alexander Alane or Alesius, a canon of the priory, and a sincere disciple of the scholastic theology. Alesius had had some practice in disputes with Lutherans, and had no doubt that he should be able to convince Hamilton of his errors. The result was precisely the opposite. Alesius himself was shaken in the faith and disposed to Lutheranism. This conquest seems to have been due in a great measure to the extraordinary courtesy, gentleness and winsomeness of Hamilton. As Professor Lorimer remarks, "he lived to become his fervent admirer and his attached disciple, the bearer of his name and kingdom to foreign kingdoms and churches, and the first historian of his teaching, trial and martyrdom."

Another of his visitors was Alexander Campbell, Prior of the Dominican Monastery of St. Andrews. In his interviews with Hamilton, this Campbell "consented with him in almost all things," partly perhaps from conviction and partly from cunning. Knox says "he was a man of good wytte and learning but yitt corrupt by the world." Spottiswoode says that Campbell acknowledged that many things in the Church did need to be reformed, and applauded Hamilton's judgment in most of the points. Thus at first it seemed as if the subject were going to be taken up in a fair and reasonable way. "The said bishop," says Knox, "and his bloody butchers, called doctors, seemed to approve his doctrine, and to grant that many things craved reformation in the ecclesiastical regiment" (government). But this policy seems to have been adopted merely to throw Hamilton off his guard, and enable them to see to what extent he had adopted the views of Luther, and in what manner these would bear on the interests of the Church. It became apparent that such a man as Hamilton, if he were left alone, would overturn everything. The purpose to make away with him was abundantly confirmed. It is said, both by Knox and Spottiswoode,

that influence was brought to bear on the King (James IV.) to perform a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Duthac, in Ross-shire, that he might be out of the way, and might not be induced to interfere on behalf of his relative. Mr. Laing questions the accuracy of this statement, but admits that the King appears to have made an annual pilgrimage to St. Duthac's shrine, which was founded by his father, and that he probably resorted to it by way of penance. Professor Lorimer, on the other hand, produces letters to show that the statement of Knox and Spottiswoode is correct. Be this as it may, the time had now come to deal resolutely with Hamilton, and a summons was sent to him requiring him to appear before the archbishop on a given day, and answer to the charge of holding and teaching heresy.

## VI.

### THE TRIAL.

Some of Hamilton's friends, when they heard of the summons, urged on him to betake himself to flight. His answer was that "he had come thither to confirm the minds of the godly by his death as a martyr to the truth, and that to turn his back now would be to lay a stumbling-block in their path and to cause some of them to fall." The articles on which he was tried were the following:—

1. That the corruption of sin remains in children after their baptism.
2. That no man by the power of his free will can do any good.
3. That no man is without sin so long as he liveth.
4. That every true Christian may know himself to be in a state of grace.
5. That a man is not justified by works, but by faith only.
6. That good works make not a good man, &c. (See above, p. 6.)
7. That faith hope and charity are all linked together, that he who hath one of them hath all, and he who lacketh one lacketh all.

8. That God is the cause of sin in this sense that He withdraweth his grace from man, and grace withdrawn, he cannot but sin.

9. That it is a devilish doctrine that by penance remission of sin is purchased.

10. That auricular confession is not necessary to salvation.

11. That there is no purgatory.

12. That the holy patriarchs were in heaven before Christ's passion.

13. That the Pope is Antichrist, and that every priest hath as much power as the Pope.

Being questioned respecting these articles, he maintained the first seven to be undoubtedly true, while the rest might be disputable, yet such as he could not condemn, unless he saw better reasons against them. The whole of the articles were then referred to a council of theologians, comprising heads of colleges and monasteries, with some others. Within a few days the council presented their report, finding all the articles heretical. Thereupon the primate appointed judgment to be delivered at a great meeting of clergy to be held within the cathedral on the last day of February, 1527-28. Hamilton was still allowed to be free.

But when the primate heard that his brother, Sir James Hamilton of Kingscavel, was mustering an army with a view to his rescue, and that another Lutheran friend, Duncan, laird of Airdrie, was arming his tenants with a similar view, orders were given for the apprehension of the accused, and he was lodged safely in the castle. The laird of Airdrie does not appear to have been able to do anything; and as for Sir James Hamilton's force, it is said to have been delayed while crossing to Fife by a storm in the Firth of Forth, so that they were too late to interfere.

On the last day of February, 1528, an immense body of people assembled in the cathedral. A large train of bishops, abbots, and other ecclesiastics accompanied the primate, as he proceeded to the church and took his place on the chief

seat. Among these was his nephew, David Beaton, who was then abbot of Arbroath, his successor in the primacy, better known as Cardinal Beaton, who eighteen years later, took the same part as his uncle took now in the condemnation and murder of the good and noble George Wishart. Hamilton was conducted to the church by a guard of horsemen, and was placed in a pulpit, that his answers to the accusations might be heard by the whole assembly. His friend Alesius thus describes the scene. "I was myself an eye-witness of the tragedy, and heard him answering for his life to the charges of heresy that were laid against him. These were read aloud by a Dominican friar; and he was so far from disowning the doctrines that were laid against him as heresies, that he defended and established them by clear testimonies of Scripture, and refuted the reasonings of his accuser. He took care also to guard his doctrine against the calumny, that the faith of which he spoke might be no better than the faith of devils and hypocrites, and not that reliance of the heart which draws along with it repentance, hope and charity."

The Dominican friar was Alexander Campbell, who had appeared so candid an inquirer and so sympathetic a listener in Hamilton's lodging. This man was entrusted with the prosecution, but after trying the business for a while, he could not bring home the charge. Hamilton's answers were too successful for Campbell's reasonings. Hereupon the judges instructed him to proceed on a different tack; he was to call him "heretic," and trust more to coarse epithets than logical arguments. "Heretic,"<sup>1</sup> he began, turning to the Reformer. Hamilton meekly interfered—he might call him heretic, but in his soul and conscience he knew that he was no heretic. "Heretic," faltered out Campbell, "thou saidst it was liesome (lawful) to all men to read the Word of God, and especially the New Testament." Hamilton answered, "I wot

<sup>1</sup> The narrative of the trial is from *Lindsay's (of Pittscottie) History of Scotland*.

not if I said so; but I say it is reeson and liesome to all men that have a soul to read the Word of God and that they may understand the same; and in especial, the latter-will and testament of Christ Jesus whereby they may acknowledge their own sins, and repent of the same, and may amend their lives by faith and repentance, and come to the mercy of God by Christ Jesus." . . . "Heretic, . . . now further thou sayest it is not lawful to worship imagery." "I say not further, but that God spake to Moses in the 20th chapter of Exodus in the second commandment, 'Thou shalt not make any graven image, thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them.' And also David in his Psalms curseth them that are the makers of images, and the outsetters, maintainers and worshippers of the same." Then answered the accuser, "Heretic, knowest thou not that imagery is the books of the laick and common people, to put them in remembrance of the holy saints that wrought for their salvation?" Then answered Mr. Patrick, "Brother, it ought to be true preaching of the Word of God that should put people in remembrance of the blood of Christ and their salvation." Then says the accuser, "Heretic, thou sayest it is but lost labour to pray or to call upon saints that wrought for their salvation; and in especial, to the blessed virgin Mary, or John, James, Peter or Paul, as mediators to God for us." Mr. Patrick answered, "I say with Paul, there is no mediator betwixt God and man but Christ Jesus His Son; and whatsoever they be that call or pray to any saint departed, they spoil Jesus of His office." The accuser says, "Heretic, thou sayest it is all in vain our labours made for them that are departed, when we sing soul mass, psalms and diriges, which is the relaxation of the souls that are departed who are contained in the pains of purgatory." Mr. Patrick answered, "Brother, I read never in the Scripture of God of such a place as purgatory, nor yet believe that there is anything that may purge the souls of men but the

blood of Jesus Christ; which ransom standeth in no earthly thing, nor in soul mass nor dirige, nor in gold nor silver, but only by repentance of sins and faith in the blood of Christ Jesus." The accuser answered, "My lord, you hear he denies the institution of the holy kirk and the authority of our holy father the Pope. I need not accuse him no more."

The archbishops, bishops, deans, doctors, priors and abbots came solemnly and unanimously to the conclusion that his heresy was placed beyond doubt. A pompous and elaborate sentence was drawn up, in the name of Christ, declaring him a heretic, and handing him over to the secular power to be punished, and his goods confiscated.

The warrant of the secular power was immediately obtained, how, or from what court or authority, does not appear. Hamilton was sentenced to be burned at the stake that very day in front of the Old College. A little while after the sentence was pronounced, the officers of the State were fixing the stake, and gathering the fuel that was to be to him, in the judgment of his accusers, a foretaste of hell.

## VII.

### THE EXECUTION.

The martyr, it has been well remarked, was ready for the stake as soon as the stake was ready for the martyr. His state of mind corresponded to that denoted in the exhortation of Peter: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as if some strange thing happened to you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of His sufferings, that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

Alesius has given the following account of the last scene:—"When the hour for his execution was drawing near, and he himself was sitting at table, he orders the captain to be called, and asks whether everything is ready. And when he replies, 'God give you better things,'

he takes his right hand and hastens to the place of punishment; and when he sees the stake to which he is to be fastened, he uncovers his head, and looking up to heaven, he offers prayer; his clothes he gave to the servants, and a copy of the gospels which he carried with him, to an intimate friend. Thrice was the pile kindled, and as often extinguished, while he asked, 'Have you no faggots and gunpowder?' Being asked by the Dominican whether he would now recant, he answered, 'If you are teaching the truth, put your finger into this fire which is consuming my whole body.' Afterwards he prays that God would open the eyes of the people that they might understand the truth, and then he commends his mother to his friends. The iron chain by which he was fastened to the stake having broken in two, he was asked by some one to give a sign if he still felt that the doctrine for which he was suffering was true, he raised his three fingers, the other two having been burned, and held them motionless until he expired."

Other historians give some additional particulars. When he was offered his life by the authorities on condition that he would recant what he had said in the abbey kirk, and burn his faggot, he answered, "As to my confession, I will not deny it for fear of your fire; for my confession and belief is in Christ Jesus, therefore I will not deny it, and I will rather be content that my body burn in this fire, for confession of my faith in Christ, than my soul should burn in the fire of hell, for denying the same. But as to the sentence of judgment pronounced against me here this day, by the bishops and doctors, I here, in presence of you all, appeal contrary to the said sentences given against me, and take me to the mercy of God; and summon you, Sir Friar, before the tribunal seat of God and Christ Jesus His Son, that ye there compare within the space of forty days to answer before that Judge for your wrongous accusation contrary to your conscience." On this he left off his speaking,

and entered on contemplation and prayer to Almighty God to be merciful to the people who persecuted him; for there were many of them blinded in ignorance, that knew not what they did. He also besought Christ Jesus to be mediator for him unto the Father; and that He would strengthen him with His Holy Spirit that he might stedfastly abide the cruel pains and flames of fire prepared for him by that cruel people; and that the pains of that torment might not be the occasion to cause him swerve or shrink from any part of his faith in Christ Jesus, but to strengthen and augment him in his spirit and knowledge in the promise of God, and to receive his soul in His hands for Christ Jesus' sake; and in His name he made this oblation and offering, that is to say, his body in the fire, and his soul in the hands of Almighty God; and so made an end of his speaking. Then they laid to the fire to him; but it would nowise burn and kindle a long time. Then a baxter (baker) called Myrtoun, ran and brought his arms full of straw, and cast it in to kindle the fire; but there came such a blast of wind from the east, forth of the sea, and raised the flame of fire so vehemently that it blew upon the friar that accused him, dang (threw) him to the earth and burnt all the forepart of his cowl; and put him to such a fury that he came never to his right spirits again, but wandered about, the space of forty days, and then departed.<sup>1</sup>

The last audible words of the martyr were, "How long, O Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this realm? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

It was nearly six hours before his body was quite consumed. We are not told how long it was ere consciousness left him, but evidently his cruel sufferings lasted a long long time. Yet all that fearful time of endurance, Alesius tells us that the martyr "never gave one sign of impatience or anger, and never called to Heaven for vengeance on his perse-

<sup>1</sup> *Lindsay's (of Pitcottie) History of Scotland.*

cutors; so great was his faith, so strong his confidence in God."

His bearing at the stake was in beautiful harmony with his whole teaching and life. Religion as he had ever taught was not a matter of forms, or ceremonies, or painful duties; it was a divine life; it was a participation in the grace of God, it was a transformation of the soul after the image of Christ, it was the beginning of heaven in the soul. That vital union to Christ from which all flowed, did not merely secure the forgiveness of sin, it brought also the sanctification of the whole nature; it made believers sharers of Christ's spirit; and as the spirit of Christ, always gentle and beautiful, was more gentle and beautiful than ever on the cross, so the spirit of Hamilton, conforming to the image of his Lord, bright though it had been during all his Christian life, rose to a higher and serener beauty amid the fiercer, lingering agonies of the stake. The comely body that was so tortured and destroyed was only twenty-three.

It is hardly possible to conceive the feelings with which his judges would look on while their awful sentence was in the course of execution. One does not like to think of hearts so hard that a scene like that of Hamilton's death could give them pleasure. It was an age when human life was little valued and human suffering little pitied. Ecclesiastical potentates, whether inquisitors or not, have shown a wonderful capacity of coolness while the most terrible sufferings were inflicted on those who dared to question their authority, or bring their office and its emoluments into peril. The thought of the agonized and burning Hamilton as a fellow-creature would be smothered by the thought of the wicked heretic, who had dared to rebuke their wickedness, to reprove their pride, and to imperil their Church. Steeling their hearts to his sufferings, they would remark to one another that it was a good thing his pestilential career was ended so early, and Holy Church delivered from

all the mischief which he might have lived to inflict.

Such we know were the feelings with which the news of the tragedy was hailed by the University of Louvaine, notwithstanding that Hamilton had been a student there.

The professors wrote a letter of congratulation to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, thanking him with all their hearts for the worthy deed, by which that true faith which had been tainted with heresy, not only remained unhurt, but was also more confirmed; and they not only expressed delight in the deed, but in the manner of its accomplishment.

It was pleasant to them to think that all estates had concurred in it, clergy, nobility and the vulgar alike, and that nothing had been done in tumultuous haste, but every step taken in due legal form. They exhorted them to be diligent to expel ravening wolves from the sheepfold of Christ, while the opportunity remained. Let them have spies and inquisitors everywhere, to intercept bad books, which wicked merchants were so ready to introduce. It might not be amiss, too, if they were a little more diligent in their duties, and especially in preaching.

The truth is, there was no preaching whatever in Scotland in those days; the bishops themselves were but dumb dogs that could not bark. The professors omitted one piece of advice which would have been very seasonable,—that the clergy should reform their lives. That, however, would have marred the courtesy of the letter, and impaired the soothing and happy impression they desired to make. Had they referred to a passage in Revelation xi. 10, they would have found an interesting illustration of their proceeding.

"And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth."

## VIII.

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYR, THE SEED  
OF THE CHURCH.

But it was not all so pleasant as the Louvaine doctors supposed. The death of Hamilton was a great crime, but it was a still greater blunder.

The poor creature that accused him contrary to his own conscience, Friar Campbell, went mad. We learn this from George Buchanan, the greatest Scottish scholar of his day, who became an ardent friend of the Reformation. An evil conscience, the terrible spectacle in front of the old college, and the solemn summons of the dying martyr, were too much for him, and after wandering, restless and miserable, for a few weeks, he died. "If we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

It does not appear that any favourable impression was made on Beaton. Spottiswoode records that soon after, a Dominican friar of the name of Seaton, who was preaching boldly against the corruptions of the church and the idleness of the bishops and in favour of a Scriptural reformation of manners, was called before the archbishop, and by his plain and bold speaking irritated him so much that to save his life he had to escape from the country.

Alane or Alesius was the more convinced, the longer he reflected, of the truth of Hamilton's views. His disapproval of his murder was too intense to be concealed. Called to preach before a provincial synod of the clergy in 1529, he avoided, as he thought, all controversial matter, and urged the need of reformation in the lives of the clergy. The Prior of St. Andrews was indignant at his plain speaking, and threw him into a horrible dungeon, where he languished for months, but from which, by

the aid of friends, he made his escape. Alane fled from the country, and never returned to Scotland. He was at least once in England, associated with the leaders of the Reformation, but most of his time was spent abroad. He was a special friend of Melancthon's, who used to call him Scotus, without any other name. He was distinguished for his learning, his courage, his controversial ability and the general moderation of his views. His last years were spent at Leipsic, where he was held in great honour and was twice rector of the University.

Alesius was not the only canon of St. Andrews that was favourably impressed by the views of Hamilton. Many of his brethren shared his feeling, and several of them came out ultimately on the side of the Reformation. It has been remarked that it was the Augustinian monasteries (of which the Priory of St. Andrews was one,) that showed most sympathy with the Reformed cause. The Dominicans, the country gentry, and many of the middle classes were likewise among those who were much impressed by Hamilton's views and bearing.

The influence of the Augustinian order had so important a bearing on the Reformation, not only in Scotland, but in other countries, that it will be well to quote some remarks upon it from Principal Lorimer's *Patrick Hamilton*. "Luther himself, it is well known, was an Augustinian. Staupitz, the first man from whom Luther learned the rudiments of Evangelical truth, was vicar-general of the order in Saxony and Thuringia. It was the same in Flanders, in France, and in Spain. The Augustinians of Antwerp were the first Lutherans of the Low Countries, and gave up to the cause of the Reformation in the great square of Brussels its first two martyrs, Henry Voes, and John Esch. John Castellane, one of the earliest and most eminent of the French Protestants, was a religious man of the Friars Eremites, of the order of St. Austin. Dr. Cazalla, the celebrated



Spanish Lutheran, who perished at Valladolid in the *auto-da-fe* of 1599, and who is described as a standard-bearer of the Gospellers, was an Augustinian friar. It was the same also in England. Dr. Robert Barnes, one of the first Englishmen who ventured to tell Wolsey the truth, and who afterwards suffered martyrdom at Smithfield, was prior of the Augustinian monastery of Cambridge, where he gave shelter to the preaching of Latimer and Bilney, when these Reformers were driven from the University pulpit of St. Mary's. It proved the same in Scotland too. It was the Scottish Augustinians who first gave disciples to the Reformation, and who first suffered in its cause. Patrick Hamilton was himself the abbot of an Augustinian house; and Alexander Alane, his first and most eminent convert, was a canon-regular of the Augustinian Priory of St. Andrews."

This explains the cause of the spread of Hamilton's views among the Augustinians. If a more definite explanation be required, it may be found in the character of the Rule of the order. It was more spiritual, more scriptural, more apostolic, than the rules of the other orders. "While all others," says a canon of the Augustinian abbey of Cambuskenneth, "were occupied with mere bodily observances, with fastings, vigils, and mortifications, the Rule of our most holy parent is taken up entirely with the spiritual duties of love to God and man, unity of heart, concord in doing good, offices of devotion, and such like; and certainly as much as the soul is more noble than the body, so much is a spiritual law more excellent than a carnal one, and spiritual exercises to be preferred to mere corporeal discipline."

The impression made on the Priory of St. Andrews by Hamilton's death was quite the opposite of what the head of the church had expected. Fifteen years later the impression was deepened by the martyrdom of Wishart. And in a shorter time, St. Andrews became the

head-quarters of the Scottish Reformation.

Among Hamilton's own order, the influence of his martyrdom appears to have been marked and extensive. It is certain that the views which he advocated spread extensively among the higher classes in Scotland. There was no public preacher of them till George Wishart appeared, whose brief career was terminated, like Hamilton's, by his being burned at St. Andrews, in 1546. But between the two martyrdoms the cause of the Reformation had spread so widely that it is said that in 1542, on the death of James V., a list was found in his possession of three hundred gentlemen, suspected of Lutheranism, against whom it was supposed that he meant to institute proceedings. Notwithstanding the fascination of chivalry thrown round the character of this young king, as for instance in the "Lady of the Lake," it is certain that he was one of the most profligate princes that ever sat on a throne. The Romish clergy, as Pit-scottie has shown, not only winked at his atrocious licentiousness, but promised him absolution for it, on condition of his upholding the Church. It was by a singular providence that, broken in spirit by the defeat of his army at Solway,—a defeat due solely to his own obstinate folly,—he died at the age of thirty-one, leaving the kingdom to the unfortunate "lass" who came into the world just as he was passing out of it. If there was no public preaching of the Gospel in Scotland during this period, and if, notwithstanding, it made such progress among the upper classes, this fact must have been due in no slight degree to the impression produced, and the inquiries awakened by the martyrdom of Hamilton.

Among the middle classes the truth likewise spread. Many burgesses in various towns were fined and otherwise punished on account of their Lutheran views. In 1543, an Act of Parliament was passed declaring that it should be "lawful to every man to use the benefit of

the translation which then they had of the Bible and New Testament, together with the benefit of other treatises containing wholesome doctrine, until such time as the prelates and kirkmen should give and set forth to them a translation more correct." It is not to be supposed that the clergy would be in favour of the passing of such an Act; its existence is a striking proof of the strong current running against them throughout the community.

The learned class, too, contributed its share of supporters. We have already instanced George Buchanan. He had made himself so offensive to the Church, that, like Alesius, he was apprehended and committed to a St. Andrews dungeon. Happily he made his escape; but he was obliged to remain abroad for many years. His pungent and inimitable satires against the Franciscans and other orders contributed not a little to the success of the Reformation. If Buchanan was popular and effective among the learned, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount was not less so among the masses. In his patrimonial home, a few miles from St. Andrews, he had heard with profound emotion of the proceedings against Hamilton, if indeed he had not witnessed them. No popular poet ever lashed with more freedom the vices of the clergy. The satires of Sir David Lindsay contributed in a remarkable degree to kindle that peculiar spirit of opposition to Popery which animated Scotland at the Reformation and for many subsequent years. Instead of the spouse of the Lord, she

came to be regarded as the Scarlet Lady of Babylon, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.

Many of the descendants of those Lollards, who in the previous century had witnessed and suffered in substantially the same cause, began to inquire into Hamilton's views, and found them almost identical with those which had been dear to their fathers. In Ayrshire, where the Lollards had been numerous, the Reformation was very warmly espoused, and in other parts of the country where they had likewise flourished, many adherents of the new cause appeared.

Thus wonderful was the influence of Patrick Hamilton. It was only the skill and boldness of David Beaton, who succeeded his uncle as Archbishop of St. Andrews, and was raised to the cardinalate, that kept the rising cause in check. There were yet many more martyrs to be cast into the flames before the Reformation should triumph. Fifteen years after, as we have already said, one of the best and noblest men of Scotland, George Wishart, perished in the very place where Hamilton had died. His death, like Hamilton's, proved a powerful help to the cause of the Reformation; and when John Knox appeared, snatching the banner as it were from Wishart's hands, the country was ripe for a momentous change. In a very few years it passed completely from under the yoke of Rome, and became conspicuous, even among the Reformed countries of Europe, for its zealous and hearty support of the Reformation.

W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

# JOHN BUNYAN.



# JOHN BUNYAN.

---

## I.

### EARLY LIFE.

JOHN BUNYAN, son of Thomas Bunyan and Margaret Bentley his wife, was born in the village of Elstow, a mile from Bedford, November 1628. For the knowledge of his early days we are entirely indebted to his marvellous autobiography, *Grace abounding to the chief of Sinners*; and as this book is a record of mental impressions and spiritual experiences rather than of outward events,<sup>1</sup> we are more familiar with the phases of his religious history than with the details of his life. His father belonged to the poorer classes, yet not to the very poorest. He was, as we should say, the "whitesmith" of the village, or, as he terms himself in his will, the "brasier," making or mending his neighbours' pots and pans; visiting Bedford and other towns on market days in pursuit of his craft:—no "gipsy" or travelling tinker, as some have represented, but a hard-working handicraftsman, able to give his children an ordinary education, and to leave at his death the freehold of his cottage to his family. John was the eldest child of a second marriage, and seems to have been taken from school, at Elstow or Bedford, at an early age, to help his father in his trade.

<sup>1</sup> The original title of this book is worth preserving. It reads: *Grace abounding to the chief of Sinners; or a brief and faithful relation of the exceeding Mercy of God in Christ to His poor servant John Bunyan: wherein is particularly shewed the manner of his Conversion, his Slight and Trouble for Sin, his dreadful Temptations; also how he despaired of God's mercy, and how the Lord at length through Christ did deliver him from all the Guilt and Terror that lay upon him. Whereunto is added a brief relation of his call to the work of the Ministry, of his Temptations therein, as also what he hath met with in Prison. All which was written by his own hand there, and now published for the support of the weak and tempted People of God.*

Among the village lads of Elstow, the great Dreamer worked and played, unconscious of his destiny; but from very early life the subject of thick-coming fancies and intense emotions. "Even in my childhood," he writes, "the Lord did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with dreadful visions." He had been early instructed in the truths of the Bible: these laid hold of his conscience, while his imagination gave distinctness and terror to his convictions of sin. When but nine or ten years old, he seemed in his very slumbers to be haunted by wicked spirits, and he was "greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the day of judgment, and that both night and day."

But by degrees the vividness of these impressions passed away, and before he was sixteen he had become the "ring-leader of all the youths that kept him company, into all manner of vice and ungodliness." Thus did Bunyan view his own state, in the light of God's pure and perfect law. According to conventional standards of morality, it is probable that a less severe judgment would have been passed. That he had not fallen into habits of intemperance or unchastity he himself explicitly declares. The evil was, that with a defiant thoughtlessness he had crushed his early convictions, and especially that, like many a godless youth of active fancy and fluent speech, he had been prone to sins of the tongue. He became known as a ready inventor of falsehoods, and the fertility and energy of his oaths were the amazement of all his companions.

At the age of sixteen he lost his mother by death; in two months his father married again; John Bunyan left his home and enlisted as a soldier, in the Civil war then raging. Here seems

at least the glimpse of a sad family history, and of a passionate resolve which might, but for God's great mercy, have wrecked that bright spirit for ever. But Bunyan's military career cannot now be traced. In his record of providential deliverances, he mentions that once he "fell into a creek of the sea and hardly escaped drowning." This suggests an encampment or march at some distance from his home. He tells us, too, that when a soldier he was "drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it," when another begged to take his place, and was killed "as he stood sentinel." There is a tradition that this was at the siege of Leicester, A.D. 1645, by the Royalist forces. In this case, Bunyan would have been in the King's army: the weight of evidence, however, seems to be that, like Bedfordshire men generally, he was on the side of the Parliament. The question cannot now be decided; and Bunyan's military life is chiefly memorable as having familiarised him with the originals of "Greatheart" and of the warriors in "Mansoul."

The army was disbanded in 1646, and the lad of eighteen returned to his father's occupation at Elstow. Here he married his first wife, a virtuous, gentle girl of his own rank in life, who had received a Christian training. The young couple were "as poor as poor might be, we not having so much household-stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both." But she brought two books as her marriage-portion—*The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and *The Practice of Piety*. Bunyan and his wife often conned these books together, and the youthful husband found in their pages an echo of the thoughts that, with all his recklessness, had never quite left him. Still he continued his intimacy with his former companions, and while his "Mercy" was quietly resting at home, he was found, with his old audacity, upon the village green. The era of the "Book of Sports" had come to an end; the church bells which had summoned to service on the Lord's-day morning no

longer rung for the football match or for "tip-cat" in the afternoon. But the games, however unlicensed, still continued. Bunyan tells how one Sunday, after being much impressed by a sermon in the morning against the profanation of the day, he "shook the sermon out of his mind," and was playing at "cat" in the afternoon, when he was brought to a sudden stand by what seemed a voice from Heaven: *Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven, or have thy sins and go to Hell?* A glance upwards seemed to show the Lord Jesus looking down upon him "as hotly displeased": the instant conclusion took hold of Bunyan's soul that it was now too late to seek salvation, and while standing there he formed the decision to *go on in sin*. "I can but be damned, and if it must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as to be damned for a few." All this passed swiftly through his mind as he paused, with stick uplifted, in the midst of his play; his companions knowing nothing of the spiritual struggle. The game went on, and none but Bunyan knew how "desperately" he had "returned to the sport again."

In this terrible resolution to take his fill of sin Bunyan persisted for "about a month or more," when he was again arrested by the words of an Elstow dame, who chid him for "the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life," and "able to spoil all the youth in a whole town, if they came but in his company." This reproof from one who, Bunyan says, was herself but "a loose and ungodly wretch," touched him to the quick; and in his sudden shame he longed to be a little child again, that his father might teach him to speak without swearing. Was it now too late to make the effort? Bunyan at least would try. Greatly to his own surprise, he was able to leave off the bad habit from that day. This success encouraged him to make further efforts for self-reform. He began to read the Bible, tried heartily to keep the commandments, and thought he "pleased God as well as any man in

England." His conscience became very sensitive as to the amusements that had been a snare to him. He gave up bell-ringing, which had been a favourite pursuit, though not without a struggle; he would often linger at the door of the Elstow church tower while others were practising, until the fear that the steeple might fall and crush him caused him to flee in terror. To abandon dancing cost him a twelvemonth's struggle. His neighbours were amazed at the change, and commended him much, to his secret pride; for, as he afterwards declared, he was "but a poor painted hypocrite," "without Christ or grace, or faith or hope."

## II.

### CONVERSION.

Thus it was with Bunyan until the memorable day when, on a visit to Bedford, he came upon that group of poor women whom he has rendered immortal, "sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God." He drew near to listen, perhaps to join in the conversation, being himself "a brisk talker in the matters of religion." But to his astonishment, the language of these good people was wholly strange to him. They spoke of heart experiences, mysterious conflicts and triumphs, happy fellowship with God, of which he knew nothing. "Methought they spake as if joy did make them speak!" There was a secret that he never yet had learned; and he went away, resolved, if possible, to attain this new knowledge. He frequented the society of these poor people, learning more and more of his own deficiencies and still crying for light. He turned to the Bible with new zest; "especially," he says, "the Epistles of the Apostle Paul were sweet and pleasant to me": and at length the intense contrast between what he saw in these rejoicing Christians, and what he felt himself to be, shaped themselves into a waking dream, in which we may discern some far-off glimpses of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"The state and happiness of these

poor people at Bedford was thus, in a dream or vision, represented to me. I saw as if they were set on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding, that if I could, I would go even into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

"About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. At the last, I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass; but the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well-nigh quite beat out by striving to get in; at last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then was I exceeding glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun."

Very gradually was this vision realized. The conflict was long and tremendous. Words of Scripture would dart into Bunyan's mind with a momentary power of consolation, but the question would arise, *Are these words for me?* and again he would sink in despair. The question *Am I elected?* often distressed him. Deeper misgivings arose as to the very truth of Scripture. *How do I know that it is not all delusion?* Good people bade him lay hold of God's promises. "But they had as good have told me that I must reach the sun with my finger!" Sometimes he was filled with comfort and hope. "Surely," he

said, "I shall not forget this, forty years hence.—But alas! within less than forty days I began to question all again." He became at times strangely callous in his misery. "If I would have given a thousand pounds for a tear, I could not shed one." In his distress he envied the irrational creatures, wishing himself a dog or a horse, "for I knew that they had no souls to perish under the everlasting weight of hell or sin." Strange temptations beset him. He felt madly urged to commit some strange mysterious transgression—to blaspheme the Holy Ghost: or again to "sell Christ"; until in the frenzy of his distress he replied, "Let Him go if He will!" then sank into utter despair. Conflict with Satan was felt to be very real. "The tempter would come upon me with such discouragements as these: *You are very hot for mercy, but I will cool you!*" When Bunyan dwelt upon the promise "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,"—"Satan would greatly labour to pull this promise from me, telling me 'that Christ did not mean me, and such as I, but sinners of a lower rank, that had not done as I had done.' But I would answer him again, 'Satan, here is in this word no such exception; but 'him that comes,' HIM, any him: him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' . . . If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end and I at the other. Oh, what work did we make! It was for this, I say, that we did so tug and strive, he pulled and I pulled; but, God be praised, I got the better of him!"

For at last the view of Christ as "our Righteousness" overcame all other thoughts, and the ardent troubled soul of the Pilgrim entered into peace.

"One day, as I was passing in the field, this sentence fell upon my soul: *Thy righteousness is in heaven*; and methought withal I saw with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, as my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or

whatever I was a-doing, God could not say of me, *He wants My righteousness*, for that was just before Him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ Himself, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed. I was loosed from my affliction and irons; my temptations also fled away. Now went I home rejoicing for the grace and love of God. I lived for some time very sweetly at peace with God through Christ. Oh! methought, Christ! Christ! There was nothing but Christ that was before my eyes. I saw not now only for looking upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of His blood, burial, and resurrection, but considered him as a whole Christ! It was glorious to me to see His exaltation, and the worth and prevalency of all His benefits, and that because now I could look from myself to Him, and would reckon that all those graces of God that now were green in me, were yet but like those cracked groats and fourpence-half-pennies that rich men carry in their purses, when their gold is in their trunk at home! Oh, I saw my gold was in my trunk at home! In Christ my Lord and Saviour! Now CHRIST WAS ALL."

### III.

#### CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

Bunyan was now a rejoicing believer; and yet the time of conflict was not over. He had crossed the Slough of Despond, and had surmounted the Hill Difficulty; but he had yet to pass through the Valley of Humiliation, to do battle with Apollyon, and to quail amid the darkness before the spectres of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But meanwhile he found a little rest in the Palace Beautiful. Already had the teachings of the Gospel been opened up to him by "Evangelist," in the person of JOHN GIFFORD, the wise and saintly

pastor, once a soldier in the King's army, now incumbent of St. John's, Bedford, where, in accord with the comprehensive ecclesiastical system of the Commonwealth, he gathered and taught a Baptist Church, constituted with full freedom of communion to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, irrespective of their views concerning ordinances. Gifford was presented by the Corporation of Bedford to this incumbency in 1653; in the same year Bunyan became a member of the church, being baptized, according to tradition, in a little tributary of the Ouse, near Bedford Bridge. In the church roll "Bunyan's name appears as nineteenth on the list, the names next to his being those of William Whitbread of Cardington and Lettice his wife, from whom has descended the present Samuel Whitbread, M.P. for Bedford."<sup>1</sup>

The next two years, perhaps, were the most untroubled part of Bunyan's career. He was still living at Elstow with his wife and two little daughters. His was a nature which would enter into the joys of a true church fellowship; and the happy converse of "Christian" with "Prudence, Piety and Charity," symbolizes for us the peaceful and invigorating communion enjoyed by Bunyan with the little company meeting in St. John's. Mr. Gifford, from the slight notices left of him, seems to have been a pastor eminently suited to the temperament of his young disciple; being both wise and strong, sympathetic and large-hearted.<sup>2</sup> He was for five years pastor

of the church, being removed by death in 1655, two years after receiving Bunyan into fellowship. His successor, John Burton, a man of fine intellect and gentle spirit, was infirm in health: and it may be added here that he died in 1660, the year of the Restoration; a minute of the church referring, on one and the same day, to the pastor's decease, and to the necessity of seeking another place of worship; the Baptists having been dispossessed of their place in St. John's.

#### IV.

##### PREACHING AND AUTHORSHIP.

The year of Mr. Gifford's death witnessed the removal of Bunyan to the town. His father was still living, and it is probable that the change of the son's residence was made for business reasons. He would naturally now take a more active part in the work of the church, and we find that in the year of his taking up his abode in Bedford, he was asked by the brethren to speak a word of exhortation in their gatherings.<sup>1</sup> At first he was reluctant, then with fear and trembling he consented. His gifts were recognized at once; the simple-minded hearers were affected and comforted, and gave thanks to the Father of Mercies for the grace bestowed on their brother; although they little knew what a light had arisen upon the churches! Bunyan now went out into the villages with the "lay preachers" of the congregation, and would add a few words of his own to their sermons; by-and-by he would officiate altogether: hundreds came from all the country round to hear the tinker preach; and the church at Bedford, after the manner of those times, with fasting and prayer set him apart to the ministry of the Word, "not only to and amongst them that believed, but also to offer the Gospel to those who had

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Brown: *John Bunyan*, p. 92.

<sup>2</sup> "This man made it much his business to deliver the people of God from all those false and unsound rests that, by nature, we are prone to take and make to our souls. He would bid us take special heed that we took not up any truth upon trust, as from this or that, or any other man or men, but to cry mightily to God that He would convince us of the reality thereof and set us down therein by His own Spirit in the Holy word."—Bunyan: *Grace Abounding*.

"Concerning separation from the church about baptism, laying on of hands, anointing with oil, psalms, or any externals, I charge every one of you respectively, as you will give an account of it to our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge both

quick and dead at His coming, that none of you be found guilty of this great evil."—Gifford: *Address to the Church in Bedford*; written from his death-bed.

<sup>1</sup> Brown: *John Bunyan*, p. 110.



not yet received the faith thereof." Good John Burton, the newly-appointed and youthful pastor of the little community, wrote of him not long afterwards, "This man was not chosen out of an earthly but out of the heavenly University—the Church of Christ. He hath through grace taken these three heavenly degrees—to wit, Union with Christ, the Anointing of the Spirit, and Experiences of the temptations of Satan, which do more fit a man for that mighty work of preaching the Gospel than all university learning and degrees that can be had."<sup>1</sup>

Soon after Bunyan became a preacher, he appeared also as an author. The followers of George Fox, in preaching the doctrine of the inward light, appeared to Bunyan to disparage the written word; and as in their travels they came to Bedford, there are glimpses of animated discussions between them and Bunyan "at the market cross," and elsewhere. Nothing was more attractive to the sober Puritans of that day than a stirring theological debate—often with hard words given and received; and Bunyan entered so warmly into the question, that he treated it at large in a little volume entitled *Some Gospel Truths opened, by that unworthy servant of Christ John Bunyan of Bedford, by the Grace of God preacher of the Gospel of His dear Son* (1656).

A reply was published by Edward Burrough, a young man of note among Fox's disciples, and Bunyan rejoined in *A Vindication of Gospel Truths opened* (1657), in which he still more earnestly pleads for what we should now call an historical Christianity, in distinction from what appeared to his strong and healthy common-sense a delusive mysticism. In the year following he published a very earnest and solemn exposition of the parable of Dives and Lazarus: *A few Sighs from Hell, or The Groans of a Damned Soul*; and in 1659, a striking treatise entitled *The Doctrine of*

*the Law and Grace unfolded*, in which it is not difficult to see the germ of *Grace Abounding*, which was written seven years afterwards.

The first five years of Bunyan's residence at Bedford were thus spent in active labour both with tongue and pen, as well as in the diligent prosecution of his worldly business. In this last he seems to have been fairly successful. "God had increased his stores," writes a contemporary biographer, "so that he lived in great credit among his neighbours."

But this period was not without its share of bitter conflicts. The years began with a failure of health: consumption was threatened: and there were intervals of great spiritual depression—the natural reaction, as may well be supposed, of the intense experiences which had signalled his entrance into the new life. His terrified spirit found itself within the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But "by-and-by the day broke; then said Christian, He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."

A bitter sorrow now visited his home. The wife of his youth—the gentle "Mercy,"<sup>1</sup>—who seems to have borne him two children after the removal to Bedford, was taken from him by death. His eldest child, Mary, a girl of seven at the time, was blind, and we do not wonder to find that she was peculiarly dear to her father.

Thus left with four little ones, his course was for a while sad and solitary. Of sorrows like these, however, he tells us but little; he is occupied rather with the temptations and difficulties which beset him in his work. What true minister of the Gospel will not sympathise with Bunyan's account of his own trials?

"In this work, as in all other, I had

<sup>1</sup> "We do not know her Christian name," remarks Dr. Brown, who has not been able to find the registry of Bunyan's first marriage. It was probably at a distance from Bedford, but the place is quite unknown. The comparison of Bunyan's two wives to "Mercy" and "Christiana" was made by the late T. T. Lynch.

<sup>1</sup> Preface to the book mentioned in the next paragraph.

my temptations attending me, and that of divers kinds; as sometimes I should be assaulted with great discouragement therein, fearing that I should not be able to speak a word at all to edification; nay, that I should not be able to speak sense unto the people; at which times I should have such a strange faintness and strengthlessness seize upon my body, that my legs have scarce been able to carry me to the place of exercise.

"Sometimes again when I have been preaching, I have been violently assaulted with thoughts of blasphemy, and strongly tempted to speak the words with my mouth before the congregation. I have also, at some times, even when I have begun to speak the word with much clearness, evidence, and liberty of speech, yet been, before the ending of that opportunity, so blinded, and so estranged from the things I have been speaking, and have been also so straitened in my speech, as to utterance before the people, that I have been as if I had not known or remembered what I have been about, or as if my head had been in a bag all the time of my exercise.

"Again, when sometimes I have been about to preach upon some smart and searching portion of the Word, I have found the tempter suggest, 'What! will you preach this? This condemns yourself; of this your own soul is guilty; wherefore preach not of this at all; or if you do, yet so mince it as to make way for your own escape; lest, instead of awakening others, you lay that guilt upon your own soul, that you will never get from under.'"

But these and other trials he was enabled to surmount: and if ever he found himself in Doubting Castle, the "Key called Promise" eventually opened all the locks of the prison, and once again he was free.

In the year 1659 he married his second wife, Elizabeth, the Christiana of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, who became a true mother to his children; and to her husband, as we shall see, a brave-hearted heroic helper in time of need.

## V.

## PERSECUTION.

In the year 1660 Charles II. was recalled by the English people and placed upon the throne. Old laws were at once put in force against the Non-conformists, and Bunyan was the first to suffer. A statute of the 35th year of Elizabeth required all persons to attend at their parish churches on pain of imprisonment. If at the end of three months they still refused, they were to be banished the realm; and if they should at any time return without royal permission, they were to be executed as felons. Of this Act Bunyan's enemies now took advantage. The Baptist congregation, as we have seen, had been deprived of its place of meeting and was now without a pastor. Bunyan faced the situation, and determined to continue to hold assemblies and to preach so long as he should have opportunity. As he afterwards said, "The law hath provided two ways of obeying; the one to do that which I in my conscience do believe that I am bound to do actively, and the other, when I cannot obey actively, I am willing to lie down and suffer what they shall do unto me." His resolution was soon put to the proof. Being asked to address a meeting on the 12th of November at Samsell, a village near Harlington, about thirteen miles south of Bedford,<sup>1</sup> he was warned beforehand that a warrant was out for his arrest. The friend at whose house the service was to be held, "questioned," says

<sup>1</sup> The place, says Dr. Brown, can be absolutely identified. The farm has been in the tenancy of the present occupier's family for 150 years, and in his father's lifetime the house was still standing. "Like all the old houses in the immediate neighbourhood that were in lonely situations, it was defended by a moat, the drawbridge of which could be lifted at night. The line of the foundations can still be traced, and the moat round them; and near by also still stands, though pollard and stunted now, the elm-tree then growing on the edge of the moat, and close to the house, when Bunyan was there."—*John Bunyan*, p. 137, where an engraving of the spot is given.

Bunyan, "whether we had best have our meeting or not, and whether it might not be better for me to depart:—to whom I said, 'No, by no means, I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed for this. Come, be of good cheer; let us not be daunted.'"

At the appointed time, accordingly, he took his place among the little company and began the service. In a few minutes the constable appeared with his warrant, and Bunyan was able to address only a few words of encouragement to his friends before he was led away. On the morrow he was brought before the justice who had issued the warrant, Mr. Francis Wingate, and a lively examination ensued, the vicar of Harlington, Dr. Lindall, whom Bunyan calls an "old enemy of the truth," stepping in to take part in the proceedings. Mr. Wingate, it appears, had some confused notion of the complicity of the little congregation with the Fifth Monarchy men, who at this time were stirring up great commotion in London and elsewhere. One of his first questions to the constable was to ascertain what weapons had been found on Bunyan and his followers. The constable could but reply that there were only "a few people met together to preach and hear the Word, and no sign of anything else." On this the magistrate was bewildered, then lost his temper. Dr. Lindall coming in made matters worse. Bail was required for the prisoner, and was instantly tendered. The sureties, however, were informed that they were bound to keep Bunyan from preaching, and that, if he did preach, their recognisances would be forfeited. The brave man instantly replied that he should refuse to keep the conditions; and therefore released his friends from their promise. Further parley ensued, with a Mr. Foster, lawyer, of Bedford, who professed much attachment to Bunyan, and tried to induce him only to promise "not to call the people together any more, for no one really wanted to send him to prison." But he was firm, and Mr. Wingate committed

him to Bedford jail, there to lie until the quarter sessions.

"And verily," writes Bunyan, "as I was going forth of the doors, I had much ado to forbear saying to them (Wingate and Foster) that I carried the peace of God along with me; but I held my peace, and, blessed be the Lord, went away to prison with God's comfort in my poor soul."

In seven weeks from that time, the quarter sessions were held at Bedford; and after a remarkably lively scene between Mr. Justice Keeling and the dauntless young Puritan, sentence was pronounced as follows:

"Hear your judgment: You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm: and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, *etc.*, or be found to come over again without special licence from the king, *etc.*, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly."

Such was the best return which the world had in that day to give to the man whom God had raised up to be among its wisest and noblest teachers!

## VI.

### IMPRISONMENT.

So Bunyan, to use his own repeated expression, went "home to prison."

Three months passed, and the assizes were about to be held. The justices were at their wits' end what to do with their impracticable prisoner. Their clerk, Mr. Cobb, went to the jail, to expostulate with him further. But John Bunyan was more than a match for Mr. Cobb. Their dialogue, too long to be quoted here, was racy and good-tempered: they parted in friendliness, and Bunyan adds, in recording the interview, "Oh that we might meet in heaven!"

The coronation of the King, April 23,

1661, seemed to afford an opportunity for the release of Bunyan with that of thousands of other prisoners. It was held necessary, however, that all who had been convicted should sue for pardon; and as this would have implied the promise to offend no more, Bunyan could not take any step in this direction. He maintained, moreover, that the sentence of quarter sessions had been irregular and illegal, and claimed a formal trial.

At the August assizes, accordingly, he presented a petition that his case might be heard by the judges of the realm. One of these judges was Sir Matthew Hale, the other was Judge Twisden. The petition was committed by Bunyan to his brave wife Elizabeth, who had previously visited London on the same errand, and had succeeded in interesting some noblemen and members of Parliament in her husband's case. Mrs. Bunyan was at first kindly received by Hale; but afterwards, throwing her petition into the judges' coach, was harshly repulsed by Twisden. Undauntedly, however, this true Christiana, introduced by the high sheriff, made her way into court and repeated her appeal. One of the county justices, Sir Henry Chester, urged in opposition that Bunyan had been duly convicted at the quarter sessions. In vain did she argue with her woman's wit against the legality of the conviction. There was nothing for it, said Hale, kindly enough, but either to sue for the King's pardon, or to apply for a writ of error. So the matter dropped. The simple words of Elizabeth Bunyan may well under the circumstances be placed side by side with the noblest utterances of heroic womanhood. "Will not your husband leave preaching?" it was asked in the course of the interview; "if he will do so, then send for him." "My lord," said she, "he dares not leave preaching as long as he can speak." "Only this," she said afterwards, "I remember, that though I was somewhat timorous at my first entrance into the chamber, yet before I went out I could not but break forth into tears, not because they were so hard-hearted

against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

Between these assizes and the next, which were held in the spring of 1662, the imprisonment of Bunyan was not very rigid. By permission of the jailer he was able to go out into the country places and hold occasional services. He even attended church meetings in Bedford in September and October 1661: and once travelled to London "to see Christians" in that city. It was almost as if he were out on bail, still expecting that his case would be heard by the judges. But in this hope he was again disappointed. After his case had actually been entered in the calendar, it was, through some sinister influence, withdrawn; the jailer being, at the same time, sharply taken to task for the measure of liberty allowed his prisoner. Bunyan was now rigorously confined; "so that," he says, "I must not look out at the door."

The stoutest heart might have quailed at the prospect now before the brave prisoner. His case unheard, his business going to wreck, his wife and blind daughter, and three little ones besides, left dependent on friends or on the world's cold mercies, his chosen work forbidden him, and his appeal to justice persistently ignored:—what could be more desolate? True, he might have ended it all by a promise "to speak no more nor to teach in the name of Jesus." But rather than this, he would lose all: rather than this, he would die! At first he did sometimes anticipate the gallows with which he had been threatened by Justice Keeling. And, in the prospect of that fate, it is characteristic that his great fear was lest he should seem to tremble before he leaped off the ladder, and so bring discredit on his profession. But there was little time for lonely broodings. For one thing, he must earn a livelihood; he learned to "tag laces," and made many hundred gross, "to fill up," says an acquaintance, "the vacancies

of his time," as well as to meet other and more substantial needs. "In a museum of the saints," it has been said, "a lace-tag by Bunyan would be very interesting!" The "vacancies of his time" were still better "filled" by writing those books in which his genius now first found full scope, and which have made those long prison months and years an immortal remembrance! "*As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a Den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept, I dreamed a Dream.*"

It was long believed, and has been maintained by long tradition, that the place of Bunyan's imprisonment was the old town jail on Bedford Bridge. This has been plainly and incontrovertibly shown to be a mistake.<sup>1</sup> That jail was a mere lock-up: it could hold but six or eight prisoners at most; and Bunyan is known to have preached at one time to sixty fellow-prisoners, dissenters like himself. Then as one imprisoned for offences committed in the county district, he would as a matter of course be confined in the county jail. This stood on what is now the market-place, at the corner of High Street and Silver Street. The building was taken down in 1801, and "the only trace of it left on the spot is the rough stone wall on the north side of the market-place, which was the wall of the small courtyard used by the prisoners."

In this prison Bunyan remained, from his committal in 1660 to 1672, twelve years; from the thirty-second to the forty-fourth year of his life. The period was divided by a brief interval of freedom in 1666, when he was released "through the intercession of some in trust and power that took pity upon his suffering"; but he was speedily rearrested for holding a religious service, and remained a prisoner until Charles's specious Declaration of Indulgence set him free.

<sup>1</sup> See especially the arguments of Bunyan's latest and best biographer, Dr. John Brown: *John Bunyan*, ch. viii. p. 160 sq.

## VII.

### PRISON WRITINGS.

A friend of Bunyan, Charles Doe, "nonconformist and comb-maker, by London Bridge," has given a catalogue of the great Dreamer's works, with the dates of their publication. Eight of these books belong to the first period of his imprisonment. Three are in verse: the *Four Last Things*, *Ebal and Gerizim*, and *Prison Meditations*. Although possessing many a quaint turn and some few startling felicities, these compositions cannot be called poetry; the chief characteristic of the homely rhymes is a rough directness and common-sense, with earnest devout feeling. By the practice of versification, Bunyan doubtless acquired ease of style, with that command of language which so conspicuously appears in his greater works. He also wrote short devotional treatises: *Profitable Meditations*, *A Discourse on Prayer*, *On the Resurrection*, and *The Holy City*, which last strikingly applies the apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem to the spiritual Church of Christ on earth. The opulence of illustration displayed in this little book gives the first real glimpse that Bunyan's early works afford into the fertility of his imagination. There is scarcely a paragraph which does not sparkle with happy interpretations of the Bible imagery—not always critically justifiable, it must be confessed, but wonderful as a whole for their suggestiveness and beauty.

To these smaller works must be added the *Grace Abounding*, the date of which was 1666. The unequalled power and pathos of this autobiography were at once confessed, and six editions of the book were published in the author's lifetime.

In the second half of his twelve years' imprisonment his pen seems to have been comparatively inactive. At any rate, from the date of his re-arrest in 1666 until that of his release in 1672

only two works of his appeared, both in the latter year. One deserves notice, not only for its own sake, but as a specimen of the then current style of religious controversy. It is entitled, *A Defence of Justification by Faith in Jesus Christ*, in reply to a rationalistic work by Dr. Fowler, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, on "the Design of Christianity." In his preface Bunyan enumerates forty of Mr. Fowler's alleged errors, set in order in a list; then without stint or reserve of language he attacks and denounces them all. "Your book, sir, is begun in ignorance, managed with error, and ended in blasphemy." Bunyan calls his own book an "unpleasant scribble"; yet he never wrote more vigorously or with more consummate skill in the quotation and arrangement of Scripture texts. This mastery of the Word of God is also shown in the latest tractates belonging to this prison period: *A Confession of my Faith*, and *A Reason of my Practice in Worship*; the former being a summary of the principles of Puritan theology, fortified at every point by the citation of passages from Scripture, the latter setting forth Bunyan's views as to Church fellowship, under two heads: "(1) With whom I dare not hold communion; (2) with whom I dare." Under the latter division there is a defence of free Christian Communion, which perhaps exhausts all that is to be said on that side of the question.

During the latter part of his imprisonment there was considerable relaxation in the sternness of Bunyan's treatment. He was permitted again at intervals to leave the jail, and to mingle with his brethren. We find his name at frequent intervals among the attendants at the church-meetings in Bedford;<sup>1</sup> and before his formal liberation he had been chosen pastor of the little community. His election to that office bears date January 21st, 1672; he received a licence to preach, under the Indulgence, on the 9th of May; and his pardon under the

Great Seal bears date the 13th of September.

As the prison doors closed behind him, he could not but have been conscious that he had learned much, and had been greatly prepared for future work during his long period of seclusion. We can ourselves trace the growth of his intellectual and spiritual nature, in the contrast between the crudeness of his early essays, and the fulness and glow, both in thought and expression, of his later writings. He had read closely and deeply; and although his books were few, they were in themselves a library. The ENGLISH BIBLE of 1611, diligently and intensely studied, gave him not only a system of doctrine but an intellectual training. Its psalmists and prophets fired his imagination, and its incomparable diction formed his style. The one other book, we are told, that was his prison companion, was Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church*. Bunyan had leisure to read it then; and those who have leisure to read it now will easily conceive how large an amount of historical knowledge, as well as of stimulus to heroic endurance, the Bedford confessor would gain from that great and discursive book. Other works of literature could not have been wholly unknown to him. There are traces in his writings of acquaintance with Shakespeare, Spenser, Herbert. But his was the genius that would assimilate all material, still winning its choicest stores from observation and self-communion. When he came forth from prison in the prime of life, to assume the responsibility of a pastor, and to continue the use of his pen, it was with a mind well furnished, and a mastery of language, partly natural, partly acquired, that placed him at once in the highest rank of teachers.

A barn belonging to one of the congregation was licensed and fitted up as a place of worship, and Bunyan entered upon what he ever regarded as the great work of his life,—the ministry of the glorious Gospel of the Grace of God.

<sup>1</sup> See Extracts from the church-book, in Brown, pp. 204-213.

## VIII.

## THE ALLEGORIES.

Six years after Bunyan's release the *Pilgrim's Progress* first appeared. For some time the precise date was doubtful. Doe in his list gives it as 1676; and in the absence of any copies of the first edition this was accepted. But no fewer than six copies have of late years been discovered; and these beyond a doubt fix the year as 1678. It is certain, however, that the book was written in prison: and, to revert to a former point, persistent tradition assigns its authorship to the town jail or "lock-up" once on Bedford Bridge. The explanation of these apparently conflicting particulars may be that, as Charles Doe states, Bunyan was arrested a third time and remained in prison about half a year. This seems to have been in 1675, or thereabouts, and the place of his confinement may well have been the town prison. It was during this period of incarceration, according to Bunyan's latest biographer, that the immortal allegory was "dreamed." The explanation is not without difficulties and improbabilities; but on the whole it may be accepted. The book was probably completed from its first draft, after Bunyan's liberation. It is not indeed impossible that it had been long in his mind, and that the conception of it dates from the earlier imprisonment and the days of *Grace Abounding*.

The book at once became popular. A second edition followed the first in the very year of publication, succeeded in the next year by a third. In each of these new issues there were important additions. Mr. Worldly Wiseman was an afterthought; Mr. By-ends and his friends, with their discourse with Christian and Faithful, first appear in the third edition, while the second had given a wife, Mistress Diffidence, to Giant Despair.

To comment upon the *Pilgrim's Progress* would now be superfluous. Its deepest though most subtle charm is that

it is the history of a soul. We hardly need the details of *Grace Abounding* for the assurance that the picture of a human life is before us, rare indeed in its capacities of enjoyment and of suffering, in the tenderness of its conscience and the heroism of its endeavours; and yet, although upon a grander scale, such a life as all of us who are in earnest about salvation feel that we too are called to live. We recognise ourselves, as in a glass; we know also the types of character portrayed. Even the allegorical personages are not abstractions, like those of Spenser; they are flesh and blood: we exclaim, with Christian, as one or another is introduced to us, "Oh, I know him: he is my townsman, my near neighbour, he comes from the place where I was born." The masters of literature have acknowledged the power and the charm of this Bedford tinker's book. True, their recognition came late: it is an instance, as Macaulay observes, in which the critical few have come round to the opinion of the many. Cowper almost apologises for mentioning the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and will not introduce into his verse the author's name, lest it should provoke a sneer. But now Bunyan is an acknowledged classic. "In the latter half of the seventeenth century," writes Macaulay again, "there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the *Paradise Lost*; the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*." Coleridge remarks that the child reads the *Pilgrim's Progress* for its story, the theologian for its doctrine, and the critic for its language. Of this last, indeed, Bunyan in some of his homely rhymes has told the secret:

"Thine only way  
Before them all, is to say out thy say  
In thine own native language, which no man  
Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can."

Bunyan was now at his best. In the same year with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, appeared his *Come and welcome to Jesus Christ*, "with its musical title and soul-moving pleas." The book is a sequel,

in fact, to *Grace Abounding*: the difficulties and excuses described as hindering the soul's return to God, are those which Bunyan himself had known; the arguments urged with such melting and winning force are those which had prevailed over his own reluctant heart. One or two minor treatises followed. Then came the great companion picture to the "Pilgrim": *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*.

This terrible delineation of an evil career is in no sense an allegory; the topic could not so be treated, nor could the way of transgressors be idealized into a pilgrimage. In its hard unredeemed baseness and moral ugliness, the life of a selfish, irreligious, vulgar profligate is portrayed, with no touch of poetry or sentiment to relieve the deformity. Such lives were lived, no doubt, in that as in every age, and Bunyan may have met Badman's prototypes every Bedford market-day; for this type of evil is not classed with the openly criminal, evidently destined from the first to a bad end. For a while he is a seemingly prosperous tradesman; he affects to be religious; he marries well; then again he throws off the yoke and becomes an atheist, "if such a thing as an atheist could be." But we need not follow his career, through stage after stage of fraud and shame. To the end he keeps himself well out of the grasp of the law, and though ruined in fortune, dies without fear. "When he drew near his end," writes Bunyan, "there was not any other alteration in him than what was made by his disease upon his body. His mind was the same, his heart was the same. He was the self-same Mr. Badman still, not only in name but conditions, and that to the very day of his death, yea, so far as could be gathered, to the very moment in which he died." "There seemed not to be in it to standers-by so much as a strong struggle of nature,—and as for his mind, it seemed to be wholly at quiet." "He died like a lamb." The picture is a fearful one throughout, and

this solemn close, with its suggestion of the awakening after death, enhances its awfulness.

The book has never been popular. Its moral dissections are almost too remorseless; and its gloom is unrelieved. Then, in parts, its very truth to life makes it unquestionably coarse. The form of dialogue into which it is cast is also unattractive. Mr. Wiseman tells the story, Mr. Attentive listens and makes his comments. Many anecdotes of awful judgments on transgressors, and other sensational incidents, are interspersed, to which our times perhaps would give another interpretation than Bunyan's. Now and then, too, the discussion between the two interlocutors waxes tedious. But on the whole it is a book of weird and terrible power, and every student of Bunyan should read it, after *Grace Abounding*, *the Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War*.

We come now to the wonderful story of "Mansoul," its rebellion, siege and deliverance. This appeared in 1682; and lays under contribution the author's experience in the field and before courts of justice, to illustrate the religious history of man, fallen, convicted, and struggling against conviction; converted and renewed, yet imperfect to the end. It has sometimes been questioned whether the author's great theme was mankind or the individual. There can scarcely be a doubt that he had the latter chiefly in view. To him the salvation of one soul was the result of the strife and clash of spiritual forces, to the close contending for the mastery. Among the inhabitants of Mansoul, Lord Will-be-will is the hero of the story. Many of the characters brought upon this scene of stirring warfare are necessarily but impersonations of qualities: they lack the human interest of those in the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and the later allegory can never speak to the heart like its predecessor. But nothing could excel the knowledge of the human heart and of its conflicts which the book evinces. The trial of the Diabolonians



is a masterpiece of spiritual pathology. And how expressive the description, at the close, of the "new man" still beset by earthly imperfections!

"Then my lord Self-denial took courage, and set to pursuing of the Diabolonians with my lord Will-be-will; and they took Live-by-feeling, and they took Legal-life, and put them in hold till they died. But Mr. Unbelief was a nimble Jack; him they could never lay hold of, though they attempted to do it often. He therefore, and some few more of the subtlest of the Diabolonian tribe, did yet remain in Mansoul, to the time that Mansoul left off to dwell any longer in the kingdom of Universe."

Of smaller works, chiefly expositions, which appeared during this fertile period of Bunyan's life, Doe mentions *The Barren Fig-Tree*, *The Greatness of the Soul*, and *The Pharisee and the Publican*; with several other tracts, notably *A Case of Conscience resolved*: the "case" being this, "Whether it is the duty of the women of a congregation ordinarily and by arrangement to separate themselves from their brethren, and so to assemble together, to perform some parts of divine worship, as prayer, etc., without their men?" Bunyan gives to this question a decided negative, citing Bible rules and precedents, enumerating reasons, and answering objections, in a very exhaustive if not altogether convincing way. "Brother K," against whose proposals the work is directed, would, we suspect, have had something to say for the "women's meetings," even after bearing the full brunt of Bunyan's artillery. The tract is certainly among the most curious of the author's writings, and the reader will sympathize with its closing sentence: "I entreat that these lines may be taken in good part, for I seek edification, not contention."

That Bunyan fully appreciated the worth and beauty of Christian womanhood he nobly showed in the *Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress*, published 1684, six years after the first part. This sequel is necessarily inferior in interest

to the account of Christian's own pilgrimage. Not even Bunyan could present another's experience as vividly as his own. Yet the characters are true, many of the sketches are exquisite in their beauty: and there are some touches unequalled in their tenderness by anything in the earlier and grander part of the story. There is a current phrase as to choosing to "live with" a picture. Perhaps of all the pictures with which any of us might well delight to live, none is to be preferred to that of the Valley of Humiliation, not as when Christian passed through it, dark in shadow, and with the awful form of Apollyon "coming over the field to meet him": but as when Christiana, with her children and Mercy, escorted by bold Great-heart, found it, "beautiful with lilies," and saw the shepherd boy who "sat by himself and sung:

"He that is down need fear no fall;  
He that is low, no pride;  
He that is humble, ever shall  
Have God to be his guide."

## IX.

### CLOSING DAYS.

The last four years of Bunyan's life had but few noticeable events. He continued an indefatigable pastor and preacher, itinerating largely, annually visiting London, always attracting crowded congregations.<sup>1</sup> His counsel was sought far and wide; ministers and churches appealed to him in their difficulties: he was known familiarly as "Bishop Bunyan." Inducements were held out to him to accept more conspicuous positions, but he preferred his home, where the very prison walls, as he passed them in the street, would remind him of converse with angels and of glimpses into the Celestial City. His household life was calm and happy. The blind child, his darling Mary, had been taken to her heavenly home during the later days of his imprisonment; but his true wife Elizabeth

<sup>1</sup> On one occasion, it is recorded, 3000 people came to hear him in Zoar St., Southwark, "so that half were fain to go back again for want of room."

was still by his side, and the three remaining children, born of his "Mercy" in the old Elstow days, were growing in stability of character and true godliness. To one of his boys a London merchant had offered a place in his house, but Bunyan had refused. "God did not send me," he said, "to advance my family, but to preach the Gospel." His worldly circumstances had improved, though he was never rich; his health also appears to have been good. "Happy in his work, happy in the sense that his influence was daily extending, spreading over his own country, and to the far-off settlements in America, he spent his last years in his own land of Beulah, Doubting Castle out of sight, and the towers and minarets of Emmanuel's Land growing nearer and clearer as the days went on."<sup>1</sup>

His latest books were now written: including *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved*, in which he interprets the Lord's words, "Beginning at Jerusalem," as implying "good news to the vilest of men"—a view of the text which he unfolds and applies with marvellous power; also the *Divine Emblems*, containing some of his happiest metrical effusions. To this period of his life also belongs his controversial work, written in reply to some of his brother Baptists in London, *Water Baptism no bar to Christian Communion*: with his book on *Solomon's Temple*, in which every part is spiritualized—not only the altars, the laver, the candlestick and the shewbread, the veil and the mercy-seat; but the doors, windows, pillars, porches, pinnacles and stairs, the bowls and basins, the snuffers and snuffer-dishes; with other appurtenances of the temple—under seventy heads, all copiously illustrated from Scripture. It would be strange if some of the applications were not forced: the author's fancy proves itself more fertile, if possible, than ever; and we smile at the simple conclusion of the seventy particulars: "Thus you see something of that little I have found in the Temple of God."

<sup>1</sup> J. A. Froude.

Many other works written by Bunyan from time to time cannot here be enumerated. He is said by his friend Charles Doe to have "lived sixty years and written sixty books." Some of these were not printed during his lifetime, as an *Exposition of the First Ten Chapters of Genesis*, *The House of the Forest of Lebanon*, and *The Heavenly Footman*.

The end of Bunyan's life came in 1688, the year of the Revolution, which event he did not live to see. He had been but little troubled by the succession of James the Second to his brother Charles, and by the consequent agitations. He found himself still at liberty to preach the Gospel and to visit the churches. His last journey was taken on an errand of mercy. He had travelled from Bedford to Reading on horseback, to effect a reconciliation between a father and son. Having succeeded in his errand, he purposed returning by way of London, and rode from Reading to the metropolis in heavy rain. A chill came on, which however did not prevent his preaching once more (August 19, at Mr. Gamman's meeting, near Whitechapel)—a brief and interesting discourse on being born of God, printed from the notes of a hearer under the title of *Mr. Bunyan's Last Sermon*. Fever ensued, and the great preacher breathed his last, in his sixtieth year, on the 31st August, 1688. His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields in Mr. Strudwick's vault.

The statue raised to Bunyan's memory in Bedford presents him in the attitude of preaching; and upon the pedestal is inscribed an extract from his own noble description of the minister of Christ:

"Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall: and this was the fashion of it; it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand; the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head."

SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

"Well, Rowley, and what would you like to be?" He looked archly towards his father, who was sitting in an arm-chair, and said, "I should like to be a baronet, and sit in a great chair;" an answer which amused all who heard it, and which proved a strangely wrong forecast of his future life.

He was sent to Eton, as soon as he was of sufficient age, his earlier lessons having been given by his mother and his elder sister, Jane Hill. To this home training, he used afterwards to say, he owed his first serious thoughts and distinct knowledge of religious truth, especially while learning Dr. Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." The seeds at least were planted in his mind, which in later years were quickened and matured. It was when at school that he was led, through the earnest and affectionate letters of his brother Richard, to give himself heartily to Christ, his Saviour and Lord.

Richard Hill was a good many years Rowland's senior, and had passed through a very remarkable religious experience, of which he has left a narrative. When as young as eight or nine, he had strong religious impressions, which seemed to be lost after he went to school, first in Shropshire and afterwards at Westminster. Yet he had occasional times of alarm at the thought of death and judgment, and strivings of conscience even in his most careless seasons. This unsettled state of mind remained during the four years he was at Magdalen College, Oxford, after which he travelled abroad for two years. He tells how at that time his life was passed in alternate fits of thoughtless gaiety and of penitent remorse. In this state of mind he returned to England in the summer of 1757. In the autumn of that year he was overwhelmed with mental trouble, even to the length of believing that he had lost the hope of grace, and could find no place for repentance. But the Holy Spirit, against whom he feared he had committed the unpardonable sin, was at this very time in mercy carrying

on the work of conviction. Nor was this conviction of sin superficial, as too often it is. The sorer the soul's sickness, the more is the need felt of the Divine physician. In his distress Richard went to consult a clergyman near Hawkstone, but he was not one skilled in ministering to a mind thus afflicted. Mr. Fletcher, afterwards of Madeley, was at that time tutor in a family in Shropshire, and to him, having heard of his piety, the youth made known his case in a letter, without giving his name. In urgent appeal, he besought Mr. Fletcher to give him an interview that night, at an inn in Shrewsbury. Though he had some miles to walk, the good evangelist came. By his conversation and prayers he brought the beginning of hope and peace to the anxious inquirer, and in after intercourse he helped towards his establishment in faith, and his enjoyment of spiritual comfort.

Returning to Oxford in 1758, Richard Hill grew in knowledge and in grace, not without much hard conflict and variety of experience, but with the result that he went back to Hawkstone a decided Christian, assured of his own salvation, and anxious to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel to others. He began to hold cottage meetings, where he prayed and addressed the villagers, notwithstanding the fear of such "enthusiasm" coming to the knowledge of his father, whose disapproval of such proceedings he knew would be strong.

It was natural that Richard's anxiety should extend to the welfare of his brothers Rowland and Robert at Eton. To them he wrote from London, in 1762, a long and affectionate letter, a copy of which is printed in the *Life of Rowland Hill* by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, his relative and literary executor. The correspondence was kept up while the brothers remained at Eton. In one of the letters he refers to Rowland probably entering the ministry, and he gives advice as to the direction of his thoughts and studies towards that most important office. With this letter he sent the works of

Archbishop Leighton, the perusal of which, and of other books, greatly strengthened his faith and his pious resolutions. To his Eton school-fellows he was earnest in his appeals, and although in most cases met with ridicule, or repelled by coldness, he had the satisfaction of meeting with warm response from a few. For mutual encouragement they formed themselves into a club or society. In after years Rowland, as the leader of this band, had the gratification of learning that his efforts had been made the means of the conversion of several of his school-fellows, the first fruits of the rich harvest of success in his ministrations through his long life.

His own religious character was greatly strengthened during his holiday seasons at Hawkstone, through the example and conversation of his brother Richard, and his devoted sister Jane. After returning to school, this sister wrote to him, in June 1764, that their father had resolved to send him to Cambridge, where he was to qualify himself for entering the ministry. There were at that time several livings in Norfolk, all of considerable value, in the gift of the Hill family, with the restriction that they could be presented only to fellows of St. John's College.

## II.

### AT CAMBRIDGE.

The father's purpose in sending Rowland to Cambridge was formed merely for family convenience, and accordingly Rowland entered as a pensioner of the College, in order to obtain a fellowship. Subsequent events led to a change in his views, and he became fellow-commoner, a class of undergraduates not eligible to Johnian fellowships, on account of their supposed rank and wealth. He had already formed the resolution of studying hard, not from ambition of academic distinction, but with desire of turning all acquirements to the service of Christ. His sister, in corresponding with him,

urged diligence, with the same high purpose, observing that "human learning is a most desirable jewel in order to set off the lustre of those in a consecrated heart." His tutor, Pearce of St. John's, was a liberal as well as learned man, and greatly assisted him in acquiring knowledge on subjects besides the studies necessary for taking his degree. He found his pupil to be fond of various branches of science, such as hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy, the taste for which he retained throughout his life. His tutor was very little older than himself, and they formed a close friendship. Pearce had been third wrangler and second medallist in his year, 1767. He was afterwards successively Public Orator, Master of Jesus College, Master of the Temple, and Dean of Ely. He had occasional communication with his former pupil when in all these positions, and while Master of the Temple he often permitted him to preach in the Temple Church, before the order of the Bishop of London for his exclusion from the pulpits in his diocese. We mention this here, only from its connection with the early Cambridge friendship.

In January 1769, Hill proceeded to his degree of B.A., where his name appeared in the list of honours, which in those times was rather an unusual thing for a fellow-commoner. Nor did his diligence in study hinder his excelling in the athletic sports then most in favour. He was a bold and graceful rider, and to old age he retained his love of horses. In skating and swimming he excelled, and it is recorded that he once swam from Cambridge to Granchester, —no slight feat against the stream. He would have been universally popular, and indeed, was admired as well as loved by all who had any regard for moral and religious character; but unhappily at that time, at Cambridge as well as Oxford, the number of those who had such feeling was few, and the hatred of everything connected with spiritual or vital Christianity was almost universal. As Rowland Hill had from the

first "shown his colours," and was as open in his profession, and decided in his practice, as was Daniel in Babylon, he was soon a marked man, and exposed to scorn and ridicule. He said himself afterwards that in his own college not a soul looked on him but with coldness or contempt, "except the old shoeblack at the gate, who had the love of Christ in his heart."

As at Eton, so at Cambridge he strove to awaken some of his fellow-students to concern about their eternal interests. With a few he did succeed, and they were more in number than he knew at the time, for they were afraid or ashamed to make an open profession. He did not confine his efforts to the gownsmen; like Whitefield in his day at Oxford, he visited the prisoners in the gaol, and the sick in their homes. He also commenced preaching in various places in the town, and in the adjacent villages. He had been apprenticed to this work, when at home with his brother Richard. In his Journal he has entered many notes of these evangelistic raids, recording the texts of his addresses, with notes about the meetings, some of which show the nature of the work, and the difficulties attending it. He had written to Mr. Whitefield, and he sent a letter of warm approval and hearty encouragement. "Go on," the aged evangelist wrote from London, December 27, 1766, "Go on, my dear man, go on; old Berridge, I believe, would give you the same advice; you are honoured in bearing Christ's name and reproach. God be praised that you are helped to bless, when others blaspheme. God bless, and direct, and support you—He will, He will. Good Lady Huntingdon is in town; she will rejoice to hear that you are under the Cross—you will not want her prayers, or the poor prayers of, my dear young honest friend, yours—G. W."

This advice determined him to go on as he had begun, in spite of all hindrances. A few days after getting Mr. Whitefield's letter is the following entry in his Diary. "1767, Jan. 1, Thursday,

at Chesterton; on John v. 25, 26, on the power of Christ's resurrection. We had the honour of a mob, no other harm was done than the windows broke." Many similar entries appear. Once, on the day after two prisoners had been sentenced to death at the assizes, he preached on the text "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ" (2 Cor. v. 10). "The people were inclined to mob, but were overawed by the Word." Another day he preached for the first time in a barn, when he says, "Some gownsmen were there, but were permitted to do no more than gnash with their teeth."

It was impossible for the university rulers to pass over such irregularities, and such "fanatical proceedings," as they deemed them, unnoticed. Hints were given of refusing testimonials, and even his degree. He resolved, as the Apostles had done, to let nothing hinder his testifying for Christ. He had vowed obedience, it was true, to the rules of the university; and for breaking these he was prepared to abide the penalty. Refusal of any university honour or privilege, or even ignominious expulsion, would only have driven him to other fields of evangelistic labour, for he could never now be forced into silence. Another letter from Mr. Whitefield gave him fresh courage; and to his surprise and delight he received a note from Mr. Berridge, Rector of Everton, who had heard of his proceedings and sought his acquaintance. Berridge happened then to be at Granchester, where he had preached the night before, and there Mr. Hill went to meet him. This was the beginning of his friendship with the famous preacher, whose name fills so large a place in the history of "the great revival." Berridge had originality of character, amounting in some ways to eccentricity, yet he was surpassed by no man of those times in intellectual power, energetic eloquence, and devoted piety. Intercourse with him had no little influence on the subsequent career of Rowland Hill, who had hearty sympathy with the apostolic zeal of Berridge, while

his good sense led him to disapprove of some of the eccentric ways of his venerated friend.

Another event tended greatly to confirm Hill in his purpose, and to inspire him with greater zeal in the cause of Christ. This was the expulsion of the six Oxford students of St. Edmund's Hall, in March 1768. It was a miserable affair, as all know now. The tutor, who brought the accusation that "there were several enthusiasts in their society, who talked of regeneration, inspiration, and drawing nigh to God," turned out to be himself subject to fits of insanity. Dr. Dixon, the Principal of the Hall, certified that "these young men lived most exemplary lives, and were notable for their orderly conduct." When they were brought before the Court, Dr. Dixon defended their tenets from the Standards of the Church, and said that if they had fallen into any outward imprudences, an admonition was all that was required. The Vice-Chancellor and other assessors became as furious as the celebrated judges who tried Christian and Faithful in Vanity Fair; and the students were expelled. With some of them, as with other good men at Oxford, Rowland Hill had been in correspondence, and this act of expulsion confirmed him in his resolution to preach the Gospel, and to contend for the faith at all hazards. Richard Hill took up their cause in a pamphlet, which caused no little stir at the time, *Pietas Oxoniensis*, an advocacy which the best men of the Church of England have since heartily approved.

### III.

#### ITINERANT PREACHING.

When Rowland Hill proceeded to his B.A. degree he was above twenty-three years of age, and he immediately endeavoured to obtain orders. His irregularities at Cambridge, and his unwillingness to promise to confine himself to the rules and usages of the Established Church, caused him to experience the mortification of being refused ordination

by no fewer than six bishops. Some of his friends besought him to keep quiet for a time, but the fire glowed within him, and he could not refrain from preaching. He was impressed with the fact that multitudes in England were in darkness, to whom the light of the Gospel had never come, and who never had heard the glad tidings of salvation. He had also at this time an impression that his life would be brief, and he must work while the day lasted. His brother Richard had ceased to be a lay preacher at the entreaty of the family, but was not less alive to the great concerns of eternity. Having much respect for his brother's judgment, Rowland felt some indecision as to his next movements. He had lost a good counsellor by the death of Mr. Whitefield. He wrote to Mr. Berridge, who advised him to "stand still and not to hurry." "Be not anxious about orders," he said, "they will come as soon as they are wanted; nor be anxious about anything but to know the Lord's will, and do the Lord's work."

The winter of 1769-70 was passed at Hawkstone, but when spring came, he could no longer be restrained. He made an extensive tour in Yorkshire, preaching sometimes in open places, and often in the meeting-houses of the Wesleyans, who at that time regarded him with true affection, and were much attached to his ministry.

In the spring of the following year, 1771, he visited Bristol, where he was introduced to the Tabernacle congregation by Cornelius Winter. He had by this time incurred his father's displeasure to the utmost, and his earthly prospects were not bright, both from disappointment of admission into the Church, and from want of money. Sir Rowland gave him the smallest possible allowance, at once in token of his displeasure, and in hope of compelling his surrender. This treatment had an effect the opposite to what was intended. The son thought that it was a call in providence to forsake all for the Gospel's sake, and he resolved to go forth like the early disciples, "with-

out purse or scrip," to spread the tidings of salvation to the lost. He suffered real hardships at that season, often being hungry and wearied, and at times not knowing where he would rest at night. Still he persevered, travelling through many parts of Gloucestershire, Somersetshire and Wiltshire, as well as in the southern parts of Wales. Of this tour he said, "By what I have seen in this Western round, I believe God is about to revive His work in the midst of us. Doors are opening everywhere; the hearing ear and the understanding heart are given to many. I am more than ever convinced that itinerant preaching does a world of good, and that God blesses it continually. Oh for more life and diligence to do more for Christ!"

After his death, it was found that he had for nearly seventy years kept a regular entry of the places he had visited, the texts from which he preached, and other brief notes. In very few parts of England had his voice not been heard and his testimony delivered. Three times he visited Scotland, preaching to vast audiences in the open air, as Whitefield had done. The last Scotch tour was when he was eighty years of age. Twice he was in Ireland, and many times through Wales. The memorial tablet over his grave fittingly sums up the results of his manifold labours: "The imperishable monuments of these labours are the names written in heaven of the multitudes led to God by his long and faithful ministry."

#### IV.

##### ORDINATION, MARRIAGE, AND CONTINUED EVANGELISTIC LABOURS.

The winter of 1772 found Mr. Hill in his usual retirement at Hawkstone, where his father was always glad to receive him, notwithstanding his great displeasure at his erratic courses at other seasons. He had at this time a characteristic letter from Mr. Berridge, who tells him that he must consider his admission to his father's house as

"mercy from the Lord, who prevents expulsion after nine months' itinération;" and adds, "your retreat must have its trials too: and kindly they are provided, lest you should love a retreat too well, and tarry too long."

An event, however, had occurred during the last visit to Bristol and neighbourhood, which might well have tried the paternal patience to the utmost. Gratified by his son Richard having desisted from preaching, in deference to his wishes, old Sir Rowland sent him to Bristol, to persuade his brother to follow his example and return home. On arriving at Bristol, Richard learned that his brother had gone to Kingswood, to preach to the colliers. Thither he followed him. He found him addressing a vast multitude of these long neglected people, who were listening with the deepest interest to the solemn appeals and loving invitations of the preacher. Rowland saw his brother, but went on, without appearing to notice him. When Richard witnessed the effects of his brother's preaching—the faces of the rough pitmen channelled with tears of penitence and of joy—he was deeply moved. Rowland saw the emotion, and taking advantage of it, he announced, at the close of the service—"My brother, Richard Hill, Esquire, will preach here at this time to-morrow." Taken by surprise, Richard consented, and instead of taking back his brother, remained with him to assist in the very work he had come to persuade him to relinquish.

It is probable that the father did not hear of this escapade, for in the summer Rowland proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts, at Cambridge, and visited his friends in the neighbourhood. The brothers were in London in the autumn, when Rowland preached, and did much to revive and extend the work which Whitefield and his associates had begun. After returning to Hawkstone, he was, in the beginning of 1773, engaged in preparation for two important events—his marriage, and his ordination. During visits to his brother-in-law, Mr.

Tudway, he became attached to his sister, Mary Tudway. After their engagement, Mr. Tudway used his influence with Dr. Wills, the aged bishop of Bath and Wells, who promised to give him ordination. The marriage took place at Marylebone Church on the 23rd of May, 1773. He went with Mrs. Hill into Somersetshire, and on Trinity Sunday, June 6th, was ordained deacon. His title to orders was the curacy of the parish of Kingston in that county. The stipend was forty pounds a year. The bishop required from him no promise or condition whatever, so he felt free to act as he had done before receiving orders. His first sermon in a church, Tuesday, June 8, was at St. Werburg's, Bristol, for his friend Mr. Rouquet, the son of a French Protestant refugee. Mr. Rouquet was educated at Merchant Tailors' School, London, and at St. John's College, Oxford. He became superintendent of the school at Kingswood, Bristol, at the request of John Wesley. He was, nevertheless, ordained deacon by Dr. Johnson, Bishop of Gloucester. From his first curacy he was dismissed for preaching from house to house, in villages, and in the gaol at Bristol. On being presented to a vicarage by the Lord Chancellor, he was ordained priest by good Dr. Wills, who was so pleased with his examination, that in spite of the clamour against his *methodism*, he appointed him to preach at the next ordination. With such a man Rowland Hill was in warm sympathy; and he was united closely with him till the death of Mr. Rouquet divided them.

The first sermon at his Kingston curacy was from 1 Cor. ii. 1: "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." He was diligent in his parochial duties, but found time to preach daily in the villages round, and made many more distant expeditions. How long he retained his Kingston curacy is not now known, but that his labours there were not without fruit we know, as he was welcomed on revisiting the place in his

old age, by several people who had been converted under his ministry.

Having received a promise from the Bishop of Carlisle that he would ordain him priest, he obtained a letter dimissory to his lordship from the Bishop of Bath and Wells, but the Bishop of Carlisle excused himself by saying that he had been ordered by the Archbishop of York not to admit him to priest's orders, on account of his irregularities. Thus ended his hope of obtaining full orders, and the consequence was that he had "to go through life," as he afterwards humorously expressed it, "with only one ecclesiastical boot on!"

We hear of him preaching often in London,—“My first charity sermon at St. Mary Aldermary;” also at Richmond, “in the old playhouse;” at Greenwich “a concluding sermon for the old year;” and other places. He was accompanied by Mrs. Hill in all his journeys, and cheerfully did she share the hardships and dangers to which he was exposed throughout his extraordinary career. During their happy union of more than half a century, Mrs. Hill was a useful and cheerful helpmeet, a worthy partner of so devoted and diligent a minister of Christ.

The time was to come when Mr. Hill was to be settled in a place with which his name will be ever associated, and which was thenceforth to be the headquarters and centre of his unceasing and manifold labours. But for several years before the settlement at Surrey Chapel he continued his itinerant labours with unabated zeal, and these years were the most memorable of any during his life, for his increasing popularity, as well as his extended usefulness. We find him in London, at the Tabernacle at Moorfields, and at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, and occasionally in churches of the Establishment, as St. Catherine's near the Tower, and the chapel of the Lock Hospital. He preached often in the open air, in places long since covered with houses, as in White Conduit Fields, London Fields, and St. George's Fields



He made expeditions to every part of England, both churches and chapels being open to him. In some places he was gladly received; in others there were scenes of interruption and of violence as disgraceful as any that had been witnessed in the early years of the Methodist revival. But no difficulties deterred him, and he was instant in season and out of season in preaching the glad tidings of salvation. One interesting episode in these labours was a visit to Hawkstone, when his father, Sir Rowland, went to hear him at Weston, and was much gratified by what he saw and heard.

He went after this to Wotton, where he had resolved to remain during part of every year, and where a chapel was built, in which he regularly preached or found supplies throughout the remainder of his life. His interest in Bristol and Kingswood never diminished, and at Bristol he remained for some months in 1777, after the death of his loved friend Mr. Rouquet. In 1778 he lost another friend who was dear to him, and in whose chapel in London he had often preached, the Rev. Augustus Toplady. He died in August of that year. In 1779 Mr. Newton came to London from Olney, to begin his ministerial duties at St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, in which, and in those of Mr. Romaine in Blackfriars, Mr. Hill took a lively interest. But we must pass on to the record of his own special sphere of work in London.

## V.

### SURREY CHAPEL.

Many persons who had profited by Mr. Hill's preaching when he was in London, desired to obtain some place of a permanent kind, where they might have the benefit of his regular ministry. Mr. Hill consented on the condition that the building might be erected in a neglected portion of the metropolis. He had often preached in the open air at St. George's Fields. Once, in 1780, at the time of the Lord George Gordon

riots, he had addressed twenty thousand people, on which occasion many of his audience were brought to anxiety for the salvation of their souls. Towards St. George's Fields his own thoughts turned, as well as those of his friends, when the proposal was made to build a place of worship. The "Fields" at that time were little better than a barren and marshy waste, with only scattered houses and taverns. But it was within reach of districts inhabited by poor and neglected people, and was sure to become at no distant date a centre of crowded population.

The first meeting to forward the erection of Surrey Chapel was held in February 1782. The foundation-stone was laid on the 24th of June, when Mr. Hill addressed the vast multitude assembled from the words of Isaiah xxviii. 16: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste." On the 8th of June in the following year the building was sufficiently advanced to be opened for public worship, when the subject of the sermon was, "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God (1 Cor. i. 23, 24).

The texts selected on these occasions sufficiently show the spirit and purpose of the minister of the new chapel. Unauthorized and incorrect reports having been printed, this second sermon was published, with the title, "Christ Crucified the Sum and Substance of the Scriptures." Fully and clearly does it set forth the main truths of evangelical Christianity—the divinity, incarnation, atonement, and exaltation of Christ, and the sanctification and comfort of the Church by the Holy Spirit.

It had been resolved that the service of the chapel should be according to the ritual of the Church of England; and

this it continued to be throughout the fifty years that Mr. Hill was its minister. Good old Mr. Venn came regularly to preach at Surrey Chapel; and so did Mr. Scott, the commentator. The pulpits of several of the London churches were open to him, and not a few of the clergy, who did not sympathise with his spiritual religion, were glad to use his popularity for charity sermons, with certainty of a large offertory. This ceased when the Bishop of London of that time forbade him the use of any pulpit under his jurisdiction.

It was not by preaching only that his chapel became a power of Christian usefulness and beneficence. Attached to the chapel were no less than thirteen Sunday-schools, containing above three thousand children; and from the teachers and pupils in these schools, not only much spiritual good was spread in London, but earnest and efficient missionaries went out to heathen lands. The contributions of the Surrey Chapel congregation to the cause of Missions were very large, and the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society within its walls was one of the most important events in the Christian annals of the metropolis. The collection at the Missionary sermon sometimes amounted to hundreds of pounds. Visiting societies, almshouses, and many institutions for promoting the glory of God, and the welfare of man, had their origin, and owed their influence to the Christian love and zeal of the members of Surrey Chapel.

The chapel was vested in trustees, and it was a great comfort to the minister that his brother Richard, who was one of the trustees, could give his active services in support of the institutions connected with the chapel during part of each year. He was now M.P. for Shropshire, being first elected in 1776, and representing his native county in successive parliaments till 1806, when he resigned. He died in 1808.

The music at Surrey Chapel was ever a notable feature in the services. The

vast assemblies united with heart and voice in singing the psalms and hymns, accompanied rather than led by the powerful and skilfully handled organ. For many years the organist was Mr. Jacob, a performer of first-rate talent, well known in the musical profession. Mr. Hill first heard Jacob at one of the Handel commemorations in Westminster Abbey, and offered him the appointment at Surrey Chapel, where he remained, although often tempted by more lucrative engagements elsewhere. Mr. Jacob had charge of the annual sacred concert in the chapel, then one of the events of the London season. The admission was by five-shilling tickets, for the benefit of the Surrey almshouses. The greatest artists of the time assisted on these occasions, as Crotch and Wesley at the organ, Salomon the violinist, and Lindley on the violoncello. A few persons disliked these performances being given in a sacred, although not a consecrated building, but Mr. Hill considered that the sacred character of the music, and the charitable object in view, justified his allowing these concerts on a week night. On Sunday he was so strict as to the admission of mere musical display, that he would not allow the performance of any voluntary on the organ, as is the custom in most churches.

## VI.

### HIS PREACHING.

It is as a preacher that Rowland Hill will have his fame and his place in history. To preach Christ was the aim and end of his public ministry. The first great element in his preaching was its intense earnestness. An incident at Wotton well illustrates this fervour of spirit. He had been carried away by the impetuous earnestness of his appeals. Then pausing and raising himself to his full stature, he exclaimed: "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast; but I am not. Mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of

the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit fall in, and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of a mile; help came, and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an *enthusiast* then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in eternal woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing. I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel of Christ Jesus."

It is said that the great test of eloquence is its effect on the hearers. This is above all true of pulpit eloquence. Whatever criticism may be made on Rowland Hill's preaching, there never has been any question as to its wonderful and unsurpassed influence, which was felt alike by the learned and the unlearned, by the cultured and the uncultured. It was said by Robert Hall, himself a master of pulpit eloquence, that "No man has ever drawn, since the days of our Saviour, such sublime images from nature; here Mr. Hill excels every other man." On one occasion Dr. Milner, the celebrated Dean of Carlisle, was so worked upon that he went to him in the vestry after the service and said, "Mr. Hill, Mr. Hill, I *felt* to-day—'Tis this slapdash preaching, say what they will, that does all the good." A similar testimony was borne by the learned and refined Ambrose Serle; and even Sheridan said to one who wondered at his going to Surrey Chapel, "I go to hear Rowland Hill, because his ideas come red-hot from the heart." Never was there a truer description; he spoke as he felt; and the tears and smiles which expressed his own emotions moved the vast multitude whom he was addressing. It was because he spoke as he felt that sometimes words came that cold criticism might afterwards censure. If in the course of his eloquence some idea came which raised humorous thoughts in his

mind, out it went, for he had no time to weigh his words, nor to trim them to propriety. Hence a smile would be seen to ripple over the upturned faces of the vast audience, which were soon again to be fixed in awe in listening to the preacher's solemn appeals, or glowing with emotion, as he set forth the Father's pity or the Saviour's love. The great secret of the amazing effect of his preaching was its being all nature,—consecrated by the grace of God, and intensified by Christ's own love. So his words went straight to the hearts of his hearers. Whether the effect proved permanent or not depended not on the speaker, but certainly no preaching in his day was more owned and blessed by the Holy Spirit.

We give a few brief specimens of his pulpit thoughts and words. Speaking of the sun, he said: "All the lights in the world put together will not unfold to us the glories of the sun; it is only to be seen by its own light. So, the Sun of righteousness is seen by human eyes as 'the Brightness of the Father's glory,' by the light which guides His people to Himself."

On one occasion, near the close of his life, he was preaching to an immense crowd, assembled partly within, and partly without the walls of a chapel. A window had been taken out; and he stood on the seat for a pulpit, so that all might see and hear him. Near the end of his sermon, the sun, in unclouded glory, had just reached the edge of the horizon. He pointed to it, and in a tone of sublimest energy exclaimed: "See you the sun, how majestically and brightly it sheds its parting beams around you! I have heard that the rays of the setting sun produce a most salutary effect on the vegetable world—O that my setting sun, which must soon go down in death, may, during the evening of my days, be more and more blessed, in shedding a beneficial light on the trees the Lord hath planted and is watering to His glory!"

Once when preaching, on a week-day

evening, in a factory town, his subject was the power of the Holy Spirit. He was speaking on the sweet willingness of the renewed soul to obey the Divine will in all things. "I have watched," he said, "the smoke ascending from your factory chimneys, and although there was scarcely any air, yet how obediently it moved in the direction of the softest breeze; so it is with the Christian, when God the Holy Ghost breathes upon his soul. He makes us willing in the day of His power."

"I love to look at the atonement," he said, "as a glorious plea which enables the Father, consistently with all His glorious attributes, to be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. The Saviour said, 'All that the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Few preachers have been more free from everything approaching to what may be called extreme views, or have throughout presented sounder statements of Divine truth. "True religion," he said in his Declaration of Faith, on entering on his ministry at Surrey Chapel, "True religion is doctrinal, experimental, and practical. If we possessed only doctrinal religion, it would lead to antinomianism; if only experimental, to enthusiasm; if only practical, to pharisaism: therefore if we would be partakers of the religion of Jesus, all three must be united, we must not attempt to separate them."

Let one example suffice of the homely yet effective illustration from "common things" introduced in his sermons. The text was, "We are not ignorant of his devices," and he began his discourse with the following tale. "Many years since, I met a drove of pigs in one of the streets of a large town, and to my surprise they were not driven, but quietly followed their leader. This singular fact excited my curiosity, and I pursued the swine till they all quietly entered the butchery. I then asked the man how he succeeded in getting the poor stupid stubborn pigs so willingly to

follow him; when he told me the secret. He had a basket of beans under his arm, and kept dropping them as he proceeded, and so secured his object. Ah! my dear hearers, the devil has got his basket of beans, and he knows how to suit his temptation to every sinner. He drops this by the way—the poor sinner is thus led captive by the devil at his own will; and if the grace of God prevent not, he will get him at last into his butchery and there he will keep him for ever. Oh, it is because we are not ignorant of his devices, that we are anxious this evening to guard you against them."

A member of Mr. Hill's church, who records this, had brought a young friend, soon about to sail for India, to hear the preaching, in hope that some good impression might be made upon him. When he heard the story of the pigs and the beans, he thought his young friend, a man of learning and culture, would feel aversion to such a preacher. It turned out to be the one thought that fixed itself on this hearer. When they left the chapel, all was silence between them for a time, but presently the young friend told how he was struck by the vivid picture of the beans, the butchery, and the final loss of the sinner's soul. In long after years he told how his first serious thoughts were awakened that night by Rowland Hill's sermon.

## VII.

### PUBLISHED WORKS.

The writings of Rowland Hill are not equal to his celebrity as a preacher. His *Sermons*, like those of Whitefield, give no adequate idea of his power and popularity. They help little to the understanding of the influence exerted by the voice, manner, appearance, energy, and earnestness of the living man. Of his other published works, the *Village Dialogues* were probably the most popular in their day. They contain many true and striking things, and must have had much influence when they first appeared. But the condition

of the nation has changed since then, and public taste and feeling have changed. They have done their work, and few of the admirers of Mr. Hill would desire to see the *Village Dialogues*, or *The Sale of Curates*, circulated now, although containing good and telling things.

His Hymns are full of sound truth and devout feeling. His earlier hymns for children, of which he wrote one annually for many years, are among the most pleasing of his poetical efforts; some of them received finishing touches from Cowper, who was introduced to him by John Newton, and who always spoke of Mr. Hill with the greatest reverence and affection. No one mourned over the painful gloom that so long overshadowed Cowper's mind, or enjoyed his poetry more than did Rowland Hill.

Of his general hymns one of the best is the truly devout composition, beginning:

"Dear Friend of friendless sinners, hear."

It was written for members of his church in time of sickness, and many a time have its words been profitably used in dying hours. In a very different strain of exulting praise were the hymns written for the occasions when the volunteers attended Surrey Chapel. One was sung to the tune of the national anthem, the first verse being:

"Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success,  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend."

Another was sung to the tune of "Rule Britannia," the subject being, "The Kingdom of Christ exalted":

"When Jesus first, at Heaven's command,  
Descended from His azure throne,  
Attending angels joined His praise,  
Who claimed the kingdom for His own;  
Hail, Immanuel! Immanuel we'll adore,  
And sound His fame from shore to shore."

Those who heard this sung, by three thousand voices, and the organ accompaniment, even if they disapproved the

use of the secular melody, have left on record their testimony of the wonderful effect produced.

## VIII

### HIS PHILANTHROPY, PATRIOTISM, AND PUBLIC SPIRIT.

In all the great events of his time, Mr. Hill took a lively interest, and often an active part. In his early life he was strongly opposed to the measures adopted towards the American colonies, and he rejoiced in the independence and progress of the Republic of the United States. His loyalty to the British crown was not the less conspicuous during the great war against France. When invasion was threatened, he hailed the formation of the Volunteer Force. More than once he preached in Surrey Chapel to large bodies of the Volunteers, and it was for these services that he wrote the words to accompany the national tunes adapted for sacred use.

Of every movement for the moral and social advancement of the people, he was an ardent and a trusted leader. His zeal in regard to Home and Foreign Missions we have already referred to. He was a promoter of popular education, before any of the national or public societies had taken up the work. In him the British and Foreign Bible Society had an active advocate, and on more than one occasion he took a prominent part in defending the principles and extending the usefulness of that great institution. He was equally prominent as one of the founders and active supporters of the Religious Tract Society, of the Committee of which he was the first chairman, and of some of the earliest publications of which he was the author. Till the close of his life he continued to be its zealous advocate, and valued helper.

During the Peninsular War he was proud of the part taken by his nephew and namesake, Sir Rowland, afterwards Lord Hill, who with other members of the family highly distinguished themselves. When there were public rejoic-

ings for victory and peace, no celebrations were more hearty, and few illuminations more conspicuous than those at Surrey chapel and parsonage. When the freedom of the city of London, and swords of honour were presented to Lord Hill and Lord Boresford, he appeared at Guildhall, where no guest was received with more respect and enthusiasm than the good old uncle of the chief hero of the day.

One great service to his country and to humanity deserves special notice. When Dr. Jenner brought forward his discovery of vaccination as a preventive to small-pox, the proposal was very slowly accepted by the medical profession, and very doubtfully received by the people. Mr. Hill, who was a personal friend of Dr. Jenner, at once and zealously became the advocate of the new practice. He not merely spoke of it wherever he went, even in the pulpit, but he vaccinated with his own hand many thousands of people of all conditions and ages. After the week-day services at Surrey Chapel, he was often for hours thus engaged in the vestry or schoolroom. Dr. Jenner gratefully acknowledged the help his friend had given to make vaccination widely known, and to bring it into general use. He used to attend Mr. Hill's preaching whenever his journeys took him to Cheltenham or Gloucester, or other places within reach. Once after the service at Wotton, when Dr. Jenner was present, Mr. Hill introduced him to a nobleman, with the remark that his friend had saved more lives than any man in his time. "Ah!" said Dr. Jenner, "I wish I could say, who has saved souls as you have done." Next to preaching no service was enjoyed more by Mr. Hill than being thus Dr. Jenner's "medical missionary."

### IX.

#### ANECDOTES.

The anecdotes told about Rowland Hill are innumerable. Many stories associated with his name are sheer inven-

tions, and bear falsehood on the face of them. Such, for example, is the anecdote as to his making a sneering remark about his wife's head-dress from the pulpit. It was one of the stories current even during his lifetime, and when it came to his ears he was justly indignant, saying, "It is an abominable untruth, derogatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman." But there are many which are characteristic and well authenticated. Of this kind is one recorded by the Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, showing Mr. Hill's tact in dealing with a seafaring audience, at a time when sailors were less accustomed than now to hear Gospel addresses. It had been announced that he was to preach, and a large crowd had assembled. A great body of sailors were resolved to molest him, and interrupt the service. Rowland went to the place on horseback, attended by his groom. Seeing that they were ready for mischief, and would use missiles as well as noise to prevent the meeting, he rode up at once to the ringleaders, and said: "My lads, I have no right over you: if you don't like to hear me, I have no authority to force your attention; but I've travelled a good many miles in the hope of doing some good or getting some. Now, I have a proposal to make to you. I always did admire British sailors. You have, no doubt, seen a good deal of service, and been in many a storm and shipwreck. I'm fond of hearing the adventures of seamen. Now some of you shall stand out and tell us what you have seen or suffered, and I'll hear you; and after that you shall hear me. That's fair!"

Some laughed, but the most were struck with admiration of the hearty and frank appeal. "Come, Jack," said one, "you pitch us a stave! Give the gentleman a lecture, as he asks," said another. So they went on, Mr. Hill entering into the humour of the scene, and laughing with them at the backwardness of the men to come forward. Presently he said, "Will none of you

take my proposal? Well, I'm a clergyman, and I came from the University of Cambridge, of which you have all heard; and I've nothing to say but what you will find in the Bible and Prayer-Book. Now I will tell you what I meant to have said;" and Mr. Griffin told with great effect the story of what he "meant to have said," and how the rough sailors with eagerness and with delight listened to the old, old story: and at the end gave him three cheers, and, with warm thanks, "hoped they should hear his Honour again."

There was no class of men for whom he felt a warmer sympathy than for sailors. He paid frequent visits to Portsmouth. Many a time his hand was grasped by some seaman, who told him with tears of grateful joy that he had been saved through a sermon which he came to sneer at and oppose. He was abused, pelted, threatened, many a time, especially when the poor fellows were in liquor, or were incited by those whose gains would suffer by the spread of religion; yet he stood calm and fearless, and his dignified demeanour and loving earnestness made the better part of his hearers put down the violent opposers. Of his visits to seaports he used to say, "I was most touched and affected by those who came and told me that I had led them to Christ the last time I was there."

The following incident is related by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, an intimate friend, and the companion of Mr. Hill in many of his missionary tours. "After Mr. Hill had preached for the Missionary Society, in Princes-street chapel, Devonport, two tall venerable-looking men, upwards of seventy years of age, appeared at the vestry door. Entering arm in arm, they advanced towards Mr. Hill, when one of them said, 'Sir, will you permit two aged sinners to have the honour to shake you by the hand?' On his replying 'Yes, Sir,' one of the gentlemen took his hand, kissed it, and with tears falling, said, 'Sir, do you remember preaching on the spot where this chapel now stands, fifty years ago?' 'Yes, I

do,' was the reply. The old man then proceeded to say, 'Oh, Sir, never can the dear friend who has hold of my arm, or myself, forget that sermon. We were then two careless young men in his Majesty's Dock-yard, posting to destruction as fast as time and sin could carry us. Having heard that a young clergyman was to preach out of doors, we determined to go and have some fun. We loaded our pockets with stones, intending to pelt you. But, Sir, when you arrived, our courage failed, and as soon as you engaged in prayer, we were so deeply impressed, that we looked at each other, and trembled. When you named your text, and began to speak, the words came with power to our hearts; the tears rolled down our cheeks; we put our hands in our pockets, and dropped the stones one after another, until they were all gone; for God had taken away the stone from our hearts. When the sermon was over, we retired, but our hearts were too full to speak, until we came near to our lodgings, when my friend said, "John, this will not do; we are both wrong—good night." This was all he could utter. He retired to his apartment, I to mine; but neither of us went to bed that night, lest we should sleep and awake in hell! From that time, Sir, we humbly hope we were converted to God, who, of His infinite mercy, has kept us in His ways to the present moment. We thought, Sir, if you would permit us, after the lapse of half a hundred years, to have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand before we go home, it would be the greatest honour that could be conferred on us.'

"Mr. Hill was deeply affected. The tears rolled down his venerable cheeks in quick succession: he fell on the necks of the old men. It was a scene in old patriarchal style; and there you might have seen them, locked in each other's arms, weeping tears of holy joy and gratitude before the Father of mercies."

When preaching for a public charity, a note was handed to him in the pulpit,

asking if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute to the collection? Such pulpit notes and queries seem to have been more frequent formerly than now, and Mr. Hill did not altogether forbid the practice. On this occasion he read the question, and gave a very decided answer in the negative. He then added, with his usual shrewdness and sly humour, "But, my friends, I would advise you who are not insolvent, not to pass the plate this evening, as people would be sure to say, There goes a bankrupt!"

## X.

## OLD AGE AND CLOSING DAYS.

Although feeble, and subject to occasional ailments in his later years, the good old preacher continued to labour as long as strength and voice permitted him. His mental faculties to the last were unimpaired, and on several occasions the old energy and fire appeared. In 1831 an effort was made to alter the constitution of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and a scene of tumultuous disorder was witnessed at the Anniversary meeting at Exeter Hall. His appearance upon the platform was hailed with delight by the people, and his few words of earnest appeal and cogent reasoning calmed the assembly and restored peace for a time. The main question was the imposition of a doctrinal test on the members of the Society. This he strenuously resisted, saying it was preposterous to refuse to let any persons distribute the only antidote to their own errors. He went home greatly depressed by the outbreak of unruly passion which he had seen. It was the last of his appearances in public, except in the pulpit. When in his eighty-eighth year he assisted his friend George Clayton at Walworth, who says, "He preached excellently for an hour, and he remained in the vestry to rest, till every one save the pew-openers, his servant and myself had left

the place. I offered my arm, which he declined, and then followed him as he passed down the aisle of the chapel. The lights were nearly extinguished, the silence was profound; nothing, indeed, was heard but the slow majestic tread of his own footsteps, when, in an undertone, he thus soliloquized:

"And when I'm to die, 'Receive me,' I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

"But this I do find, we two are so joined,  
That He'll not be in heaven and leave me behind."

These lines, which he was often heard to utter in his latter days, have been supposed by some to be from one of his own compositions, but they belong to a hymn by the Rev. John Gambold, an Oxfordshire clergyman, afterwards a bishop among the Moravian Brethren.

It was in the spirit of this favourite hymn that the good old man waited his own summons, which came on the evening of the 11th of April, 1833. His spirit, in perfect peace, passed into the presence of his Lord and Saviour. There was great sorrow at Surrey Chapel when he was buried on the 19th. Lord Hill led the procession from the house as chief mourner. The service was read by Dr. Collyer, and at its close the vast congregation rose, and to the sound of the organ, sang the verse:

"When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, and died for me."

It was with a thrill of solemn grief that the word went through London, and wherever it came—Rowland Hill is dead! He was known to all, and loved by all, and all classes united then, and unite now, to do honour to his name and memory. May that memory be kept fresh, and the influence of his life and work be never lost in the Church of Christ.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D.



# THOMAS CHARLES OF BALA.





## THOMAS CHARLES OF BALA.

### I.

#### EARLY HISTORY.

THOMAS CHARLES was born on the 14th of October, 1755, at Pantdwn, in the parish of Llanfihangel Abercowyn, Carmarthenshire. His father, Rice Charles, was a respectable farmer. The place of his birth was within two miles of Llanddowror school, founded by that eminent clergyman the Rev. Griffith Jones, and to it he was sent by his parents, who purposed to educate him for the ministry of the Church of England. It was at this school that some of the greatest of Welsh preachers, such as Howell Harris, Williams Pantycelyn, and Peter Williams, received their early education. It was during his stay of three or four years here, that young Charles received his first religious impressions. Referring to the time he spent in this school, he writes in his diary :

"During that time I first felt serious impressions. The first cause of any thoughts about my soul I do not recollect. My convictions of sin were for a year or more but very slight, and at intervals. I would walk alone with great pleasure to any reasonable distance to hear Gospel sermons; and no time was tedious in reading good books. But what was most blessed to me at that time, was John Bunyan's treatise on the Two Covenants. That part, wherein he shews the dreadful state of those who are under the covenant of works, affected me very much, and made me several times to cry bitterly."

Of the very few incidents of this part of his early life known to us, one of the most important is his meeting with a very pious man, Rhys Hugh, an old disciple of the Rev. Griffith Jones. Just as Ananias was sent to bring a greater man than himself, the Apostle Paul, that

he might receive his sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost, so was this humble Christian used to show Thomas Charles the joy and blessedness of true religion. He is thus referred to in his diary:—"I had not one spiritual person to speak to for some time. At last Providence made me acquainted with an aged, holy and pious man, by name Rhys Hugh, a few miles off; on whom I constantly called once or twice a week; and his conversation was much blessed to me. Sometimes he was filled with great joy and comfort in talking to me, and when that was the case, I was never unaffected. I loved him, as long as he lived, as my own soul, and always looked upon him as my father in Christ. The remembrance of him will be pleasing to me as long as I live." Before he was fourteen years of age, we find him showing the strength of his religious convictions by making a public profession, going to the Sacrament, and introducing religious worship into his father's house.

### II.

#### HIS COLLEGE DAYS.

When he was about fourteen years of age, his father sent him to the Presbyterian College at Carmarthen, about ten miles from his home, then under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins. He was now a "young man from home," and very fearful and anxious about the temptations and companions of a town life. The anxiety on his behalf shown by the prayers of his old friend Rhys Hugh, had evidently increased his fears. He found, like others, that some of the best men and some of the worst are to be met with in small as well as in large towns. And it depends greatly on the young man himself whether he will be led up higher by companionship with the

best, or down lower by associating with the worst. Soon after coming to Carmarthen, he fortunately joined a society of Calvinistic Methodists, in which he met several pious persons, whose conversation was exceedingly blessed to him. But he confesses that—"All had been well nigh ruined by a set of careless, high-spirited professors, with whom I contracted too much intimacy soon after I went there. But the Lord graciously opened my eyes and delivered me out of their snare. At this time a friend put into my hands Mr. Hervey's Dialogues, which were made very useful to give me a clearer knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel, concerning which I had hitherto been much in the dark. Many other useful evangelical books came in my way, and were helpful to me. But of all means religious conversation proved most beneficial."

His soul was evidently craving for all help to strengthen his religious faith, and to deepen his spiritual life, for the next event in his diary shows the young student going a distance of some twelve miles from his home to New Chapel, to hear the renowned Daniel Rowlands of Llangeitho preaching.

### III.

#### THE MEMORABLE SERMON OF DANIEL ROWLANDS.

This service at New Chapel produced such a deep and lasting impression on his mind, that he refers to it in his diary to the end of his life; and it calls for more than a passing allusion. "On January 20th, 1773," he says, "I went to hear Mr. Rowlands preach at New Chapel. His text was Heb. iv. 15. A day much to be remembered by me as long as I live. Ever since that happy day I have lived in a new heaven and a new earth. The change which a blind man, who receives his sight, experiences, does not exceed the change which at that time I experienced in my mind.

"The earth recedes and disappears,  
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring."

It was then I was first convinced of the sin of unbelief, or of entertaining narrow, contracted and hard thoughts of the Almighty. I had such a view of Christ as our High Priest, of His love, compassion, power and all-sufficiency, as filled my soul with astonishment, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My mind was overwhelmed and overpowered with amazement. The truths exhibited to my view appeared (for a time) too wonderfully gracious to be believed."

Daniel Rowlands, whose sermon produced such an effect, was the curate of Llangeitho, and one of the most powerful preachers ever known in Wales. Towards the latter end of the last century, he was expelled from his curacy, after having held it for about forty years; during the rest of his life he preached chiefly at a chapel that had been built for him in the village of Llangeitho. This little place came soon to be looked upon as the very Jerusalem of Methodism. Two thousand communicants were often seen waiting to receive the Sacrament from his hands: people of the lower and middle ranks would often walk fifty or even eighty miles to hear him.

Judge Johns, referring to his preaching, says: "The sermons of Rowlands were Christian lessons taught in that metaphorical style in which all Celtic nations delight. A gentleman who had frequently heard Wesley and Whitefield, and other great preachers, was in the habit of saying that Rowlands far surpassed them all. 'His oratory,' he would say, 'bears most resemblance to that of Whitefield; but then there is this striking distinction, that when Whitefield rose in eloquence, he appeared to fail in matter, whereas Rowlands seemed to rise because he was overwhelmed with matter.' The following specimen of the peculiar depth and beauty of metaphor which he mingled in his sermons, may not be without its interest. While preaching on the afflictions of Christians, he burst forth into the following striking passage:—

"In this world the Cross of Christ

seems crooked, though in reality it is straight, as the staff seems bent when immersed in the waters. Oh! the waters of affliction have passed over my soul, and the billows of death surround me! it is the waters of affliction—the afflictions of this life, that obscure to us the ways of Providence; but hereafter what is dark shall be enlightened, and what is crooked made straight.”<sup>1</sup>

#### IV.

##### THOMAS CHARLES AT OXFORD.

In some providential way, contrary to his parents' expectations and his own, he was enabled to enter the university, and he matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford, on May 31st, 1775. The manner in which the Lord opened a way for him to go thither he does not explain, but it gave him great satisfaction. He was alive to the temptations of university life, but he felt confident that the God who had so wonderfully led him would yet keep him in that city. Here he met with many young men whose society proved a great blessing to him, and commenced many a life-long friendship. In two years, however, after entering the university, he met with a great trial. His supplies from Wales suddenly failed him, and at a time when he was twenty pounds in debt to the College. He at once resolved to explain his position to his creditors and return home to Wales. But when in this great strait a door of hope was again suddenly opened before him.

“One morning,” he relates, “as I was writing to my friends in Wales, informing them of my difficulty, and my consequent resolution, an intimate friend called on me, to whom I immediately explained my situation and the resolution I had formed of leaving Oxford. He answered that he did not doubt but that by some means or other I should be assisted; and desired me to make myself perfectly easy about the matter. A few days after a gentleman sent for me to dine with him.

<sup>1</sup> Johns on the *Causes of Dissent in Wales*, p. 43.

I went; and before we parted, to my surprise, he produced the £20 I wanted; and at the same time told me that I should not want during my stay at Oxford. I rejoiced much and was very thankful. The gentleman was as good as his word. This introduced me to a new connection, and considerably enlarged the sphere of my acquaintance.” Dr. Edwards of Bala, after referring to this timely assistance, well remarks, “that it shows how very important it is for those who can, to render such help to worthy young men.” And what a joy in after years it must have been to this gentleman to watch the bright career of the student he then helped.

On the 14th of June, 1778, he was ordained deacon at Oxford. Before this, however, he had accepted the curacy of Queen Camel, Somersetshire. But as his rector did not want his assistance before Michaelmas, he accepted an invitation from his friend Mr. Lloyd of Bala to go and spend a month with him. This visit was a turning-point in his life. It was then he met the young lady who was afterwards to become his wife, and who helped to bring back one of Wales' noblest children to devote himself to the ministry of the Word among his own fellow-countrymen. He stayed at Bala with Mr. Lloyd for about five weeks, and afterwards visited Llangetho and heard Rowlands preach twice to his own congregation.

On August 13, he came to his old home at Pantdwrn on a visit; and on the following Sunday he preached what was probably his first sermon at Llanfihangel church. It must have been an interesting occasion; he was surrounded by his old neighbours and friends, filled with approbation and gladness by witnessing one from among themselves in the pulpit, whom they had learned to love when a young lad in their midst. His old friend Rhys Hugh was there, proud of his pupil, now his teacher, at whose feet he willingly sat; his parents were present, and the faces around him filled the young clergyman with sweet

recollections and anxious thoughts. This visit home was a very pleasant one for him, as his diary proves.

"I looked upon the little nooks in my father's house, and the retired hedges in the fields, with a pleasure difficult to be described—spots where my soul had formerly striven with God in prayer, and where I had obtained the blessing. I could look on these corners and spots where I had enjoyed communion with God as no other than consecrated places. My father's farm wore a paradisaical aspect, and the memories of the numerous blessings imparted to me on different occasions filled my heart with gladness and praise. On the Sabbath day of August the 16th, I preached at Llanfihangel, my father's parish church, and had the privilege of experiencing especial comfort and earnestness in the work. It was great joy to my heart to see once more my dear and Christian friend Rhys Hugh. I could have almost wept for joy. It was the last meeting we had in this world; a month after he escaped to heaven."

In March 1779, he took his degree of B.A.; and in 1780 he was received into priest's orders. Referring to this in his diary, he says: "I have just returned from Oxford, where I have been to take my degree of B.A. I am no longer a member of the university. God's goodness and mercy to me while there were very great indeed. I was supported there by ways and means of God's finding out, and by such as clearly manifested His hand in ordering and disposing of them. The temptations of various sorts I encountered there were strong and numerous, but the Lord kept me in the 'fiery furnace,' and I hope with my 'hair unsinged, and coat unchanged.' These mercies were bestowed in answer to prayer, which doubles the blessing."

The five years he spent, after this, in Somersetshire were so very uneventful that we must pass on to dwell upon the greater services of his coming years, which created a new epoch in the civili-

zation and evangelization of his countrymen. We may state, however, that his stipend at Queen Camel was only forty-five pounds a year; and this was reduced to forty, and afterwards to thirty pounds a year. These five years was a time of hard discipline if not of great want.

## V.

### HIS SETTLEMENT AT BALA.

The quiet town of Bala is very interesting in its surroundings. The Berwyn hills, the Arans, Cader Idris and Arenig Fawr are to be seen from near the town. Here, in the High Street, Mr. Charles made his home. He was married to Miss Jones of Bala, on the 20th of August, 1783. One part of their future home was a drapery establishment under the superintendence of Mrs. Charles, while the other part on the same ground floor was the study of the philanthropist and divine, whence flowed out more blessed streams than those from Tegid lake close by.

Once settled at Bala, the first question was, how to find a curacy where he could labour for Christ, for the keynote of his life is found in those words in one of his letters written about this time: "Where is the end of living in the world, if we live not to be of some use?" His aim was to be useful rather than to be great, to teach others rather than to shine himself. He was now fully equipped for his life's work. Old John Brown, of Haddington, used to address his students of the first year to this effect: "Gentlemen, ye need three things to make ye good ministers; ye need learning, and grace, and common sense. As for the learning, I'll try to set ye in the way of it; as for the grace, ye must always pray for it: but if ye havena brought the common sense with ye, ye may go about your business." Thomas Charles would have satisfied Mr. Brown on all these three points. But the great difficulty with him was to find a sphere of labour at a convenient distance from Bala. And he was unsuccessful for

some time. In the interim he assisted his friend, Mr. Mayor, the rector of Shawbury, in Shropshire. And in a letter to a friend he thus gives his experience:

"I told you that I was engaged to serve a church in this county. When I served it for two Sundays, a long letter was sent to me, gently excusing my attendance for the future. Since that time I have been assisting Rev. Simon Lloyd, who is but in a poor state of health. However, last Sunday the whole parish, with two or three of the principal inhabitants at their head, came to me and accosted me in a rougher strain than I ever had been used to. They insisted on my preaching no more in their church; 'for,' they added, 'you have cursed us enough already.' I took care that nothing but the plain, simple truth should give offence, nor is there anything else laid to my charge."

He has now been dismissed from two churches, and writes rather sadly of his future, in a letter dated September 29th:

"I am now waiting to see what the Lord has to do with me, making use of every means in my power to procure some place in the Established Church to officiate; not for the sake of any emoluments I might have, but from a principle of conscience. I can live independent of the church; but I am a churchman on principle, and therefore shall not on any account leave it unless I am forced to do so."

In the year 1784 Mr. Charles obtained the curacy of Llan y Mawddwy, some fourteen miles from Bala. But such fourteen miles to travel over are not often found. The top of Bwlchlygroes Pass on this road is described by Pennant as the most terrible in North Wales. Borrow, in his *Wild Wales*, says that when he arrived at this place he exclaimed, "What a valley! Scenery of the wildest and most picturesque description was rife and plentiful to a degree: hills were here, hills were there; some tall and sharp, others huge and lumpy; hills were on every side."

But every week for twelve months this journey was undertaken by Mr. Charles in all weathers, sometimes on foot, at other times on horseback. He threw himself heart and soul into efforts to promote the religious education of the parish. He had to fight against common enemies—ignorance, vice and irreligion. He revived the old custom of public catechising in church. This practice displeased some of the parishioners, and they complained to the rector, and Mr. Charles now for the third time received a notice to quit the Church. It is true that a counter petition was signed by others, but it never reached the rector, having been destroyed on the way. Mr. Charles was not allowed an opportunity of defending himself against this arbitrary treatment, and although he appealed to the Bishop of St. Asaph, it was apparently to no purpose.

Writing to a friend about this time, Mr. Charles says:

"I am in a strait between two things—between leaving the Church and continuing in it. Being turned out of three churches in this county, without the prospect of another, what shall I do?" In his *Life and Letters of Rev. Thomas Charles*, the Rev. William Hughes, vicar of Llanuwchllyn, says: "A dream which Mr. Charles dreamt about this time appears to have made a deep impression on his mind. He saw, in his dream, that the Day of Judgment was come, and that the words of the sentence upon the unprofitable servant were addressed to him. When he awoke he felt greatly distressed, and the dream had the effect of stimulating him to greater activity. His first step was to gather round him all the ignorant of Bala, and he taught them in his own house the truths of religion. His house soon became too small for the large audiences that flocked to hear from him on Sunday evenings plain words of consolation and truth."

In this crisis, the Calvinistic Methodists, who had a chapel at Bala, offered Mr. Charles this building for his Sunday

evening services, and the offer was accepted. In the early part of the year 1785, Mr. Charles, following as he truly believed the intimation of Providence, joined the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. In writing to a friend in the year 1810, Mr. Charles reviews the step he had taken in these words:—"As you are already in the Church, I rather think you ought to continue in it, if not forced out of it. When I began to itinerate, it was because they would not employ me in the Church here in this country. I got so far by degrees into the work that I could not conscientiously recede and leave it. The leadings of Providence towards me are no rule for others."

## VI.

### THOMAS CHARLES' CIRCULATING SCHOOLS.

Now that he had openly joined the Calvinistic Methodists in the year 1785, he commenced his itinerant preaching in every direction throughout North Wales. And wherever he went he tested the knowledge of the people he met in religious things, in the kindest way, until his name became known in every nook and corner of the land. Meeting on one occasion an old man on a distant mountain, Mr. Charles remarked: "You are an old man, and very near another world." "Yes, and I hope I am going to heaven," was the answer. "Do you know the road there—do you know the Word of God?" "Pray are you Mr. Charles?" asked the old man. His habit of speaking about religious subjects to all he met led to his being identified.

The splendid enthusiasm with which he carried forward to success his Circulating and Sabbath schools throughout the land afterwards, had its origin in the hold taken on his heart thus early by the miserable condition of his fellow-countrymen. He had found that there was scarcely a neighbourhood in which one out of twenty of the population could read the Word of God.

Judge Johns gives the following

translation of an account of the state of religion in Wales about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was taken from the mouth of a very old Welsh Methodist, and published in 1799, in the *Trysorfa*, edited by the Rev. Thomas Charles. "In those days," says the narrator, "the land was dark indeed! Hardly any of the lower ranks could read at all. The morals of the country were very corrupt, and in this respect there was no difference between gentle and simple, layman and clergyman. Gluttony, drunkenness, and licentiousness prevailed through the whole country. Nor were the operations of the Church at all calculated to repress these evils. From the pulpit the name of the Redeemer was hardly ever heard; nor was much mention made of the natural sinfulness of man, nor of the influence of the Spirit. On Sunday mornings, the poor were more constant in their attendance at church than the gentry; but the Sunday evenings were spent by all in idle amusements. Every Sabbath, there was what was called 'a chwareu-gamp,' a sort of sport in which all the young men of the neighbourhood had a trial of strength, and the people assembled from the surrounding country to see their feats. On Saturday nights, particularly in the summer, the young men and maidens held what they called 'singing eves' (*nosweithiau canu*); that is, they met together and diverted themselves by singing in turns to the harp till the dawn of the Sabbath. In this town they used to employ the Sundays in dancing and singing to the harp, and in playing tennis against the Town-hall. In every corner of the town some sport or other, till the light of the Sabbath day had faded away. In the summer 'Interludes' (a kind of rustic drama) were performed, gentlemen and peasants sharing the diversion together. A set of vagabonds called the 'boblgerdded' (walking people) used to traverse the country, begging with impunity, to the disgrace of the law of the land."

Mr. Johns adds: "At first sight nothing would appear more improbable

than that Methodism should find proselytes among a people so gay and thoughtless as the Welsh of that period, or that the joyous groups which assembled at Bala on a Sunday evening, should become, as was shortly afterwards the case, a leading congregation of modern Puritans. But the religion of the Welsh and their fondness for national music arose from the same cause—an earnest and imaginative frame of mind. A disposition to melancholy, disguised by external gaiety of manner, is characteristic of all Celtic nations.”

“As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow,  
Though the stream runs in darkness and coldness below.”

We have now enabled our readers to see the dark picture of the state of the country that led Mr. Charles to start his “circulating schools.” The Rev. Griffith Jones, rector of Llanddowror, was the first to promote these schools, for the diffusion of education among the poor. The main feature of his plan was the instruction of the people by means of itinerant schoolmasters. And in twenty-four years 150,212 persons had been taught to read the Welsh Bible, comprising all ages from six years to above seventy. After the death of this good man, these schools gradually declined, and at the death of his friend Madam Bevan, in 1779, it is said that they were given up altogether.

Mr. Charles, having spent his early years in the neighbourhood of Llanddowror, knew well of their good influence, and so started his “Welsh circulating schools” in North Wales in 1785. In acknowledging a subscription in aid of these schools, he gives the following account of the work:—

“*Bala, August 5th, 1798.*—About thirteen years ago, while travelling through different parts of the country, I found very large districts between the mountains of North Wales sunk into total ignorance of divine things; few, if any, could read at all, and they had

no Bibles in their houses. I anxiously began to think how it was possible to remedy so great an evil. No practical plan occurred to my mind, but that of employing a teacher or teachers, as my finances would allow, to teach all freely that would attend, to read their Bible in their native language, and to instruct them in the first principles of Christianity. By the assistance of a few generous friends, to whom I communicated my thoughts, the plan was set on foot, and succeeded far beyond my expectations. The calls for teachers became numerous. The change in the principles and morals of the people where the school had been was evident. All the income from the chapel I serve, I devote wholly to their support; being supported myself by the industry of my wife. I pay every teacher £12 per annum. They continue half a year or three-quarters in a place, and then they are removed to another. Three-quarters of a year are found fully sufficient to teach our children to read their Bibles well in the Welsh language. I visit the schools myself, and catechise them publicly. I have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the country most amazingly changed. The wilderness blossoms as the rose, and the thirsty land is become springs of water.” Before establishing a school in any locality, Mr. Charles would first visit the place, and show the inhabitants the importance of having their children taught, so as to be able to read the Word of God. He would then show the parents how it would tell upon the character of their children, the happiness of their homes, and their eternal welfare.

When we know that he was only able to pay from £12 to £15 a year to his teachers, it is most strange how he was able to get hold of such excellent men for this service. Many of these teachers have left a blessed memory in the different neighbourhoods where they so faithfully laboured. They were necessarily men of humble circumstances, doing their duty well in humble spheres,



but they loved the Bible because they knew its Author, and they led hundreds throughout the land to trust in their God.

Mr. Charles supplied each teacher with a copy of the "Rules of Conduct" which he was expected to obey. He was to receive no fees for teaching any child, not to go to any house to eat and drink unless specially invited. If he stayed at a house for a night, he was expected to gather the family for worship both night and morning, and to show in all things how a Christian lived. One can easily understand how all this told in those dark days, and how such characters, scattered as they were throughout the land, brought about a great change in the knowledge and morals of the people

## VII.

### THOMAS CHARLES AND THE SABBATH SCHOOLS.

This noble institution, that brings with it such numerous blessings, like a great river flowing from the unknown and distant hills, we are all anxious to trace it to its source. Mr. Charles, in a letter written to a lady in England in 1796, shows that, as far as he knew, it was a brooklet from another stream, already followed to its source; he says:—"I established *Sabbath* and *Night* schools for the sake of those who were too much engaged or too poor to avail themselves of the day schools."

It is unquestionably true that there were Sabbath schools held in a few localities in Wales before those started by Mr. Raikes in England and by Mr. Charles in the Principality. But what the Rev. David Evans, M.A., says, in his *Sunday Schools of Wales*, is we believe correct: "The Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala was the first to organise a system of Sunday schools throughout the length and breadth of the land."

Dr. Owen Thomas, in his centenary address, well says: "It would be unfair for me not to mention that Dr. Williams of Rotherham, then of Oswestry, had

commenced to hold Day and Sabbath schools in the year 1789, in several places in North Wales. He was assisted to carry on this work by the generosity of Mr. Thornton, of London. Dr. Williams had schools at Holywell, Denbigh, Carnarvon, Bala, Llanfyllin, Machynlleth and other places."

The reformation was not allowed to commence without great and serious opposition. Some religious people stood aloof from the movement for a time—they considered it sinful to teach the mechanical art of reading on the Lord's day. But as the tree brought forth such good fruit, all prejudice gradually disappeared. The most intelligent and influential of good men everywhere became helpers and teachers in these Sabbath schools, and praised God for this handmaid of His holy religion. In Wales it has proved second only to the preaching of the Gospel in its blessed and far-reaching influences.

The Sunday schools in their present form were not set up generally in the Principality till the close of the last century. And from then until now, they have gone on increasing in the number of their teachers and scholars, so that the approximate estimate of the attendance in Wales alone at present is 555,000.

## VIII.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOLS' ASSOCIATIONS.

In the year 1808, we find Mr. Charles in a letter giving particulars of these associations, which helped in many ways to make the work so successful. "We have also this year," he writes, "held associations of the different schools. They meet in some central place to be publicly catechised together. Three meetings of this nature have been held in North Wales, and three in South Wales. A subject is given to every school on which they are to be examined, and which they are to elucidate by repeating appropriate passages from the sacred writings. At the appointed time, generally a Sabbath day, the children of the different schools

and likely to make excellent use of her treasure. He handed her a large Family Bible, on the condition that she was to pay a certain instalment for it each time she received her wages. This she faithfully did, year by year, until it was her own Bible. She was so proud of her treasure that she covered it with a bright scarlet cloth. It was ever afterwards known as the "Red Bible," and it remains in the family to this day. The son thus speaks of it: "My mother read it night and morning, read it in Wales and in England, and before she learned English, it was her little sanctuary when far from home. She read it to a young medical man, a prodigal on his death-bed, until his guilty conscience found peace. She read it hundreds of times at the family altar. She read it to her children, read it when correcting them, when consoling them, and when advising them. She read it while she lived, and even when she was dying. In this Red Bible my father learnt the way of salvation. Out of it her two children learnt the commandments and the ways of God. It was the king of books, and treated with great respect by all in the family. And whatever we are to our families, to the world, and to the church, we owe all to mother's Red Bible, and the generous kindness of Thomas Charles of Bala."

#### *The Great Revival of 1791.*

The case of Mary Jones, who walked fifty miles there and back to get a Bible, led Mr. Charles to resolve never to rest till he found the means of supplying the crying want of his country for the Word of God. Another cause, that must have brought home to Mr. Charles the urgent need of Bibles in Wales, was the revival, referred to in many of his letters, which was brought about in a great measure by the influence of the Welsh Sunday-schools. In a letter dated September 1791, he describes the work then going on in North Wales in the following terms:—"You inquire about the state of the churches in Wales. I

have nothing but what is favourable to communicate. We had lately a very comfortable association at Pwllheli; some thousands attended, more than ever was seen before. And here at Bala we have had a very great, powerful, and glorious outpouring of the Spirit on the people in general, especially on children and young people. Scores of the wildest and most inconsiderate of young people of both sexes have been awakened. Their convictions have been very clear and powerful; and in some instances so deep as to bring them to the brink of despair. Their consolations also have been equally strong. 'Ride on, ride on, Thou King of Glory,' is the fervent cry of my soul, day and night. I verily believe that the Lord means to give the kingdom of darkness a dreadful shaking; for He takes off its pillars." This movement added considerably to the craving for copies of Welsh Bibles, as previous revivals had done.

#### X.

##### THE ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

We have now shown how the want of Bibles became so urgent and general in Wales, as to make such a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Charles, that he could not rest without trying all means in his power to secure his object.

In December 1802 he went, as he generally did every year, to London. On the 7th of that month there was to be a meeting of the committee of the Tract Society, of which he was a member, and on the previous morning, as he afterwards related to a friend, the idea of having a society established in London, similar to the Tract Society, occurred to him: and he was so pleased with it that he instantly arose, and went out to consult some friends on the subject. The first he met was his friend Mr. Tarn. At the next meeting of the committee of the Tract Society Mr. Tarn introduced the subject of this conversation. Mr. Charles opened his plan to them at some length, and showed the great want of Wales with great feeling and earnestness. A

conversation of some length ensued, in the course of which it was suggested by the Rev. Joseph Hughes of Battersea that it would be desirable to extend the plan. "If for Wales," asked he, "why not for England? why not for the whole world?" So that the Bible Society owes its origin to natives of that country which at that time cried out for the word of eternal life.

The contributions towards the funds of this Society the first year reached £1,900. On the 3rd September, 1804, the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society resolved to print 20,000 copies of the Welsh Bible and 5,000 copies of the New Testament in Welsh. The New Testament was completed in July 1806, and it was the "first part" of the publications of this grand society. The following is a description by an eye-witness of the manner these Testaments were received in the town of Bala. "When the arrival of the cart was announced which carried the first sacred load, the Welsh peasants went out in crowds to meet it, welcomed it as the Israelites did the Ark of old, drew it into the town, and eagerly bore off every copy, as rapidly as they could be dispersed. The young people were to be seen consuming the whole night in reading it. Labourers carried it with them to the fields, that they might enjoy it during the intervals of their labour, and lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with its sacred truths."

The committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in March 1809, acknowledged Mr. Charles' services by electing him unanimously to be Honorary Life Governor of the Institution.

## XI.

### THE INCESSANT LABOURS OF HIS LAST YEARS.

In doing good he was certainly a genius. He threw his whole energy into all the good movements of his time. He was indefatigable in his labours in preaching the Gospel, itinerating often

through the whole of North Wales and often through South Wales. He was a warm supporter of the London Missionary Society, and in the year 1806 he preached its annual sermon, taking for his text Isaiah x. 27.

He travelled constantly to attend the associations and monthly meetings of his denomination. When Daniel Rowlands first heard him preaching, we are told that he spoke these prophetic words: "Charles is God's gift to North Wales." His literary labours were great, and of immense benefit to his fellow-countrymen. Although there were hundreds of thousands of various religious books in the Welsh language circulated before the days of Mr. Charles, yet his Circulating and Sunday schools had created a general thirst for knowledge which he did much to satisfy. In the year 1799 the *Trysorfa Ysbrydol* (Spiritual Treasury) was published at Chester, under the joint editorship of Mr. Charles and Mr. Thos. Jones of Denbigh. It was a religious quarterly magazine, and was continued up to the year 1802. In the following year, Mr. Charles started a printing establishment in the town of Bala, by means of which he supplied his schools with books, and the people in general with works on religious subjects, which materially improved their minds and morals. Of these perhaps the *Hyfforddwr* stands foremost, being a catechism upon the cardinal points of Christianity, and it has, up to the present day, passed through more than sixty editions. His elementary books passed through fifty-five editions in eleven years, numbering 36,000 copies. His chief literary work was a Biblical Dictionary in four volumes, octavo. This work shows marvellous industry and great knowledge. It has been more read than any other theological work in Wales, and it was the means of increasing the Biblical knowledge of a whole people. Like other great workers, Mr. Charles was a very early riser. He says: "I am certain, from experience, that two hours' sleep before twelve

were consulted, but to no purpose, and at last amputation became necessary. Much prayer was offered that God would spare his life. One prayer, however, offered by Richard Owen in his own congregation at Bala produced such a memorable effect that it is spoken of to this day. Referring to the sparing of Hezekiah's life, he repeated again and again the petition with such importunity as greatly affected all present. "Fifteen years more, O Lord, we beseech Thee to add fifteen years more to the life of Thy servant. And wilt Thou not, O our God, grant him fifteen years for the sake of Thy church and Thy cause?" It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Charles was spared, and only for the fifteen years. He heard of this prayer, and it made a deep impression on him. He afterwards frequently mentioned it as a reason for renewed diligence, saying that his fifteen years would soon be completed. Some three years before his death, he was travelling in Montgomeryshire on horseback, and having come to a gate, by a great exertion to open it he felt a great inward pain, and this proved to be the commencement of a rupture. His friends now noticed with great grief that he was drawing nearer home and about leaving them. In the month of August 1814 the energetic man was at last

obliged to yield. He and his wife, who was now a great invalid, visited Barmouth, hoping for renewed strength from its healthy sea-breezes. But the lost energy did not seem to return, and talking over his infirmity with his wife, he said: "Well, dear Sarah, the fifteen years are nearly completed." He returned home through Machynlleth, where he preached his last sermons on the 4th of September. He was getting weaker, and on the 10th, when helped into his own house at Bala, he said: "I feel very thankful to the Lord for thus enabling me once more to come home." And he soon after added: "Now I have nothing more to do but to die." Early in the morning of the 4th of October he said: "I have been thinking whereabouts heaven is, and how I could find it; but I thought after, that the Lord would send some kind angel to show me the way." On retiring to rest for the night, he said to his wife: "Well, my dear, if I die and leave you, the Lord still lives to take care of you; He cannot die." On Wednesday morning, October 5, 1814, a friend came to his bedside, and said to him, "Well, Mr. Charles, the day of tribulation has come;" to which he replied, "*There is a refuge.*" These were his last words, and in two hours he was at home with the Lord.

E. HERBER EVANS, D.D.







